STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 2 JANUARY - FEBRUARY 1921 No. 4

THOMAS J. THOMPSON

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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Vol. 2 JANUARY and FEBRUARY 1921 No. 4

TOM COOKE IS NEW SUPERINTENDENT AT WHITING

Succeeds Mr. Frank B. Lewis, Deceased, in Important Executive Office at World's Greatest Refinery—Reorganization of Marketing Department Results in Many Promotions for Men Who Have Carried On—Lewis to Chicago

Mr. Thomas S. Cooke, known unofficially throughout the entire manufacturing department as Tom Cooke, was appointed superintendent of the Whiting works in an executive order issued December 22, over the signature of Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors, and executive head of the company.

Mr. Cooke succeeds Mr. Frank B. Lewis, whose death was one of the distressing events of the last year. The sincerest compliment which could be paid to the new superintendent is to say that he rivals Mr. Lewis in the affections and esteem of the men of the Whiting works.

The same executive order noted the following appointments:

Dr. G. Cash, former second assistant superintendent, has been appointed first assistant superintendent.

Mr. J. E. Evans, former master mechanic, has been appointed second assistant superintendent.

Mr. R. F. Storer, former assistant master mechanic, has been appointed master mechanic.

The reorganization of the general sales department which had its inception in the election of Mr. Allan Jackson to membership on the Board of Directors in charge of sales of refined oil and gasoline, and the appointment of Mr. T. J. Thompson as general sales manager, brought in its wake many promotions for men who have performed their work with credit to themselves and the company. An executive order of December 22 noted the following:

Mr. H. A. Lewis, former manager at Kansas City, Mo., has been appointed manager at Chicago, Ill.

Mr. H. R. Cochran, former manager at Grand Rapids, Mich., has been appointed manager at Detroit, Mich.

Mr. H. C. Griffin, former manager at Joliet, Ill., has been appointed manager at Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. E. P. Galbreath, former manager at Saginaw, Mich., has been appointed manager at Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. E. E. Morton, of the Chicago office, has been appointed manager at Joliet, Ill.

Mr. J. H. Lambert, of the Chicago office, has been appointed manager at La Crosse, Wis.

Mr. L. J. Thompson, former assistant manager at Grand Rapids, Mich., has been appointed manager at Saginaw, Mich.

Mr. J. C. Marshall, of the Chicago office, has been appointed manager at Grand Rapids, Mich.

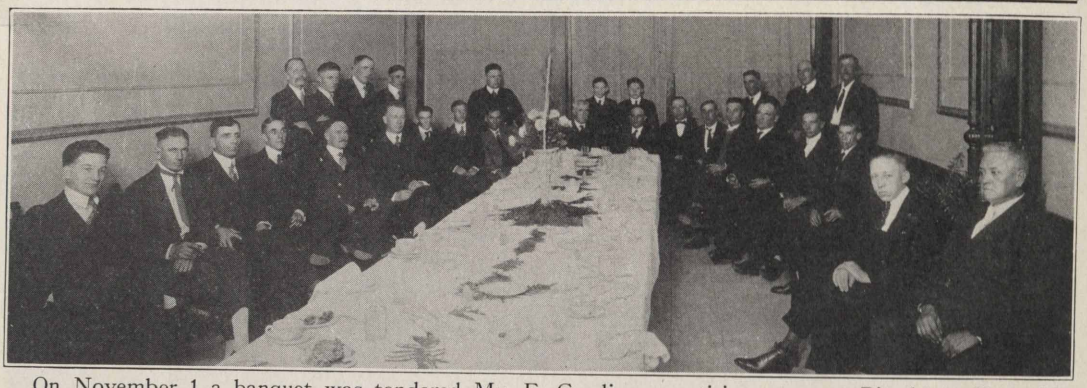
Mr. J. E. Monegan, former assistant manager at St. Louis, Mo., has been appointed assistant manager at La Crosse, Wis.

Mr. C. F. Hatmaker, former tank wagon superintendent at Chicago, has been appointed assistant manager at Chicago.

Mr. R. F. McConnell, former district superintendent in Detroit division, has been appointed assistant manager at Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mr. Carl Monson, former district superintendent in Milwaukee division, has been appointed assistant manager at Joliet Ill.

HE PUT PITTSBURG, KANSAS, ON S. O. MAP



On November 1 a banquet was tendered Mr. E. Gradinger, retiring agent at Pittsburg, Kan. Mr. Gradinger is one of the oldest employees in the Kansas City division and is a mighty fine man to know. His never failing activities are reflected in the wonderful development of the Pittsburg station. Mr. Gradinger is seated at the end of the table to the left. Next to him, on his left, is Mr. H. Fikes, who succeeds him.

J. G. C., and has been reelected to serve his second term as chairman of that body.

Another event of interest was the return to office of J. L. Trueblood, first chairman of the Whiting J. G. C. Mr. Trueblood, after one term in office, was defeated in the elections of last year, but now comes back on the committee as a representative of Division 10.

WHITING

New representatives at Whiting are: Joseph Stanley, Ernest Shepherd, James McCarthy, Patrick Woodlock, Steve Tobias, Floyd Boner, Frank Eaton, F. A. Ogren, Dave Clements, James Griffith, J. L. Trueblood, Frank McCoy, Ray Whitmer, Ira O. Troyer.

Representatives reelected are: John Chorley, Jess Abraham, Peter A. Kozacik, Nick Scholl, George Hulatt, Thomas McFadden, Daniel J. Gallagher, Charles Dailey.

SUGAR CREEK

New representatives at Sugar Creek are: Oscar Westwood, Fred Gore, Mike Cauley, F. Fred Miller, H. E. Otto, Clarence Spitzer.

Representatives reelected are: H. R. Ruhlman, Charles Choate, W. F. Mulvihill, Romie Urban, John S. Dickey.

WOOD RIVER

New representatives at Wood River are: Matthew W. Freeman, Jesse Taylor, William F. Adams, Frank Smith, Patrick J. Monks, Hugh W. Martin,

Representatives reelected are: Harry E. Harrod, John M. Durham.

CASPER

New representatives at Casper are: H. E. Kelley, J. W. Horrigan, J. M. Wimsatt, John McClellan, John Schnur, Sam Olsen.

Representatives reelected are Mack Burrell, Arthur Peak.

The following table furnishes some interesting data on the result of the December elections:

	Casper	Sugar Creek	Whiting	Wood River
Number Representatives	8	11	22	8
Representatives over 30 Years of Age	8	5	16	8
Average Age of Representative	40.7	35.6	38.4	48.3
Representatives Married	6	9	16	8
Average Length of Service by Years	2.8	4.5	8.7	4.1
Qualified Voters	575	1632	3839	1378
Percent Qualified Voters on Duty Election Day Who Voted	88.97	96.44	96.2	99.3

DISCOVERED!

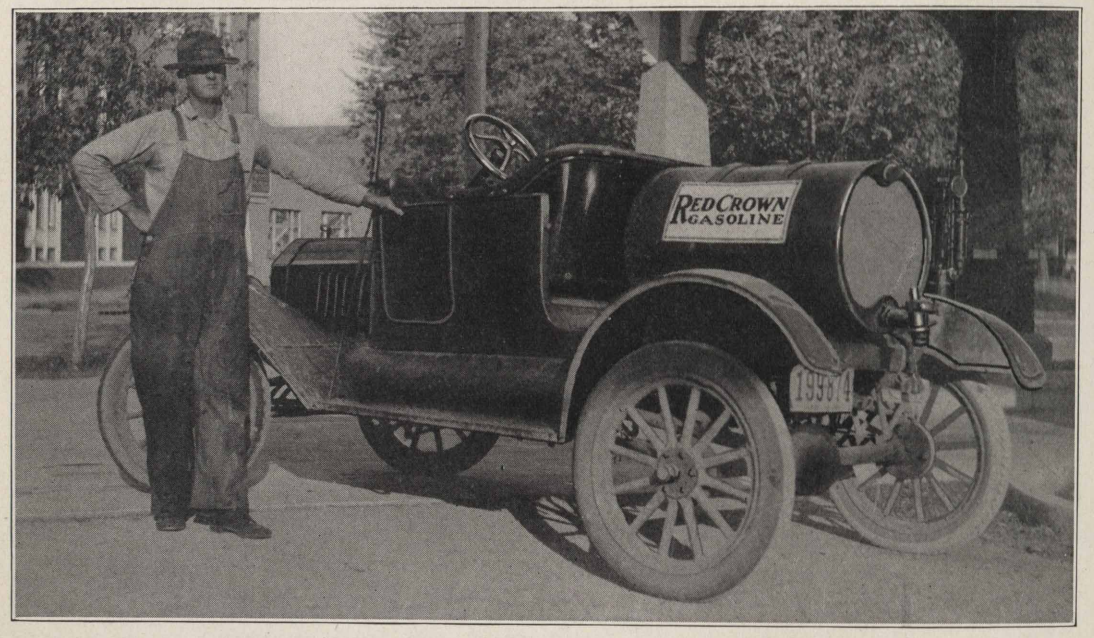
A letter was recently received in the sales offices of this company which the Record believes should be passed on, at least in part, to all the employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). It came from a large corporation, with offices in both New York and Chicago, and sought information as to the method used by this company in instilling in its employees the spirit of courtesy. The inquiring company wished to know "how we do it" in order that they might adopt the same method. The last two paragraphs of the letter follow:

> "The employees of the Standard Oil Company on the whole are always courteous. How do they do it?
>
> "This firm must employ tens of thousands of men. The last five or six years have noticed that their buildings and equipment are kept painted, shined up and cleaned up. More noticeable, however, is the courteous manner of their employees in dealing with the public. Have intentionally tried to start a quarrel with tank wagon drivers and attendants on duty at auto service stations. Have handled salesmen, who called with contracts to be signed, pretty roughly, accused them of profiteering, of running small operators out of business, and selling poor grade of oil at high prices, but never had one of their employees get mad or be discourteous."

Replying to this letter Mr. T. J. Thompson, general sales manager, said in part:

> "Our only answer is that we *hire gentlemen only*, though occasionally we find rough spots in the personnel of our organization which we endeavor to smooth up, for diamonds in the rough need polishing."

ROADS NEVER GET TOO BAD FOR SMALLWOOD



This is W. C. Smallwood, agent at Excelsior Springs, Mo., and his special 50-gallon truck for bad roads. "Roads never get too bad for service in District No. 2," says Smallwood.

A FIGHT AND A BRIDE

Wood River, Ill., Dec. 24—Frank Dwyer, one of the most promising of Alton's younger boxers, not only won a six-round bout with Kid Shields of Chatham at Carlinville last Thursday night, but he also won a bride in the person of Miss Stella Cannon.

The Carlinville correspondent of the State Journal in reporting the marriage says that he was unable to learn if Miss Cannon has made the wedding contingent on her fiancee winning his bout, but points out that the occasion was most auspicious. Carlinville is Miss Cannon's former home, though she has been for some time a resident of Alton.

Dwyer is a boilermaker by trade and is employed at the Standard Oil refinery. He has been boxing for the past year with considerable success, and has a large following among the local fans and has a promising future.

GOOD FELLOWS

The Standard Oil Athletic Association of the Whiting plant diverted its attention from athletic activities for a few days before Christmas and took steps to give cheer and comfort to a few of the less fortunate families in Whiting.

Contribution boxes were circulated on the plant which netted $284.34. Under the direction of a committee, consisting of Charles Groat, C. C. Craswell and James Parker, this money was used to provide food and clothing for a number of needy families.

H. Gordon & Sons, Whiting merchants, did their part by giving liberal discounts on all goods purchased by the committee, also contributing clothing on their own account. Seven widows, with thirty children ranging from two to fourteen years, were outfitted through the beneficence of our Good Fellows. The list of needy ones was supplied by Miss Beal, social worker.

MICHIGAN PAPER TELLS OF T. J. THOMPSON'S SUCCESS

Thirty-seven Years Ago Five Thousand Young Men in Grand Rapids Had Same or Better Opportunity Than Present General Manager, Sales, of This Company, Says *Michigan Tradesman*, and Asks "Where Are Others Now?"

On December 10, 1920, Thomas J. Thompson was appointed general manager of sales of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). For thirty-seven years Mr. Thompson has devoted his entire time, attention, intelligence and energy to the interest of this company, and by diligent effort has impressed himself upon the organization until he has been chosen to lead the sales forces. In its issue of December 15th the *Michigan Tradesman*, published at Grand Rapids, Mich., Mr. Thompson's old home, says in part:

"The year the *Tradesman* was founded, 1883, Thomas J. Thompson entered the employ of the Standard Oil Company as a drayman. The next year he was promoted to the position of driver of a tank wagon. He steadily continued to gain in the estimation of his employer and last Saturday he was elevated to one of the most responsible positions in the company—that of general manager of sales.

"Did Mr. Thompson gain this distinction by starting out to see how little he could do and still hold his job? Not much. The Standard Oil Company has precious little use for slackers and slovens.

"Did Mr. Thompson attract the attention of his superiors by writing sharp or sarcastic letters to his customers or employers? Nay, nay. The officer or employee of the Standard Oil Company who indulges his temper at the expense of the customer or employee soon finds himself looking for a new job.

"Did Mr. Thompson start on the royal road to fortune by playing sharp tricks on either customer or competitor? No! The Standard Oil Company does not countenance such practices. It conducts its business on the highest moral plane of business ethics. Any employee of the Standard Oil Company who entertains the idea that he can build himself up by tearing other people down or by reversing the theory and practice of the Golden Rule soon finds himself in the scrap heap.

"Thirty-seven years ago five thousand young men in Grand Rapids apparently stood a better chance to achieve distinction than Mr. Thompson. Where are they now? Probably one in a hundred rose above the level of the common herd. Possibly one in a thousand acquired a competence. Those who succeeded deserved success, just as Mr. Thompson rose to the high position he now occupies solely because he was willing to pay the price—hard study, close application, generous treatment of associates and employees, energetic effort, with an eye single to the interests of his employer and an everlasting determination to forge to the front. These qualities, coupled with sturdy manhood, a keen sense of integrity and managerial ability of a high order, inevitably brought recognition on the part of the men higher up, resulting after thirty-seven years of close application in a happy consummation which few men live to see. There are no short cuts with the Standard Oil Company."

When asked for a statement to be published in the Record, Mr Thompson said:

"In any organization of the magnitude of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), opportunity is always present," said Mr. Thompson. "There are 23,000 jobs in this company, which is another way of saying that all of us have opportunity multiplied by 23,000.

"But opportunity will never reward anyone who belittles her or her domicile. This, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), is one of her favorite domiciles, and to win favor with opportunity one must have a sincere love for that favorite domicile. We who keep it in shape for her must never belittle it, but must show our fellow workers in the company, and our neighbors and customers, the general public, that the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) not only has rewards for those who pursue opportunity, but also that the public, asking service, will obtain here the service desired, honest service, courteously rendered."

CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN: LOOK AT ROYCE

F. E. Royce found that his shining countenance was about to be hid under a bushel of fellow workers when the photog at Grand Rapids started to shoot the Grand Rapids' salesmen and visitors. But you can't keep a good man down. That is Royce suspended from the door casing. The gentleman with the cigar in the center, lower row, is Mr. Norman Grimshaw, former manager at Detroit, who has just been promoted to the position of assistant general maganer of the general sales department, headquarters at Chicago. From left to right, first row: Roy F. McConnell, Assistant Manager, Grand Rapids; John C. Marshall, Manager, Grand Rapids; N. R. Grimshaw, Assistant General Manager, L. J. Thompson, Manager, Saginaw; H. R. Cochran, Manager, Detroit; A. A. Kirn. Second Row: Floyd France, H. E. Potter, J. Chidester, L. D. Hyde, N. J. Nelson, L. H. Lunt, C. Worden, J. Harwood, Reg. Christian, J. A. Galbreath, R. M. Carlisle. Third row: Roy Richardson, Harry Ellis, Henry Duyser, George Hyde, Robert Watson, John DeSmit, Roy Hill, Chas. Young, Roy Fonger. Back row: L. J. Leaf, Fred Huizenga, Frank Babcock, John Dooley, V. C. Shrider, C. H. Sullivan, Arthur Stevens, Wm. O'Donnell, Clem Edwards Chas. Merritt, Fred Billsborrow, James Black, Claude Sholty, H. D. Hydorn, H. K. Nichols, H. D. Driver, A. C. Anderson, Joseph Brown, H. N. Lund, Chas. Wagner, James Rice, Ed Artibee, S. N. Marsh, B. H. Bishop, H. E. Rebentisch, M. J. Thompson, Wm. Martz, L. Maring, James H. Young, Jr., W. A. Bovee, Homer Daane, H. M. Koch (the slim gentleman), Leo P. Gierman.

TO NORMAN GRIMSHAW

From His Detroit Friends.

Among us mortals there are but few who do not permit their thoughts to drift in admiration of great men, past and present. Often we choose from these men our idol; for him a shrine is built within our souls so that we may worship unseen and mold the sanctity of undying faith in our edifice of THE MAN among men. For a number of years the Detroit field has had such a man in their midst.

Those whose work brought them in close contact with this man are not surprised at his rapid progress His rise from the rank and file is symbolic of the democracy and

WHEN SUMMER COMES WE'LL DREAM WITH OMAR

Here is Miss Grace Carter, stenographer for D. B. Thayer, Sioux City, Iowa, whiling away the pleasant hours on the banks of the Nile. It develops that the real River Nile, instead of being in Egypt, is one and one-half miles from Sioux City. The Egyptian article is merely a poor imitation. From the setting of the photograph we suspect the gentleman whose hat is hanging on the tree of being a devotee of Omar, for all the ingredients of Mr. Khayyam's famous recipe for "paradise enow" are in sight, except the loaf and jug, which may be in the suitcase for all we know.

willingness of our Board of Directors to reward merit. We who have toiled with him appreciate this better than all others. It is proof to us that there is no position with this Company that we cannot fill if we conscientiously prepare ourselves for it. We feel that he has only started on his journey to success.

The breadth of his views, the courage of his convictions are coupled with integrity and jovial personality, plus a keen sense of humor. Employes have never been merely machines to him; they are human, struggling factors that are daily striving to succeed under his guidance and leadership. In all actions he is guided by a spirit of decency and fair play that radiates from every act. Possessed of coolness and self-control, he can withstand disappointment.

His co-workers keenly feel his departure; still they point with pride to his new position and are pleased at the selection of Norman Robert Grimshaw as assistant general manager of the eastern division of this great concern.

While we regret our personal loss, we rejoice in his new position, for the common good.

We know it will be only a question of time until his circle of friends is widened to include every one in the entire eastern division.

PUT HEINZE TO WORK

The Record respectfully urges the Casper committee on publications to appoint Mr. Robert V. Heinze, recently transferred to Casper from Whiting, as one of the Casper reporters. He was one of our best at Whiting and we have already had a letter from him growling at us because the Record didn't have more Casper items. Make Robert a reporter, Casper.

It's always fair weather, when fair ladies get together! Miss Thordis Sonderbye gives pajama party for 5th floor girls, Chicago office.

THE NEW YEAR AND ESSENTIALS OF GOOD SALESMANSHIP

Knowledge, Courtesy, Honesty, Confidence and Perseverance Are All That Any Standard Oil Salesman Needs to Sell Goods Because Back of Him Is an Organization that Will Provide the Necessary Quality and Service

The Record believes that every Standard Oil salesman understands the essentials of good salesmanship and that every one of them is a fighter. However, it is good for all of us occasionally to take stock of ourselves and see if we measure up to the standard of Standard Oil, and the following, incorporated in an open letter to the field from the Minneapolis headquarters, is such a clear exposition of both the essentials of good salesmanship and of the standard of Standard Oil, that we felt every Standard Oil employee would enjoy reading it. —EDITOR.

The year 1920 is gone, but what we all have achieved still remains a matter of record. Your sales for 1920 will act as a comparison with the New Year just beginning. Each New Year brings added opportunities and incentive, and 1921 is no exception.

We are entering upon an era, that for sales and other development, will eclipse, by a large percent, anything we have ever done. In order to make 1921 the big year that we are going to make it, a certain resolve must enter our conscience and be adhered to throughout the entire year. We must carefully consider all the things that are essential to a record breaking year.

One of the first essentials to "Good Salesmanship" is KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge is the most dynamic force in the world today. It is the supreme master of situations. It is absolutely essential to the success of a salesman. Without knowledge you would be primitive, powerless to conceive. With knowledge you know no barriers. You can confidently face interrogations.

A salesman, because of an inadequate knowledge of his product, invites failure. "I don't know," is a pitiful answer; it has no place in the ranks of Standard Oil salesmen. Some men seek knowledge, others wait for it to be handed them on a silver platter.

You know kerosene cannot be used for lubricating an automobile engine. If you know why—that's knowledge. You know kerosene will not vaporize as quickly as gasoline. If you know why—that's knowledge.

If you are soliciting the lubricating business of a steam or electric light plant, you should know the kind of machinery in use, and the oil that is best suited for that machinery before you attempt to procure the business. You should know why this oil is best for that, and why that oil is best for this. Never say, "I don't know." It is a serious confession. If you lack a certain knowledge that you feel is lessening your value as a salesman, GO AND GET IT, don't wait for someone to bring it to you. Upon your knowledge depends your success, and upon your desire to obtain knowledge depends your degree of success.

HONESTY is another essential of "Good Salesmanship."

Honesty with yourself, honesty with the firm that employs you, and with the dealer who accepts your statements as facts and buys the products you are selling.

The ethics of "Good Salesmanship" demand Truth, and the least variance from it, even though you are tempted to exaggerate to gain a sale, is poor business; it is unfair, and it is far better to have lost the sale than to have told an untruth.

The time is fast approaching when no man will dare misrepresent his goods; in fact, it is here now to the real salesman. You know the substance of Red Crown Gasoline, Polarine Motor Oil and all the other products that we are marketing, and when you tell a dealer that Red Crown gasoline or any other product that we make, is the BEST IN THE WORLD, you conscientiously know you are telling the truth.

Truth and honesty are two of the main factors in salesmanship, and salesmanship cannot endure long without them. The best salesman is the one who says the fewest words, and lets his manner bespeak the truth, his every word and action denoting

ENJOYING THE NOON HOUR AT WICHITA, KAS.

The fellows at Wichita have a lot of fun noon hours. Here is a little friendly bout wherein O. A. Martin, assistant cashier, is hanging a left swing on the jaw of Don Whitemore, check clerk. Besides being one of the best forms of exercise there is, boxing furnishes plenty of entertainment for the spectators.

sincerity. He inspires the confidence of his prospective buyer, who believes the salesman holds his interest above that of making a sale.

Good business is mutual business. The buyer and seller enter into a kind of a partnership. When you have the interests of the dealer at heart, you are paving the way for increased business for your firm. In the dealer's association with the salesman it does not take him long to ascertain whether or not the salesman is honest with him. Therefore, if the words and actions of a salesman reflect an honest and sincere character, it is bound to prove profitable for all concerned. Honesty is really the base of good business, the kind of business that lives and grows.

What will "COURTESY" do for you in 1921? Nothing will make more friends for you. Courtesy is the emblem of a gentleman, it indicates quality and good, wholesome ancestry. It is not listed on the stock market as having a value, but it pays tremendous dividends. How many shares of COURTESY do you hold?

Courtesy is an asset every salesman must have if he is to be successful. It is the key to acquaintance, and acquaintance is the key to new business. The lack of courtesy has lost many customers for salesmen, and being courteous has made many new customers.

A salesman who had not been able for years to get ahead, suddenly came to the realization that there was something in his makeup that retarded his progress, and then someone told him frankly that he was lacking in courtesy—that he did not always tender people the respect to which they were entitled. Nothing will make friends quicker than courtesy and many dollars worth of goods have been sold because "he is a friend of mine."

If you are always courteous to the trade you call on, you will always be welcome in their place of business. Arguments should be avoided. It is desired that you make strenuous efforts to convince a dealer of the superior quality of our products, but in doing so, don't let it lead to arguments. Never

AT THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Four pretty girls sat in the sun, when along came Albert Walters and then there were none. Reason: Albert came on a motorcycle. We have a photograph showing what the four fair ones did to Albert and the motorcycle, but it is rather dim for publication. Suffice to say, after the holdup, it took all of Red Crown's power to make the cycle go. The girls, left to right: Lelia Nims, Catherine Jones, Mrs. Stewart Chaffin, Goldie Einhorn.

speak ill of other brands. A good salesman is only interested in his own product and to this end he should lend all his efforts.

Tact and courtesy practiced faithfully during the New Year 1921 will gain new customers for you. There is a knack in making people like you, and one of the surest ways to accomplish this is through the avenue of COURTESY.

Enter the New Year with a spirit of CONFIDENCE.

Confidence is that something in the human that makes you do the things that seem impossible. If a salesman will augment his efforts with confidence he will win. A man with confidence is irresistible. Obstacles, to him, are little stones in his path that he kicks out of the way. Confidence is a moving force that gains momentum with success. Confidence is the distinction between success and failure.

In selling Red Crown Gasoline and Polarine Motor Oil your arguments would be empty and unimpressive if you lacked confidence. If the dealer sees that you are sincere in your convictions, you reflect confidence, and it is one of the important factors in the solicitation of new business. If you enter a dealer's store and you are lacking in confidence, you will walk out without an order. If you enter with a firm determination to drive your point home, your argument will be so forceful and powerful, that new business will result.

Confidence has won football and baseball games. It has won battles, and it will win new customers for the Standard Oil Company. If you approach a new prospect with the feeling that he is going to knock you out, you will take the count just as you anticipated. A salesman with confidence eats opposition.

To be successful as a salesman you must persevere. A salesman who is successful

FROM MINNEAPOLIS, AND PROUD OF IT!

This is the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) office force at Minneapolis, Minn. The Minneapolis folks claim theirs is the most beautiful city in America and have sent us photographs to prove it. Some month when we have lots of space we are going to print these photographs and when you see them you may agree that the Minneapolis folks have reason to boast.

is a salesman who "sticks." You may knock him down, even bruise him, and to all appearances, put him "out," but he will come back for more. Very often you will hear the remark, "I can't wedge in on that business, the competitor has him solid." Of course the competitor has him solid with that sort of an attitude to oppose. If you "stick", ultimately you will get the business, and that is just what the other man is worrying about. He is afraid you are a "sticker." He knows his hold on that business is weak. Your presence week in and week out worries him. Every time you visit the man who is giving his business to the competitor, he is getting to know you better. If you have a courteous disposition he will like you better each time, and by and by he is going to give you a little bit of an order. He receives the oil, or whatever it may be, and likes the quality of the goods—we gave him good service. A little later he gives you a larger order, and pretty soon you are getting a big portion of his business, or, maybe all of it.

There is no secret in securing new business. You cannot "rub the hair the wrong way" and get it. Size up the man, study his strong and weak points; possibly there are things in his character and in your character that are identical. The result? A friendship starts—and it is all the final result of "sticking." Remember this: THE HARDER THEY COME, THE LONGER THEY STICK.

All of these things are essential to success. You supply the KNOWLEDGE, the COURTESY, the HONESTY, the CONFIDENCE and the PERSEVERANCE, and we will supply the QUALITY and the SERVICE. This combination will do the things the ordinary man would say are impossible, but we should all try to be extraordinary men.

CRITICISMS

What criticisms have you to make of the November, December and this number of the Stanolind Record? This is an employees' magazine and the editor wishes ALL employees to consider it as such and to be frank in making criticisms direct to him. The invitation is also extended to members of employees' families. Write the editor, Room 213, 910 South Michigan avenue, and tell him of his sins, either of commission or omission.

CORRESPONDENTS

In using the words service station, please abbreviate hereafter to SS. Thus: "Mr. Blank, of SS 36, etc."

WHY WASTE THREE FILMS ON WOODWARD?

Here are five lovely daughters of Sugar Creek employees engaged in taking a snapshot of Frank Woodward, official photog at Sugar Creek. Having seen the gentleman we can't understand why they should want three pictures of him—one would strike us as being a great plenty. While the young ladies were "shooting" him, however, Frank used his own camera to excellent advantage, as the above proves. From left to right: Elizabeth Hink, Emma Murray, Mary Latimer, Thelma Frahla, Mary Seppo.

GENEROUS

Jim Bemis and Fred Appel, Chicago, took a trip into the country, Sunday, December 5, via the Lincoln Highway and Henry Ford route. Out Niles Center way their gaze fell upon a gentleman equipped with an entire hunting outfit, e'en unto the dog. As they drew near, Fred gave them the horn, which Rover accepted as a challenge to physical combat. In a flash the canine made a savage lunge at the radiator, and Lizzie did the rest. A couple of staccato yelps, and the bout was over. It was the story of "Rover's Last Stand."

"I am very sorry that this happened," said Mr. Appel to the man with the gun, "and if $25 will be satisfactory, I am willing to make such an adjustment."

"Quite satisfactory," was the response.

Mr. Bemis, observing the eagerness with which the offer was accepted, felt that a better settlement was possible, and after some conversation and a few whispers with Fred, they found that between them they had only $10.

"Ten dollars will be quite satisfactory," said the genial hunter, as he looked upon the lifeless form of his blue ribbon winner.

As the money was paid over, Fred remarked that he was pretty well acquainted with that particular neck of the woods, and had never seen anything around there in the shape of game more serious than a few English sparrows, to which came the ready response:

"I didn't reckon on doin' any huntin' with that dog. Yer see he's gettin' old and kinda mean and my wife thot he might bite some of the kids around our place, so I thot it best just to take him over in yonder field and shoot him."

CONSIDERABLE ADVERTISEMENT FOR ALFALFA

We've heard tell that in Kansas folks eat alfalfa for breakfast. That may or may not be true, but if it is, we insist that the above pictures are some advertisement for alfalfa as a breakfast food. The photographs came from our Wichita office. They are: No. 1, Mark Newcomb, age 4, son of G. W. Newcomb, shop foreman; No. 2, Carter Gregory Maule, son of A. G. Maule, marketing department; No. 3, Theron S. Black, age 1, son of J. W. Black, bookkeeper; No. 4, Joseph, Jr., 27 months, son of Joe Honomichl, assistant chief clerk; No. 5, Miss Rose Guida Anderson, age 4, daughter of C. A. Anderson, sales department; No. 6, Harlan S. Lucas, age 3, son of Mr. Lucas, bookkeeper.

SMILE AND THE WORLD SMILES WITH YOU!

And these kiddies didn't need to be told to smile while watching for the birdie. The smiles are natural. Why shouldn't they smile—they live in Kansas and their daddies work for the Standard Oil Company, Wichita division. They are: Virginia Mae Ward, age 2½, daughter of F. O. Ward, stock department; No. 2, Roberta Evelyn Morris, daughter of R. E. Morris, traffic clerk; No. 3, name not given, but his daddy is with the Standard Oil at Grainfield, Kas.; No. 4, Jack, son of W. F. Sharitt, credit man; No. 5, Francis Cooke, age 2, son of E. G. Cooke, warehouse clerk; No. 6, Kent McKown, age 1, son of E. H. McKown, bookkeeper.

A BUNCH OF JOLIET'S JULIETTES

With all the graces of the original Juliette, but, you will observe, none of her despair. Joliet, as you can see by the map is located not far from Romeo and that, no doubt, explains their happy, smiling countenances. For why shouldn't Juliette be glad, with Romeo always near?

These particular Juliettes are otherwise known, reading from left to right, as: Olga Leach, Myrtle Dreesen, Ethel Dixon and Marie Martin.

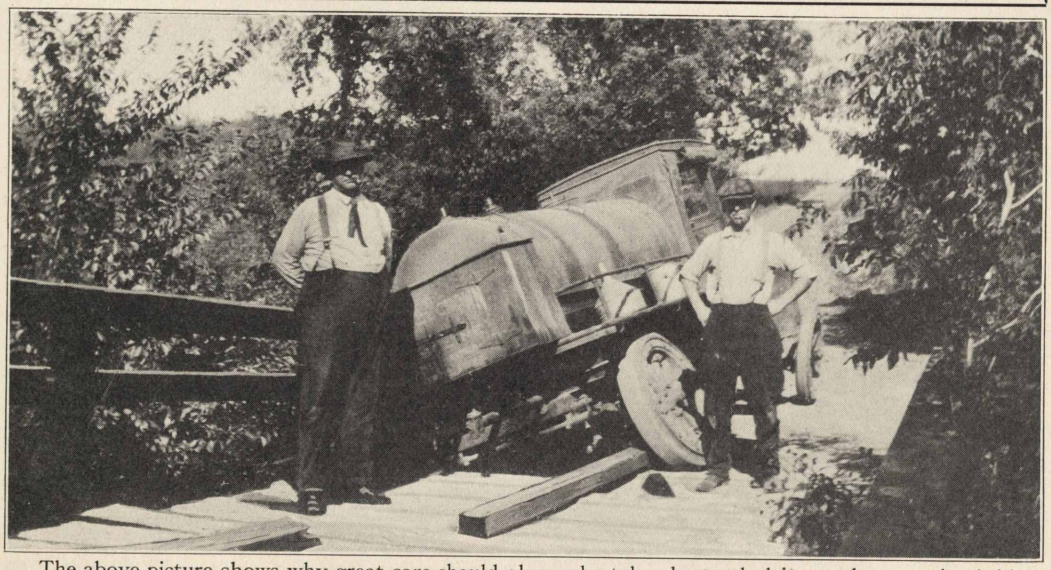
FISHER TO CHICAGO

Mr. E. H. Fisher, assistant director of industrial relations at Whiting, has been made assistant director at the Chicago office, and is succeeded at Whiting by Mr. W. N. Bercaw, head of the employment division at Whiting. Mr. Fisher assumed his duties at the Chicago office early in January.

MATHIAS SCHAEFER DIES

The Record regrets to report the death on January 5, 1921, of Mathias Schaefer, of Whiting, placed on the company annuity roll on August 1, 1920. Mr. Schaefer was formerly a pipefitter at the Whiting refinery and had been in the employ of the company for twenty-nine years and nine months.

SAFETY FIRST! USE CARE ON BRIDGES, CULVERTS



The above picture shows why great care should always be taken by truck drivers when crossing bridges and culverts. The truck shown here went through the bridge at Pekin, Ill., the driver narrowly escaping with his life. There is a drop of about 100 feet into the ravine below.

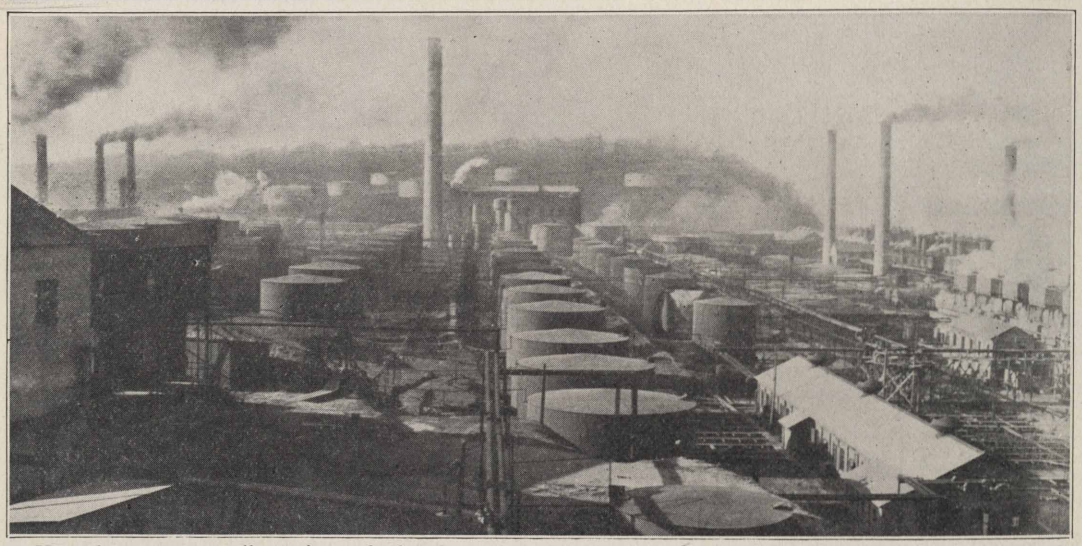
SAFETY MEETING

Ninety of one hundred Wood River foremen attended a safety meeting which was held in the foremen's lunchroom at the Wood River refinery. The various talks of the evening were preceded by a light luncheon, and a vocal solo by Mr. Mitchell, accompanied by Mr. Campbell at the piano. Following this entertainment, the foremen were given a survey of the Wood River safety conditions by R. E. Herzler, Safety Director. It was brought to the attention of the men, that it was more than ever before necessary to push safety work. Following the remarks pertaining to local problems, the foremen heard an interesting lecture delivered by Mr. Frank Mueller, of the National Enameling & Stamps Works, Granite City, Ill., on the "Reconstruction of the Injured Man." Following this, the men heard Mr. J. D. Broome, secretary of the Alton Manufacturers Association, in a lecture on "The Foreman as the Top Sergeant of Industry." Mr. Broome very vividly compared the new responsibilities that are being placed upon our foremen today, with the responsibilities that a foreman formerly carried. Following Mr. Broome, Mr. Curry of our own company, said a few words to the foremen, pertaining to some future plans regarding the foremen. He told them that in the great scheme of Industrial Relations, the foreman had not been forogtten, and that plans of interest to him were receiving due consideration. Mr. Curry also told the foremen that the Board of Directors was standing firm as a body for proper Industrial relations.

RED CROSS DRIVE

Led by Frank Woodward, Roll Call director, Sugar Creek went over the top in its recent Red Cross drive, collecting a total of $2,104.50. Of this, $1,571.50 was contributed by Standard Oil Company employees at the Sugar Creek works. The company permitted men's teams to canvass the plant during working hours. The response was spontaneous because the money goes to pay the salary and expenses of the Red Cross nurse, who has done such fine work at Sugar Creek.

A WARNING TO SALESMEN, FROM SUGAR CREEK



Here is a very small section of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) refinery at Sugar Creek, looking west from Agitator Hill. Like our three other big refineries, Sugar Creek is working twenty-four hours a day making gasoline and other petroleum products for our salesmen to sell. With spring and summer approaching, with their heavy demands for Red Crown and Polarine, the manufacturing department serves notice on the sales department that it is ready to meet any demand placed upon it.

HARRY OWEN

The Record would like a photograph of Mr. Harry Owen, service station employee at Niles, Mich. Here is the reason:

Under date of December 2, 1920, Mr. H. R. Cochran, then manager of our Grand Rapids territory, received the following unsolicited letter from Mr. A. G. Stevens, superintendent of the Tower Consolidated Mills Co. of Niles:

Dear Sir:

It is with much pleasure I wish to relate an incident occuring a few days past in connection with your agency in this city, and which my inquiry shows is in charge of one Harry Owen.

I stopped for gas, and in payment handed him as I thought a five dollar bill. In some way another bill, same denomination, had stuck to the other one, and I would never have known the difference had he returned the change of the $5.00 only, but he called my attention to the fact and I figure I am that much ahead.

While this was simply a matter of honesty, this virtue is becoming so rare in these days of short-changing, high cost of living, etc., it was very refreshing to find a man who sticks in the straight and narrow path, and makes us feel that the world is not all wrong. As an employer of men for many years this incident would interest me in one of my own employees, and undoubtedly will in your business, and I am glad to pass it on. Very cordially yours,

(Signed) A. G. Stevens, Supt.

* * *

You know what Mark Twain said about fools. Mark admitted that there were a lot of fools in the world, but advised the wise men not to complain, because it was only by comparison with the fools that there were any wise men.—Through the Meshes.

* * *

A business transaction is not a success until both buyer and seller are benefited by it.—Through the Meshes.

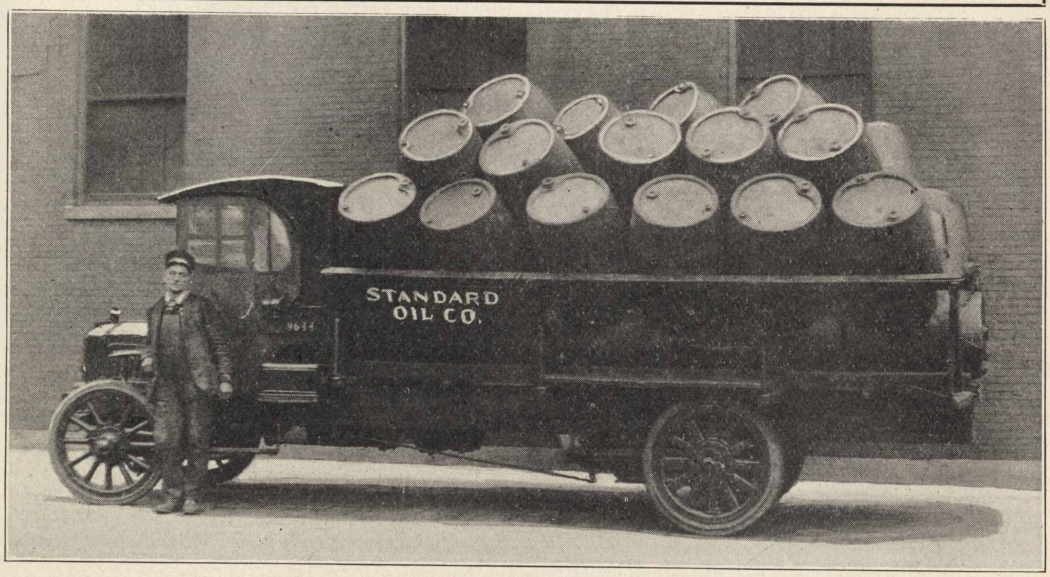
* * *

Good salesmen, like good cooks, create an appetite when the buyer doesn't seem hungry.—Through the Meshes.

* * *

Worry takes more human energy than work. Don't worry the men under you.

PICKS UP 25,000 BARRELS A YEAR



Frank Uhlir, of Fourteenth street station, Chicago, thinks he has picked up more empty barrels than any chauffeur in the employ of this company. He has been handling barrels for the past five years, at an average rate of 25,000 per year.

Frank knows the joy of riding an elevator twenty floors to get an empty, also the pleasure of fishing floaters out of flooded basements.

He is feeling bad of late, because he is a few days behind schedule on account of serving on a jury, which has allowed some empties a longer sojourn in the customer's hands than is necessary.

Frank and Packard No. 9644 make two to four loads daily with an average of forty empties per load. It keeps the Chicago salesmen on tip-toes to supply the empties for Frank and his partner Fred Hespen, whose is a close second. If Fred's average is maintained, he will take premier honors within a year, as he handles a truck with capacity of seventy-six empties. The boys at Fourteenth street returned 2411 empties to Whiting in one week, which mark they defy any station to increase.

* * *

"Speaking of advertising"—a man who advertised for a wife said afterwards: "I can't say advertising pays, but it certainly brings results."

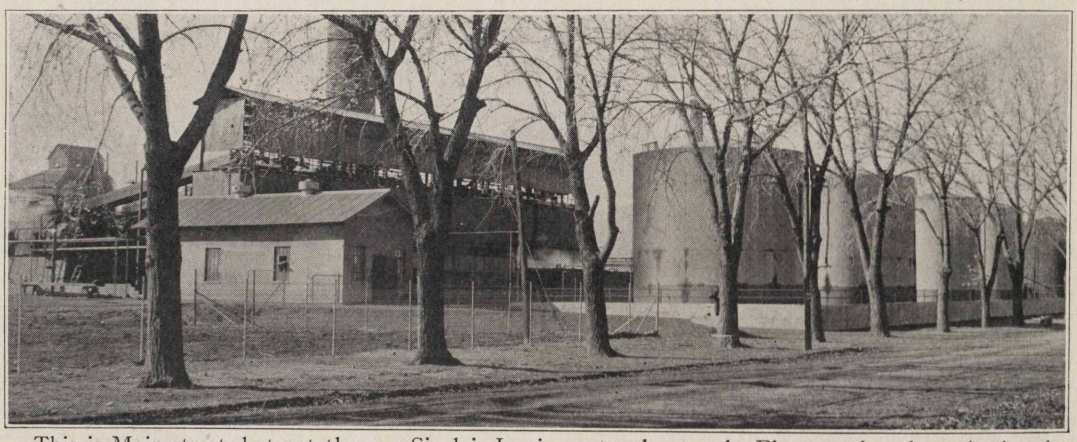
MR. WIEHEN HONORED

Elmer J. Wiehen, for three years service station superintendent of the St. Louis, Mo., division, has had a signal honor conferred upon him through his election to the Board of Directors of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, St. Louis. Mr. Wiehen has been an active worker in the Junior Chamber of Commerce for some time past, some of these activities being his handling the first convention of the National Junior Chamber of Commerce of America held in St. Louis, June 17, 18 and 19, 1920. He landed in third place in the contest for securing new members for the Junior Chamber of Commerce during their recent campaign. He is now chairman of the Business Divisions of the Chamber which embodies ten classes studying the underlying principles of business. Mr. Wiehen's efforts in behalf of the Junior Chamber of Commerce have been recognized by his being graduated with a class of ten into the Senior Chamber of Commerce. Through his activities in public affairs in the city of St. Louis, Mr. Wiehen has come to have a very extensive circle of acquaintances, which undoubtedly will be of inestimable value to him in the future.

STANDARD OIL BRINGS PROSPERITY TO FLORENCE

From a Town With 200 Empty Houses in 1916, Florence Has Become a Thriving City with 3,000 Inhabitants, a $150,000 High School and a $65,000 Bank Building—Ten Burton Pressure Stills in Operation

By James C. Park, *Florence (Colo.) Works*
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)



This is Main street, but not the one Sinclair Lewis wrote about. At Florence they haven't time for "small town stuff"—they are too busy keeping pace with the rapid growth of their thriving little city. This is Main street, Florence, with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) pressure stills, condensers and storage tanks in the background.

The city of Florence is situated in eastern Fremont county, Colorado, on the main line of the Denver and Rio Grande railway and a branch of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railway, nearly 150 miles south of Denver and 50 miles south of Colorado Springs.

It lies in a valley protected by mountain ranges on three sides, thus affording it a moderate climate, where February is as mild, dry, and pleasant as October, and where you can picnic with comfort and pleasure every month in the year, and the lover of automobiling can enjoy his favorite pastime in the wonderful sunshine 350 days a year.

The city has a population of about 3,000; tributary coal camps, a population of 3,500.

Petroleum was discovered here in 1862 on Four Mile Creek, about six miles northwest of Florence. The first drilling was done by James A. McCandless with a hand drill in July, 1864, and this oil was refined near Florence by a Mr. Cassedy.

Mr. McCandless owned the farm where Florence now stands and platted the town of Florence, and is today one of its most respected citizens.

The first well that produced any quantity of oil was drilled about two miles south of Florence, and wells in that locality have since been drilled and produced over 500 barrels daily, the field today producing approximately 200 barrels daily from 43 wells; some of these wells have produced for thirty years. Florence Oil and Refining Company's well No. 16 has pumped from 1891 to 1920.

This field has produced 14,000,000 barrels of oil, and in the writer's opinion less than one-fifth of this field has been properly prospected.

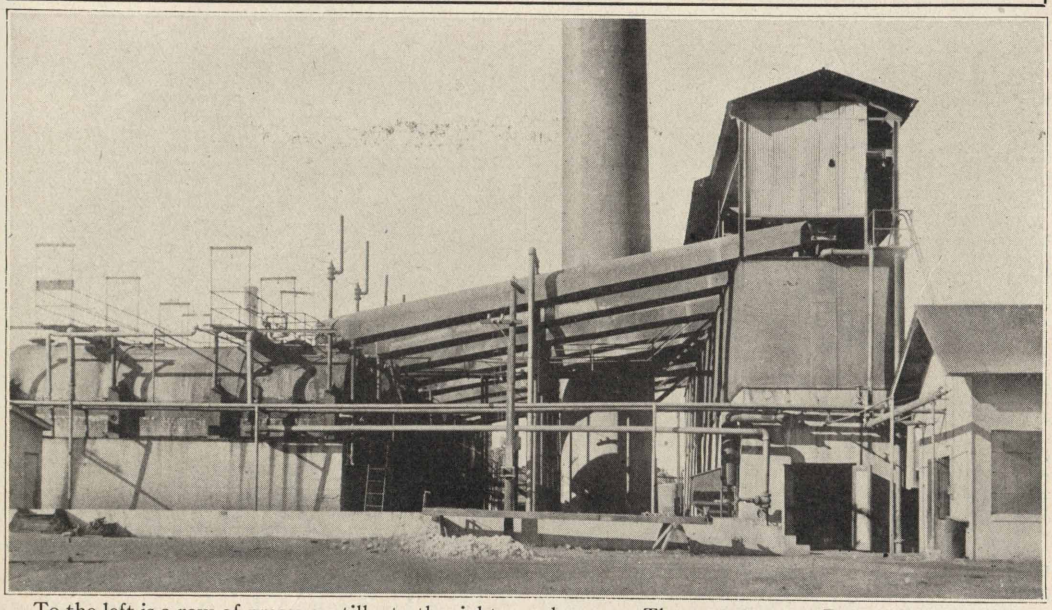
The gravities of the oil pumped from the wells of eighty feet in depth to those of 3,320 feet in depth have been between 32 and 32.5 degrees Beaume which would indicate that the oil in every instance has been obtained from some greater source not yet tapped.

Sane business methods and modern tools may yet develop this field to exceed its record of the past.

In 1916 the Continental Oil Company, a Standard Oil Company subsidiary, purchased the United Oil Company and the Florence Oil and Refining Company, and

(*Continued on page 24*)

PART OF OUR BABY REFINERY AT FLORENCE, COLO.

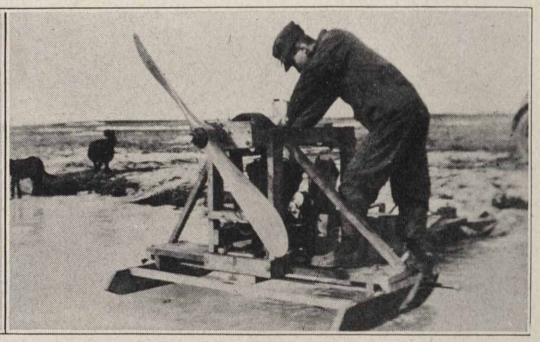


To the left is a row of pressure stills; to the right, condensers. There are now ten Burton Process stills in operation at Florence.

MEMBERS OF OUR FAMILY IN FAR AWAY FLORENCE

These are process men at the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) plant in Florence, Colo: Top row, left to right: L. E. Stephen, assistant superintendent; Hugh O'Neil, R. E. Orr, John McClelland, E. G. Anderson, Miller McClelland, Ed. Sikes. Lower row: F. E. Sumner, L. A. Wilcox, Barnie Sanders, J. J. Donnelly, S. E. Relfe, Arthur Sikes.

FORTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR ON ICE AT HURON



They like invigorating outdoor sports at Huron, S. D., and Miss Lawrence, stenographer in the accounting department at that office, is just recovering her breath after a wild flight over the ice on the Jim river which would give some of her hothouse sisters the jim-jams even to think about. The ice-boat is home-made and operates on Red Crown gasoline and Hy Polar.

(*Continued from page 22*)

Mr. William Curtis of Whiting came to Florence to modernize the United Oil Company plant.

In May, 1916, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) commenced the erection of a six-still battery of Burton Pressure Stills which were placed in operation in November of that year.

The plant has been enlarged until today it consists of a ten-still battery.

The Standard Oil Company has brought to Florence, as in every community it enters, prosperity, better working conditions, and steady healthful growth; and Florence has risen from a city with 200 empty houses in 1916 to one where in 1920 a man must own his home to be assured of a roof over his head.

The broad minded policy of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has established a morale in Florence that has been beneficial to other manufacturers, as well as to general business, and the whole community radiates its benefits.

The $150,000 high school and the $65,000 First National Bank building, nearing completion, give a more stable tone to the city than the moving away of houses to the coal camps, as was experienced prior to 1916.

This new high school, when completed, will, with the McCandless, Central, and Emerson schools, place Florence in a position to compete favorably with the larger cities in turning out 100 per cent Americans.

The First National Bank is established on sound business principles and, under the supervision of Mr. W. L. Morris, its able cashier, has been a "Rock of Gibraltar" to this entire community during the years of hard times in this vicinity prior to 1916.

BY WESTERN UNION

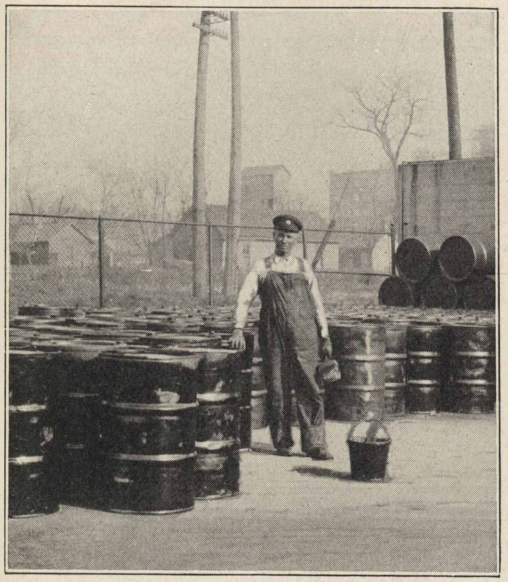
Gloster, Miss., Dec. 1.—To Mr. Emil Hirschfeld, Master Mechanic, Casper, Wyo. —This to advise that in my returning to Casper I will bring with me a beautiful flower from the Sunny South, who will add further brightness to our Golden West. Will arrive at Casper on or about December 7. Asking your forbearance.—D. R. McKay. (McKay is the pump repair man at the plant, and we'll say that any man who would pay for that long a telegram on the eve of a period of grocer's and butcher's bills is sure in love.)

* * *

THE KISS

"But"—
"No."
"Just"—
"No."
"Once"—
"No."
"Please"—
"N—"
* * * *
"Henry, why don't you shave?"—The Widow.

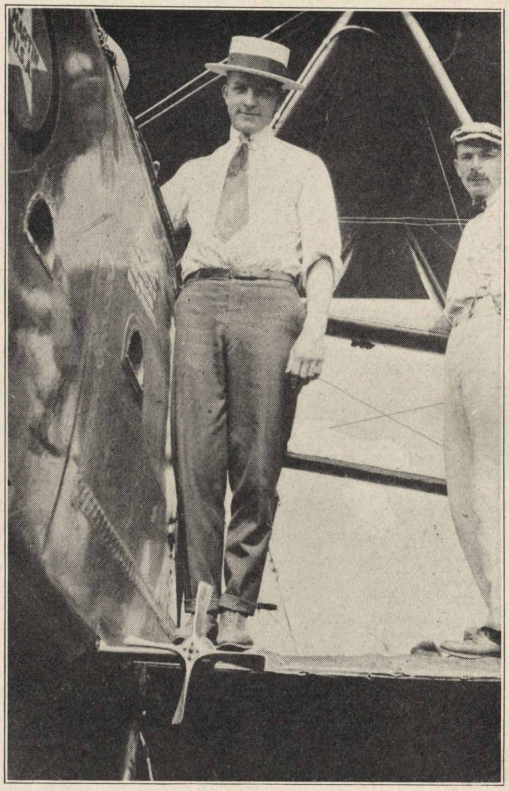
CHAMPION?



The St. Joseph division claims the distinction of having the champion barrel painter of the entire field. Our Mr. William F. Stewart is handier and faster at painting barrels than a farmer is at whipping a mule. On Monday, December 3, "Bill" Stewart painted 168 resale and equipment barrels in one hour's time. The St. Joseph division is very proud indeed of its barrel painter, as we knew all along that he was a "bearcat" at painting a barrel, but we did not know just how many he could paint in one hour's time until we timed him. A stop watch was put to work the minute that Bill touched the first barrel, and was stopped at the end of a sixty minute period, showing a record of painting two and four-fifths barrels per minute. Bill uses two six-inch wall brushes cleated together, and only dips the brush in the paint bucket one time during the painting of each barrel. He first paints the bottom head of the barrel, then spins the barrel in a circle on the bottom chime for the rapid painting of the side of the barrel.

We would be pleased to hear from some other divisions, if they have a barrel painter in the same class.

AERIAL MAIL



La Crosse, Wis., feels justly proud because Uncle Sam chose that city as the one stop-over place on the aerial mail route between Chicago and the Twin Cities of Minnesota. It boasts of one of the finest, largest and most easily accessible aviation fields on the continent.

The employes of the La Crosse branch of the Standard Oil Company feel doubly proud over the fact that Red Crown Gasoline is used by Uncle Sam's aerial mail carriers.

Judging from the benign expression on the physiognomy of "Smiling Bill" House and the affectionate manner in which he is caressing the big Martin bomber, it is not at all difficult to guess that this member of the La Crosse sales force has just participated in a Red Crown filling that is to carry the big Martin to the Twin Cities.

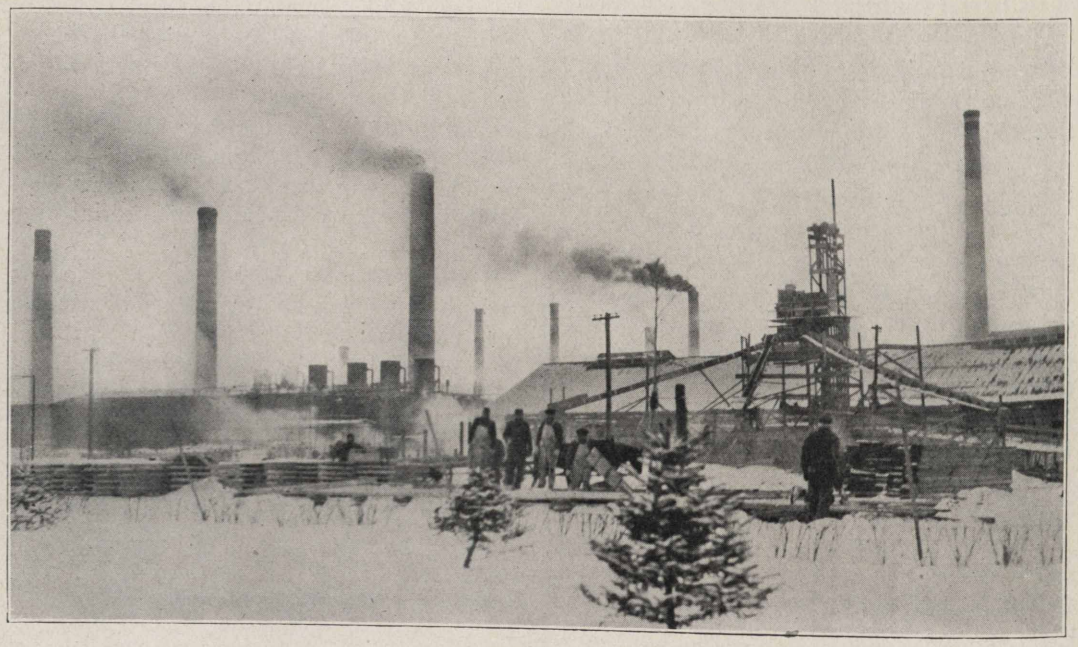
* * *

Charlotte—"Did she call for help when you kissed her?"

Charles—"No, she just helped herself."

EVEN KING WINTER CAN'T SLOW UP CASPER

Zero weather, snow and wild winds have failed even to slow up the work of enlarging the Casper plant. They work so fast out there that they haven't got time to get cold. Every man on the Casper plant is right on the job, determined to do his bit to make Casper one of the great refineries of America. Above we have the gravel plant on December 22, 1920. Below are the L. O. Rerun Stills, same date. The thermometer is around zero.



FIGHTING THE COLD FOR A PLACE IN THE SUN

Casper is determined to have a place in the sun in the oil refining world and the decision of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) to enlarge the Casper plant was received with joy by the Casper employees. Every employee has pitched in and is doing his best to push the improvement through, regardless of weather. Mr. Beaumont Parks, third vice-president and assistant general manager of manufacturing, is in charge of the project. In the above men are laying the bottom for a new tank of enormous size. Below we see a Marion shovel going into action.

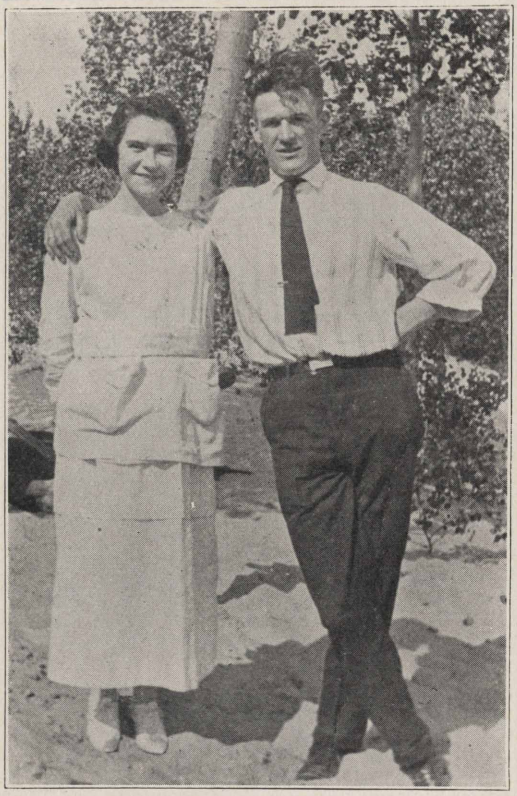
875 ENTER WHITING NIGHT SCHOOL CLASSES

Ten days before the opening of the new term of the Whiting night school eight hundred and seventy-five men, women and children had enrolled in the various classes. The new term began January 4. The great majority of students are employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) or members of their families. The large enrollment was largely due to the efforts of the sub-committee on education of the Whiting Joint General Committee. The work is under direct supervision of public school authorities, Superintendent J. H. Hoskinson and L. J. Grubb, principal of the night school, being in charge. Instruction of the foreign born in the language, customs and ideals of America, is the aim of the school. Students are also given assistance in securing citizenship papers. Above we have an Americanization class for adults. Below is a class in automobile repairing.

SEPARATE CLASSES FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS

Separate classes are maintained for women and girls at the Whiting night school. The above shows one of these classes. The Whiting night school offers a curriculum including instruction in English for the foreign born and many studies which attract American as well as foreign born students. These include classes in mathematics, from arithmetic to trigonometry; bookkeeping, shorthand and typewriting; machine shop work, wood turning, bench work, automobile repairing, mechanical drawing and blueprint reading; cooking, sewing and housekeeping, for girls and women; art, French and industrial chemistry, for more advanced students; gymnasium work for both men and women. The night school requires the services of twenty-four teachers, several of whom are employees of the Standard Oil Company and are thus enabled to come in daily contact with their students, to the great benefit of the latter. Below we have an Americanization class.

STILL IN OUR FAMILY



Loyal, even in marriage, to the Standard Oil family, Miss Grace Twitt, of the white oils room, Whiting works, on December 15 was united in marriage to Mr. David Whitmire, employed on the agitators at the Whiting plant. Many have been the young ladies who have left the white oils room to become brides, but Miss Twitt is the first to marry a Standard Oil man. The new Mrs. Whitmire had been employed in the white oils room about two years. She is the daughter of Mrs. Bessie Twitt, forelady of the candle factory, and of the late Mr. James Twitt, who for twenty-four years was employed at Whiting, and was, at the time of his death in 1912, office manager of the works' office.

The marriage was solemnized at the Congregational church at 8:30 o'clock, Wednesday evening, December 15. The church altar was a bower of roses and ferns. The bride wore a beautiful gown of white satin, entrain, trimmed in chantilly lace, her veil being wreathed in orange blossoms.

WARNING! FOREIGN BORN ROBBED OF THEIR SAVINGS

A wholesale swindling scheme to part immigrants from their savings has been reported to The Inter-racial Council by their special investigators. The plan is to offer to bring relatives from Europe by an "agent" who is said to be about to sail for the other side. This "agent" it is claimed, has the influence needed to get passports and have them viséed, to arrange for early sailing ahead of the thousands waiting at the ports in Europe, and to get the new arrivals safely through the examination at Ellis Island. He promises to perform these miracles for a fee that ranges from $250 up to $1,000, according to the amount of the victim's savings, and his anxiety to see his wife and children, or his parents.

A similar scheme that has caused loss to thousands is the promise to send money to relatives or friends abroad. Unauthorized and irresponsible agents collect money from working people, who are suffering from anxiety over the fate of their people separated from them during the war, and usually it is not delivered, or at best the full value is not given, but a much smaller sum.

When the victim tries to recover his money, which seldom happens, he is lucky to get back a fraction of the amount, as various excuses are given for retaining it.

Foreign born residents desiring to send money to their relatives in their old homes, or wishing to bring them to America should be careful to deal only with responsible persons or organizations which they know to be honest.

Millions of dollars have been secured from foreign born workers in the past few years, because the victims felt that they could trust an agent who spoke their own tongue, or who advertised in a paper printed in their language.

The Inter-racial Council.

* * *

Young Bride—"Harry, what kind of a bird shall I get for my new spring hat?"
Thrifty Hubby—"One with a short bill."

THE STILLMAN'S PRAYER

TEACH me that sixty minutes make one hour, sixteen ounces one pound, and one hundred cents one dollar.

HELP me to live so that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience, without a gun under my pillow and unhaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain.

GRANT, I beseech Thee, that I may earn my meal ticket on the square and in the doing thereof that I may not stick gaff where it does not belong.

DEAFEN me to the jingle of tainted money and the rustle of unholy skirts.

BLIND me to the faults of the other fellow, but reveal to me mine own.

GUIDE me so that each night when I look across the dinner table to my wife who has been a blessing to me, I will have nothing to conceal.

KEEP me young enough to laugh with my children and to lose myself in their play.

AND then, when comes the smell of flowers and the tread of soft steps, and the crushing of a hearse's wheels in the gravel out in front of my place, make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple.

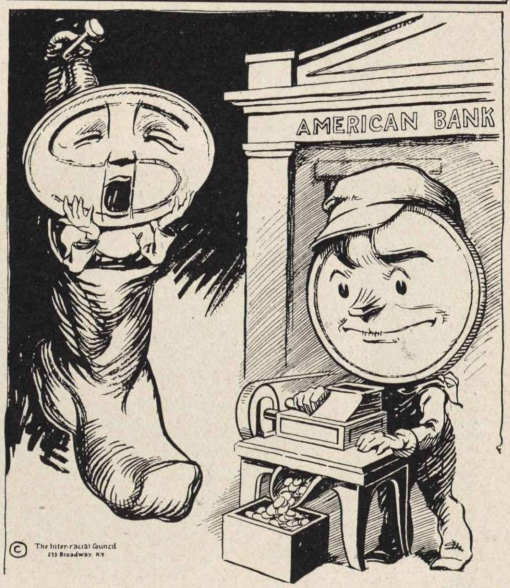
"HERE LIES A MAN."

(Contributed by the Sugar Creek committee on publications.)

FLOORING FRED

Lured from his office by designing associates, Mr. F. H. Bosworth, on December 16, returned to his desk to discover that in his absence it had been decorated with an artistic desk lamp, cut glass ink stand and bouquet of beautiful flowers, purchased by his associates and presented to him in honor of his official appointment as purchasing agent of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). It was a knockout for Mr. Bosworth. Meanwhile, Mr. MacMeekin, acting as spokesman, extended to him the congratulations of the department and assured him of everyone's co-operation in performing the work ahead.

BANK YOUR MONEY



The idle dollar is a bad servant.

Your dollars are your servants.

The dollar you spend for something you need is a working dollar.

The dollar you invest in a home is also industrious.

But the dollar that you hoard in some hiding place is lazy and should be put to work.

Put your surplus money in a sound American savings bank and it will make more money for you in the form of interest every day of the year.

MR. MANBECK, SANTA

C. B. Manbeck, manager of the Standard Oil Company at Wood River, played Santa Claus to the poorer kiddies of Wood River Christmas evening. Mrs. Robert Parks, a member of the Woman's Club had selected the children and thirty-one were present. Mr. Manbeck the host, with his family, was present and Mrs. Parks helped to entertain the children. Mrs. Penrose and her mother prepared the meal which was served in the Standard restaurant and it was a fine chicken dinner with all the good things that go with chicken. To each child was given also an orange, a bag of candy and a lot of nuts.

Without Them We Would Have Chaos

1. Mr. R. E. Clarke, Auditor, Manufacturing Department.
2. Mr. E. G. Seubert, Fourth Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer of Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and in charge of its Accounting Department.
3. Mr. George Wandtke, Assistant Auditor, Manufacturing Department.
4. A small section of the Accounting Division of the Manufacturing Department, Sixth Floor, Chicago Office.

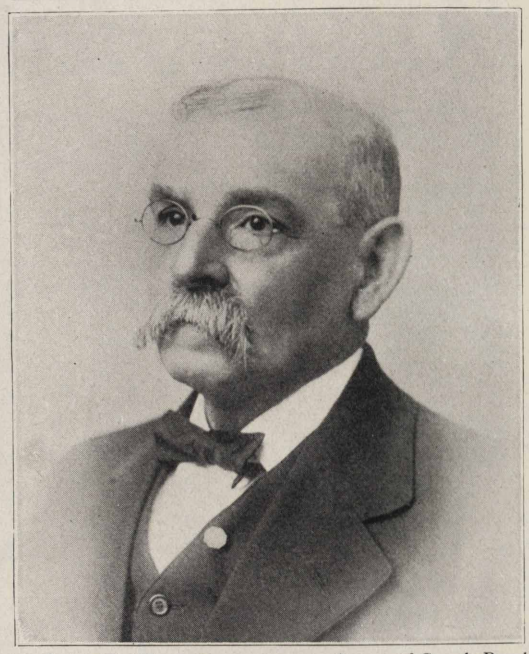
RETIRES

Daniel Salmon, twenty-nine years with this company and recently employed as gauger and engineer at Fourteenth street, Chicago, was placed on the annuity payroll January 1. Early in November Dan went home feeling "off color." Up till this time he had been off duty but four days in five years, so when a week passed and Dan hadn't showed up his friends were alarmed. The doctor has ordered Dan to take a long rest, but the fellows at Fourteenth street hope Dan will find time occasionally to drop around and say "hello."

ROUTS HOLDUP MAN

Sioux City, Iowa, Dec. 31—It was about closing time at Service Station 23 and Jim Walsh was about to call it a day when he found himself looking into the small end of a young cannon and heard: "Open up that safe." With prompt presence of mind, Jim flashed out the lights and the threatening gunman lost his nerve and beat it, with Jim after him. A policeman who was ringing in at the next corner took up the pursuit, but says Jim was in the way both for running and shooting. The holdup got away, but, thanks to Jim's nerve and quick thinking, he didn't get away with anything.

FORTY-EIGHT YEARS



John T. Moore, veteran employee of South Bend division, was retired from active service July 1, 1920, after serving a period of forty-eight years. Mr. Moore first entered the service of this company in Cleveland, Ohio, 1872, retaining his position there until he was transferred to South Bend in 1884. Since that time he had been engaged in the mechanical and construction end of the work throughout the field. His pleasing and genial personality has won for him a permanent place in our hearts, and our very best wishes have gone with him as he gives up active connection with this company.

SUGAR CREEK A CITY

Sugar Creek has been incorporated as a city after the filing of a petition, asking incorporation, signed by almost the entire tax-paying population of the territory affected. City officers were appointed, to hold office till the regular elections on the first Tuesday in April, as follows:

Mayor—H. R. Boehmer.

City Clerk and Collector—A. O. Woolridge.

Marshall—Rueben P. Anderson.

Aldermen—Frank Woodward, Edward Lynn and F. H. Frisbey.

Already new 200-watt lights have been installed in the main streets and the new city administration promises other civic improvements in the near future.

VACCINATION IS INSURANCE AGAINST SMALLPOX

Smallpox Means Suffering from a Loathsome Disease, Quarantine and Loss of Pay; Vaccination is an Excellent Form of Health Insurance; It is a Fact not an Opinion; It Protects, So Why Take Chances?

A small investment now will protect you and your family. It will also save you unnecessary expense and avoid sickness and loss of work, which means loss of pay. What is your choice?

If you are interested in your health read the following carefully. The matter therein is vouched for by the United States Public Health Service and is printed in this magazine with the approval of Dr. Frank R. Morton, chief surgeon of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). All men in our Army and Navy get this protection. Why? Because it protects them. It will protect you.

WHAT IS SMALLPOX?—It is a loathsome, dangerous, contagious disease—often mild, but frequently fatal. It is spread from person to person and is very "catching." It usually leaves a person "pock-marked" for life.

WHAT IS VACCINATION?—It is a method of protecting against smallpox which consists in the introduction of vaccine virus into the skin, causing what is known as vaccinia. This vaccine is prepared under special precautions and sold under Government license.

A small papule or pimple appears in three or four days, the skin around it becomes red, slightly swollen, and tender. In 10 to 12 days, the swelling goes away, a scab forms, and soon drops off. There may be slight headache and fever.

IS VACCINATION DANGEROUS?—No! When properly cared for no more dangerous than any pin scratch on the skin. Within the last two years alone over 3,000,000 persons have been vaccinated in this country without a single death.

WHAT DOES IT DO?—It protects you against smallpox. Even when, after years, the protection has lessened, smallpox is still much less fatal than in unvaccinated persons.

PROPER TIME TO VACCINATE.—During the first year of life, and again at the age of about ten years. After two successful vaccinations protection usually lasts a lifetime. If you are exposed to smallpox, get vaccinated at once, unless you have had the disease or have been vaccinated within the past five years.

WHY YOU SHOULD BE VACCINATED.—Because it protects you against smallpox. If you "catch" smallpox it means "quarantine" for three or four weeks and loss of wages.

It is a duty you owe yourself, your family and your country. If everyone were vaccinated there would be no more smallpox. Will you do your part?

If you have not been vaccinated within the past five years, *get vaccinated today.* Have every member of your family vaccinated.—United States Public Health Service.

CASPER NIGHT SCHOOL

Instead of the forty to fifty students expected to attend the Casper night school, more than 200 were on hand opening night. So great is the demand for industrial training that six or seven rooms in the high school will have to be utilized.

There are two classes in mathematics for refinery workers and another for those skilled as carpenters; one in oil chemistry; one in blueprint reading and one in layout work for boilermakers. Most of the students are from the Standard Oil and Midwest Refinery Company plants. Among the faculty are Mr. Shallenberger, high school instructor; Mr. W. A. Morris; Isadore Casio, foreman of the boilermakers at the Midwest plant, and Mr. H. P. Fishburn, chief chemist for the Standard Oil Company at Casper. Classes are held at the night school between the hours of 7 and 8:30 o'clock, Monday and Thursday evenings.

Tommy—"Mamma, have gooseberries legs?"
Mamma—"Of course not, Tommy."
Tommy—"Then I swallowed a caterpillar."

READING COURSE FOR PARENTS

Life is a School Which Never Ceases to Educate Its Pupils, and the Science of Child Nurture is the Most Important of All Sciences—A Shelf of Books for Parents Should be a Part of Every Home's Equipment

Most of these books may be obtained at the public library in your town.

(A certificate, bearing the seal of the United States Bureau of Education, signed by the Commissioner of Education, will be given to each person who gives satisfactory evidence of having read all the books on the accompanying list. You are invited to join the great national reading circle, making your own selection from the reading courses provided.)

Life is a school which never ceases to educate its pupils. "The learned," it has been said, "are those who have studied in books; the thinkers, geniuses, enlighteners of the world and liberators of the human race are those who have read direct from the pages of life itself."

Every mother is reading direct from the pages of life itself in bearing children and rearing a family. She is learning lessons as valuable as any she may give, for every woman who has experienced motherhood has a glimpse of life's great meanings—wider and deeper than is possible without this experience.

Every child has the right to a happy, joyous childhood. Parental understanding of the child—of his normal conditions, of the laws of health and growth, of the inner life—is necessary for those who fulfill the sacred trust of parenthood and for the perfect development of children for good citizenship and life.

Blighted lives, physically, mentally, and spiritually, are often the results of mistaken methods in bringing up children.

Good but weak parents with aimless, drifting methods may have as bad influence on their children as parents whose characters are positively bad.

The science of child nurture is the most important of all sciences. Infant mortality may be reduced more than half by education of mothers in baby hygiene.

The home is the greatest educational force in the world, but it has never been fully equipped to carry on the great work for which it is destined.

The home has the child entirely within its care for the first six years of life, and fully nine-tenths of the time after school days begin.

Believing that mothers and fathers who have gained experience through parenthood would welcome suggestions as to methods for the fullest development of the physical, mental, and spiritual life of children, the Home Education Division of the Bureau of Education recommends for reading and study the list of books given below.

A shel of books on child care and nurture should be part of every mother's equipment for her work.

The lawyer with his library, the physician with his medical library, the teacher continually studying how to teach, are examples for the mother, the greatest teache of all. She, too, should have her library for study and reference.

The list of books given here is not intended to be exhaustive. Many books helpful to parents in the care and education of their children are not included in it. Some of those not included may be much better than some that are in the list. However, the list is typical, and these books can not fail to be very helpful.

The Home Education Division of the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., will gladly give information about other books upon request and will also attempt to answer briefly any specific questions in regard to the physical, mental, and moral education of young children. Communications should be addressed to Home Education Division, Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.

READING COURSE

1. Practical Motherhood. Helen Y. Campbell, M. D.

2. For Girls and Mothers of Girls. Mary G. Hood, M. D.
3. Marriage and the Sex Problem. Prof. F. W. Foerster.
4. The Development of the Child. Nathan Oppenheim.
5. Studies in Child Development. Julia Clark Hallam.
6. The Care of the Baby. J. P. Crozier Griffith, M. D.
7. Childhood. Mrs. Theodore Birney.
8. Training of the Human Plant. Luther Burbank.
9. A Study of Child Nature. Elizabeth Harrison.
10. Children's Rights. Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith.
11. A Montessori Mother. Dorothy Canfield Fisher.
12. Misunderstood Children. Elizabeth Harrison.
13. Beckonings from Little Hands. Patterson Dubois.
14. Training of the Girl. William A. McKeever.
15. Training of the Boy. William A. McKeever.
16. Ethics for Children. Ella Lyman Cabot.
17. Love and Law in Child Training. Emilie Poulsson.
18. Dawn of Character. Edith E. Reed Mumford.
19. Self-Reliance. Dorothy Canfield Fisher.
20. Foods and Household Management. Kinne and Cooley.
21. Shelter and Clothing. Kinne and Cooley.
22. Mother. Kathleen Norris.
23. The Squirrel Cage. Dorothy Canfield Fisher.
24. Pollyanna "The Glad Book." Mrs. A. S. Porter.
25. Bobbie, General Manager. Olive Higgins Prouty.
26. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Kate Douglas Wiggin.

LIST OF GUIDE BOOKS HELPFUL IN HOME OCCUPATIONS

Parents and their Problems. National Congress of Mothers.

Library of Home Economics. American School of Home Economics, Chicago. 12 volumes.

Parent s Duty Concerning Sex. National Congress of Mothers, Washington, D. C. 10 cents.

The Care of the Baby. Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. 5 cents.

The Student's Froebel (the Education of Man.)

Boston Cooking-School Cook Book. Fannie M. Farmer.

PUBLICATIONS OF CHILDREN'S BUREAU

Baby-saving Campaigns. 4th ed.

A preliminary report on what American cities are doing to prevent infant mortality.

Birth Registration. 3d ed.

An aid in preserving the lives and rights of children.

Infant Care. Mrs. Max West.

Prenatal Care. 4th ed. Mrs. Max West.

CAPTURE MURDERER

Just to prove to the general public that Standard Oil service IS unlimited, Mr. E. E. Schroeder, general salesman at Decatur, who is shown in the above with his family, recently collaborated with Mr. W. E. Minnis, attendant at Service Station 22, in the rounding up and capture of a murder suspect for whom the police had been searching for some time. Incidentally, Mr. Schroeder had also captured a sales prize in the shape of a trip to Whiting.

SALESMAN E. B. JONES SAVED THE GASOLINE TANK

The above photograph is one taken during a fire which occurred at New Market, Iowa, in the Keokuk division, May 8, 1920.

The ruins of the warehouse are plainly visible and the tank on fire contains Perfection Oil. Fortunately the wind was favorable, blowing the flames away from the gasoline tank.

At the time this picture was taken the flames were being fed through a break in one of the seams of the tank. Previous to this time flames were also being fed at the end of the tank nearest the gasoline tank where the pipe line had been burned off, but by the splendid work of Salesman E. B. Jones, the check valve inside the tank was closed and the flames were stopped at this point, all danger to the gasoline tank being eliminated.

* * *

The Mother—'I don't believe I approve of these one-piece bathing suits."

The Daughter—"Oh, I think a person should wear something."

* * *

Mother—"I wish you wouldn't stand on the steps so long with that young man when he brings you home."

She—"Why, I only stood for a second last night."

Mother—"Is that all? I really thought I heard a third and fourth."

ACCOUNTING DIVISION

On pages 32 and 33 appear the photographs of some of the heads and employees of the accounting division of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), including that of Mr. E. G. Seubert, who, in addition to having charge of the accounting department, is also secretary and treasurer of the company and its fourth vice-president.

In a way the employees of the accounting division are non-producers.

They make nothing.

They sell nothing.

But, oh, how they toil!

Because they make nothing and sell nothing, one is prone to overlook their importance in the scheme of things. But ask yourself: Could you imagine the chaos which would ensue were the accounting division to be suddenly eliminated from the organization?

A MATTER OF NECESSITY

She (pouting)—"I believe you would sooner play cards with papa than sit in the parlor with me."

He—"No, darling, I wouldn't; but we must have the money to get married on."

YES, AND WHITING IS WORKING NIGHTS

South Bend, Ind., Dec. 31—The accompanying photograph shows a group of our men who recently made a trip to the Whiting refinery. Just how the boys were impressed with the manufacturing operations, as indicated by their remarks, reminds us of the time in Peoria when an ardent prohibition worker, meeting one of his friends in an intoxicated condition and hoping to reform him, asked the friend to walk down the street with him, and upon arriving at a point where they could see the brightly lighted windows of the distilleries, turned to his friend and said: "You see, John, there is no use; you can't drink it as fast as they make it." The intoxicated one, without a moment's hesitation replied: "Yes (hic), but I got 'em workin' nights."

Our boys admit that while they may not be able to sell all the output of the Whiting refinery, still, judging from the construction activities, they have them building additions at any rate. In the picture, top, left to right: Claude Matthews, Lyman Harris, A. Marshall, E. D. Miser, D. L. Braden; bottom: John Brown, D. D. Neunschwander, J. W. Hatch, Charles Stevenson.

* * *

She—"I'm learning to play billiards and find it's a lot like life."

—"Yes, one little kiss can cause a lot of trouble."

JANUARY-FEBRUARY

The first issue of the Stanolind Record came off the presses in the latter part of October, 1919, and was called the October number. Since that time the Record has been published the latter part of every month. For some time, however, it has been desired to publish on the first of the month, and this is effected with this issue, which has been called the "January-February" number. This will mean that the March number, instead of appearing on or about March 25, will be off the presses on March 1. There will be no change in deadlines for the present; the deadline for the March number being February 1; for the April number, March 1. When the Record office gets better organized to handle the sixty-four page magazine, deadlines may be moved up. If this is done correspondents will be notified in time.

* * *

A chap who invests in more knowledge of the business than he has to have in order to hold his job, has capital for a better one.—Through the Meshes.

* * *

Many men who wouldn't commit larceny will cheerfully steal a busy man's time.

* * *

Some people are like a motor fire-engine charging through crowded streets, taking a chance of killing some one in order to save half a minute in getting to some false alarm.

PROVES THAT WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

On December 5 a street paving company tore up the street and both driveways in front of Service Station II, Wichita, Kas., so that customers could not reach the supply tanks. It was an ideal sunshiny day and Mr. P. B. Youle, in charge of service stations, didn't propose to lose any trade, so he placed a large truck in front of the station and filled cars from a five-gallon bucket. Appropriate signs informed motorists of the fact that in spite of the pavers, the Standard Oil fellows were doing business as usual. And they did it.

FOR OUR COOKS

Here are some recipes which should interest our cooks:

SOUTHERN CORN PUDDING

Beat two eggs slightly, and add one can of corn, one and one-half cupfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper. Bake slowly until set.

SOUTHERN CORN BREAD

Beat two eggs without separating. Add two and one-half cupfuls of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of melted lard, and one pint of cornmeal which has been sifted and scalded with one cupful of hot water. Stir well, turn into a well greased pan, and bake in a quick oven.

GINGER NUTS

One cupful molasses, one teaspoonful soda, one-half cupful shortening, one and one-half tablespoonfuls ginger, two tablespoonfuls water, one-half cupful candied orange, lemon or citron peel, three and one-half cupfuls of pastry flour, one teaspoonful salt.

Heat the molasses and melt the shortening in it. Cool. Add the dry ingredients, sifted together. Chop the fruit fine and add to the mixture. Mix well and roll out on a floured board. Cut in any desired shape. Bake in an oven *very* hot.

CURRY OF VEAL

Four tablespoonfuls fat, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two sliced onions, one-fourth teaspoonful pepper, two cupfuls of veal, three cupfuls of boiling water, one-half tablespoonful curry powder, two tablespoonfuls flour, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, three-fourths cupful of raisins.

Cut the veal in pieces. Melt the fat, add the onions, and cook until brown, Add the curry powder, salt, pepper, water, veal and raisins. Cover and simmer till the raisins are plump and tender, about forty-five minutes. Mix the vinegar and flour till smooth and add the mixture. Cook fifteen minutes and serve with a border of steamed rice.

* * *

Father meets daughter just home from college and exclaims affectionately:

"My, but you're looking well, dear."

"Yes, father, I weigh 140 pounds stripped for gym."

"And who's Jim?" shouted the astonished father.

TEN NEW ANNUITANTS

Effective January 1, 1921, ten veteran employees of the Standard Oil Company Indiana) were placed on the annuity payroll as follows:

E. J. Harrison, 1252 Moraine avenue, Hammond, Ind. Mr. Harrison was formerly salesman in the sales department and was with the company thirty-five years and one month.

Daniel Salmon, 903 West Thirty-seventh place, Chicago. Mr. Salmon was formerly engineer and gauger at the Fourteenth street station, and was with the company twenty-eight years and nine months.

William P. Johnson, care M. L. Johnson, 832 Waukegan avenue, Chicago, Mr. Johnson was formerly chief clerk at Kansas City and was in the service of this company thirty-six years and eight months.

Mr. F. M. Williamson, care Hotel Iowa, Keokuk, Iowa. Mr. Williamson was formerly lubricating engineer in the sales department and was with the company thirty years and one month.

Mr. W. S. Peavey, Fontana, Wis. Mr. Peavey was formerly a salesman in the sales department and was with the company twenty-seven years and six months.

James Thompson, 144 Ninth street, Wood River, Ill. Mr. Thompson was formerly night superintendent at Wood River, and was with the company twenty-nine years and six months.

Mr. Barney Gehrke, 904 North Fourth street, Grand Forks, N. D. Mr. Gehrke was formerly tank wagon driver for the sales department and was with the company twenty-seven years.

Mr. Frank Radeck, 1922 Eleventh street, Superior, Wis. Mr. Radeck was formerly warehouseman and cooper for the sales department and was with the company thirty-two years and eight months.

Mr. Fred A Bull, formerly cashier at Wichita, Kas. Was with the company thirty-five years and one month.

Mr. Joseph Batterson, 101 Tenth avenue southwest, Aberdeen, S. D. Mr. Battersby was formerly an agent in the Huron division and was with the company thirty-five years and six months.

CHIEF DIRTY-FACE

We are presenting to the readers of the Record this month, Mr. M. D. Henrikson, the new president of the Whiting Mutual Benefit Association. At a meeting of the board of directors, September 10, Mr. Henrikson, a twenty-year service man and foreman of the grease works, was appointed to the office made vacant by the death of our beloved president, Mr. Frank B. Lewis, and his appointment was unanimously confirmed by the members at the annual meeting, December 14. Because of his untiring service as a member of the board of directors, Mr. Henrikson is especially deserving of this honor. He has the full support of the officers and the confidence of the members, as was shown by the action taken at the annual meeting.

We know that the Whiting Mutua will grow under his leadership, as it did in the past under the leadership of Mr. J. B. Moore and Mr. F. B. Lewis. This thriving organization, with a membership list of 1350, is closing one of its most successful years. December 1, 1920, it had a cash balance of $12,407.93, which shows a gain of almost $2000.00 for eleven months.

—By W. O. Walker, Whiting.

GOSSIP FROM REFINERIES AND FIELD

WHITING, IND.

Luther Coil passed around cigars celebrating his recent marriage, December 23, to Mrs. Raebe.

William Phillips has gone to California for several months.

James Curtis has been confined to his home for two weeks because of an attack of appendicitis.

Dennis Gallagher had a run of bad luck recently. His little son was taken to the city hospital, Chicago, suffering with diphtheria and he himself was confined to his home with a severe attack of lumbago.

Chris. Pedersen spent Christmas with his family.

Employees of the pressure stills extend their sympathy to Mike Shaffer in the loss of his father, Mathew Shaffer, who died January 4.

Abram Lawson received a son-in-law for a Christmas present. His daughter, Georgia, was united in marriage to Horace Farrar, December 25. The young couple are located at Bellville, Ontario, Canada, the home of the bridegroom.

Joseph Barnawski has returned from northern Michigan where he attended the funeral of his mother-in-law.

Alexander J. Manta became a benedict January 10, when he was married to Miss Mayme Flynn. After a few days' trip the young couple will reside with Mr. and Mrs. John Manta, the parents of the groom, in Indiana Harbor.

Employees of third shift pressure stills were shocked to learn of the accidental death of Pete Zato, who was killed when he attempted to get off a moving train, Sunday, January 9. Zato boarded a train at Indiana Harbor for Whiting thinking it was a local train but found out later he had got on a through train. He attempted to get off at Whiting but was drawn under the train and killed. The sympathy of his fellow employees and friends is sincerely extended to his family and three brothers who are employed on the pressure stills.

No matter where they go for work they all come back to the good old S. O. Co. for fair and honest treatment. So says Charles Osborn, who has just returned from Detroit where he has been employed by the Ford Automobile Company.

Mike McDonald has gone to the hospital for an operation on his foot.

Mr. Daugherty, machine shop superintendent, recently purchased two angora kittens for his little child. One day they were playing a bit rough and Mr. D., thinking that they were fighting, undertook to separate them. He now wears a broad scratch on the hand.

Mr. Lynch, one of our college boys, spent the holidays working in the machine shop. He says that some day he'll be pulling teeth instead of wrenches.

Rawlin Rief, of the machine shop, is back at work after two months of illness.

Geirge Shoemacher, of the machine shop, is the proud father of a new son, born December 30. Congratulations.

John Fahey, lead burner helper, is confined to his home on account of illness.

Ignatius Gazda is the proud father of a baby girl born December 16, 1920. Mother and babe are reported as doing nicely.

Henry Reuss, lead burner, is on the sick list.

John Hmurovich, helper on the pitch stills, is feeling mighty proud, and justly so—Mrs. Hmurovich having presented him with twins on December 16, a boy and girl. All concerned are doing nicely.

Mrs. J. Ross Gambril who recently underwent an operation at the Wesley hospital is now at home and rapidly improving.

Wm. Bolger, assistant labor foreman acid department is suffering with a number of boils (17, he says), on the back of his neck. He has our sympathy.

Wife of Albert Watts in steam refined treating department recently underwent an operation at a Chicago hospital from which she is now recovering.

Miss Valeria Gough of the acid works admits the large fish were caught in Michigan—but why don't the Grand Rapids force catch the fish instead of letting Indiana folks get 'em?

The sympathies of the barrel house employees are tendered their fellow-workman, Mr. M. A. Yackshaw, in the death of his mother.

Mr. Miller, of the Wichita, Kan., station, accompanied by his wife, were barrel house visitors December 14.

The barrel department office force was greatly shocked upon learning of the sudden death by railroad accident, December 10, of Mr. Roy L. Friske, who until two weeks prior to his death was employed at the new barrel house office, later being transferred to the store house.

Mr. J. O. Bell, of the new barrel house office, has in his possession a very antique relic of 120 years ago. It is a newspaper captioned, "Ulster County Gazette," published at Kingston (Ulster County), New York State, Saturday, January 4, 1800.

John Chiluski, retiring representative, wishes to thank the members of the 8th Division, through the Record, for their hearty co-operation during his administration.

Howard Harmon received a box of candy during working hours, from a young lady working at the pipe shop office. The package was delivered by special messenger, and on the bottom of the box was written, "With love." Tell us who she is, Howard?

Clarence Scott and the boys at the grease department are still raving over the good-looking Christmas tree which they have decorated to help beautify the building. The tree may still be seen on the third floor, grease department.

Harmon and McNamara were seen dining with a couple of swell looking "Janes" at the College Inn (Sherman House). Who were they?

Otto Miethke, having received one vote in the recent primary, thinks if he announces himself next year he will win on account of his stand on suffrage.

The S. O. Co. Band rendered a few selections at the grease department autitorium. The concert was attended by the old and new barrel houses, also the grease department was well represented. Many of our girls put on a few up to date dances when the band hit up a ragtime tune.

William Zweig has purchased a new Ranger bicycle equipped with all the modern improvements.

Jeremiah O'Keefe has left the grease department.

Grace Holliday was transferred from candle factory to the grease department.

Pearl Schroeder has resigned her position at the grease department. She says she may accept a position here next spring.

Susan Skrabala, in the recent primary for representative for the 8th Division, received 12 votes and would have been one of the six to run for election had she been old enough. Too bad, Susan, try again.

Mr. James Griffith, boss of the Whiting print shop, on December 23 was united in marriage to Miss Olwen Pritchard, teacher in the Whiting schools.

Miss Ethel Culp spent the Christmas holidays in Oglesby, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Grieves spent the Christmas holidays in Lacon, Ill.

Julia Kitchen has recovered from a recent attack of appendicitis.

Steve Hrpka is the proud parent of a baby boy, which arrived at his home December 5th.

Veronica Berdis and Stella Stefanski saw Abraham Lincoln at the Blackstone theatre, Christmas day.

Mr. H. E. Beaubien is a most thoughtful husband. On the eve of his wife's birthday, he surprised her with a "little" party, consisting of about fourteen friends and relatives.

To Mr. and Mrs. David Allen Whitmire: Congratulations!—From the Switching department.

Why is it that after Christmas the bosses never fail to examine, optically, the hand of every girl employee? And then they say women are curious! I might add that their investigations were all in vain, in the switching department, for we all returned ringless, as far as new ones were concerned.

Mr. Jean Swetnam, of the old barrel house, will invade the regions of Missouri the latter part of December. The reason for this act is, as we understand it, that on December 24th Jean will be the cause of a winsome Moberly miss taking upon herself the name of Mrs. Jean Swetnam. Congratulations are in order.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rust, a 7¾ pound son, Warren Franklin Rust, at their home in Chicago, December 15, 1920.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

John Pine, of the pressure ash system, who lost his little daughter Leonore on December 1, is back on the job again. We extend our sympathies to John and his family.

We all extend our sympathies to Harold Pilgrim and family, who had the misfortune to lose their mother on December 1. Mrs. Pilgrim, after three months of suffering from inflammatory rheumatism, succumbed.

Mrs. Rutledge, wife of our veteran foreman, Elmer Rutledge, died December 14. We extend our sympathies to Elmer and the rest of the family who mourn her loss.

On December 1, a nine-pound boy arrived to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dick McGown. Dick is one of our shift breakers on the crude stills, and he says he intends to make a fireman of him.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Yost are the proud parents of a ten-pound baby boy, arriving on December 6. This is the second, the other also being a boy. Ben is a fireman at No. 4, 5 and 6 crude stills, and is very happy over the event.

Tim VanCamp, of No. 2 crude still received house, is a "granddad" since the arrival of a baby girl in the Miller family on December 5. It will be remembered Mrs. Miller is "Tim's" daughter, and married one of our tube blowers, Earnest Miller.

PROF. HAUSNER'S FAVORITE PASTIME

From Wm. J. Richardson, one of our efficient machinist's helpers, who is suffering with lung trouble, on account of being gassed while in the service, to the boys of the refinery: "Having received your beautiful gift, which is greatly appreciated, I hereby respectfully thank you all for the favor extended me during my illness. If conditions would allow, I would like to shake hands with each individual, and thank you in person. However, this will have to suffice.—Yours very truly, Wm. J. Richardson.

It is rumored in the refinery that A. B. Herr, of the crude still receiving house, and "Big Bill," of the boiler shop, are going to put on a marathon since the recent opening of the Alton-St. Louis road.

The entertainment committee of the Joint General Committee staged another one of the monthly dances on December 15. These dances are becoming very popular, and are much enjoyed by those in attendance.

Wm. P. Chalk, of the paraffine department, was informed on December 7, of the death of his aunt, Miss Carrie Hart, of Alton. While Bill was expecting the sad news, it was a shock nevertheless. We all join in extending our sympathies.

H. Vernor, one of our crude still firemen, purchased a lot in Delany's addition, and expects to erect a bungalow in the early spring.

Francis Manning, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Manning, who is attending St. Louis university, is home for the holidays.

Much sickness is reported in Wood River. Mr. Ringering is still in a critical condition. Mike Callahan reports his baby boy sick. Everett Endicott's son is also sick.

Mr. Baldridge, one of our boilermakers, is proudly announcing the arrival of a seven-pound baby girl, born December 20.

Mr. Mueller is the proud possessor of a big baby girl weighing 11 pounds, born December 5. It was Henry's first child, and he is all smiles.

Mrs. F. M. Durham and children, Russel and June, of Chicago, have been spending the past week at the residence of J. M. Durham, representative.

On December 17, the stork visited the home of Donald Naef, and left an eight-pound baby boy.

We wish to extend our congratulations to the proud father and mother, and are glad to report that everybody is doing well.

Jerry Kennedy, former representative of the Joint General Committee, is entertaining his son Jack of Denver, Colo., during the Christmas holidays. Jack, who formerly worked at the main office, favors us with a drawing for the Stanolind occasionally.

Jake Bailey, helper on No. 12 truck, is accused of being the champion nut eater of the plant. It is said that since the holidays, Jake is continually nibbling. "Wes" Mathie is calling him "squirrely."

Mathew Stanley Freeman, fireman at No. 2 crude still, was elected one of the representatives of Division No. 1. He was elected by a large majority, and from his past deeds and qualifications, he will prove worthy of the office.

Mrs. Frank Lewis of Chicago, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Donald Naef. She made a visit recently, and returned to her home because of some business which needed attention. In order to complete her visit, she returned to Wood River, and is now at the Naef home.

Miss Wilma Bustine, of Alton, daughter of John Bustine, our veteran carpenter, is spending the holidays with her sister, Mrs. F. J. Gainer.

Albert Coulter, of the boilermaking department, is proudly announcing the arrival of an eight-pound baby boy, born at St. Joseph's hospital, December 28. "Red" says the boy is going to be a real boilermaker.

Mr. Frank Pieper, helper at No. 5 crude still, was called from his work December 28, owing to a sudden illness of his mother. It was learned that she had suffered a slight paralytic stroke. We extend our sympathies to Frank and other members of the family, and hope for a speedy recovery.

H. Long, of the tin shop, has bought a farm near Marble Hill, Mo., and left with his family December 23, for their new home. We wish you happiness and prosperity, Mr. Long.

O. Hemphill, of the welding department, left December 23, for Pittsburgh, Pa., for a holiday visit with his mother and other relatives.

E. Richie, of the welding department, spent the week of December 19 with relatives in the northern part of the state.

Pearl Baker, of the painters, is visiting with relatives at Louisville, Ill., during the holidays.

Henry Ronnenberg's wife and family are spending the holidays with Mrs. Ronnenberg's parents at Evansville, Ill.

A big baby boy came to cheer the home of Wm. Obermiller. "Bill" says that he is going to make a stillman out of him.

David Scifres is building a nice home on Jennings avenue, and will soon move into same.

Herman Falkenhain paid his folks a visit during the "quail season," and used several boxes of shells, giving the little birds a good scare.

Geo. Oetkin had the misfortune of falling into a condenser box at No. 2 house, and received a very painful burn. He is reported as improved, and we hope he will soon be at work again.

Mr. Lester Geltz has joined the "common herd" in the accounting department at the main office.

P. W. Cruze's pretty stenographer, Miss Marie Brown, has been transferred upstairs in the main office. Her position has been filled by Miss Mabel Moffet, formerly of the I. G. Company.

"Gotacigar" Halloran says the theatre business in Alton "ain't what it used to be."

Mr. L. J. Kremer, of the main office, is the proud possessor of a beautiful scarf pin, presented to him as a token of love, admiration and respect, by his fiancee.

Mr. J. C. McDaniels of the main office received an anonymous telegram while spending the holidays with this parents at Girard, Ill. "Mac" was greatly perturbed as to the origin and contents of this telegram, until he was relieved by some of his friends at the office.

We wish to express our joy over the recovery of Mrs. Allen, wife of our friend, Mr. C. R. Allen, of the main office, who has been sick for the past few weeks.

The inmates of the main office were blissfully unaware of an impending tragedy a short time ago, when Mr. C. A. Halsey, our extremely taciturn(?) boiler shop superintendent, and Mr. H. F. Moore, began expressing their opinions to each other, and had it not been for the valiant efforts of Mr. John Halloran, there must have been a certain catastrophe. It is evident to all that when Mr, Halsey and Mr. Moore put their heads together, there must necessarily be a series of volcanic eruptions of propaganda, if we may be permitted to call it that. Had it not been for the highly commendable actions of Mr. Halloran, who worked tirelessly, sweeping up the sediment, the office would have eventually been buried.

The employees of the main office are religiously saving their pennies in preparation for the $25,000,000 stock issue.

H. W. Keiser, of the carpenter department, who is confined to his home with pneumonia, is greatly improved, and expects to be on the job in a few days, of which we are all glad to hear.

One of the finest smokers ever passed around by an individual on an occasion of this kind, was put out by Frank Berg of the timekeeping department, the event being a visit of the stork December 6th, making "Frankie" the proud father of an eight-pound bouncing baby boy. This is their first child, and the parents are very much elated over the event.

Chas. Burris, fireman at No. 1 pressure house, is the proud father of an 8¾ pound baby boy, arriving December 27th. Mother and child are doing fine. This is their fifth child.

P. J. Monks, the newly elected representative of Division 5, reports that his wife and family are spending the holidays with Mrs. Monk's parents at Litchfield, Ill., and expect to be gone until after New Year.

Mr. E. J. Schulte, of the main office, had the misfortune of being "called on the carpet" by the internal revenue collector. It took but a very few minutes to tell Ed just where he stood, as he expressed it. It's nearly as bad to be rich nowadays, as it is to be poor, Ed. However, it's a gay life if you don't weaken.

"Jim" Feasel was called home from work on December 15th, and when he got there he was delighted to find a big baby girl waiting for him. "Jim" says it is the biggest girl born in Wood River, and weighs 15 pounds. "Jim" went into town, and tried to buy all the cigars they had, and passed them around the works.

"Doc" Henick, of the tube cleaning department, received a very nice Christmas present. "Doc" came to work Monday, carrying a big bundle, containing three new pair of overalls. "Doc" is very proud of the gift.

There has been a big improvement made in the tube cleaning department! Ed Hutchinson has had a new pair of false teeth installed.

Ben Weinrich has solved the H. C. L. in a new way. He received as a Christmas present, a moving picture machine, thereby eliminating the admission fees.

You have heard of men working day and night, but we have a man with us who cleans tubes during the day and plays in an orchestra at night. His name is Lawrence Noble, and he is always on the job.

Ike Crofton, of the tube cleaners, was off for a few days with the grip.

Wm. Hoffman has been sick with tonsilitis for the last two weeks. We hope to see you back on the job soon, William.

"Curley" Andrews has joined the ranks of matrimony. We extend our congratulations, "Curley."

John Phipps was on the sick list for a few days, but is back on the job again.

Edward Lasberry, our genial stillman for the last seven years, has been promoted to pressure still foreman. Good luck to you, "Eddie."

Mr. and Mrs. August Wuestenfeld held a family reunion at their residence in Wood River on Christmas day. Those in attendance were Herman and family, William and wife of Davenport, Iowa, Mrs. Chas. Bartles and family, and August, Jr. and family. "Gus" said it was the merriest Christmas he ever had.

David Cahill of the timekeeping department, has been off duty since December 27th, with an infection on the side of his face. We are all anxiously awaiting your return, "Dave," and hope it's not serious.

George W. Gunnison, of the main office, has been enjoying a prolonged holiday vacation, necessitated for reasons unknown. His "side-kick," Doc Stocker, is becoming much worried over his absence.

Cecil Sherer, of the store house, and one of the clerks at the main office, having been in communication on the subject of "Non Skids," Cecil is convinced that the term is used most commonly in the automobile industry, and should be confined there.

Emmit Hard, of the carpenter department, spent the Christmas holidays with his parents at Reevesville, Ill., and reports a fine time. When questioned as to how all the girls in his home town were, he allowed that they had nothing on those of Wood River.

Chester Tunningly and Ed Doerr, of the carpenter department, spent December 26th hunting, and report fine luck, having bagged a possum and half dozen rabbits. The party was a success. We say party, because we do not know who was the best marksman, and assume that there may have been others.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

C. C. Koehler, employment manager, is reserving one application card for a future applicant. A brand new son arrived December 4, and no doubt will be on the job right along.

Ben Wallace, machinist, wishes to inquire through the Stanolind Record whether the Steve Glenn who has been mentioned as a member of Machinists' Quartet, is the same gink who worked for the Santa Fe R. R. at Las Vegas, N. M., in 1890 or 1892?

Frank G. Lee tried to sell out his new home a few days ago but the deal fell through account of somebody throwing water on the fire.

Prof. A. S. Hurt will hereafter be known as the "Sleeping Beauty." Anyone desiring to know the reason for change in his title will find same in pictures of the recent Second Joint Annual Conference at Chicago, November 29.

The members of the Joint General Committee went on the annual pilgrimage to attend the Second Joint Annual Conference at Chicago on November 29, chaperoned by Assistant Director Hurt, who succeeded in keeping his charges together until they were all safely on the train and also piloted them without any loss in numbers from the train to the Hotel LaSalle, where each one was tagged. The usual precautionary measures to prevent the loss of any valuables were taken on the train; the plan being to place the major part of many in the keeping of a few. This was effected by various methods, namely, by osteopathy, or expert manipulation of bones, and also by the continuous distribution of small pasteboards, bearing various devices and pictures. This saved a great many of the party from the necessity of any worry about the safety of their roll.

Some friends of D. A. Grey, ex-representative of Division No. 4, were visiting him sometime before Thanksgiving Day and mentioned the fact that the time for turkey was at hand. Grey's friends agreed to furnish the turkey and oysters if the remainder of the dinner would be furnished by the said D. A. Grey, who in turn, grabbed the opportunity of getting out easy. On measuring the turkey after being dressed it weighed thirteen pounds, and Grey found that he would have to invest in a set of roasting pans to take care of the remains. With the rest of the dinner furnished he came out about three dollars short of the original estimate.

CASPER, WYO.

J. R. Castlebury, Harry Heistein and Ray Pierce have been promoted from the common labor gang to firemen.

T. F. McClure is now an engineer on the air compressor, having been raised from second class helper.

F. W. Donahey has taken a ten-day vacation for the holidays.

Fred Kennedy shows some class in his new popular car. Go to it, Fred, Florida has nothing on us for fine roads. Mrs. Fred has just returned from Lead, S. D., where she was called on account of an accident to her mother.

H. P. Fishburn comes to the plant after Christmas looking gay and happy, although having additional responsibilities, a young chemist having made his appearance in the family during the holidays. Mother and boy are doing fine.

J. A. Byrnes was transferred from the common labor department to welding department. he being an experienced man in that line. This means a higher wage and is a promotion.

No, Dick Seccombe is not absolutely demented, just nutty over an eight-pound girl which came into the family a few days ago. Mother and baby are doing fine, and the general impression is that Dick will come out of it, as he got rational enough to push the cigars around to the boys.

Chris Lund is again at his post as stillman helper after being confined to his home on account of illness for several days.

O. W. Morgan, carpenter, has been promoted to carpenter foreman.

John Check has been promoted from carpenter helper to labor foreman.

H. W. Swihart has been transferred from labor department to fireman.

J. L. Pierce has been transferred from common labor department to the firing line.

R. K. Moorehouse, one of the lead burners, is leaving for Nebraska for the holidays.

Robert R. Darling, W. L. Cullinane, R. F. Powers, V. J. Phillips and I. J. Enderson are all taking a short layoff to celebrate Christmas with friends.

C. M. Strickler, pipe shop foreman, is back on the job after two weeks at home regaining his usual vivacity after a slight indisposition.

Harry Grondal, stillman at No. 8, has left for his home in Chicago to spend Christmas.

Cecil Stinson, the tool repair man in the boiler shop, has gone to southern Illinois to spend Christmas with his parents.

John Roedel, draftsman in the engineering department, leaves Thursday night for Cheyenne on a Christmas visit.

Waldo M. Roberts left for Alton, Ill., Monday to spend Christmas with friends.

Iven I. Price has been promoted from helper to pipe fitter. Thus dces the management at all times recognize efficiency and loyalty.

Mr. E. W. Davis, who has had charge of the Standard office in Laramie during the period of construction at that point, has just put in his appearance at the Casper plant, looking none the worse for wear. Welcome to our institution, Ed.

John McCord, one of the still foremen, went east to Meadville, Pa., to spend Christmas with his little daughters, whose mother died about one year ago at Casper.

Dave Knapp, of the pipe department, has returned from Spear Fish bringing a bride with him. They are established on South Walnut street and the cigars were in evidence.

R. L. Forbes, clerk at the master mechanic's office, is leaving for Tampico, Mexico, where he has accepted a position at one of the refineries.

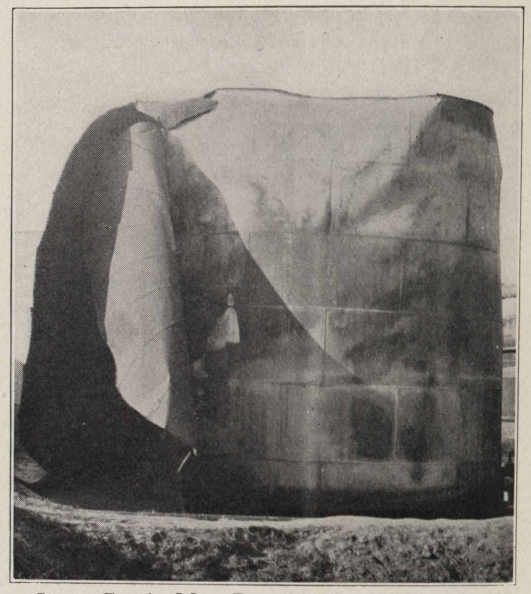
L. L. Braswell at the tower stills had a hard time keeping anything on his mind the other evening while coming to work. The wind blew his perfectly good hat clear out of sight. He returned home, where he procured another one, but with no better results, as he no sooner got on the street when the same old wind grabbed the second hat. Lew came tc work bald headed.

It is not always a good plan to boast about the good times you have in Chicago; might make the boys jealous and they would let you remain at home next time.

Well, the boys have had their election for employe's representatives and the result plainly shows that the old adage "Vox Populi Vox Dei" still holds good. In the first division, Messrs. Horrigan and Kelley were elected, both level headed men, who will undoubtedly represent their constituency with credit. Division 2 returned Mack Burrell as an evidence of his good work in the past, and gave him for a collaborator, Joe Wimsatt, who is eminently fitted for the place. Division 3 returned Art Peak, whose efforts in the past must have been all the electorate in his division required of him. And as his colleague, John McLellan, of the paint shop was chosen, thus giving another department an able representative on the Joint General Committee. In the fourth division, John Schnur, the head of the moulding department, led the ticket, with Sam Olsen a close second, thus giving that division two able advocates to look well to their interests. And thus the incident closes, and we all look for a pleasant and useful administration of the affairs of the Joint General Committee for the ensuing year, and hope to see, through the efforts of the newly elected members, the popularity of the Industrial Relations plan materially augmented and the bonds of good fellowship between employer and employed more closely cemented.

The whole plant extends its sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Dexter in the death of their little daughter. The news will also be received with sorrow in Whiting, whence the Dexters came, and where Mr. Dexter's father is now employed.

GOT SWELLED UP



Sugar Creek, Mo., Dec. 24—Tank 66, ordinarily a docile, well-behaved member of the tank family in the bottoms, got ambitious the other day and took a notion to emulate Mt. Vesuvius. The snapshot shows what happened to it, and should serve as a warning to other tanks to attend strictly to the jobs assigned to them. We've also known people who got "swelled up" and burst a good deal like No. 66.

GREYBULL, WYO.

P. T. Larson and B. J. Manley are spending the holidays at their homes in Nebraska and Wisconsin. The boys say they desire to visit their parents, but judging from the way they dolled themselves out for the trip, and the happy expression of their faces, our hunch is that these good looking bachelors will at least spend some of their time in visiting some one other than their parents, who, no doubt, will also be home visiting her parents at this time.

Stanley Blackburn, who has been employed as still cleaner for some time, left recently to make his fortune on a farm down in old Missouri.

It is with deep regret that we announce the accidental death of Roy Bentley on December 2. Roy leaves a mother, sister, and four brothers to mourn his loss, to whom the employees of this plant extend their sympathy.

W. M. Cline, cleaner on Nos. 3 and 4 batteries, is back at work after an absence due to an injured hand.

We take great pleasure in announcing to the S. O. Family, the marriage of Mr. H. M. Lockard to Miss Mary Love, November 24. Here's wishing the newlyweds a life of happiness.

IN PAYMENT FOR THIS AD WE'LL ACCEPT PICTURES

Masquerade Ball, Masonic Temple Hall, 912 North La Salle street, Chicago, February 12, 1921.

Friends, STOP! LOOK! and LISTEN! I want you to hear,
Of the Masquerade Party, the second month of the year,
On February Twelfth, allow us to tell,
Masonic Temple Hall, Nine Twelve North La Salle,
By the STANOLIND BOWLERS, the "BEST" in the land,
Who will give you a welcome and, too, a "GLAD HAND."
So bring your best girl, or if married—your wife,
And we will assure you "the time of your life."
Don't forget to come masked, and join in the fun,
You may represent anything there is under the sun,
And we want in the future to hear you say,
"We had one "BULLY" time on Lincoln's birthday.

In lieu of cash for the foregoing advertisement the Record will accept photographs of the ball and of individuals in striking costumes.

CHICAGO, ILL.

John Smith, cashier at Cortland street, made a hunting trip into the "wilds" of Illinois on Saturday, December 4th. In his game bag he brought home a rabbit and one blind owl, thereby placing him in the class with Roosevelt and other great hunters.

Doc. Shanahan, warehouseman at Fourteenth street, wears quite a smile these days. On December 4th the stork brought him an eleven-pound baby boy.

Mr. E. J. Harrison of the Chicago sales department, known to hundreds of friends as "Ben," has reached the portals of the great playground—his work is done. All in all, he has given about thirty-nine years of service to the Standard Oil Company. Starting as a clerk in the Cooperage department at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1875, he has, with the exception of six years, been with us continuously. On December 31st Ben retired with a pension, leaving behind many old cronies who wish for him nothing but the best.

Troubles never come singly. For a year or more they have been crowding pretty closely on our friend, Walter Starzinski, tank wagon salesman at Fourteenth street, culminating in the loss of his nine months' old baby boy. The Standard Oil family extends to Walter its heartfelt sympathy.

Did you notice Louise Raske of the purchasing department, came to work December 29 with two pretty cold sores? The mistletoe party must have been a success. Eh, Louise?

Little Cupid let his arrow fly, and as result Miss Oeffinger is flashing a diamond ring, saying nothing of the smiles that Abe is wearing.

Miss Florence Denham, of the main office force, is back again after several weeks' illness.

Roger Girard, one of the congenial buyers of the purchasing department, is having a mustache installed for the Stanolind Bowlers' masquerade.

Mr. William Wade is running Jimmy McClain a close second this season as a creator of style. We like his new tan muffler ver-ver much, as Mae Tinee would express it.

On Friday, December 24, Santa Claus visited the 10–15–25 club on the sixth floor. His bounty exceeded all expectations, gifts being as follows: Dr. Cook, a top; Smith, a milkless cow; Ewald, a dainty rattle for his "hope chest;" Barkdull, a camel; Vollriede, a goat; Holland, a beautiful accordion; Aarlie, a nice horn; John Bull Catterall, a battleship, and Klein, a swell set of furniture to help start him and one Blonde.

The Beachnut Trio of the cost department can't get along without their daily argument. Klein and Eckerly claim they buy twice before Webster kicks in, which may account for the fact he has recently been flashing a diamond Tiffany, though now some one seems to have relieved him of it. Here's congratulations, Web, on your engagement, and most of us smoke.

The airplane mail man who recently flew to New York from Chicago in five hours hasn't anything for speed on Miss Wehman, speed queen, when on her way to catch the 7:45 a. m. Logan Square.

"Broadway" wants to know why Henry L. Turner industrious relief man, refuses to accept his pay check on Monday night at S. S. 37, but begs our collector, Mr. Harry Jacobs, to take it up to S. S. 18, Broadway and Devon. Well, Mr. Turner?

From the northern sector comes word that W. H. Anders, the handsome tank wagon salesman from Rogers Park, has been wearing his face in a courtplaster sling. How does the other fellow look, Bill?

Mae Sramek will knock 'em dead when she wears that new "nigger" brown dress she's making.

Lincoln Reichert is nursing a badly smashed finger.

A E. Persons played Santa Claus in Tulsa, Okla.

"Hank" Bonniwell returned to the wilds of Evanston Christmas Eve after an exciting shopping trip. "Say," he said to his wife, "We thought we were smart, didn't we, telling the kid there was a Santa Claus and we didn't believe it ourselves. Well, durned if I didn't see the old chap himself walking around in a window in the loop."

Florence Johnston was the victim of a daring holdup recently. Five of 'em—and they all had guns! And the mean things swiped her powder puff and a stick of gum.

Patrick J. Doyle became Grandpa the other day; a boy being born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Doyle. Edward Doyle was formerly in the employ of this company.

John Curtis and P. J. Doyle would like to issue a challenge to Otto Schneider, who claims the horse shoe throwing honors at Cortland street. Fourteenth street stakes John and Pat.

William Clackett, mechanic at Fourteenth street, left on December 11 for a six weeks' visit in London, England. Bill has gone home to spend Christmas with his mother. Well, Bill, when you return, tell us all about it.

Miss Elizabeth Robertson gave us a short visit during the holidays.

It seems as if perfect girls always receive perfect rings. Miss Daisy Perfect, of the bookkeeping department received a perfectly cut stone from her "Sweet Cookie." Some people sure are lucky.

Harry Jacobs, one of our service station collectors, covering the north side territory, spent the holidays at home in Oconomowoc, Wis. We hear that trains do not stop at this place and that Harry had to walk back several miles.

Mr. Clarence Manson has been favoring us with quite a few solo selections lately. We are all anxious to know what restaurant serves birdseeds.

James M. Morrison, credit manager at Mankato, Minn., who was formerly connected with the credit department of Chicago, spent the Christmas holidays in Chicago and came up to see some of his old friends of the Chicago office. We were all glad to see him again.

Mr. D. W. Gruber, better known as "Daddy," is spending a week in the courtroom. We feel sorry for the cases that may come up during this time, as "Daddy" believes in treating 'em rough.

Miss Helen Brown of the bookkeeping department spent the holidays at home in Rockford, Ill.

We wonder how Mary Hannon likes Bob Santmeyer's mustache. If given plenty of time, we believe it can be seen at first glance.

Miss Lillian Berry, of the sales department, spent part of a "left over" vacation at Des Moines during the holidays. She was formerly employed in the Des Moines office and says she had a fine time renewing old acquaintances and just enjoyed seeing others working while she rested.

We are glad to record that Mr. E. N. Bonney of the billing department, is looking more cheerful these days. Ed and his family have had more than their share of serious sickness during the last few months. "Little Bob" came very near "going over" a few weeks ago, but is again running around the house and the "patter of his little footsteps is sweet music to my ear," says Ed.

Miss McKeon, billing department, has taken up cooking at night school. Coming events cast their shadows before?

On December 4, before a large house, the All Stars, using a new line-up again attempted to wrest the bowling championship from the Capitols, but the Capitols spilled the Stars all over the milky way, winning by a margin of 208 pins. Heimerdinger, of the victors, averaged 177, while Valentine, of the same team, mowed down 190 maples for high score. Kelly was the best performer for the losers, getting an average of 152.

Jimmie McClain, Beau Brummel of the purchasing department, was very fortunate this Christmas, receiving three $50 (?) silk shirts from his feminine admirers.

Harry Calland is wearing a new tie, silk shirt, ring, clean collar and green socks to match his blue tie. Why the makeup, Harry?

Herbert Swanson has been taking only fifteen minutes for lunch lately, whereas Stacia McNichols has not been eating at all. Is it love, thrift or ambition—or all three.?

Mr. A. Burns, who formerly worked in Mr. Neff's department, is now one of our star collectors. He covers the territory on the north side, that Mr. Howell Gano previously had.

Have you noticed that Jimmy Brandt is raising a mustache? Keep up the good work Jim, you will soon be able to curl it.

We have no idea what Paul Schoknecht carries down to work in the morning, but we think it may be his laundry. He claims it is his lunch.

Mr. Strohman has been absent from the office for a few days with a stiff neck. We can't imagine what the reason is, but we have our suspicions.

Mr. Chas. Denker is now working in the bookkeeping department.

Harry Jacobs, service station collector, has his hair marcelled. We do not know which one of the many pretty girls he is trying to vamp in the office. Be careful, Harry, we are watching you closely.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

Dan Cupid seems especially partial to the girls of the Davenport office when seeking a target for his arrows, especially on Chrsitmas Eve. Congratulations Edith and Crissy.

Wanted at once: Five good bowlers to finish the season. Must at least throw the ball in the right direction. Apply Howard Clat.

Beware Jack Dempsey, you may be a wonder, but when challenging don't take in too much territory. Jerry Preston, garage man, made a pass in fun (no, Clarence, it wasn't a seven) at F. C. Lauritzen, tank wagon driver, and Fred spent the next two weeks in the hospital.

The accounting department is to lose two popular employees when Miss Daisy Monroe and Fred Nelson leave. Daisy is to enter the state of Matrimony—we mean Ohio. Fred is to help Uncle Sam push his big boats around in the water in the vicinity of Brooklyn, N. Y. The girls gave a fine spread for Daisy. Fred didn't eat.

Viola Reb sure believes times are changing. She remarked, "I thought Hallowe'en was the

FOR GIRLS ONLY—THE STINGY THINGS!

The girls of the Davenport office had a Christmas party and didn't invite any of the men. We imagine that is the reason why our Davenport correspondent, being a man, sent in the above photograph with no story accompanying it. Take a tip from us, girls: Feed that reporter.

proper time for spirits, but everyone is connecting them with New Year's Eve this year."

Miss Tillie Ankerson, previously employed here, now at Minneapolis in the pricing department, spent a day with us recently. Come again, Tillie, and stay longer.

We extend our sympathies to Mr. R. R. Seibert, salesman at Cedar Rapids. Two of his children are at the hospital with diphtheria, while four are confined to the house with the same sickness, and his wife is ill with scarlet fever.

DECATUR, ILL.

On December 11 the Stanolind Fellowship Club enjoyed the most successful dance of the season. Indeed, it can be truthfully said of Mr. Roy S. Johnson, chairman of the social committee, and his assistants, that they have successfully launched the social side of the Club—and their efforts are appreciated. Between dances both vocal and instrumental solos were rendered by some of the finest talent that sould be secured in this section. In expressing our thanks for the work done by Mr. Johnson and his committee, we at the same time wish the new entertainment committee—the chairman of which is Miss Cora Russell—success in their future undertakings.

Joe Fontana is the new attendant at Service Station 32, Paris, Illinois; and, according to reports, it all but took the State Militia to care for the crowd of friends who gathered around to offer their congratulations to the new Red Crown and service dispenser.

Mr. F. S. Larimore, chief clerk, was host at a little party given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Heyworth, of Chicago, before their departure from Decatur. Mr. and Mrs. John Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Cantoni and Miss Cora Russell were guests from the office. Cards were played during the evening, and prizes given for the highest score. Mrs. John Kerr held highest score among the ladies; thereby winning a toy aeroplane. Mr. John Kerr held the men's highest score, and was presented with a toy automobile. The Kerrs are either hound dogs of Five Hundred, or they were ambitious of having an economical Xmas for the little kiddies, Mary Elizabeth and Eleanor Frances Kerr. "That's all," said Larry, "except that cider was served and I played a square game."

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Pulver, of Marshall, Ill., are visiting Mr. Pulver's brother in Oklahoma.

About six months ago Mr. T. H. Chapman, of the Paris, Ill., station, hung up his sock in order to be sure of a gift at Xmas time; and just about two weeks ago along comes the Company and presents T. H. with a new pump-house, and they say as how Tom is purty nigh tickled to death.

On Friday night, December 3, the Red Crowns took on the American Legion basketball team at Arthur, Ill., and again on December 17 tackled the Independents at Assumption. The scores were 52 to 28, and 27 to 13 respectively, in favor of the opposing teams. Although not wishing to frame an alibi, we hardly think the scores tell the full story, because in both cases the opponents were playing on their own floors and knew every single point of vantage, besides having the advantage of longer organization. The third one is the charm, you know, and our gas eaters will have time to get primed for the contest.

Mr. Lee E. Gilbert, of Nebraska City, Neb., is spending the holidays with Mr. Roy Johnson. Mr. Gilbert is also in the oil business, but not with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

A busy buzz at our phone the other day brought an excited inquiry as to the health of Miss Mary Wolfington. Report had it that she had been seen passing a certain point in a large touring car, apparently supported by the arm of the driver. Investigation showed that Mary was in splendid health, so the only conclusion that we could reach was that the driver of the car was simply endeavoring to become proficient in two branches of art at the same time.

The pilot of truck No. 16006, at Decatur, buys a new pair of overshoes along about the latter part of fall each year, and gets them for just half price. The secret as to how he does it was discovered a short time ago, when he was out on a country road at the edge of town, bargaining with a bunch of weary corn shuckers, homeward bound. Guy Camp, for he it is, as usual rode back to work with his bargain in galoshes tucked safely away in his cab.

Mr. H. F. Warren, our manager, planned to spend Xmas Day with Mrs. Warren, who for the past few weeks has been confined to the Mercy Hospital, Chicago, undergoing treatment for a slight throat affection. We all join in wishing for Mrs. Warren a quick return to good health, and for them both we hope that the New Year Year will bring a full measure of happiness.

The employees of the Decatur warehouse presented their foreman, Mr. Frank Dorr, with a box of the choicest Havanas. Frank said that after the news leaked out, he had a host of callers, but the smokes had evidently been locked away in the company vault.

Miss Mildred Fletcher is entertaining a guest from St. Louis over Christmas; but while Mildred was glad to see Lawrence, her emotions are mixed. The cause of the confusion is a new hat, with which that young gentleman swooped down upon Decatur —very latest thing, season ahead of Decatur—but Mildred says it's a most unbecoming creation. One might as well be dead as out of style; but Lawrence ran a close risk of killing himself with Mildred.

At the annual meeting of stockholders of the Edgar County Fair and Mechanical Association, December 9th at Paris, Ill., Salesman Spaulding was elected to membership on the Board of Directors. This organization is composed of many of the most progressive farmers of Edgar county.

Henry Busch will spend Xmas in Newark, Ohio, with "future relatives." This accounts for the deep mystery: he must walk in every morning from Newark.

Just recently, Agent Hartman of Tuscola was found running madly about the streets, a broad grin spread over his face, his hands waving in the air and a song bursting from his lips. Salesman Mathias having succeeded in quieting him, it was found that a new 9½ pound baby girl was the cause of all his wild rejoicing. Mother and babe are coming along splendidly.

Harry Reavis and Merle Yount will spend Xmas in Chicago, with the premeditated plan of visiting "The Winter Garden." Both Mr. Reavis and Mr. Yount are musically inclined, and on their return, Decatur may have a regular jazz orchestra, equal to that heard on the Great White Way.

Mr. W. W. Dawson was having a little trouble with his Ford "flitter" in a small town in his circuit, and after having cranked the darn thing about ten minutes, a little boy who had been watching him with much interest, walked up and said "Say, Mister Polarine, how far does that toy run when you get it wound up?"

The Decatur office recently lost Mr. William Hiller, cashier. Mr. Hiller left the Standard Oil Company to go into business for himself. Mr. Clark Windsor, on his return to the office after a long sickness, filled the vacancy in the cage made by Mr. Hiller leaving. Since Mr. Windsor's entrance and Mr. Hiller's exit, the "League-of-the-Bow-legged-Three" has been broken up.

Master Olin Hills, fourteen-year-old son of Mr. D. H. Hills, of Casey, Ill., has acquired quite a reputation as a horse trainer. It is said that his pet pony has masterede very trick invented. We are promised a snapshot of both trainer and pony in action.

Friday, December 24th, will find the Decatur office looking a little less crowded, for there will be any number of people to return home for Xmas. Messrs. Cashen and McLean, both of the stock Department, returning to Morrisonville. Pleasure leads them nowhere else than home, for their "only girls" reside in the old home town. Arthur Faster and Cecilia Tighe go to Strasburg and Ivesdale, respectively; Rita Tofall to Quincy; "Brown Eyes" Wasem to Patoka, and Zerola Patterson to Oconee.

Agent and Mrs. C. O. Brown, of Kansas, Ill., were made happy during the holidays by a visit from their son who is attending school in Indiana.

Mr. M. V. Bushman, correspondent for the Stanolind Record, intends spending Xmas with friends in St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Bushman's home is in Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Roy Pensinger, order clerk, bell ringer, general manager and host for the first floor, will entertain guests from Chicago and Paris during the Xmas season.

Mr. W. F. Launtz will entertain guests from East St. Louis.

No French ladies will be among Roy's party, so it's Paris, this state, not France.

Mr. C. Frank Clark has taken upon himself other duties since the responsibilities of president of the Stanolind Fellowship Club have been shifted from his shoulders to the more spacious ones of Mr. R. W. Madeira. The new "affair" is still frail, being in its infancy, but promises to be imposing and of a "dark horse type"—probably will outstrip P. J. Cantoni's and even Roy Pensinger's. There is but one question, Mrs. Clark is a bit heftier than Frank; no, not politics, a mustache.

Mr. G. F. Kirby, our refined oil and gasoline salesman at East St. Louis, arrived at the office Friday, November 26th, with hair disheveled and all the buttons torn off of his vest. Considerable comment was caused by this, until Mr. Kirby explained the arrival of an 8½ pound baby girl at his house. Congratulations were then in order, and smoke, from the best made, filled the office. The young lady will be known as Doris Jean.

Mr. C. E. Rode, our agent at East St. Louis, reports that Mr. Deem has been trying for some time to take some pictures of the East St. Louis office; but neither he nor auditor Cockelreas have so far been able to locate the object when looking through the little black box. The first photograph was mistaken for a snapshot of a case of 1452.

Arthur Faster has been trying to present some Parisian styles to his fellow workers. One morning he breezed in with his hair parted in the middle, but not being the "parted in the middle sort" criticism forced him to return to the ever faithful side-swipe.

Fatty Arbuckle, of movie fame, now has a worthy rival. On Friday, December 3, at Arthur,

Ill., Bob Madeira, after going through a four course dinner, decided he wanted a piece of pie to end up with, and wanted it right now. Acting quickly, he slid behind the counter, grabbed a whole pie and headed for his seat, when—swish!—up went Bob and the pie together, and, describing a beautiful arc, followed the natural course of gravitation, with the pie on the bottom and Bob on top. A corps of waiters succeeded in cleaning Bob up sufficiently well for public presentation; but although he got it all on the outside and none on the inside, Bob paid for the pie.

Mr. Lyle Brown, head chemist for the Empire Refining Company, at Eldorado, Kan., and son of our assistant manager, Mr. W. A. Brown, spent the holidays with his family. W. A. can well be proud of that boy, for he has succeeded to the position he he now holds, within a period of less than one year.

DETROIT, MICH.

Walter Pierson, on the order desk, has recently returned to his duties after spraining his ankle. We notice that although he has difficulty in walking and know his foot must hurt, he is just as kind and polite over the 'phone as ever.

"Bill" Doney, clerk in the service station department, saved his vacation until the winter and spent the week before and after Christmas at his home, Negaunee, in the northern peninsula. He'll need something more than the classy champagne colored gloves he wore when he left Detroit if he doesn't freeze his hands off. He says Michigan weather is just as pleasant as Florida, however, when he basks in the sunshine of his lady's smile.

Employes at our Bellevue Avenue plant have organized two bowling teams, the RED CROWNS and POLARINES. Their first match resulted in a victory for the Red Crowns. The Polarines are determined to turn the tables when they clash again. Individual honors went to Rouse with both high single game and total pins.

George Wisner, route foreman at Bellevue, recently spent a week visiting his paernts at Grand Rapids. It is rumored that Alex McDonald is courting a fair damsel, who resides in Grosse Pointe. He is starting in rather young to become familiar with the idle rich. Work is the best cure for that, Mack; but tell us, has the date been set yet?

John Drury, smokestack salesman, recently spent the week end in Lansing. Was it business, John?

William A Wood stumbled into the office December 4th burdened with cigars and candy, displaying a tired but happy smile. The cause of it all was Bill, Jr., eight pounds. William has been receiving all kinds of advice on the care of babies ever sine.

Vance Woodcox, who has been brought up on a tankwagon, is now pounding the pavements, selling specialty goods. Until he started on his new job he was in the office of the lubricating department. How does it feel, Vance, to do some of the things that you have been telling the other fellows to do? Simultaneously with starting on his new position, he also had nerve enough to start supporting a wife. He thinks if he can "sell" his customers that he certainly can his Edith. Good luck, Vance!

George Budd, tankwagon salesman at Bellevue, sure keeps his motor shined up. He "opines as how they don't keep any motor cleaner." We are inclined to agree with George.

Miss Freda Hiller, clerk at Bellevue, after spending her vacation out west, warbles her delight at being back at her desk. Everybody voices the same sentiment, Freda, at seeing you back home again.

Mr. Cassius E. Fisk, who was recently service station attendant at No. 62, Detroit, passed away December 29, after several days' illness. Mr. Fisk entered the employ of this company on July 15, 1899, and had been in continuous service since that date. He will be greatly missed by all those with whom he came in contact during his many years of faithfulness.

Mr. A. L. Warner, now on the annuity roll of this company, is seriously ill at his home in Adrian. His many friends who formerly worked with him in the South Bend field wish him a most speedy recovery.

A. L. Pierson, our Grass Lake agent, spent the holidays with relatives at Onsted.

The Standard Oil Company Polarine team is still leading the Refiners' Bowling League of Detroit. While they have no individual stars on the team, it seems that collectively they are a well balanced organization and are "bringing home the bacon." It is very gratifying to see them continuously in front.

On the 15th of December, R. F. Grubaugh, of our traffic department, was held up by three armed bandits and relieved of his salary which he was taking home. On the 31st of December his wife held him up at noon and her "swag" consisted of his entire pay check. She apparently believes in the old adage "Charity begins at home."

Miss Edna Reisig is suffering from tonsilitis. We all hope she will soon be back in her accustomed place.

Joe Palmerlee, our popular young engineer, started January 3 for Chattanooga for a physical examination owing to complications following an abscess on his lung. We trust that nothing serious will be found and that he will soon be back, his usual "peppy" self.

DUBUQUE, IOWA

Miss Irene Hornzee, daughter of George Hornzee, of the bookkeeping department, was the lucky winner of half of the candy cane given away by "The Green Mill." Owing to the fact that two persons guessed the correct weight the management of the store divided the cane giving half to each one. George says it's good candy and is sorry Irene didn't get the whole cane.

Miss Frae Cleaves spent a very pleasant vacation with her mother and sisters at Mason City, Iowa.

Station Examiner Manzo Smith's wife and daughter were visitors at the Dubuque office before the holidays.

We wonder who the young lady is whom Frank Cain talks so *gently* to over the phone.

Martha Moehl, who takes care of our mail, is away on her vacation.

Old Santa must have heard how disappointed Ray Clemens was when he didn't get the automobile that the traveling men raffled off, as he sent him a little roadster for Christmas. We know Ray will have a lot of fun with the new car.

Miss Katherine Burke is spending her vacation with relatives in Sioux City.

Greg Wiemold, whose marriage announcement appeared in the November Record, has bought a pipe and now limits the Denbys to one a day. At one time Greg would have said this was impossible, but he is a wise man to see the light and start these little economies.

Bill Schlung, of the credit department, is so used to kicks that they can't come strong enough to faze him. He was seen lugging home a whole box of raisins.

"Abie" Eberhardt, general clerk, won a ukelele for par excellence in a bowling tournament. Abie expects to master it before long and then all the

girls are going to ask him to serenade them. We wonder who the lucky one will be.

The basketball team under the captaincy of Loran Day has been exceptionally successful. This is their initial appearance in the Industrial League, still they have won three and lost two. One of the games lost was by 2 points or 1 field basket, and while it was tough on the boys, those things happen and Morrison Bros. had a wonderful bunch of rooters. The S. O. boys lost to the Carr, Ryder-Adams Team by only 8 points and the latter are the pennant winners. This is the bunch that must be beaten if the Red Crowns are to win during the second half. If we win it will sure be in the Record.

DULUTH, MINN.

Appearances indicate that Don Cunningham had his hair treated while on a recent trip to Omaha. Don, you sure have some marcelle wave. Show us her picture!

Miss Hattie Dwyer recently came to work wearing a Rock that would knock your eye out. We think that fellow must have burned a lot of Perfection around midnight to buy it. Hattie, the first hundred years are the toughest. When do we smoke?

Soft music please—Leap Year has taken its toll. Ben Rule, specialty salesman at Iron Mountain, and Roy Hanson, city salesman in Duluth, are now in the benedict class. They look perfectly happy and every one who knows their charming brides can't see why they shouldn't look that way. Boys —our best wishes for success and happiness are with you.

Louise Nelson, of the purchasing department, has just returned from a pleasant Holiday visit to her home in Wyoming, Minn.

Clyde Gardner is right bower on the traffic desk. He was a little downhearted a few days ago and was heard to murmur—"How much does a Missionary get a year?" Cheer up Clyde, the first "NO" isn't always final.

Girls, go to Midnight Mass. Gladys Weatherby, our record clerk, went Christmas Eve and now a beautiful dazzler holds down first position on her left hand. Gladys said it happened at 2:30 Xmas morning, and it's the happiest Xmas she has ever known. Flats are hard to get Gladys, but where there's a will there's a way.

Did someone say "Pep, Punch, and Enthusiasm?" Then you should have been with us at our salesmen's meeting, December 27th, 28th and 29th. Lots of action—with everyone peppy and full of good ideas. Incidentally, many a New Years' resolution was firmly passed by each and every one to push harder this coming season than ever before. The boys arrived Monday morning, registering at the various hotels and reporting at 1:30 P. M. for department conferences. A time schedule was closely adhered to, each salesman being allowed twenty minutes with each department head. This avoided jumping around aimlessly from one desk to the other.

Tuesday afternoon Mr. J. L. Carter, "Charlie" Wilson and Mr. Leonard addressed the meeting and crammed us chuck full of "selling" ideas for 1921. Tuesday evening was the big banquet at the Commercial club. Wednesday was a busy day, with department conferences and business sessions directed by Mr. Shields, closing the day with the presentation of wedding gifts; two beautiful silver sets, to our Newlyweds, Ben Rule and Roy Hanson. We're not in the habit of boasting but "order takers" in other divisions please take notice:—If you want to make a reputation on Polarine and Red Crown this coming season you'll have to step some.

"Bill" Mueller doesn't have any trouble selling Stanolax. Last week a customer came in to one of the drug stores in Danbury and asked for a bottle of Blankety-blank cough syrup (23% stuff). Next day he came with a repeat order but the druggist said "Sorry, but we sold you the last bottle yesterday." "All right then," replied Mr. Customer, "Give me a bottle of that there Stanolax." "Bill" says the last report has it that Mr. Customer has signed the pledge.

Duluth division adopts the district superintendent plan of organization. Appointments were announced at the sales meeting. Mr. Dan McRae takes District No. 1; Mr. Fred LeRoux, District No. 2; Floyd O'Connor, former chief salesman, District No. 3; A. M. "Marmaduke" Edyvean, District No. 4, and Roy K. Carpenter, District No. 5.

Ray W. Pinney, assistant chief clerk, leaves this month for Mankato to fill his new appointment as chief clerk of that division. He carries with him our best wishes.

Herbert Hannah, sales sheet writer, has handed in his resignation. Herbert is going to be a foreign missionary and plans on hitting the trail for Bangkok, Siam. That's a long ways off, Herb, but don't forget to preach a few good sermons on the merits of Red Crown.

Miss Soukup, of the order department, has a new Victrola. Margaret says it's a great incentive to stay at home nights but records are expensive. (Inside tip to admirers:—If you want to make a hit leave the candy at home and bring a record when you call.)

EVANSVILLE, IND.

The Evansville correspondent wishes to announce through the Stanolind Record the promotion of Messrs. R. A. Miller, W. J. Riepe and W. H. Sherrill, effective November 1, 1920. Mr. Miller, formerly sub-station, refined oil and gasoline correspondent in the Evansville office, promoted to district superintendent, with headquarters at Murphysboro, Ill. Mr. Riepe, formerly lubricating correspondent in the Evansville office, promoted to district superintendent with headquarters at Vincennes, Ind., and Mr. Sherrill, formerly salesman at Bedford territory, promoted to district superintendent with headquarters at Bedford, Ind. While we miss them in their old departments, we are glad of their promotion and congratulate them on their advancement. Every success is the wish of their many friends and it is generally felt the efficiency of the marketing department has been much improved by the new system.

We wish also to advise at this writing, that our bowling team in the Industrial League, Evansville, is heading the list. Go to it boys; whoop 'em up the way you do on Red Crown and Polarine. We want that trophy.

It was with regret that the main office and entire Evansville division received the news that our popular city salesman, Mr. H. A. Lang, had been transferred to Decatur, Ill., field. Mr. Lang has been an employe of the company for over six years, having served in several different capacities, and has the reputation of making a success of whatever he attempts. Knowing his abiliity as a salesman and as a business man, his success in the Sucker State is foreseen by all who know him. Decatur division is to be congratulated on its good fortune in securing the services of a man with the pleasing personality

and business talent of Mr. Lang. We are sorry to see him go.

We wish to advise as of January 1, 1921, Evansville office has appointed Miss Anna M. Leahy, Mr. Harold Burgess and Mr. Walter C. Beckerly, members of the entertainment committee, S. O. Co., Evansville "Fellowship Club."

FARGO, N. D.

Annual election of officers of the Standard Oil Social Club of Fargo was held December 10 with the following results: Henry Green, president; Milton Ebeltoft, vice-president; Einer Bjorge, secretary-treasurer; Mrs. Beauchamp and Mrs. Randall, executive committee. Retiring officers were: Minnie Schumacher, president; Paul Thomas, vice-president; A. E. Asleson, secretary-treasurer; G. B. Farney and W. J. Farrell, executive committee. After election, progressive whist was played till 11 o'clock, at which time prizes were distributed as follows: Ladies, Harry Overby, who played as a lady; Mrs. Thompson; Russell Peterson, who also played as a lady; gentlemen, E. M. Bjore, O. M. Ranger and Everett Beauchamp. Peterson and Beauchamp copped the boobies. Coffee and cake were served.

BISMARCK

Salesman S. A. Thomas, of the Dickinson field, is back to work after a few days' illness, caused by he and his "Packard" getting mixed up in a snow storm; said "Packard" refusing to run on three wheels.

Albert Rotta says no more cold feet for him; he is displaying a brand new pair of overshoes built for a Ford.

J. K. Else says, "Br-r-r-r-, too cold here at Bismarck, I am going south to Mott, that's the spot."

C. C. Stein is a great admirer of Mandan, as he states they have electric lights 'n everything now.

C. L. Bowen says the duck hunters from Fargo never have good tubes or casings, but "Oh, Boy! the lunch those boys do bring along."

S. C. Ingalls is sporting a Buick Six, Girls, beware of the punctures and shortage of gas.

E. H. Lindberg says his Ford was the original model when Henry started in the game, but its too late.

J. J. Loberg is lamenting over the loss of the temporary bridge between Bismarck and Mandan, as he anticipated supplying Mandan with their wants of Red Crown and Perfection.

L. A. Hoff says he didn't have a car, so he made a mileage test with a Fordson Tractor.

The temporary bridge built across the Missouri River, pending construction of the new traffic bridge, was destroyed by the ice going out Sunday, November 28th, the water rising seven feet in the course of three hours—something unheard of even by the oldest inhabitants of these parts.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Roy D. Elkins, agent at Rockford, Mich., believes in closing the year with remarkable success. His marriage license appeared in the Grand Rapids Herald on December 31, 1920. Hildred McNaughton being the lucky one. Congratulations, Roy and Hildred.

Apparently wedding bells will ring shortly after the new year for Miss Gertrude Eble, who has been employed at the Grand Rapids office for many years. Gertrude resigned her position just before Christmas and says that the fatal day will occur somewhere around the 18th of January.

We are all pleased to see Harry D. Hydorn, salesman, out again, although Harry is very weak from the long sickness which he endured and it will probably be many weeks before he can resume his duties.

James Viergiver, of the order department, who has been suffering from an attack of blood poisoning due to running a pin in his thumb, has had the thumb amputated. James, you have the sympathy of everyone in your misfortune.

Gus L. Buyers, service station attendant at Grand Rapids, was taken ill this week. We all trust that it is nothing serious.

George Davison, service station at Grand Rapids, is reported on the sick list due to a bad cold which is threatening pneumonia. We all hope that he will experience a speedy recovery.

The wife of Harry Robbins, clerk in Grand Rapids office, has undergone a serious operation in one of the local hospitals. She is reported as doing nicely.

The employees of the Grand Rapids office are planning a sleigh ride party in the near future; that is, providing king winter is kind enough to leave on a little of the white stuff until about the middle of January.

The entire organization in the Grand Rapids field welcomes J. C. Marshall, our new manager, and Roy F. McConnell, assistant manager, who were received with great enthusiasm at a meeting held on Monday, December 27.

The best wishes of every employee go with Mr. H. R. Cochran, former manager at Grand Rapids who has been promoted to manager at Detroit.

Le Roy J. Thompson, assistant manager, at Grand Rapids, has been promoted to manager at Saginaw. Leroy was reared and educated in Grand Rapids and has lived here his entire lifetime. He leaves behind a host of friends who wish him the best of success in his new enterprise.

HURON, S. D.

J. A. Reynolds, general auditor from Chicago, spent a day at Huron recently. We trust he will favor us with a longer visit when he comes again.

Elsie Erickson, of our stock department, looks rather downcast lately. We have heard that a certain young man left for Scotland a short time ago, which may account for her disposition. But cheer up, Elsie, we hear he will soon be coming back again.

E. L. Hanson, head station examiner, was out hunting ducks recently and came back with the following story, and no ducks: "We got into a flock of ducks and I shot six times and didn't see anything fall and I wondered what was the matter, so I took off my glasses and discovered a speck of dirt on the right lens." (This is pretty thin.)

Lorraine Oaks, assistant cashier, does not look the same. She came down the other morning wearing large black rim spectacles. She says that they are necessary, but we think she is disguising herself so Chauncey will not know she is playing Sherlock Holmes with him.

We have not heard from Guy Edwards, salesman, since he was appointed a reporter on the Record staff. We wonder how fishing is in Lake Kampeska.

John Claymore, our credit man, has left the employ of the company to take up his new duties as

office manager for a wholesale produce concern at Sioux Falls. He leaves a host of friends who wish him the best of luck. W. J. Braskamp, his assistant, has been promoted to the position of credit man.

Ruth Freslie, stenographer in the credit department, spent several days at her home in Rutland, S. D., where she was called by the illness of her mother. She is now back on the job and reports her mother doing nicely.

H. B. Palm, our special gasoline salesman, had quite an interesting experience a short time ago while at Conde demonstrating the superiority of Red Crown gasoline with his flash box. He had put his car into a public garage for the night and when he called for his car the next morning he found it outside the garage. Upon investigating he was told that this particular garage did not care to be caught by the sheriff with a car in their possession which contained a still. Needless to say he got right into his car and left town before the sheriff was notified.

Mrs. Novaria, who until a short time ago was Miss Ann Blank, has left the employ of the company to take up the duties of a housewife. She formerly worked at the home office and no doubt has as many friends there as she has in Huron.

Vera Estee, she almost did it. Did what? Almost got married, but she got cold feet.

Our hustling agent at Howard was the only one from our division that received mention in the first "Big" issue of the Stanolind Record. When it comes to being a hustler for barrels, or business, few have anything on Fred, and, by the way, he is also some social lion when it comes to being a leader at a picnic or some holiday celebration.

Helen J. Says she is not particular only that he must have money, and lots of it, good looks, not too old and no little man will do at all.

Huron division will soon be on the map from reports of progress being made near Blunt in the oil well drilling. Everybody believes there is oil in the state and some day Red Crown gasoline may be made from South Dakota crude.

Ward Lambert, assistant order clerk, was married on Christmas Day. It was quite a surprise to all of the employees, who wish Ward and Mrs. Lambert the best of luck.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Your next move. G. W. Austermiller, Madison, Ind., agent, enjoys more than mere local fame as a checker expert, so if any Record reader has intentions of passing as the Newell Banks of the S. O. Co. family, G. W. must be eliminated before any medals are pinned on. A series of games by correspondence is invited, no one barred, but be sure you are good—you have his address.

Harvey Huntsinger, better known as "Insect," changed from the customary "liver and" diet to a chicken supper (over the invitation route). He recovered when the other drivers used all the antidotes to be found in the Hagerstown almanac.

Harry Keyt, puller of the throttle at the loading shed, is a near champion whistler and vies with the winds these January mornings. "Peru," as he is known locally, is built along Kentucky Wonder string bean lines, so he can stand on the ground and stick (gauge) any tank on wheels—better yet, can look down the dome orifice, too.

R. A. Bruce has been transferred from service station work to checker at the plant. He slides a wicked 20-foot measuring stick already.

Myrtle Clark, our very busy switchboard operator, contends that she never "listens in." 'Spect she is only fooling.

From all accounts Little Dan is about to take a shot at his namesake Cupid Christman.

A popular cooper shop refrain: "Oh, Backley will roll a barrel on you, if you don't watch out."

R. A. Brennan, traffic man, who has returned from his second section vacation, reports he made a thorough investigation of the switchmen's strike and found "they are still out." Dick probably has his dates confused with some court proceedings and is only referring to the jury.

Hatchet slinger is right—Carrie Nation never had anything on Carl Roembke, especially when the expressman backs up to the receiving platform, substituting chips for glass, by the way.

Coupons and pennies don't exactly have Ed Wilson worried but he gives no other reason for his premature gray hairs.

Robert Hicks, service station attendant, is looking for an alarm clock that will upset a bucket of cold water at the psychological moment. Bob says if he over-sleeps again he has just got to have some sort of a sure "eye-opener." Jim Hereth may come to Sir Robert's rescue by having his creaking Chevrolet towed by the house every morning.

Claude Miller, our expert stamp-licker and letter shooter, took the "high dive" on Christmas eve. The new Mrs. Miller was formerly Miss Helen Prosser.

To date no mail intended for Pekin, Ind., has been returned from Pekin, China, so guess Claude has both feet on the floor, O. K.

Bert Elliott, attendant at the Shelbyville, Ind., service station, enjoys quite a "rep" as a bee keeper; with the many "sweet tooths" in operation at the Indianapolis office, Bert isn't worrying for a market.

Elmer Daniels, construction man, came in the office the other day and couldn't make a speech. Jake Walters, pipeman, had the floor and kept it.

E. F. Kroencke, secretary to manager E. P. Galbreath, spends a strenuous noon hour, trying to "string" the section boss of new stations under construction. Note—we said "trying."

Miss Elizabeth O'Brien, stenographer to Polarine and other lubricants, spent her week's vacation mingling with the Christmas shopping idea.

John D. Goldsmith, who put Stanolax in the barber shops and who declares "Stanolax Shampoos" are growing in popularity, shocked our finer sensibilities by announcing that he had sold a round lot of Mica Axle Grease to a junk shop. Later he explained: the junk drivers use this on the wagons as intended and avdertised.

A. W. Smith, Muncie, caused no end of commotion by his reckless expenditure of 72c on his vacation. Smithy is very much in earnest and sends in an itemized statement: Coca Colas, 12c; Mail Pouch, 20c; Cigars (for friends), 20c and two Hershey Chocolates, 20c, claiming he was overcharged 5c on the "Milks."

E. R. Lindsey, attendant at Muncie No. 153, is telling his friends about the greatest little fellow in the world—it's a boy and the first.

Puge Fifer, gasoline distributor over the truck route at Muncie, gave Terre Haute (on the Wabash) "the once over" during the holidays. Puge now says Muncie is a nice city.

Wm. Herbert, Muncie truck driver, after a hard campaign of painting red, all visible cans in Delaware county, enjoyed a few days rest at Ft. Wayne.

Thos. Bonner, Muncie drayman, spent Christmas at DeSoto. While there Tom had a rather distressing rabbit hunt, when he chased a bunny into

the jail only to find the sheriff away and the doors all locked.

When Elmer (Mickey) Warrenburg's dog was "ethered" by the Humane Society, the incident called for some fitting tribute from the drivers, who discuss the issues of the day every noon hour in Mickey's domicile at the plant service station. The boys sent a floral offering to the Warrenburg cottage which was acknowledged in a letter to the Stanolind Record news hound, a near masterpiece by the way—"We wish to thank the 'Dirty Ten' for the beautiful floral offering. Our hearts have been saddened by the loss of our companion—not being capable to afford any better in our family and for our country."—Signed, Mr. and Mrs. Warrenburg.

Margaret Wilson, who checked an endless stream of drivers' 044 reports during her five years' service, has laid aside the blue pencil for a trip down Matrimony River with Max Buell. The newlyweds will reside in Terre Haute, where Max is manager for the C. D. Kenny Company branch. The office force presented Margaret with an electric percolator; subscriptions were handled by our official solicitor and mendicant, Pearl Holliday, who warns the Record not to miss mentioning the "coffee pot."

Miss Henrietta Goldberger has returned from her vacation which she used in making a trip—"Way Down East." Henrietta sojourned under a handicap as it was too late for the "dip at Coney" and too early for the Easter bonnet parade "on the Board Walk."

William Moylan, night watchman, contends that his "wee hour" occupation has an occasional thrill, contrary to the popular belief that it consists of monotonous rounds of "pulling boxes." Bill's courage was put to the test supreme, the other evening, when an excited householder living near the plant, called on Bill to help "cage" a burglar which he had locked in his kitchen. Bill promptly donned his "gum shoes," taking the trail rather elaborately equipped with "cannon" in one hand and the customary three-cell flashlight in the other. In double quick time the would-be captors arrived on the scene of possible complication, when they demanded, in rather shaking tones, for the felon to emerge from under the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet. After waiting until daylight and getting no active response, this duo of amateur Pinkertons decided to make a more substantial effort by opening the kitchen door, to find a neighbor's chicken (feathered kind) had not gone home to roost, that night.

Any one not familiar with the fact that Edgewood, Ind., is the garden spot of the Universe, can get all necessary data from Frank Dudgeon, our very capable pilot of the lubricating oil tank truck—he lives there, of course.

It would not be considered good form to print Engineer W. Abraham's comments when he receives the tri-weekly phone message "Turn the steam on the S. R."

The other evening, Driver A. Russell brought down the house and caused one warehouse cashier to show signs of having taken laughing gas. The reason—Russell had been averaging 90 cents short for five straight days and his criticism ran something like this: "It's pretty rich, the old lady says this monkey business 'got to stop'."

Former manager W. C. Cheesebro leaves the Indianapolis division with the hearty good wishes of all departments as evinced by the elegant solid silver service presented him on his retirement.

Our new manager, E. P. Galbreath comes to us from Saginaw, equipped with a whole hearted propitious greeting for every one and he tops it off by assuring us that he is only "back home in Indiana"—being a Hoosier all the time.

JOLIET, ILL.

District Superintendent E. B. Gray maintains his reputation as an optimist. His home burned out a few weeks ago, and there isn't an empty house or flat in Joliet he can get to live in. Also, he has had an ulcerated tooth, but he keeps on smiling. He says spring will soon be here, and he will get a covered wagon and take his house right along with him.

Our Chief Clerk, J. M. Pohl, is watching the Ford cars closely these days. He has to find a couple more accessories for his Ford to keep pace with Dan Otis, who has the advantage of equipment experience.

We are pleased to see the advancement of Norman Armstrong, who gets a desk in the equipment department, succeeding Mr. V. D. Comp, who, in turn, is promoted to salesman at Elgin, Ill.

December 27 was a big day in the Joliet office when all the employees gathered to bid good bye to Mr. H. C. Griffin and J. P. Normoyle, the outgoing management, and to welcome Mr. E. E. Morton and Mr. C. M. Monson, the new manager and assistant manager. Mr. Griffin was associated with this division for a good many years and carries with him the best wishes of all for success in his new field.

Mr. O. C. Tracy has been assigned the sales work in and around Joliet, transferred from the Elgin territory, to take the place of J. H. Hefty, who has gone to Kansas City as a district superintendent. The train service to Chicago being just as good from Joliet as it is from Elgin, O. C. is satisfied.

Ww are very sorry to report Mrs. Voight still on the sick list. Hope she will soon be able to be with us again.

We hear that a certain street on the East Side is going to assess a special wheel tax on the automobilists to help raise money for street repairs. It is expected that Lawrence Warwick will be the largest contributor. But why the East Side, Lawrence?

No matter how pleasant the Joliet people try to make it for Eddie Condon of the stock department, he will get that two o'clock car on Saturday for Ottawa. He says his mother lives there. Maybe so.

Wm. Watson, our distinguished mathematician, says there is only one thing he is unable to figure out, and that is how to get a wife, and then how to keep her.

C. A. Roberts, the smiling gentleman from Plainfield, who keeps our tank cars turning, has several "Neversharp" pencils for sale. The first offer will be accepted.

L. O. Brehm, refined oil correspondent, is developing his bump of location. Since his last lesson he claims he can locate any object in his home on the darkest nights without interference from partly opened doors.

Mr. Elmer R. Root, recently appointed salesman at Rockford, visited the main office January 8 and got acquainted with the force. We are glad to welcome him to the organization.

Bob Antram, of the tank wagon department, says he is not superstitious, but he doesn't believe in sleeping thirteen in a bed.

A party which the girls of the Joliet main station termed a "Suffragette" party, was held at the office on December 23. A wonderful four-course dinner

WHY RED CROWN IS KING AT LA CROSSE, WIS.

Here are our Red Crown and Polarine boosters at La Crosse, Wis. It is said that this photograph and several others which appeared in the December number of the Record, were the cause of Mr. J. H. Lambert's delight on learning he was to be the new manager at La Crosse.

was served, after which Santa Claus appeared and distributed gifts. Every one was well pleased with Santa's pick, and ate the dessert with increased enthusiasm. After which Dan Otis risked two perfectly good films with entire success. A five-pound box of candy, perfectly delicious, was donated by Mr. J. H. Connor, who, while he was not permitted to attend, was nevertheless very much interested in the affair.

KEOKUK, IOWA

Mr. Cresap, Ottumwa, is wearing his best smile these days. The new service station on East Main street is open for business and outclasses anything in Ottumwa when it comes to appearance and location. Mr. Areingdale has been transferred to this station while Mr. E. N. Jordan assists him as well as Mr. Welch at No. 124.

Mr. M. W. Hayes reports opening the Mt. Ayr service station on January 3 with Mr. G. W. Ensley in charge.

Mr. Orla Watson, new agent at Moravia, relieves Mr. O. C. Main, resigned.

Mr. O. E. Hoskins has taken a new lease on life since locating Mr. C. L. Boblens, recently checked in as agent at Melrose.

We regret to report the death of Miss Beatrice Whitehead, who was formerly employed as bookkeeper in the Keokuk office. Miss Whitehead passed away at St. Joseph's hospital on the afternoon of December 29, after an illness of several weeks. The sorrowing family have the deep sympathy of all the employees of the Keokuk division.

Some of our older agents again welcome into the ranks Mr. Frank Swan formerly agent at Mystic in the real tank wagon days. Mr. Swan has just recently sold his business in Mystic and is now out hustling for more Red Crown and Polarine.

Divisional meetings of salesmen held at Ottumwa and Creston by Mr. Brunat, and those held at Burlington and Keokuk by Mr. Leu, were genuine pep meetings. From all the enthusiasm shown by every man present it would seem that the Keokuk division is ready for business and will keep the manufacturing department right up on its toes all year. No danger of a slowing up in Keokuk division from the encouraging reports from our salesmen. Certainly no carbon in the cylinders of our field men.

Mr. R. M. Valentine, agent at Greenfield station, had his tank wagon moved from one barn to another. He sent in a receipt for the drayage on same with the following information on it: "For pulling tank wagon from present place to where it is now, charges $1.00."

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Miss Ella Renner, who has been stenographer for chief clerk A. B. Nichols for the past two years, resigned the 1st of December and December 23 was married at Milwaukee to Mr. Robert Randall, of Avoca, Wis. They will make their home in Mason City, Iowa. The bride has been the recipient of many delightful affairs given in her honor. Among those entertaining for her were Florence Young, who entertained twelve girls on December 4 at an apron shower; Hattie Rochelt and Lottie Klanrud who entertained twenty girls at a towel shower on December 10, and Edna Newman, who entertained twelve girls on December 11, on which occasion the bride to be was presented with a beautiful kimono.

That little dark cloud under Art MacMann's nose? Why, it's his ninth annual mustache.

One of the girls in the office suggests that the photos of unmarried men appearing in the Record be labeled "S" (single) so that they can be distinguished from the others. It would make it lots more interesting.

Answering the challenge of the Kansas City group, appearing in the November issue of the Record, we wish to say that as far as efficiency, peppiness, good looks, and the ability to turn out work is concerned, they are surpassed only the by general office force at La Crosse. Ask Mr. Gardner—he knows.

Lucille Frizzell spent Friday and Christmas Day with her parents on the farm at De Soto. This

READY FOR A BIG DAY AT APPLETON, WIS.

Here is our fleet of trucks at Appleton, Wis., just starting out to do a big day's business.

was her first Christmas spent on a farm and she reports a fine time.

Mr. O. Aanes, of Chicago, spent Christmas at the Ortwein home on the north side.

We are glad to report that Mr. Levy's daughter, Ruth, is recovering nicely from her operation for appendicitis. Ruth was at one time employed in the Standard Oil Co. office here.

MANKATO, MINN.

Joe Marum, salesman on the St. Peter territory, while acting as agent at that point, nearly met with a disastrous accident. When "Ike" Schaus and his crew of wreckers arrived on the scene, Joe was standing on the inside wheel of his truck hanging onto the cab and yelling for help right lustily. Schaus and DePuydt say that they would love to have seen Joe tumble into the slough but that they hated to see the truck damaged and lose the 350 gallons of Red Crown in the tank.

With the coming of Old Man Winter the carnival spirit is commencing to revive in Mankato division. The old marching club, that marched off with the big prize in last year's carnival, is digging the uniforms out of the mothballs. Rumor has it that Frank Brown, traffic clerk, has been working out some new beats on the drum in his woodshed. We all know that our manager would like to see another cup on that shelf and the Red Crown Club with Queen Mary at the head can put it there. "Just for Fun" how would you like to get in on that old yell once more—Yellow and Green,

Yellow and Green,
Red Crown Gas
And Polarine.

Joe Meyer, elongated drum-major of the Carnival Club, and incidentally the hustling equipment clerk for the Mankato division, says it's getting so dry in the division that we'll soon have to pin the postage stamps on the letters.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

On the 27th of November, 1920, Mr. Milton Swanson of the order department, made things feel more homelike when he said the words "I will" and was married to Miss Gladys Nelson of Fond du Lac, Wis. Milton, we all wish you and yours the best of good luck.

Stanley Murkowski and Peter Kreutz took things easy during the holidays, both enjoying vacations while the thermometer hovered around zero. Owing to this cold spell they surely ought to come back with a lot of "pep."

Miss A. Sandbo, the slim girl with the most impressive phrases, has returned to her home town, known as Tracy, Minn., for a period of two weeks to do a little recuperating. Everybody misses her and we hope to find her back at the end of fourteen days with a lot of interesting news. Sammy, don't fail us.

We all wish to congratulate Mr. Carl Monson, our esteemed friend, upon his new position as assistant manager of the Joliet division. The Milwaukee division deeply regrets the loss. We never will forget your everlasting smile and your untiring efforts in assisting this division to the front. We all hope that your success in this capacity will be as great as anything you have undertaken. We bid thee farewell. May you continue your success and take with you our sincere wishes and our everlasting friendship.—Milwaukee Division.

The Milwaukee division on February 1, 1920, organized a club known as the "Sunshine Club." The club was organized with the intention of remembering every employee who was a member of this club with a basket of fruit and flowers, should they be sick for a period of five days. This club has been a wonderful success and has given new life and hope to many employes. We are pleased to announce that during the year 1920 it has taken

WAREHOUSE-GARAGE GANG, MINNEAPOLIS

The young lady at La Crosse who wants us to specify whether the men in the pictures we print are married or single will no doubt be worse than disappointed when she discovers that our correspondent failed to name these handsome individuals who comprise the warehouse and garage force at Minneapolis.

care of 36 patients out of a membership of 150. Any S. O. Co. employe is eliglble who would pay to the treasurer 10 cents per month. Our total amount collected was $184.30. Our expenses amounted to $121.35, leaving a balance of $62.95 to start the new year. We congratulate Miss Carrie Liederbach, who acted as treasurer, for this success, and assure her of our hearty co-operation for the year 1921.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Mr. Dickey, in the construction department, is fond of attractive calendars. P. C. has an eye for beauty at that. Have you seen his collection?

Davenport has lost its charms for Miss Tillie Ankerson. Tillie likes the big town movies in Minneapolis and is going to stay. If you have any more like Tillie, send 'em on.

"Horace," the cat, has disappeared. It is rumored "Horace" eloped with a lady cat, and his return is uncertain. During his absence the mice and rats are having a jolly time.

Mike Zimmer, who is sometimes called "Sandy," is well known in amateur theatrical circles. Mike played the part of a Standard Oil station attendant in the drama, "Will You Drain My Car?"

Miss Padelford was recently separated from her tonsils. Same voice and no noticeable change in the facial expression.

Miss Cecil Thomas just finished a beautiful crocheted lunch cloth. Cecil says she used 76 spools of thread, and six yards of mercerized muslin. And she gave it away. Women do such funny things.

Notes of the "Dawnce" held December 17th: Connolly was Master of Ceremonies. Ninety couples swayed to "Whispering" and other melodies. Holt, the service station attendant, gave some impersonations a la Barrymore. We'll say he's good. Quackenbush sang a song in his usual way. Ness, you certainly did look great under that Marcel. Miss Weidenbacher wore a dark blue gown swarmed with beads. The gown was alright, but where, oh where did you get "them" beads. Miss Grosbush was the Pavlowa of the evening. She is positively the most graceful dancer we have ever seen. The best looking man on the floor was lured to the dance by Miss Livingston. Possibly the most conspicuous thing at the dance was de Rome's Van Dyke. It was his wife's night out, so Eckman had to stay home.

Harold Damkroger, the salesman, announces the arrival of a little girl. Harold is just the kind of a fellow who will make a capital "Daddy."

Hoskins, are you going to get those barrels in by April 1st? The salesmen and agents will help you.

Mrs. Noyes asks the Editor of the Stanolind Record to be patient and when spring rolls around she will reward him with some smashing bathing pictures. By the way, Mrs. Noyes holds the Ladies' Swimming Championship of the Indiana division. She is open to challenge. Spring, hurry! (Amen.—Editor.)

Save your money now, and come to Minneapolis next summer for your vacation. Lakes n'vrything.

Shorty Walls is always running out of gasoline. No wonder, when he weighs as much as his car.

Ed Flavin, bookkeeping department, is the Willie Hoppe of the division. Flavin admits he's good. He challenges the pool and billiard sharks of the Indiana division.

Santa Claus brought Edith Danielson a phonograph. Since receiving it she has developed a wicked shimmy.

QUINCY, ILL.

The many friends of O. D. McKasson of the sales force will be pleased to learn that he is improving under the care of a specialist at a St. Louis hospital. At one time it was thought he would lose sight of one eye. A letter received says he expects to be back on the job soon.

Manager A. L. Martin was chairman in charge of the big drive to raise $150,000 for the Chaddock Boys College, Quincy's quota of a $500,000 campaign.

Miss Blanch Perry, of the order department, has returned from San Antonio, Texas, where she spent her vacation visiting home folks.

Cashier R. C. Boger spent a week at Camp Point, Ill., on the old farm.

Gerhard Bortell was elected worshipful master, Herman lodge, A. F. & A. M., for the ensuing year.

Mr. Edmund Pullman has taken a position in the auditing department. Our having a Pullman in the office will be no excuse for the bunch to sleep on the job.

Miss Lillian Gard, of Hannibal plant, who has been seriously sick at her home at New Canton, Ill., is improving, but it will be some time before she will be able to return to her duties.

Our cartoonist, Carl Slack, is out after Bud Fisher's scalp. He has several good ones up his sleeve.

O. E. Sheed, in charge of Moberly, Mo., filling station, was elected master of Moberly lodge 344, A. F. & A. M.

Expect to move to our new offices in the Davidson building, January 1. This will relieve the present crowded conditions.

Many friends of W. H. Bearnan, chief clerk, will be pleased to hear Mr. Bearnan, who has been down with typhoid fever for several weeks at Blessing hospital, has passed the crisis and is slowly improving.

W. A. Howell, Moberly salesman, was delegate from his district to the Masonic grand lodge meeting at Kansas City.

Ralph Reed, formerly chief clerk, now located in Los Angeles, had a narrow escape from death in an automobile accident. The driver of the car was killed and Ralph seriously hurt. A letter received from him states he is in the hospital.

R. R. Hedrick is taking care of McKasson's territory while the latter is laid up.

SAGINAW, MICH.

Dewey Eidt in charge of Service Station 39, Mt. Pleasant, left December 16 to take a position with the United States government in the civil engineering department. Charles Hall is now in charge of this station. Steve Eidt, Dewey's brother, will take Dewey's place as soon as he returns from Washington, D. C., where he is now spending his honeymoon.

Roy Crist, at Service Station 40, went deer hunting, so he says, and the first day he took his shot gun and saw a deer; the next day he had his rifle and saw a rabbit. We would suggest, Roy, that you carry an arsenal with you the next time you go hunting.

Archie Elvin and Bob Rooney, who have charge of our new service station at Bad Axe, believe in utilizing all their spare time, and as the only spare

time they have is at night, they have taken up coon hunting as a pastime, and report a goodly number of scalps to their credit already.

Sometime ago we ordered uniforms for Frank Briske, our "white hope," who is at Service Station 3, and the factory advises us that as soon as Ringling Bros. put up for the winter, they would fill our order. The suits have arrived and it sure looks as though the factory had made good.

M. A. Hull, attendant at Service Station 2, is making a lot of trips to Indiana. We think it would be cheaper to bring her here.

Dan Kennelly, our relief man, is pretty chesty lately. He now travels around in a Ford roadster. Since Bob Zahn's new baby arrived, we don't dare trust him alone, so, until Bob gets down to earth again, Dan is accompanying him on his travels.

Our newest station, No. 54, opened December 1st at Lapeer, Mich., with Lyle W. Johnson and George Slough in charge.

Marvel Henderson has decided to enter into the "Holy Bonds of Matrimony," as may be plainly seen by what she is carrying around on her third finger of the left hand.

New clerk to old one, "Why do they have that rubber mat running the full length of the office?" Old Clerk, "Oh, that is the promenade for the girls of the lubricating department."

Mr. Lilly, at the foot of the stairs, "Hey Rex, has the boy gone over to the postoffice yet?" Rex, "Yes." Mr. Lilly, "Tell him to hurry up."

Miss Hattie Lauer, of the check department, is again at work after an absence of four weeks.

Paul O. Black, of the check department, surprised the office force by passing around cigars and candy the other day with a wise grin all over his face, announcing the fact that he had taken unto himself a wife. The office force being of a highly sympathetic nature, and realizing his sad plight, came to the rescue and presented him with a thirty-one piece water set.

Mr. Jackson Mathewson of Bay City, attended the Y. M. C. A. conference at Grand Rapids, Mich., November 26, 27 and 28, and reports a very enjoyable time.

Since the local freight agents have formed a combination with a view of extracting prompt payment from Saginaw shippers within the 48-hour credit arrangement, our traffic department is get'ing foot sore from hot-footing it around to the several freight houses with settlements. On top of this difficulty, our credit man, Mr. Hubbard, is pestering them for delivery records on resale barrels. If any more complications develop along this line, the above mentioned department troubles as compared to Job's, would make that distinguished gentleman think he was on a south sea island with a bunch of stranded chorus girls.

Miss Margaret Phoenix, who looks more like Theda Bara than Theda does herself, threw the office into a pandemonium last Tuesday morning, when she requested that the doors be locked and a search made by the office gum shoe for her pocket book. While the concern shown by Margaret would indicate that said bag was full of currency, we are prone to believe that a few dollars' worth of cosmectics represented the bulk of the treasure. After many recitals of the exact spot where the bag was lost, etc., it mysteriously put in its appearance, having been borrowed by one of the fair sex who happened to be late for work and forgot her own make-up and helped herself to some of Miss Phoenix's abundant supply.

Mr. Jones, of the stock department, has added a pair of glasses to his smiling countenance, and it will now be necessary for all the fair sex to be ever on the alert as regards personal appearance and manners in general. The above mentioned goggles are equipped with high power anti-stigmatic lenses which will cause every little detail to loom up like the figures on the town clock, provoking severe criticism from that gentleman and his able partner, Harold Bendine. Fair warning, ladies, use some judgment.

The social season at the Saginaw office is now in full swing. At a recent meeting of the employees the following committee was appointed to have charge of the winter festivities: Gerald Marks, Helen McNicoll, Marvel Henderson and Ralph Lilly. The committee lost no time in getting under way, arrangements were completed, and the first party, the official opening of the 1920-21 season, was held in the Foresters Temple, Saturday evening, November 27th. Dancing was the feature of this party and was enjoyed by everyone present. Old fashioned square dances and circle two-steps were interspersed with the more modern waltzes and fox trots in a manner that was pleasing and gratifying to all present. Punch and doughnuts were served, and although the punch was guaranteed to contain less than one-half of one percent, Harry Snyder, John McDonald and Charlie Lauer became so enthusiastic that several times during the evening they had to be cautioned against "shimmying." When the old town clock was striking twelve and the last notes of "Home, Sweet Home" died out, seventy-five well pleased members of our happy family joined in placing their stamp of approval on the party, and in pronouncing it a huge success. We are looking forward to a number of such events this winter, and with this "live wire" committee at the wheel, the future certainly looks rosy.

PORT HURON

J. S. Albertson, our agent, is the proud possessor of a new Ford roadster. Roy Dease, our salesman, tells the following story about Joe's old car: "I was riding down to Marysville with Joe one day, his flivver was rattling along on a couple of perpectly good cylinders and Joe with a despairing look in his eyes, turned to me and said, 'do you hear those cylinders knocking?' 'Don't worry, Joe,' I replied, 'Those are my knees.' "

Cy Bell, one of our country tank wagon drivers, returning from a trip in the country the other night, lost the vent cap off one of his gas tanks, and on discovering that the same was missing, started walking back to look for it. He had not gone far before he located the vent cap, but found that someone else had beaten him to it and was inclined to dispute his claim to ownership of the said vent cap—this second party was none other than a black and white skunk—Cy "Vent."

People around here have been wondering why all the farmers from a certain neighborhhod in this vicinity appear in town with what seems to be brand new harnesses. The secret is out now; they all live in Charlie Bell's territory and he's been selling 'em Eureka Harness Oil. Charlie claims he hasn't missed a farmer, and from the sales he is making on this product, we are inclined to believe it.

ALPENA

Arthur Michand, service station attendant, has left the employ of the company to take over the management of a lumber camp. We all wish Art the best of luck in his new enterprise.

Peter A. Lee, tank wagon driver, has plunged into the "sea of matrimony," according to authentic

reports received at this office, although he has not admitted it. However, anyone in this day and age who has courage enough to get married, should have courage enough to admit it. Come now Pete, fess up.

Michael Tomczak, warehouseman, is somewhat disappointed. Mike, thinking we were going to have a very severe winter, installed a fur lined bath tub and the thermometer has never been lower than 20 degrees above zero. Keep up courage, Mike, the winter is only half over; maybe you can use it yet.

"Uncle George" Monaghan, agent at Alpena, and "Polie" Serre, traveling salesman, attended the meeting at Saginaw, Mich., December 10.

CHEBOYGAN

We regret to report the death of our belowed co-worker, Elbert E. Birdsall, who for the past ten years has been our rural tank wagon driver. Mr. Birdsall died at the sanitarium at Howell, Mich., November 20, where he had been receiving treatments for tuberculosis. Although he had been sick since last August, his death came as a shock to all his friends who knew and loved him.

Mr. C. Buchbinder, Sagniaw office, paid us a very profitable visit Monday.

Our agent, Clyde C. Adams, has just returned from a successful trip down the Michigan Central railway.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

We are certainly glad to know that "Herb" Durham, one of our special gasoline salesmen, is back on the job, after spending three weeks in the hospital and undergoing a trio of operations.

From the reports we have heard, Boone Daggett might conscientiously claim to be a descendant of Nimrod, of olden times. They tell us Boone went hunting Thanksgiving Day and when the tread of this mighty hunter resounded through the cornfield, he scared up so many rabbits that he perched on a convenient fence post, from which vantage point he shot only the sleek, fat rabbits, and left the others to scurry back to their nests.

We are told there was great excitement at Ninth and Patee streets, November 30, about 12:15 o'clock, when Mr. R. J. Shubert, of the check department, endeavoring with the aid of this Ford to get four starving young ladies and a young man to a cafeteria before they expired, made a sharp turn to prevent a collision with another car, and turned his car over. Among those not injured but very much excited were: Pearl Barman, Roberta Chambers, Gertrude Maeder, Cecile Bernard and "Ernie" Biehl. The young ladies are now eating their lunches at the office. The other man offered to pay for the windshield, but what's a windshield without a car?

Mr. R. O. Miller, of the lubricating record department says that he bets in ten more days we will be paying ten cents street car fare, but he doesn't care, because he says he can walk "backwards and forwards too." Doc Miller drinks Red Crown.

SPORTING NEWS: Harold Spencer is considering requesting the management to move the machine house farther away from the indoor baseball diamond. Every time "Spenny" goes to bat and hits the ball, some magnetic attraction always draws it over on the machine shop roof. And our rules and regulations stipulate that "on the roof is out."

CONCORDIA

F. R. McCollough reports a new baby girl at his home. Congratulations, Frank! Yes—we smoke Harvesters.

H. I. Durham, gasoline salesman, with headquarters at Norton, and his wife, spent December 8 with W. P. Evans of the Concordia office, and his wife. We talked about gasoline, etc.—while the girls talked Christmas shopping. But at that we enjoyed the visit.

This correspondent (W. P. Evans) notes by the last issue of the Record that Roy Helenthal, cashier at St. Joseph, was married on October 4. Coincidently we were married on the same day. Heretofore we have not had much in common with Roy, though we kindo' liked him because he gets out our expense checks. Nevertheless we wish Roy all kinds of happiness and in the meantime we will knock on wood and keep our fingers crossed.

S. C. Tolbert, Concordia agent, will be the city salesman here as a result of I. H. Nash (who formerly worked Concordia) having had some more towns added to his territory, making more than Mr. Nash could handle.

T. V. Warren, assistant manager from St. Joseph, visited the Concordia station December 8, and left us feeling mighty proud of our place.

A. N. Bourne, of the warehouse, has been laid up at his home since December 6 with a severe cold. The last report we had was that he was getting along nicely and expected to return to work in a few days.

Fritz Householter, agent at Service Station 43, has nothing to say except, "Save your money and buy Winter Red Crown Gasoline." But that's a mouthful, Fritz!

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Clarence Ratz is taking dancing lessons. He has just finished three lessons and says he can dance the waltz and everything. How about the Shimmy, Clarence, and the Toddle?

Florence Warren has spent her lunch hour for the last six weeks gumshoeing for some particular pattern in plaid skirts on which she had set her mind. It seems that after visiting all of the stores from Market street to Cass avenue, she succeeded in locating just what she wanted. At any rate she is wearing it now. It would make a fine checker board.

B. W. Fitzgerald, general salesman at Jefferson City, Mo., takes exception to the statement we made in the November issue of the Stanolind Record to the effect that he lost the seat of his pants on a barbed wire fence while stealing grapes from a farmer. He says it was the front of his pants instead of the seat. Our apologies, Fitz.

Why does Marie Vance, St. Louis main office, make so many trips to the files nowadays? Can it be possible that the reason is that two handsome young men are working nearby?

A Mystery?—One night not long ago a tank truck drivers' meeting was held at the St. Louis main office. Manager A. P. Robinson volunteered to give some of the men a lift home after the meeting was over. We understand that the Kirkwood agent, Mr. Henry Ruhl, accepted the boss' invitation, and that on the following morning, when Henry reported for work at Kirkwood, he walked into the office in a carefree sort of manner, jammed his hand down in his pocket for his handkerchief and pulled out a woman's dust cap. The mystery is: How came the dust cap in Henry's pocket after an evening with A. P. R.?

Pearl Wilson, our efficient agent at Mountain Grove, Mo., is taking on flesh since the persimmon harvest is in full blast.

The turkeys roosted a little high (in price) for

the oil peddlers in Mountain Grove district, and in view of this fact the peddlers resorted to the meek and lowly 'possum.

Jane Denehey, stenographer in the sales department, St. Louis, has a new beau. This bird evidently does not have much pep, because Jane is now learning the words to the popular song "Hold Me Tight in Your Arms."

We understand that Salesman F. J. Batten, with the assistance of Wm. Doll, warehouse superintendent, will shortly install in his Packard Tin-Four a complete bathroom outfit.

Mr. Crumpley, salesman, tells this one on himself: He says he was driving in from a country trip to his home at Mountain Grove and about 5 miles out on the road met an old lady about 80 years of age walking. He stopped his machine and asked her if she cared to ride as he was going her way. She asked him if he was one of them drummer fellers. He replied "Yes." She answered: "No, I don't care to ride with no drummer."

Harry Dryer, purchasing agent, recently resigned his position with the company and is now connected with the Scullin Steel Co.

Our old friend Geo. T. Kelley, contract clerk, is now wearing cheaters—tortoise at that. What's the idea, George? Is the head pin getting smaller?

Mr. Kelley, St. Louis office, has suggested that Mrs. Warren, stenographer, be furnished an auto horn that may be used to clear the aisles about 8:20 each morning. This, he feels sure, will enable her to reach her desk not more than 5 minutes late and avoid the much looked for collision that is bound to come as she rounds the corners of the office at law breaking speed, trying to hit her desk on time. Ever try roller skates, Florence?

As the business of the Standard Oil Co. grows, so grows the Standard Oil Co. Family. This was proven by the arrival of a fine baby boy on November 28 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Rau, Pacific, Mo.

The three highway men that shot and killed our friend and customer, Ben Schowe, at Berger, Mo., on November 10, are safely lodged in the County jail at Union, Mo.

Agent F. W. Twelker, of Washington, Mo., is the proud possessor of a new two-ton I. H. C. truck, and believe us, it's rolling some too.

E. H. Perry, agent at Chamois, Mo., reports that his driver, Charles Day, while out rabbit hunting recently was attacked by a billy goat and after a tussle which lasted for some time, Charley would have come out second best had it not been for the butt of his gun, with which he finally subdued Billy. We asked Charley why he did not shoot, and he said he didn't have time.

Died at Pacific, Mo., on October 12, Mrs. Rau, age 68 years, mother of A. G. Rau, our agent at Pacific, Mo. The St. Louis division extends its sincere sympathy to Mr. Rau in his bereavement.

If you want to open a savings account, ask Eleanor Sheehan, stenographer St. Louis main office. She knows.

During the recent rainy spell, Charlie Conrad's wife awoke him during the night saying she could not sleep as her corn was bothering her. He immediately arose, saying he would apply a corn remedy. Now it happens that Charlie has been taking something of his own manufacture for a severe cold. After applying what he thought was the corn remedy, he retired very well satisfied. It is customary with Charlie to go to the medicine cabinet each morning upon arising. To his surprise the "Hooch" bottle was empty, he having applied the balance of the bottle to his wife's corn. But the corn disappeared.

Wm. Hooks, Kirkwood truck driver, known as the Mayor of Avondale, injured his right wrist while cranking his new Dorris truck. We are sorry, Bill, but some of these new trucks are tricky.

An agents' meeting was held in W. A. Welch's field, December 13, at Sikeston, Mo. Mr. C. B. Hoeller, district superintendent, conducted the meeting, which was very interesting indeed.

Friday night, December 17, C. B. Hoeller, division superintendent, held a very successful agent's meeting with General Salesman H. J. Luckey, in Mr. Luckey's field.

On Monday evening, December 13, E. J. Wiehen, service station superintendent, St. Louis, Mo., conducted a very enthusiastic service station meeting in the general offices of the company. The service station men were made to realize that it was their meeting instead of the usual cut and dried affair. After inspiring talks by our manager, A. P. Robinson, and others, the men were requested to talk themselves. Many very good suggestions were made. The meeting was a splendid demonstration of the interest that can be developed among employees in company affairs.

Geo. Gunn, driver at Sikeston, Mo., was promoted to agent at Charleston, effective November 1.

G. V. Montage, agent at New Madrid, Mo., is all smiles. He is to have a new tank station. He says: "Watch Red Crown go then!"

Agent H. H. Hopgood, of East Prairie, is enjoying his new tank station which went into effect in October.

M. W. Welch, agent at Sikeston, Mo., says that when he gets through going hunting to all the places where old hunters tell him there is a lot of game, he will know the country well, but he doesn't expect to have a full larder at that.

E. J. Greer, agent at Caruthersville, Mo., was going after a new Red Crown customer recently. E. J. thought he was making a most powerful spiel on how gasoline was made, until the prospect grinned and said: "Sonny, you made a good talk alright and you can fill up my tank on the strength of it anyhow, but say, I have been around refineries and worked in them practically all my life." Jeff says he is reading up some more on Red Crown gasoline.

Effective January 3, Mr. J. C. Cowherd will succeed Mr. L. A. Kahman, stock department head, who leaves the services of this company to work for the Islen-Tomsett Litho. Co., St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Kahman has been with us for some time, and we regret to have him leave. Our best wishes for his success.

Mr. J. E. Monegan, former assistant manager, has been transferred to La Crosse, Wis., as assistant manager. We regret very much that the officials of this company have taken Mr. Monegan from us, as he has endeared himself to all of us during his years of association with the St. Louis division. However, we can but wish him well in his new position.

Potatoes and Karo syrup would not be an attractive dish on a bill of fare, but Geo. Kelley, order department, says that if both are confined in "The Jug" for a period of ninety days, the result will be astonishing. He claims that the "Irish" in the potatoes asserts itself so forcibly that it will knock the famous reputation of "Potheen" into smithereens.

Mr. F. E. Pollock, agent at Owensville, Mo., visited friends and relatives at Union and Washington, on November 28.

Bill Hart, not of the movies, but our congenial agent at Meta, took his little girl to St. Louis to undergo an operation. Best wishes for her speedy recovery.

While home alone with her two children the night of the 15th, Mrs. Luebbers, wife of A. Luebbers, general salesman, was awakened by a burglar in her room. Having a revolver near at hand she fired two shots at him but evidently missed the burglar, as he made his getaway. However, only one bullet hole was found in the room and therefore some believe he was wounded. Mrs. Luebbers suffered a nervous collapse after the affray.

Jimmy Deegan, our agent at Olive and Newstead, St. Louis, Mo., was seen coming from the City Hall the other day. Don't keep us in suspense, Jimmy, we are waiting to hear the news.

Beau Brummel of the St. Louis office, Bill Zipp, was seen rushing frantically toward a candy store on Christmas eve. A little bird told us that Bill had a diamond ring packed in the middle of a box of candy for his little sweetie. Come across with the news, Bill—30,000 readers of the Stanolind Record are waiting breathlessly.

Helen Pausch, stenographer in the coupon book department, is sporting a 16 karat diamond ring. We take it that Helen will not be with us much longer. Trot him out, Helen, and let us look him over.

Shally has a new wart remover. Ask him, he is absolute authority on this subject. It is understood that the formula or prescription is: Wash the dishes for your wife. Is this a voluntary or compulsory remover, Shally?

While discussing the merits of a service station on Grand avenue at our recent service station meeting, someone remarked that the street cars probably hurt the business at this particular point. Mr. Worman, agent at Jefferson and LaSalle, pricked up his ears and suggested that we have the street cars removed from Grand avenue. This was a very bright suggestion on the part of Worman. Go to the head of your class, Worman.

Ralph Filson, relief attendant, was promoted to the position of agent at our new station at Queens and Florissant avenues, St. Louis, Mo.

A. H. Bienker, attendant at Grand and Connecticut streets, St. Louis, was made agent of our new station at Sarah and Chouteau.

C. B. Hoeller, district superintendent, recently held a very successful meeting with General Salesman C. E. Norwine and agents at Flat River, Mo. It is the consensus that these meetings held frequently are of benefit to all.

Telephone order clerks in the St. Louis office have been quite mystified recently by customers telephoning them and asking them to have "Slewfoot" call on them. In an endeavor to run down the matter, it was learned that H. A. Schoknecht's customers have fallen into the habit of calling him "Slewfoot." We presume this is on account of the large portion of his body which is turned out on the bottom and called feet.

J. P. Beals, gasoline salesman, says the way to get new business on Red Crown gasoline is to talk to 'em so long that you wear them out. They have to give in to save their lives.

Our old friend and pal, O. J. Partlow, was recently a visitor in the St. Louis office on a Friday night and bowled in the St. Louis division Bowling League. O. J. P. is some boy and we wish he were back with us again. Col. Stewart, please note.

Miss Jane Denehey is making a collection of towels, napkins, and other household utensils with the idea evidently of going actively into the business of housekeeping. Jane's mamma says she doesn't expect to have any linens left within a short time, if daughter doesn't hurry up and commit matrimony.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Xmas came early for Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Landeck, a little bundle of happiness arriving December 9, a bouncing eight-pound boy, and Irv says "looks just like dad."

Mr. J. A. Reynolds, of the Chicago office, was a pleasant caller for one day, recently.

We'll say Kathyrn Barnable selected the wrong Irishman when she challenged Bonnie McDermott to a series of games at Five Hundred. Bonnie won the dinner at the 'Republic'. Kathyrn thinks Bonnie stacked the cards on her because she always had the Joker at the right time.

Salesman J. E. Willis has been transferred from the "Beautiful Rosebud" territory to Sioux Falls. He stopped off for a day to scatter his usual sunshine at the office, among the girls of course.

Oh girls, wouldn't you like to have a chance to go to the Orpheum some night? I know some one who will take you. If you don't believe it, ask Clara Donegan. Our chief clerk's stenographer might be in a cage but Cupid is after some others too.

Salesman C. Crusinberry, at Sioux Falls, reports that on the 27th day of November, he "took a day off to get hinself married."

G. A. Redmon, salesman from Cherokee, spent Saturday in the office. Beats all how the stenographers make enquiries when they see a good looking guy—"is he married," "where does he live," etc. Guy is alright, girls, but Guy is a married guy, so forget it.

The "Annual Christmas Tree," given by the ladies of the Sioux City office, was held Saturday, December 11, at the office dining room. This being entirely a ladies affair, we may not be able to tell what happened but it looks as if all had a very enjoyable time. There was a Xmas tree and a very attractive table with Xmas colors in lights, flowers and refreshments; fried chicken, and all that goes with it. There followed a very fine program, cracker-eating contest, egg walking, a dance by Miss Jones, jokes on their husbands by the married ladies (and they were good too). The Mrs. Dyer and Elster gave a dialogue "over the back fence," and the manner in which same was given shows that it's happened in their neighborhood before. Skinny in pink pahamas was a scream—'nuf sed. (Photograph?—Editor.) Prophecies by Grace Carter and Miss Kelly were interesting. Vera Weede as Santa Claus distributed the gifts and did everything but come down the chimney. A recitation by Mrs. Cowles and a musical program added to the entertainment. All report a very happy Xmas dinner for 1920.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

November 19, being Lucy Marshall's ??th birthday, some of the girls gave a theatre party in her honor. They went to see Frizi Scheff in "Glorianna" and we understand that several of the girls quite lost their head over the leading man.

A peek into the Elk's bowling alleys one Monday evening revealed some of the following bowling fans: Bessie Drone, Martha Stoudt, Walter Johnson, Gertrude Nyberg, Mandus Vanderbosch, John

Buzolits, Laura Kruger, Joe Ernst, John Harringer, Marguerite Sweeney. We're wondering "who" took "who" home.

Miss Mabel Miller, of the iron barrel department, is on a six weeks' leave of absence, beginning December 13, and on the day of her departure was the guest of honor at a picnic dinner given at the office. We must admit that the girls will make good wives for some nice men 'cause the eats were fine. Lucy Marshall bakes wonderful cake and little Ellen Forslund surprised us with her delicious fruit salad. The only sad feature of the affair was that Miss Miller was leaving and we all wish her a speedy recovery to good health.

Is it true that Eddie Rowe's heart flutters every time he looks at Hazel Hultgren? If not, why does Hazel blush so easily?

We understand that Lester Hug attended the meeting of tank car order clerks at Indianapolis and that he is thinking of moving to Indianapolis. The reason—plenty of amusements.

Elsie Couture is wearing a very lovely pearl necklace lately, but the combined efforts of feminine force have failed to elicit any information as to the giver. Just the same, Elsie, we got our s'picions.

Bill Baumgartner has been promoted to substation examiner. Congratulations, Bill!

Now that 1921 is almost upon us, we hope John Marcus will order a goodly supply of erasers because it is a trait of all stenographers to date their letters a year behind, all through the month of January.

Margaret Burns, our telephone operator, has taken to literature. She says she has mastered the first seventy-eight pages of the new city directory.

Four of our eminent salesmen in the persons of J. J. Miller, R. E. McLellen, S. A. Pyle and Harry Kees were in South Bend one night and they purchased tickets for the Orpheum—55c per. One of our reporters saw them at the Oliver and is inquiring what kind of selling talk they gave the ticket-taker at the Oliver to gain admission to a $2.50 show on a 55c ticket. We must admit all S. O. salesmen have "oily" tongues.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Murray, formerly of Marion, Ind., now of South Bend, a 7¼-pound boy, Robert Eugene, on October 13. Welcome to our city, Mr. and Mrs. Murray and BOSS.

The body of Stanley Paszkiet, brother of Leo Paszkiet of the stock department, arrived in South Bend from France, November 12. Military funeral was held Sunday afternoon, November 14.

The latter part of November "Spot" Smith drove up to Michigan to get some cider and while making the trip contracted a terrible cold which laid him up for several days. When Spot got back to the office we asked him how the cold and cider was and he said fine. We have no proof, however, of just how good the cider really is.

G. W. Warner, one of our bookkeepers, is home, ill with smallpox. Our sympathies are with him and we hope it won't prove serious.

We are wondering if Vison Currise has decided which of the girls can make the best fudge.

South Bend division lost a good employee in the person of Walter J. Nelson, agent instructor, who was transferred to the Grand Rapids field December 1. Times change and we with time, but not in the ways of friendship. Our loss is Grand Rapids' gain.

WICHITA, KAS.

The usual Christmas time happiness among the Wichita employees was marked with a tinge of sadness. Mrs. Rose, wife of Art Rose, city delivery clerk, who had suffered so long in the hospital, was the first to pass away during the holiday season. Mr. Reilly, father of Regina Reilly, stenographer, died December 24. George Baker, shipping clerk, was also bereft of his wife. The funeral was held the same day as that of Mr. Reilly. Both services were held at St. Mary's Cathedral. All the employees extend their sympathy to the sorrowing ones.

Tommy Taylor, who is head of the equipment department, reports that his wife, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia, is slowly recovering.

E. E. Wade, bookkeeper, is again at his desk after a bad tussle with the "Grippe." He walks a little "wobbly."

Mary Short, stenographer, visited south of Wichita Christmas and reports that she had the following good things to eat: Roast chicken, dressing, baked sweet potatoes with marshmallows, creamed peas, chow-chow, pickles, celery, cranberry sauce, bread and butter, pumpkin pie, cherry pie, white Christmas cake, and fruit cake. Mary, you evidently had a swell time.

J. T. Akin, of the equipment department, visited friends at Arkansas City Christmas and the Sunday following.

Arthur A. Alexander, of the auditing department, was called to Illinois Monday, December 20, to attend a funeral of his brother-in-law, who was killed by a train.

On December 26, I. E. Affholder, salesman, was suddenly called to Blackwell, Okla., by the serious illness of his wife.

Thelma Ivy occupied the telephone booth during the holidays while Miss McCormick was away on her vacation.

O-OO! OLE OLSON!

"We wonder if Lorenza Hagen likes Chi. as well as Huron," wonders our correspondent at Huron, S. D., adding: "This is what she did at Huron for amusement. But then, she and Ole Olson are old friends as they both worked in the Fargo division before coming here. Olson is a general salesman."

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

H. S. MORTON, *Vice-President*

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

General Manager

T. J. THOMPSON

Assistant General Managers

JOHN L. CARTER, Northern Division

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Eastern Division

R. G. STEWART, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. LEWIS, *Manager*
C. F. HATMAKER, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
R. A. THOMSON, *Manager*
C. W. FLANAGAN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
H. F. WARREN, *Manager*
W. A. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
M. STORER, *Manager*
AMOS BALL, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. COCHRAN, *Manager*
H. H. KEATING, *Assistant Manager*

DUBUQUE, IOWA
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
H. E. BRUCE, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. MORTON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

KEOKUK, IOWA
M. F. KING, JR., *Manager*
C. M. VOGLER, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. H. LAMBERT, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
W. H. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. D. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
L. W. CAMERON, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
M. L. WIRSING, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
M. F. VAN KEUREN, *Manager*
MARTIN KELLY, JR., *Assistant Manager*

A World Without Petroleum

ELIMINATE petroleum from the world and modern industry would come to a dead stop.

Lacking that tiny film of mineral oil, continuously applied, and the machinery of the world would groan to a stand-still.

From air compressors to textile spindles, from sewing machines to power house engines, all the machinery of modern life, the machinery which clothes and feeds, and transports mankind, is dependent upon petroleum.

Animal fats and vegetable oils sufficed for lubrication in the era which preceded the industrial age, but only petroleum could supply lubricants in sufficient quantities to keep pace with the development of modern machinery.

In the development of our modern system of lubricating machinery, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has performed an essential service, in producing a vast number of highest grade lubricating oils and greases from petroleum.

Another vital service of the Company is the maintenance of a distribution system which delivers its lubricants wherever, and whenever, the need occurs.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) manufactures lubricating oils and greases varying in type and consistency to meet the requirements of the innumerable machines which our commercial age requires.

Only a highly specialized and intensely developed organization could give to the people of the Middle West the service rendered by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

The customer who buys a pound of grease, a quart of oil, or a gallon of gasoline, is getting the result of the best effort of 23,000 loyal, efficient, highly trained men and women who make up the personnel of this organization.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)
910 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

2370

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 2 MARCH 1921 No. 5

B. T. THOMPSON

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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Floyd Boner
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Div. 6—T. McFadden
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Wm. Donahue
A. J. Dreesen
A. Gondon
Wm. Haman
M. J. Hannon
Edward Harmon
George Hayes
L. C. Moore, *Vice-Chairman*
F. D. Rexwinkle
C. W. Smith
W. P. Stenhouse, *Chairman*
J. M. Stover
W. O. Walker

SUGAR CREEK

Employees' Representatives

Div. 1—H. R. Ruhlman, *Vice-Chairman*
John S. Dickey *Vice-Secretary*
Div. 1—O. Westwood
Div. 2—Charles Choate
Div. 3—W. F. Mulvihill
Div. 4—B. Fred Gore
Div. 5—Romie Urban
Div. 6—Mike A. Cauley *Chairman*
Div. 7—B. Fred Miller, *Secretary*
Div. 8—H. E. Otto
Div. 9—C. E. Spitzer

Management's Representatives

G. W. Thompson
A. O. Hodges, *Chairman*
Frank G. Lee, *Vice-Chairman*
H. B. McCoy
H. O. Eyssell
E. L. Rolfs
F. H. Frisby
C. C. Koehler
A. P. Phillips
E. M. Richmond
H. A. Shondell

WOOD RIVER

Employees' Representatives

Div. 1—H. E. Harrod
M. W. Freeman
Div. 2—J. M. Durham
Div. 2—Jesse Taylor
Div. 3—W. F. Adams
Div. 4—Frank Smith
Div. 5—P. J. Monks, *Chairman*
Div. 6—H. W. Martin, *Vice-Chairman*

Management's Representatives

E. E. Endicott
A. E. Gladden
R. E. Herzler
M. E. Hartwig
W. I. Jolly, *Chairman*
Robert Parks *Vice-Chairman*
J. J. Maloney
C. R. Wagner, *Secretary*

CASPER

Employees' Representatives

Div. 1—H. E. Kelley
J. W. Horrigan
Div. 2—Mack Burrell
J. M. Wimsatt
Div. 3—Arthur Peak
J. McClellan
Div. 4—John Schnur
Sam Olsen

Management's Representatives

Pitt Covert, Jr.
W. H. Tolhurst
A. V. Forbes
Fred Cormack
W. C. Eads
J. A. Degan
Oscar Howard
Rex Fanning

STANOLIND
RECORD

Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
Publication office: 910 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 2 MARCH No. 5

"LET'S GO!" IS COL. STEWART'S SLOGAN FOR 1921

"Bring Us Something More Than Money—Bring Us the Affections and Respect of the People of the Middle West" Is His Message to the Marketing Department, With a Promise That Merit Will Be Rewarded

"Let's Go!" is Col. R. W. Stewart's 1921 message to the sales department.

"Let's Go! We know this company is on the square. You know we are on the square. Everyone who works for this company knows we are on the square. We have no trickery to conceal; we can look the whole world in the face.

"And we want you to bring us something more than money. We want you to bring us the affections and respect of the people of the middle west. You can do that. Now, let's go!"

Declaring that all business, including the oil industry and its employees, is facing a period of submission to the "acid test," Col. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), told managers, assistant managers and other executives of the sales department who attended the annual banquet at the Congress hotel, January 24, that 1921 will bring rewards to those who successfully pass the test.

"I would rather have a place in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) organization than in any concern I know of—and I know a good deal about a great many concerns," said Col. Stewart. "Why? Because there is a disposition that amounts to a determination on the part of the Board of Directors of this company to reward merit, to recognize the man who makes good.

"The thing I like best in the world to do is to call a man into my office and tell him how pleased I am with his work; to tell him that he is to be given a chance at something bigger. The thing I like least in the world to do is to call a man into my office and ask for his resignation. That hurts! But I, or anyone, would be a poor leader if he let that feeling interfere.

"All members of this Board of Directors feel as I do. Nothing pleases them more than to be able to reward merit; and it is merit alone that will be rewarded. There is no royal road to fortune in this company. Birth and influence do not count. It is merit alone that counts; merit alone that will count.

"If tomorrow I were to meet a man—I do not care what his position: he might be a tank wagon driver—who I believed would make a better member of this Board of Directors than Mr. Allan Jackson, or Mr. Seubert, or Mr. Parks, or any other of our members, I would vote to elevate him to that position.

"And there will be men elevated to membership on this Board in the years to come, and there will be men promoted to other high executive positions, and to lesser executive positions. No man can hold up many years under the strain of the great responsibilities the executives of companies like this have to carry. Dr. Burton, Mr. Morton, myself—we can not last forever; our years as executives are numbered. And there must be men ready to take our places, younger men, with ability and energy to take the reins when we drop them. And below them, all down the line, must be ready young, energetic, capable men, to step into the places of the men who step up."

Col. Stewart prefaced his main address by a sympathetic reference to the veterans who were absent—a reference which evoked a warm response from his hearers.

"It is not with unmixed feelings that I look over this audience tonight," he said. "There are missing many faces that I know; faces of your friends and my friends; faces of men who have done much to make this company the great organization that it is. Their places have been filled by younger men, just as my place will some day be filled, and Dr. Burton's place, and Mr. Morton's place. Life moves fast in this age, and in all great organizations executives must be changed with greater frequency than in the past. But it hurts to see them go. We miss them, those men who have done so much to build this organization. I want you all to stand with me and drink a silent toast to those men who have led the battle in the past and have now given way to younger men."

The toast was drunk with feeling.

Col. Stewart's address was preceded by talks by D. L. Guilfoyle, J. C. Marshall, A. H. Dodsley, P. J. Quinlan, J. H. Lambert, Dr. W. M. Burton, Mr. Parks, Mr. Seubert, Mr. Martin, of the legal department, and Mr. Jackson. Mr. John L. Carter acted as toastmaster.

DIMPLE AND ALL!

Saginaw, Mich. Mr. Editor:—In accordance with your request for a photograph of our former assistant manager, Mr. F. L. Cochran, a few days before he left us to become manager at Minneapolis we ran across the aforesaid gentleman one afternoon in our office, where he was busily engaged, to use his own words, "awaiting orders." We broached the subject of a photo for the Record to him and without taking his eyes off his magazine or his feet off the desk, he replied: "I haven't had a picture taken since I went to Coney Island fifteen years ago."

Believing this to be the terrible truth we were about to give up hope when a happy thought struck us. Producing our old Kodak, which happened to be two drawers below the one he had his feet on, we informed him that if he would come outside where the light was good we would take his picture. Muttering something to the effect that he couldn't be bothered he continued his "watchful waiting."

It was then that we realized that if we were to fill your order for a photo, it would be necessary to photograph him without disturbing him and we took a chance with the above result.

We did manage to get him to look up, but only because he stopped reading long enough to assure our photographer that: "You are not fooling me a particle; there aren't any films in that camera." This, on his part, was a fatal error, for during those fleeting seconds, the old camera had registered his smiling countenance, dimple and all—and here it is.

No doubt, he will be as surprised to see this picture as we were to get it, but it just goes to show that even with the odds against you, it sometimes pays to take a chance.

MR. POLLOCK RETIRES

After thirty-eight years and four months' service with this company, Mr. Charles S. Pollock, field station manager at Minneapolis, retired on February 1 and was placed on the company's annuity roll. Mr. Pollock's home address is 2220 Fremont Ave., South Minneapolis, Minn.

"A MADONNA OF SOLACE AND CHEER"

Miss Anna Kaminski, of Standard Oil Company Office, South Bend, Ind., Mothers Broken Victim of Shell Shock, Deserted in Adversity by Friends of Other Days, Giving Part of Every Month's Pay to Provide for His Support

"The kindly act of one South Bend woman comes like a bit of saving grace amidst the hurry and flurry of today", was the headline carried by the feature page of the South Bend News-Times, Sunday, November 21. Beneath, it told the story of Anna Kaminski. Regarding it, Mr. D. L. Guilfoyle, Standard Oil manager at South Bend, wrote: "Miss Kaminski is employed in this office, having worked in the accounting department on the tank wagon desk for the past three years. She is liked and respected by all her fellow employees, and a great deal of her time outside of business hours is spent in helping unfortunate people."

The Record has not space to reprint the story of Anna Kaminski and George Banicki, printed in the News-Times under the signature of Thomas E. Healy, but presents herewith a synopsis, with quotations.

The story begins in Germany. Anna's brother, Sergt. Peter Kaminski, member of the Army of Occupation, was implicated in a brawl which resulted in one death, a court martial and life sentences for five. Through the untiring efforts of Anna, Peter's innocence was proved and he was released on parole, returning to South Bend last June, where he opened a cigar and candy store, which has since become a gathering place for ex-service men and men of the neighborhood in South Bend.

To the store one day came George Banicki, pitiful relic of the war. He had served with the Polish army in France, had been wounded by shrapnel and crazed by shell shock.

"Opposite us was a young lad of 22 years," wrote Mr. Healy in the News-Times, describing George Banicki. "His hands were trembling; his lips constantly moving and his face twitching. He shuffled his feet upon the wooden floor and bent his body forward and backward and from side to side, as if some devilish mechanism within him were controlling his muscles.

"Withal he was fair and handsome beneath it all, and one could not but think of him as once having a sturdy body and red cheeks of good health. But when he spoke in answer to a question a drawn-out gibbering and driveling greeted our ears. * * * His voice was cracked and sounded like a hoarse gurgle."

Members of a local society of which Banicki had once been a member, instead of aiding him, expelled him for non-payment of dues!

Homeless, friendless, penniless; unfit for work of any kind, Banicki wandered into Peter's store. Anna Kaminski found him there.

"She appealed to his friends and found how unresponsive some friends are. She then took upon herself the task of caring for the boy. * * * She is now supporting this poor victim of grim and comfortless circumstances. She gives a part of her pay to help him live."

He finds an immeasurable pleasure in

HAVING A GAY TIME WITH FATHER TIME, WOOD RIVER

The Woman's Club of Wood River gave a delightful entertainment on New Year's eve, in the form of a New Year's birthday party. It was a costume affair, as the above photograph shows. The proceeds were turned over to the philanthropic committee. The Woman's Club is the only organization in Wood River which promotes civic and philanthropic work. Credit is due to Mrs. M. F. Manning and Mrs. C. A. James for the New Year's entertainment. In the above, left to right, top row: Mrs. W. Bacheldor, Mrs. H. Loarts, Mrs. H. Fox, Mrs. C. Vaughn; center: Mrs. R. Lane, Mrs. H. Wuestenfeld, Mrs. Raymond Buck, Mrs. H. Clark; lower row: Mrs. C. Wagner, Mrs. F. Soliday, Mrs. E. Maguire, Mrs. J. Maloney, Mrs. L. Tulley. Mrs. G. A. Hendrickson is not in the photograph because of illness.

sitting, just sitting, in the store of brother Peter. It is his votive place; there he may worship at the shrine of the only goddess that he knows—Anna Kaminski.

He comes there every day, in khaki trousers and green sweater, and old military overcoat. And he says he is getting better: "Yes, better, better, every day."

"And if he is getting better, as he bravely says he is; if he does recover from the pitiable state in which he is, it will be to the glory and nobility of spirit" of Anna Kaminski, whose true woman's heart has brought to this blighted soul a little bit of heaven.

FROM OFFICE BOY TO MANAGER OF LUBRICANT SALES

Like Many Others Among the Executives of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Mr. B. T. Thompson, General Manager of the Lubricating Division, General Sales Department, Began at Bottom of the Ladder and Climbed Up

Whenever an employer hires an office boy he gambles with the future.

He may be taking into his office a nuisance who will lose or misplace important mail or papers or be discourteous to customers.

He may be hiring an executive who will some day administer a major department of the company's business.

He may be hiring an irresponsible who instead of being on his toes to answer the bell will be loafing on the —th floor stairway whiffing cigarets.

He may be hiring his own future boss; you never can tell.

It's always a gamble; but the Kansas City manager for the Standard Oil Company who hired an office boy back in October, 1884, picked a winner.

His name was Beverly Tucker Thompson, but what the boss called him was a lot shorter than that. But no matter what he called him, the boss soon found that he didn't have to wait for a response. Beverly Tucker Thompson was on his toes.

Unlike many "sophisticated" young fellows, Beverly Tucker Thompson had a hunch that there was something more than "bunk" in that school of fiction which is identified by such titles as "From Fireman to President," "From Bootblack to Congressman," et cetera, et cetera. He had a notion that promptness, devotion to duty and use of one's think-tank would take a fellow a long way, just as the story books said.

Because he had this notion the Stanolind Record is able to carry a headline over this story which is a statement of fact and not fiction—"From Office Boy to Manager of Lubricant Sales."

When the Kansas City manager back in 1884 hired an office boy he hired the future general manager of the lubricating division, sales department, of one of the greatest petroleum products marketing organizations in the world.

"I was office boy and 'handy Andy'," said Mr. B. T. Thompson, when asked to recount his youthful experiences for the Stanolind Record. "Part of my duties consisted of the regulation work of an office boy. I had also, however, to go around every day and get jobbers' orders and return the invoice the next day. Our orders were all handled through jobbers then.

"During my first year with the company I was in Armourdale, Kan., which the world now knows as Kansas City, Kan. I was in the warehouse, handling orders, checking in tank wagon drivers and rechecking carloads of case goods shipped from Cleveland, Ohio, to points west of the Missouri river. In those days all carload lots for the west had to be unloaded at Kansas City and Omaha and re-shipped over a western road.

"All notices and invoices came to us from Cleveland written in longhand. They were signed by Mr. Goodwillie, recently retired from the service of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. I had to write all my replies in longhand, too, for at that time the only stenographer we had was one who came in for two hours each day, and took letters from the manager only."

Mr. Thompson worked through various departments and positions in the Kansas City office until in 1894 he went into the lubricating department. Since that time he has specialized entirely on lubricants.

In October, 1896, he was transferred from Kansas City to Chicago, devoting his entire time to the sales of lubricating and specialty products both in Chicago and the territory, reporting to the general office at Chicago. In October, 1918—a month of destiny for Mr. Thompson—he was made general manager of the lubricating division, sales department, Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

He holds that position today. The 1921 likeness of our office boy of 1894 appears on the cover of this issue of the Stanolind Record.

A PERFECT SAFETY RECORD FOR 17 MONTHS

A perfect safety record for seventeen months is a feat for any department to be proud of, especially if that department has a large group of men working at normal or more than normal hazards.

The Whiting refinery is very proud of its Electrical Department which has made this record. This department once had lost time accidents, but the foreman made up his mind that such a condition was unnecessary and immediately began demonstrating the fact. Hence the record of seventeen months without a lost time accident. And further, during that time there has been less than a dozen minor scratches or abrasions.

There are two principal factors which make a record of this kind possible. First, the foreman must be a genuine Safety man who demonstrates to his men, by his actions, that Safety is *first* in his department. Mr. David Dees, who is foreman of the Electrical Department, is that kind of a foreman. So is Mr. N. E. Wilson, who has charge of the telephone work in the department. Second, the men in a department must be Safety Men who will not tolerate careless actions. The men in this department are of this sort. Simple, isn't it? When everyone works toward the same end, it is very easy to obtain such a record.

Mr. Dees is the first Safety Man at the extreme left, standing. Mr. Wilson is the second Safety Man at the extreme right, standing. The others are all Safety Men in the Electrical Department, who turn in a mark of "100% Safety" every day.—C. W. Smith, Safety Director, Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

OUR ORCHESTRA

Fargo, N. D., Feb. 1—This is to announce that the Standard Oil Social Club of Fargo, the livest organization within the Company, has organized an orchestra, consisting of the following: Ernest Eckerberg, R. R. Randall, Orrin Fossum, Harry Boyd, Fred Thompson, E. Swanson, O. M. Ranger, violinists; O. J. Hanson, melaphone; J. C. Van Auken, cornet; Roy Kraemer, clarinet; Sherman Almanrode, saxophone; Rosing Glimme, trombone; Enga Nelson, marimbaphone; Milton Ebeltoft, drums and taps; Marvyl Larson, piano. The orchestra practices every Wednesday evening.

GIRLS SMILE, MEN FAINT, WHEN DOCTOR SAYS: "BARE ARMS!"

To the left is Dr. Morton vaccinating Mildred Thielke of the purchasing department. To the right is Emma Shotts, who served as one of the doctor's assistants.

"I'll tell the world the girls gotta lot more nerve than the fellows!"

Thus, Mr. Franklin Krause, junior clerk and oracle of the advertising department, whose services had been commandeered to help us move things about so we could get a photograph of Dr. Frank S. Morton, chief surgeon for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), in the act of vaccinating the girls of the home office. And for at least once in his young life, Mr. Krause spoke what is colloquially known as a "mouthful."

It was 11 o'clock Friday morning. Grim faced men and boys thronged the women's rest room on the sixth floor, where Dr. Morton was holding forth with a box of wicked looking needles while two young ladies clipped bandages and dipped cotton into alcohol. A heavy odor of antiseptics hung about the room.

"Bare arms, please!"

Grim faces grew grimmer, and whiter. Nervous grins appeared.

The needle began to scratch.

"There he goes; catch him!"

And another man would have bit the dust were it not for the fact that our excellent janitors permit no dust to gather on our floors.

Sickly smiles and graveyard whistling as another bump announced to those far back in line that one more victim had pulled a flop.

"Anybody who feels in need of a drink may go to the lower end of the room," kindly announced the doctor.

Concerted movement — nay, rush — to the lower end of the room: awaited there a container of Waukesha spring water. Oh, Doctor!

It was 11 o'clock Saturday morning. The men had gone. Instead there were girls, smiling girls, laughing girls.

Giggles.

Whispers. Lots of whispers.

"Will we have to take off our blouses?"

"My sleeve is too tight; I can't roll it up."

"I know I'll faint!"

"Do we have to be vaccinated on the arm?"

"How do I know? Ask the doctor."

The doctor submitted that it was immaterial to him. The photographer looked hopeful. Sleeves were rolled up. The photographer looked less happy.

"Ready, bare arms!" announced the doctor. "Come on, not a girl has fainted yet."

"Scratch, scratch," went the needle.

AND NOT EVEN ONE GIRL FAINTED!

In this case the "victim" is Miss Emily Swenson. To the left is Georgia Randall, Dr. Morton's stenographer, who assisted him.

"Giggle, giggle," went the victim." Chatter, chatter," went the line.

"That's it! Hold the pose!" called the photographer.

"Can you still smile?" we asked her who had just been vaccinated and whose arm the doctor still grasped as he waited for the photographer to shoot.

Could she still smile? Could they all still smile? Well, look at the picture, fellows. You gotta hand it to the girls.

GIVE $1000 TO HUNGRY

The Whiting "Dirty Faces," colloquial for members of the Whiting Mutual Benefit Association, have donated $1,000 to the Literary Digest Child Feeding Fund, according to the annual report of W. O. Walker, secretary of the Benefit association. The $1,000 is to be expended in providing food for the starving children of Europe.

Mr. Walker's report shows that the Whiting association is tremendously strong financially. With all bills paid, the association had a balance on hand January 1, 1921, of $11,903.52, a gain over last year of $1,442.79. Balance on hand January 1, 1920, was $10,460.73. Receipts for the year were $8,883.70, of which $8,316 was received in dues. Disbursements, including the $1,000 contributed to the Literary Digest fund, amounted to $7,440.91. Of this $4,426 was expended for sick benefits; $900 for funeral benefits; $720 for salaries; $333.26 for supplies, and $61.65, miscellaneous.

* * *

Year 1610—Indians sell Manhattan Island for case of whiskey.

Year 1921—Citizens offer to swap back.

WHERE COMES STANDARD OIL, COMES PROSPERITY

"Of One Thing We Are Certain: Wherever Standard Oil Operates, Business Picks Up and the Country Becomes Rich and Prosperous," Says Newspaper in Casper, in Editorial on "Corporations in Wyoming"

The following editorial appeared during January in the Casper Tribune, of Casper, Wyo. It reflects the belated tribute which the world is coming to pay to the pioneer builders of corporations who taught the world the economy of quantity production and centralized direction. The Record believes it will be read with interest by all employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) as well as by all others to whom the Record is circulated.—Editor.

More's the pity that there are still those in the country who, in spite of enlightening experience, still see in Wall street, John D. Rockefeller, big business and corporations generally, the bogey man of old. No number of object lessons will effect a cure.

Analyzed, all these things are psychological, phrases or names. None of them are dangerous or detrimental. And if they are still so believed, then it is because demagoguery has imposed upon ignorance.

Wall street is nothing more than a short and narrow street in New York which has in the passing of time become for convenience of commerce a banking center. It is purely impersonal. It is composed of many hundreds of men engaged in legitimate and honorable business, all independent and unorganized. Wall street commits no wrong and engages in no acts of corruption.

John D. Rockefeller is simply the name of a man; a man of very advanced years, who has, in his time, been a great man, possessing one of the keenest business minds the world has ever known. He has not engaged in active business affairs for many years. The good he has done for mankind far outweighs even the bad which ignorance, prejudice and popular clamor would attribute to him.

Big business is nothing more or less than the grouping of corporations brought under one directing head for administrative purposes and for the increasing and cheapening of production, employing skilled labor and supplying foreign and domestic markets. Such an organization was formerly called a trust. It interferes in no manner with other and independent concerns in the same line who become competitors. Independents have actually multiplied and grown strong since the coming of big business.

Corporations are groups of individuals who associate themselves together and invest their money for the purpose of engaging in business or production or for other purposes.

Corporations then are nothing more than individual business men such as you meet every hour of the day, and big business is simply groups of corporations composed of the same sort of men. These things are done out of necessity and for greater convenience in conducting business. There could be nothing to become frightened about in them regardless of soap-box orators and others who would establish Utopia upon earth regardless of the fact that human experience has found that it requires hard-headed business sense and judgment to conduct the affairs of the world and hold the human family together. Dreamers have their uses, but practical affairs require practicability, not wholly visions.

There was a time a few years back when corporations, or business of enterprise and success, received for their efforts the abuse and antagonism of a considerable share of the public. This unhappy and altogether unjustified situation has largely changed as we come more and more in contact with corporations.

Wyoming is a very fair sample of what was before and what is today with reference to corporations. The railway corporations have all had their seasons of abuse—the Union Pacific, the Burlington, and the Northwestern. Wyoming would still be an unsettled desert without them. They gave the impetus to settlement.

They gave us the means to go and come, brought us things we had to have and took the things we had for sale to market. They were the pioneers after the trapper, prospector and emigrant. Although these railroads were directed by just men like the rest of us, still they were corporations and must needs be "cussed." They have survived the profanity and almost everybody of reasonably good sense has grown to respect them.

And what would Wyoming have done without corporations, and big ones at that, when the oil fields were discovered? It required vast capital, tremendous energy and great expert knowledge to develop the oil fields. Individual and small effort would have got nowhere. The Standard and Midwest corporations have certainly done nothing but good to the State of Wyoming and her people. They have enriched both and made us famous where before we were unknown.

Have you ever stopped to think what Casper or Laramie, or Thermopolis or Greybull owe to these corporations and to others? They have not retarded development; they have not made deserted villages out of our towns. On the contrary, they have made them live and enterprising cities.

What have they done for other corporations who desired to prospect for and produce oil? Encouraged them, made a market for their product and made them rich.

What about wartime performance by the Standard and Midwest? Did these great organizations hold back in their duty to their country, because in previous days certain politicians under the government had sought to punish and harass them because of their enterprise and success? No! They bent every energy, for every twenty-four hours in each day, produced to the limit the things the government required and so contributed unsparingly to the final victory.

Someone has resurrected the old term "monopoly," formerly much in vogue as an implied reproach; meaning by monopoly exclusive control. They apply it now to the Standard Oil Company in connection with Wyoming. If the Standard has a monopoly in Wyoming it is not hard to bear. We will not find the yoke more galling than has Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, California or other fields where the Standard has operated. None of these states have suffered on account of the Standard or of any real or imaginary monopoly.

Of one thing we are certain: Wherever the Standard operates, business picks up and the country becomes rich and prosperous.

If you have ever suffered from the wrong slant on corporations like the Standard and Midwest, back up and get a better view. They are positively making the State of Wyoming worth while.

FOUR NEW ANNUITANTS

Four veteran employees have been placed on the company's annuity payroll since January 16, as follows:

James B. Bemis, Rush City, Minn., was placed on the annuity roll January 16. Mr. Bemis was formerly agent at Duluth, Minn., and had been in the employ of the company thirty-two years and one month.

Alfred W. Dale, 1505 Riverside Avenue, Sioux City, Iowa, was placed on the annuity roll February 1. Mr. Dale was formerly cashier at Sioux City and had been in the employ of the company thirty-six years and one month.

James B. Grooms, 5048 Washington Park Court, Chicago, was placed on the annuity roll February 1. Mr. Grooms was formerly salesman and information man at the Chicago office. He had been in the employ of the company twenty-seven years and seven months.

Mr. J. F. Hinch, 586 Middle Drive, Woodruff Place, Indianapolis, was placed on the annuity roll February 1. Mr. Hinch was formerly chief clerk at Indianapolis, and had been in the employ of the company thirty-eight years and eleven months.

* * *

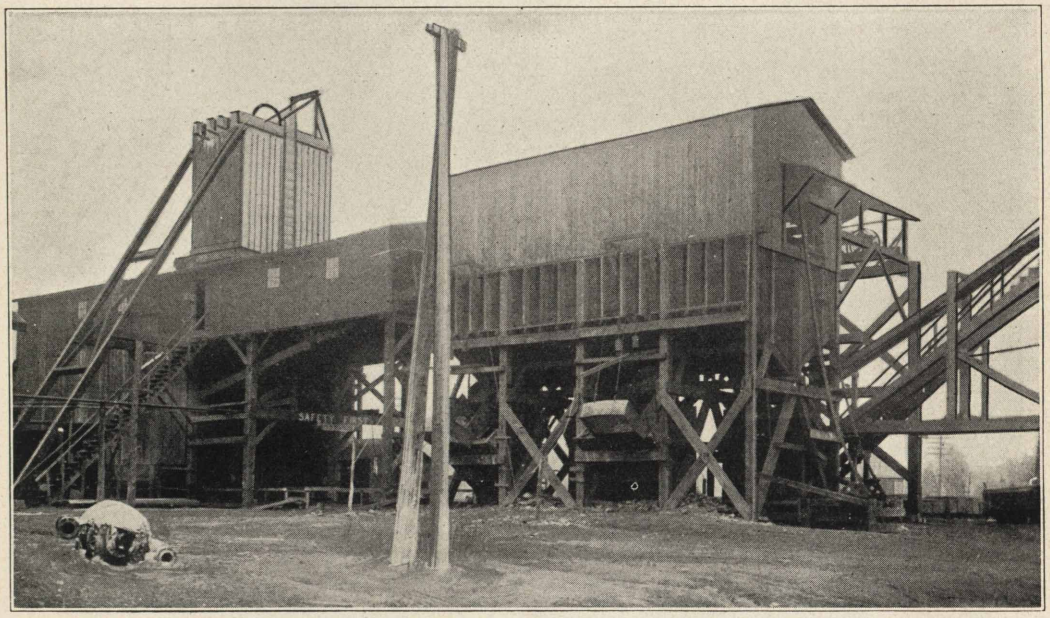
"Aren't you ready, dear?" called husband from downstairs.

"As soon as I fix my hair, Henry," came the reply.

"For gracious sakes, haven't you fixed your hair yet?" came from Henry a half hour later.

"Fixed it? I haven't found it yet."—*Exchange.*

MINE ONE-A, CARLINVILLE, DISCONTINUED



January 15, 1921, marks the passing from the list of operating mines of Mine 1-A, a Standard Oil Company coal mine at Carlinville, Ill.

The whistle of the old mine has been for thirty-five years the regulator of the daily routine of Carlinville residents. Its failure to blow will cause many late meals and excuses for tardiness until every one is provided with a watch or some new signal.

Mine 1-A, as it was designated by the Standard Oil Company, was sunk in the 80's by local promoters. It has changed hands several times, being operated for the longest period, some twenty years, by the Carlinville Coal Company, a local company headed by Mr. W. G. Bartels. The mine was purchased in October, 1917, by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), when war conditions caused a scarcity of fuel and any mine with a fair production was eagerly sought after. Its production in the three years and three months of Standard Oil Company operation was easily equal to any ten years in its previous history. Prior to 1915 when the Carlinville Coal Company secured new capital for its electrical improvement, all coal was hauled by mules.

The old air shaft to Mine 1-A, once a hoisting shaft, goes back to the earliest history of the city, and to the time in the industry when the day's work was twelve hours, the cars pushed by hand, and the ventilation maintained by draft from a furnace at the bottom of the shaft.

The territory mined by the 1-A men is now taken over by Mine 1-B and all the coal will now be hoisted at the new shaft.

* * *

"What would you do if you were a millionaire?" asked Pat.

"Me?" said Tim. "I'd have a half fut more length to this pick handle and save me poor back." —*Exchange.*

* * *

"Pat, here's the dollar I borrowed of ye last week."

"Bedad, Mike, I'd forgot all about it."

"Och, why the divil didn't ye say so!"—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

When the lady next door called to complain that Tommy had been persecuting her pet cat she found the boy on the front steps.

"I want to see your father!" she demanded.

"I'm afraid you can't see Pa now," said Tommy respectfully.

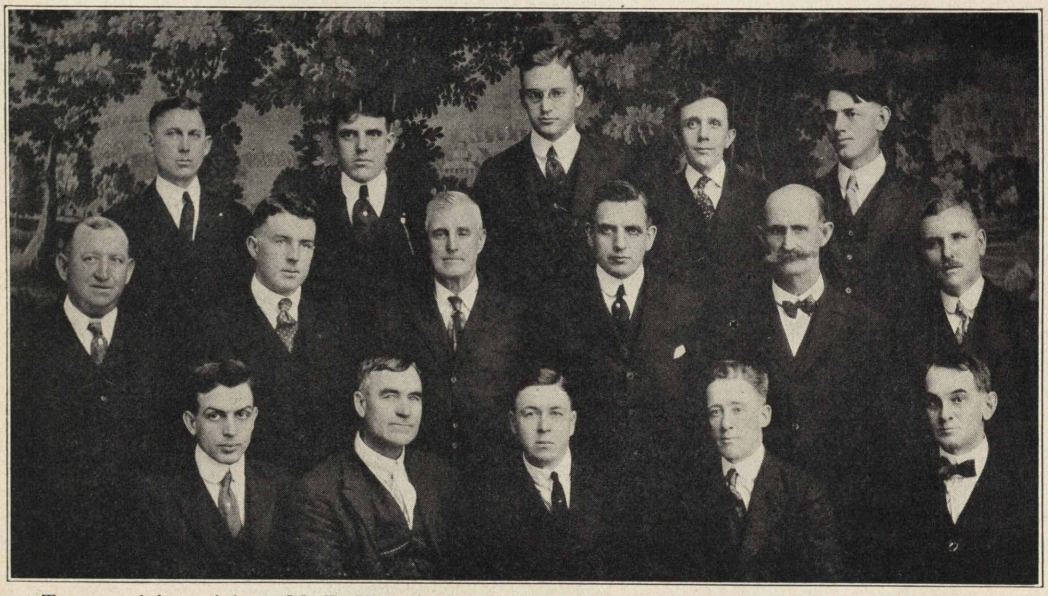
"I intend to see him instantly," the lady insisted in a loud voice.

"Well, alright," agreed the little fellow, opening the front door. "Walk right upstairs. You'll find Pa in the bathroom taking a bath."

JOINT GENERAL COMMITTEE, SUGAR CREEK WORKS, 1921

Standing, left to right: B. Fred Gore, A. P. Phillips, E. M. Richmond, Frank G. Lee, A. O. Hodges, H. B. McCoy, H. E. Otto, E. L. Rolfs, G. W. Thompson, C. C. Koehler, J. S. Dickey, H. A. Shondell; seated: F. H. Frisby, Clarence E. Spitser, Oscar Westwood, H. R. Ruhlman, W. F. Mulvihill, B. Fred Miller, Mike A. Cauley, Romie Urban, Charles Choate and H. O. Eyssell.

JOINT GENERAL COMMITTEE, WOOD RIVER, 1921



Top row, left to right: M. E. Hartwig, H. E. Harrod, R. E. Herzler, W. F. Adams, E. E. Endicott; center: F. Smith, J. J. Maloney, J. M. Durham, A. E. Gladden, Jesse Taylor, M. W. Freeman; lower row: C. R. Wagner, H. W. Martin, W. I. Jolly, P. J. Monks, Robert Parks.

PARKS FOR MAYOR

Wood River, Ill., Feb. 4.—Robert Parks, member of the Wood River J. G. C., has announced his candidacy for mayor at the spring elections. At this writing no other candidate has appeared in the field. Mr. Parks has lived in Wood River since 1908, and has given good service as a member of the Community High School Board. W. A. Tipton, master mechanic at the Standard works, has filed his petition for councilman.

* * *

Sandy and John were sitting in a car when a pretty girl got in and smiled at the former. He raised his hat.

"Do you know her?" asked the Englishman.

"Oh, yes, very weel," the Scot replied.

"Well, shall we go over and sit beside her, and then you can introduce me?" asked his companion.

"Wait a bit," returned the canny Scot. "She hasn't paid her fare yet."

* * *

"Do you remember my telling you of the great difficulty George Washington had to contend with?" said the teacher.

"Yes, ma'am," said a little boy. "He couldn't tell a lie."

$335,000 FOR PAVING

Press reports from Wood River state that the village board of that place is preparing to carry out a sidewalk and street paving project which will cost approximately $335,000. The village has just completed sewer and water improvements costing $80,000. Plans for paving include connecting Wood River with Alton by pavement, according to W. I. Jolly, city engineer. Mr. Jolly is an employee of the Standard Oil Company and is management's chairman of the Wood River J. G. C

* * *

Reporter—"And in what state were you born, Prof. Psyshoff?"

Prof. Psyshoff (learnedly)—"Unless my recollection fails me, young man, in the state of ignorance.

Reporter (scribbling)—"Ah yes; to be sure, and you have lived there all your life, haven't you?"

* * *

Old Lady—"Son, can you direct me to a bank?"

Boy—"Yessum, for a quarter."

Old Lady—"Isn't that mighty high pay, my boy?"

Boy—"No ma'am, not for a bank director."

JOINT GENERAL COMMITTEE, WHITING, 1921

Front row, left to right: Dave Clements, H. J. Broderson, L. C. Moore, W. P. Stenhouse, F. A. Ogren, M. J. Hannon, John Chorley, S. L. Clark, C. H. Daugherty, George Hulatt, T. S. Boyle; second row: Steve Tobias, C. W. Smith, Wm. Donahue, P. A. Kozacik, Patrick Woodlock, D. J. Gallagher, A. J. Dreesen, Ernest Shepherd, Ira O. Troyer, Joseph Stanley, F. D. Rexwinkle, W. O. Walker; third row: Hugh Brown, A. D. Buchanan; fourth row: Nick Scholl, T. C. Brown (Recorder), Ray Whitmer; top row: Frank McCoy, Thomas McFadden, Frank Eaton, J. L. Trueblood, James McCarthy, Elmer Bonham, Edward Harmon, Wm. Haman, George Hayes, Wm. Bartels, T. J. Burke.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT RED CROWN GASOLINE?

You Are Employed by the Greatest Gasoline Marketing Company in the World But Do You Know the History of Gasoline and the Part Which Red Crown, Manufactured By Your Company, Has Played in Making That History?

"Every Standard Oil Company Employee a Salesman!"

Here is a slogan, adopted last October by the employees at St. Joseph, Mo., which it is to the self-interest of every employee of this company to adopt as his (or her) own guide, whether he is employed in the sales department or in the refineries, whether he is a salesman or stenographer, a service station attendant or a still cleaner. The more Red Crown gasoline, the more Polarine, and Semdac and Stanolax sold, the greater the demand on the whole organization, and the greater the demand, the more men will be needed in the refineries, the more clerks and stenographers in the various offices. More sales, more jobs.

It is not necessary to take orders to be a salesman. Boosting your company's products is helping to sell them. On that basis every Standard Oil employee should be a salesman.

No one can boost anything successfully if he is ignorant of the qualities of the article he is trying to boost; and no Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employee should be ignorant of the qualities of the products manufactured by this company. Besides, one can never know, in a great organization such as this, when he may be transferred to a job where such knowledge will be essential or helpful to his success. The Record believes, therefore, that the following article on gasoline, of which this is the first installment in a serial, will and should be read by all employees. Prepared by the advertising department, and to be published soon in booklet form, it relates, under the caption "Red Crown Gasoline for Power and Mileage", the history of gasoline, and the part which Red Crown has played in the making of that history. A second installment will be printed in the April number.—EDITOR.

The Standard Oil Company has increased the efficiency of gasoline and produces a greater volume than ever before from a given volume of crude. These achievements have met with Government commendation.

Red Crown Gasoline is the result of half a century of manufacturing experience. It is made for one purpose only and it can be demonstrated that it gives maximum efficiency at minimum expense.

Federal examination of gasolines sold in seven principal centers of the United States show definitely the quality of the fuel obtainable throughout the country. Our own records compared with these findings show that Red Crown averaged better than Government specifications; that it is better than the average of gasoline sold in the seven principal cities and that both the initial boiling point and the end point are lower. It will be explained in the following pages what these things mean to the motorist.

WHAT IS GOOD GASOLINE?

There are several things that you should demand from the gasoline you buy.

First—That the motor shall start easily even in the coldest weather.

Second—That it shall pick up quickly.

Third—That it shall accelerate smoothly.

Fourth—That the gasoline shall deliver the maximum power and the maximum speed your engine was designed to develop.

Fifth—That it shall carry your car at the least cost per mile.

Sixth—That it shall be available wherever you go and always the same wherever you buy it, thereby saving you the necessity of making frequent readjustment of your carburetor—something which for "efficiency's" sake is necessary if you change fuel.

You will appreciate that a gasoline which meets these requirements assures you a perfect motor fuel; that if these specifications were met it would make not one iota of difference whether the motor fuel which meets every demand was made from a raw material taken out of the ground or from one taken out of the air—whether it were 102 degrees gravity, 72 degrees gravity, or 32 degrees gravity; for, in the final analysis, when you buy gasoline you buy neither the fuel itself nor its physical characteristics, but the service that the fuel will render.

We shall show you that Red Crown

"THE BOYS WHO DELIVER THE GOODS"

Here are the Evansville tank wagon drivers, warehouse force and garage mechanics; in the center Mr J. C. Schmitt, superintendent of tank wagons and warehouse; left to right, kneeling: Jno. Greenwall, car washer; R. L. Mosely, painter; Louis Laib, mechanic; Chas. Schmitt, driver; Union Holder, warehouse clerk; Wm. Kaufman, pipe fitter; J. N. Ridge, pipe fitter; Louis Compton, mechanic, Starling Royster, mechanic; Louis Hebbeler, carpenter. Standing, left to right: Morris Williams, curb pump man; C. A. Roth; driver; E. Bienhaus, driver; Chas. E. Cecil, driver; Fred Rieber, driver; Wm. Schlensker, driver; John Foster, driver; Jno. C. Schmitt, superintendent; W. D. Murphy, driver; Theo. Spitzmiller, driver; Geo. Clark, driver; E. C. Boehne, warehouse clerk; Walter Schineman, driver; Otto Voelkman, warehouseman; Walter Irwin, warehouse clerk; Jake Fisher, laborer; Henry Schaar, laborer. On hood of truck, A. E. Kunath, mechanic; Walter G. Bruck, mechanic. On rear of tank, Tom Shannon, laborer.

The service of these men ranges from a few months to fifteen years, and needless to say their services are highly appreciated by the Company, for these are THE BOYS WHO DELIVER THE GOODS.

meets every one of these specifications.

First—That the low initial boiling point of Red Crown insures that easy start.

The Red Crown shipped in July, 1920, had an initial boiling point 38 degrees below the average for Chicago, as shown by the Government Tests, and 28 degrees below the average for all cities. Of all 82 samples tested by the Government, only 2 showed an initial boiling point below that of Red Crown, and neither of these met Government Specifications in end point.

Second—That with Red Crown the motor will pick up speed quickly.

This is assured by the proportion of Red Crown that vaporizes at a low temperature. 20% of Red Crown vaporized and boiled off at 210°, which is 11° below Government Specifications.

Third—That the motor will accelerate smoothly.

The perfect chain of boiling point fractions found in Red Crown insures a steady and unbroken pressure from the start of the stroke to the end.

Fourth—That Red Crown will deliver the maximum power and the maximum speed which your engine was designed to develop.

This, too, is assured by the perfect chain of boiling point fractions, together with the correct proportion of those fractions which vaporize and burn only at high temperatures.

Fifth—That it will carry your car at the least cost per mile.

In Red Crown this is assured by all the factors which enter into the specifications for its manufacture and by the fact that the burning of the entire quantity of gasoline vapor taken into the cylinder is accomplished by the correct proportion of high boiling point fractions and the low end point which is well within the temperature range of your engine. The end point of Red Crown was 10 degrees below Government Specifications, 29 degrees below the average for all cities, and 28 degrees below the average for Chicago.

Sixth—Red Crown is available wherever you go—thus saving you the necessity of making frequent adjustment of your carburetor—something which, for efficiency's sake, is necessary if you change fuel.

We shall demonstrate to you that if you will have your carburetor adjusted to Red Crown, and wherever you go insist on having Red Crown, you will quickly find that it gives that perfect satisfaction which you desire.

In order that you may fully appreciate these facts and understand something of the present day motor fuel problem, it seems desirable that we should first review a little of the history of gasoline.

In the early days of the petroleum industry, gasoline was a by-product of petroleum—not only a by-product but a

SOME GENTLEMEN FROM INDIANA

On Tuesday, January 11, the service station and warehouse men of Terre Haute had a "Dutch lunch" and celebration at the Deming hotel, entertaining several well known visitors from Indianapolis. From left to right, seated: L. Houchin, R. Tolliver (white sox); Charles Conley, R. M. Gant (Indianapolis), H. E. Bruce (Indianapolis), E. P. Galbreath (manager, Indianapolis division), A. C. Mathias, (Indianapolis), Agent P. S. Craig, L. E. Bannon, L. Phillips. Standing: center: L. Shutt, A. L. Newkom, Fred Lawson, Grover Wilson, Art Clifton, Edward Ring, W. Meredith, William Moseley, Walter Edwards, Al Payne, R. F. Gradner, Charles Friend, V. R. Ratcliff, Fred Leucht, William Croxton, Herschel Fagg. Standing, top: V. E. Butler, Charles Lane, V. J. Okes, Russell Harris, Charles High.

waste product. It consisted of the light, volatile, easily inflammable compounds found in petroleum.

These light, inflammable parts of crude oil had to be removed before the marketable products could be satisfactory for use. There were no practical uses for this gasoline known. Petroleum refiners were able to dispose of only a fraction of their gasoline output and vast quantities were burned to empty great tanks in which it was stored.

This waste by-product could, of course, be purchased at practically the cost of handling, and much of it was sold on that basis. This low cost encouraged inventors to undertake the development of devices and methods that would make it useful. Soon it began to be called for to clean clothes; for certain uses in the industrial arts and in manufacturing; and a stove was developed that would burn it. Then came the internal combustion engine that operated on this cheap waste by-product of petroleum, and the refiners' most insistent question, "What shall I do with my gasoline?" was answered.

In those days there was no standard for gasoline—it was composed of all those very light, volatile compounds of petroleum which could not be used in making kerosene, and the various devices made to utilize gasoline were contrived to use the waste by-product just as it was.

As uses for this product multiplied, it became apparent that certain compounds in gasoline were better adapted for one use than for another, and soon, instead of having just gasoline, we had various kinds of gasoline—one for gas machines—one for cleaning clothes—one for use in manufacturing paints and varnishes—one for stoves and lighting systems—one for internal combustion engines—and some for other special purposes, each slightly different from the others and designed especially to serve the purpose for which it was intended.

The various kinds of gasoline were made by taking the one waste by-product, and, without adding anything to it, separating it into several products, each containing a certain group of the compounds found in the one.

It was here that Baume Hydrometer

WHY SS 89, PEORIA, DID A BIG DAY'S BUSINESS

The above explains why SS 89, Peoria, recently did a big day's business and also why that station has ever since been the Mecca of hopeful motorists. Top row, left to right: Catherine Adams, Mrs. Munea center row: Bertha Rimney, Bernice Moran, Hannah Ahrends, Wanda Parvers, Nellie Naylor, Mrs. Taylor; lower row: Anna Duruelle, Marguerite Hanson, Verna Thompson, Sadie Markowsky; resting: Ethel Wertz.

readings came into general use in the petroleum industry. The hydrometer is an instrument for determining the density of liquids by flotation and ordinarily consists of a weighted glass cylinder with a long graduated stem. From the reading on the stem may be calculated the weight per gallon of the liquid under test and how much heavier or how much lighter than water it is.

In distilling petroleum, the lighter products come off first, followed by the heavier fractions in order. The refiner, knowing the density of each of the various compounds contained in petroleum, can tell by the use of the hydrometer which one is coming over from the stills.

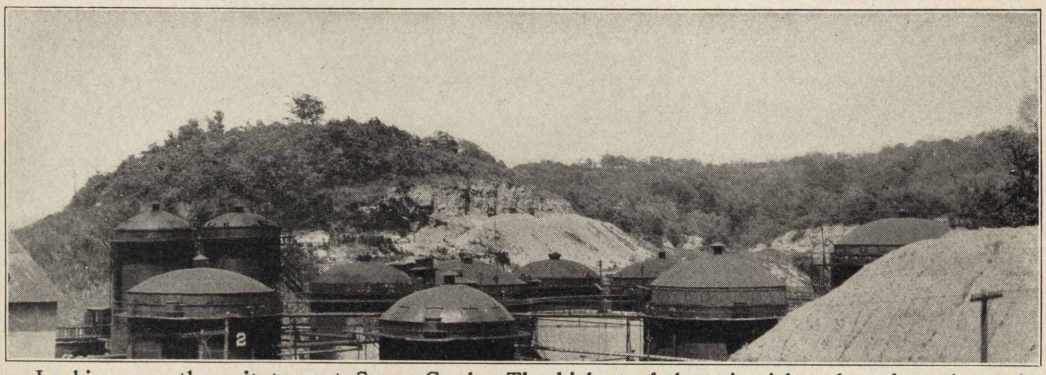
In this way the refiner found the hydrometer reading useful in helping him separate the compounds as they come through the condenser. By simply opening one valve and closing another he diverts the stream into one tank or another.

In the early days of the industry, the refiner in taking off the gasoline, had only a few of the lighter, more volatile compounds to deal with. He found the hydrometer reading a convenient and reasonably accurate method to guide him in his work. If a gasoline tested 88 degrees it was supposed to be adapted to one use, if 64 degrees it was supposed to be adapted to another, if 62 degrees to another, and if 58 degrees to another; and each kind of gasoline was known by its gravity. In fact, the *Baume gravity* became the *name* of the gasoline; as 88 degrees gasoline, 68 degrees gasoline, etc.

The gasoline engine led to the development of the motor car, and soon a constantly increasing demand for gasoline began to diminish the surplus stocks.

A second installment of this article will appear in the April number of the Record. It will relate how gasoline, from a by-product became a powerful factor in industry.

BUILDING A REFINERY IN THE HILLS



Looking over the agitators at Sugar Creek. The highest of these is eighty-three feet above the refinery.

By R. C. Harris, *Superintendent of Mechanical Department*
SUGAR CREEK WORKS

Nature may not have destined the hills of Sugar Creek to have their rugged beauty marred by tiers of large grey tanks and batteries of smoky stills, but these hills presented engineering difficulties which made the building of this refinery an interesting problem.

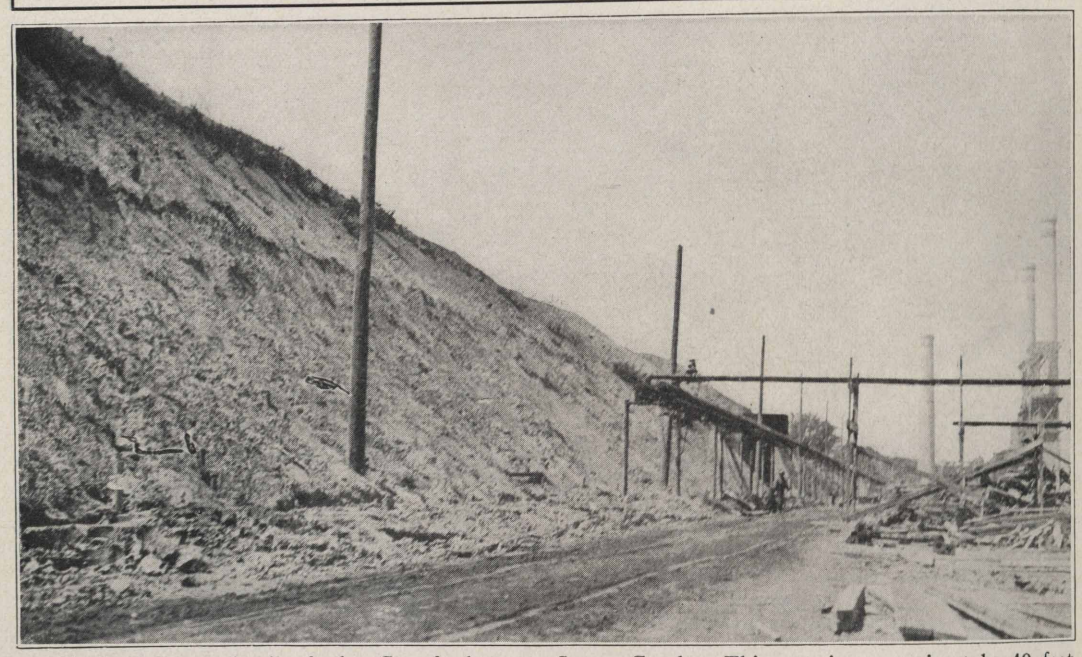
For the benefit of those not familiar with the location of Sugar Creek refinery, it may be stated that it is seven miles east of Kansas City and about three miles north of Independence, Mo. The site was selected because of its proximity to an unfailing water supply and its easy access to many trunk lines which spread as a net work over a rich and populous agricultural district, the latter feature guaranteeing the high standard of delivery service which the business demands.

The original refinery site consisted of a triangular piece of ground, having high hills on two sides and the Santa Fe railroad and Missouri river on the other, with a small stream called Sugar Creek, running in a rather haphazard way through it. Construction was started in the spring of 1904 on a few level acres, paralleling the Santa Fe, but from authoritative descriptions of that work, it would appear that most of the buildings and stills were built up on pontoons and floated into place. It rained with but few interruptions during the entire spring and most of the summer, so that at times it seemed advisable to abandon work on a refinery and knock together another ark. In spite of it all, thirty stills were put in operation in October of the same year.

The next large addition to the refinery came with the building of 80 pressure stills, which necessitated cutting into the side of a hill and moving 150,000 yards or 3,000 carloads of earth. The greatest cut was 70 feet, or about the height of a six-story building. The grading for this job took seven months to complete and it is rather interesting to compare the methods used with those employed in the original work, when it all had to be done by hand. Steam shovels and railroad cars to dispose of the earth were used and it is very surprising to see how quickly a hill melts away under the attacks of a steam shovel.

Shortly after the completion of this job, orders were received to start the work of leveling the Crawford farm, anticipating the need for more room, as space in the older part of the refinery had been exhausted. The Crawford farm comprised 80 acres of hills and three acres of level ground the three acres gradually growing to 40 acres which was to be used for 140 stills, pump house, boiler house and auxiliary equipment. This was the largest grading job that had been undertaken and required nearly a year to complete,

MOVED 175,000 CUBIC YARDS TO MAKE GRADE HERE



This is the west bank of the Crawford tract, Sugar Creek. This cut is approximately 40 feet deep and 175,000 cubic yards of earth were moved to make the grade.

173,311 yards of earth was moved or the equivalent of 3,466 carloads. The balance of this tract was used in making a tank farm, the top of the highest tank being 93 feet above the still grade.

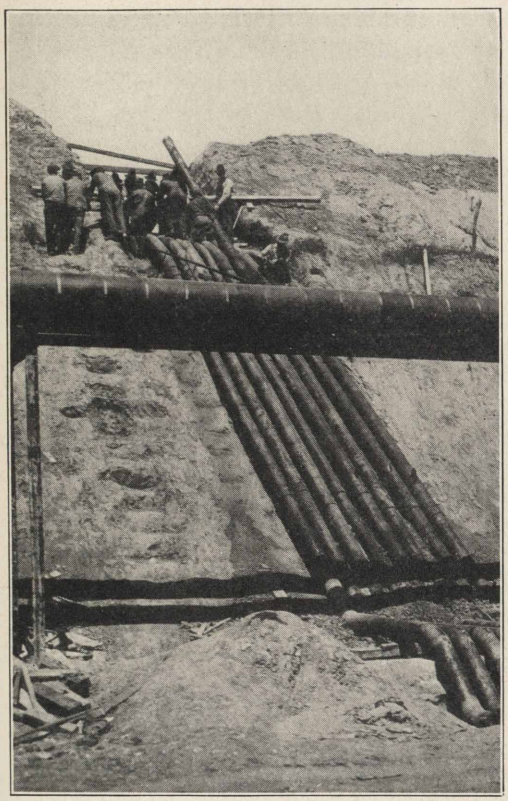
Various methods were used in grading, the best being steam shovels and railroad cars or wagons, but in a great many places they could not be used to advantage, and wagons, grading machines and slips were brought into service. Needless to say the motive power of the last named equipment was Missouri's most famous product, the mule, or as somebody has expressed it "the Ford of the animal world." You cuss and swear at their stubborness, but like Fords you cannot get along without them, and this is particularly true in a grading outfit.

The operation of an elevating grader is rather interesting, it being similar in appearance to a large road machine with a belt conveyor attachment which catches the earth as it is scraped off and carries it to a wagon which keeps pace with the grader. This machine will fill an average grader's wagon in about one minute, so that its capacity for moving earth can well be imagined. Using a motor car term, this machine develops 20 mule power, the mules being arranged in somewhat the same fashion as the horses on the rhinoceros wagon in a circus parade. One can well imagine the difficulties of driving this outfit when one bears in mind the well known stubborness of a single mule.

In grading for a tank field, benches are cut into the sides of the hills, the earth excavated being used to fill up small valleys and build the fire banks around the tanks, and in doing this work the teams are often forced to go along its steep sides where it would be extremely difficult for a person to climb. Occasionally the law of gravity is defied once too often and as a result the mules, man and wagon are mixed together in an extremely confused, but expressive mass at the bottom of the bank. And for picturesque and expressive English a Missouri "mule skinner" has no equal when he unlimbers his heavy artillery.

The methods of construction have kept pace with improvements in refinery opera-

OVER THE TOP

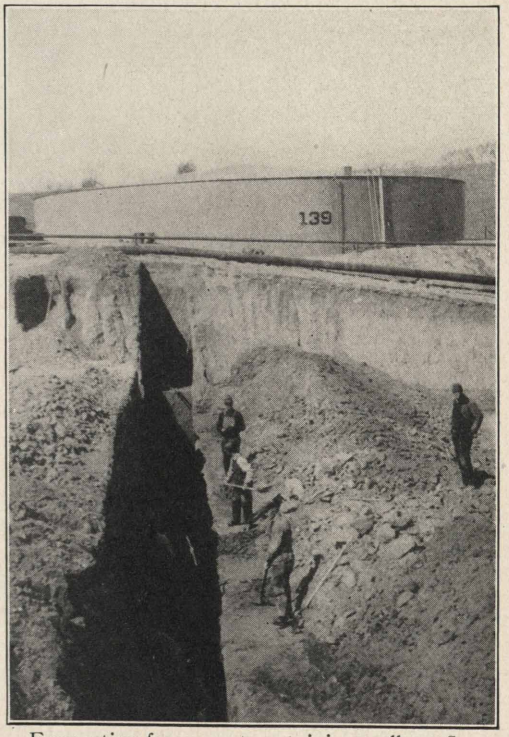


Here is the pipe gang at Sugar Creek going through fire bank.

tion and it is interesting to contrast the old and the new to show what advances have been made. All coal is now unloaded mechanically, either by powerful locomotive cranes or belt conveyors. A great part of construction material, such as pipe, steel plate, heavy machinery, rock and sand is also unloaded by cranes, an electric magnet greatly facilitating this work. Pneumatic tools, concrete mixers, electric and acetylene welding machines have all been immense aids to the builder.

The refinery as it stands today spreads over approximately 225 acres and from a very modest start of 30 stills, a few tanks and a small boiler house, the refinery has grown until there is in operation or building 188 stills, in addition to a paraffine works for making lubricating oils and wax. The small boiler house of eight boilers, producing 2400 horse power, has now been displaced by one of 12, producing 12,000 horse power, and from the time the coal is dumped from the car until it is carried away as ash, no hand labor is involved. The water requirements of a refinery of this size for condensing purposes are very large and the pumping equipment is sufficient to supply 30 million gallons daily or more than enough to supply one-half the population of Kansas City with its 350,000 people. From the highest to the lowest point of the refinery is a distance of 130 feet and while the hills may have lost some of their attractiveness from a scenic stand point in the construction of Sugar Creek refinery, necessity waits not on appearances—and who will question the statement that 'Red Crown" has become a necessity?

EXCAVATING



Excavating for concrete retaining walls at Sugar Creek. The tank in the background is 90 feet above the main refinery.

* * *

NOT FOR US

"Willie, let me hear you count up to ten."
"One, two, three, five, six, eight, nine, ten."
"Wrong! You skipped two numbers."
"Well, that's the way my father counts."
"Is your father an expert accountant?"
"No'm! He sells gasoline."

READING COURSE FOR BOYS

A Boy Who Has Learned to Use His Time Well and Has a Little Good Advice in Selecting Books May Easily Read Two Dozen Good Books a Year Without Infringing on His Time for Work, Sleep, or Play, Thus Becoming Familiar With a Large Part of the World's Best Literature

Most of these books may be obtained in the public library in your town.

(A certificate, bearing the seal of the United States Bureau of Education, signed by the Commissioner of Education will be given to each boy who gives satisfactory evidence of having read all the books on the accompanying list.)

For most boys in the United States school days are few. The average is only a little more than 1,000 for each boy. For many boys the days are fewer still. While in school they have little time for general reading. Lessons in arithmetic, algebra, geometry, elementary science, geography, history, composition, technical grammar, and other subjects take up most of the time.

But all boys in the country and city alike may, if they will, find much time for the reading of good literature on Saturdays, Sundays, holidays, during the long vacations, and after they have quit school. Even if a boy works steadily for 10 hours a day, 6 days a week, he may still find much time for such reading, if only he has learned to save his time, has a taste for reading, and has formed the reading habit.

In a week there are 168 hours. Ten hours of work a day for 6 days make 60 hours for the week (most boys work much less; in many cities and states the day's work is limited to 8 hours); 10 hours a day for eating and sleeping make 70 hours; 3 hours a day for play and recreation make 21 hours; a total of 151 hours. This leaves 17 hours a week, or 884 hours a year, for reading—as many hours as are spent in school by a boy who attends school regularly and promptly 5 hours a day, 9 months in the year, with only 3 holidays.

A boy who has learned to use his time well and has a little good advice in selecting books may easily read two dozen good books a year without infringing on his time for work, sleep, or play, and recreation. By reading two dozen good books a year, any boy may, before he is 20 years old, become familiar with a large part of the best literature of the world, fill his mind with helpful ideas and noble ideals, and gain much of the finest culture that the world can offer. Many men have attained all this with less of opportunity than is presupposed here.

For reasons easily understood, books on religion are not included in this list. But every American boy, of whatever church he may be, or if he be of no church, should know the English Bible and read it constantly.

A good book should be read more than once, and every boy should own some of the books that he reads. Books are cheap, and money paid for them is well invested and will pay large dividends in life and happiness and even in money.

Most cities and towns in the United States and some country communities have good public libraries; and many public schools, both in city and country, have good collections. Every community in which boys and girls live should have a public library with all the books of this list and many others in it.

If there is no such library in your community in the school or elsewhere, then you should get all the boys and girls to work with you and not rest until there is one.

Readers who wish to secure the bureau's certificate must notify the bureau at the time they begin each book, and when each book is finished they must send a summary consisting of a description of the principal characters, the chief episodes, and their own impressions. Some of the books do not lend themselves to this form of summary. In these cases send a brief statement of the essential features of the books.

YOU CAN BET THE COMPANY DOES APPRECIATE IT

This is Mr. John Foster, Evansville (Indiana) tank wagon driver for eleven years. The vehicle in the picture is Peerless tank truck No. 4977, 3-ton, 625-gallon capacity. This truck was bought in October, 1913, and has seen seven years and three months service with Mr. Foster as its pilot. The mileage on this truck is approximately 50,000 miles, and it has the remarkable record of being in the shop but twice, for grinding of valves only. Mr. Foster's daily average output for this time is a little less than 1000 gallons per day. On top of this record, due to his special care in driving, he has never been hauled in and has never experienced an accident. Needless to say his services are fully appreciated by the management of the Evansville division. We feel this is an exceptional record, and the Company should appreciate the showing made by Mr. Foster.

By application to local or State libraries readers may be able to borrow these books. The Bureau of Education does not furnish them.

To each person who gives satisfactory evidence of having read all the books in this list, a certificate will be awarded bearing the seal of the United States Bureau of Education and signed by the Commissioner of Education.

For admission to the circle of readers in this course it is necessary only to write to the Home Education Division, Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., giving your name and postoffice address, your age, and a brief statement of your education and occupation. It is not necessary that books be read in the order given. They should all be read, however, within three years from the time that you register.

READING COURSE NO. 4

1. Hans Brinker. Mary Mapes Dodge.
2. The Jungle Book. Rudyard Kipling.
3. Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe.
4. The Last of the Mohicans. James Fenimore Cooper.
5. Tom Sawyer. Mark Twain.
6. Stover at Yale. Owen Johnson.
7. Lorna Doone. R. D. Blackmore.
8. Treasure Island. Robert Louis Stevenson.
9. The Cloister and the Hearth. Charles Reade.
10. David Copperfield. Charles Dickens.
11. Westward Ho! Charles Kingsley.
12. Age of Chivalry. Thomas Bulfinch.
13. Ivanhoe. Sir Walter Scott.
14. Idylls of the King. Alfred Tennyson.

15. Macbeth. William Shakespeare.
16. Merchant of Venice. William Shakespeare.
17. The Oregon Trail. Francis Parkman.
18. Franklin's Autobiography. New York.
19. Abraham Lincoln. Norman Hapgood.
20. Robert E. Lee. Philip Alexander Bruce.
21. Burke's Conciliation.
22. Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration.
23. Washington's Farewell Address.
24. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.
25. Lives of Poor Boys Who Became Famous.
26. Famous Scouts, including trappers, pioneers, and soldiers of the frontier. C. H. L. Johnston.
27. Careers of Danger and Daring. Cleveland Moffett.
28. What Can Literature Do For Me. C. Alphonso Smith.

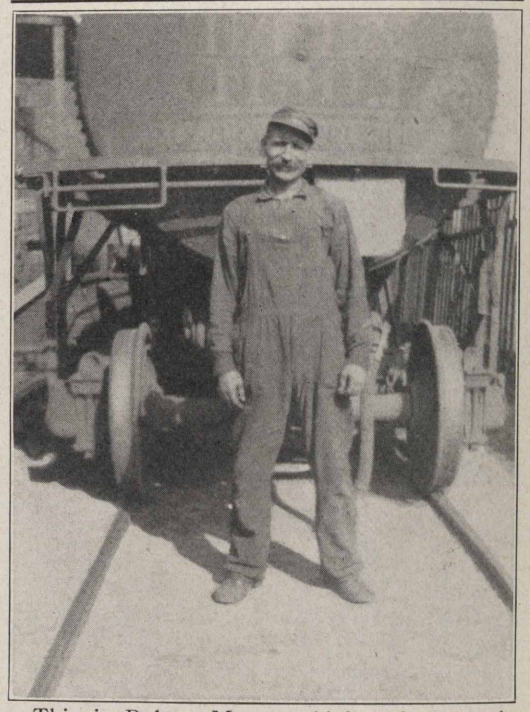
SUGGESTED READING FOR BOYS
(NOT REQUIRED)

The Children's Hour. 10 volumes.

OH, HAPPY DAY!

And so they were married! Folks, get acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Emery. Max is our agent at Hobart, Ind. Yes, the above picture was taken just as they returned from their honeymoon. Best wishes, newlyweds!

FAIR WEATHER SMILE



This is Robert Meyers, chief engineer at the Peoria plant. The reason for the smile is that as yet we have not had zero weather, therefore Bob has plenty of coal on hand and no need of burning it. However, when cold weather does arrive, Bob says he can keep 'em popping.

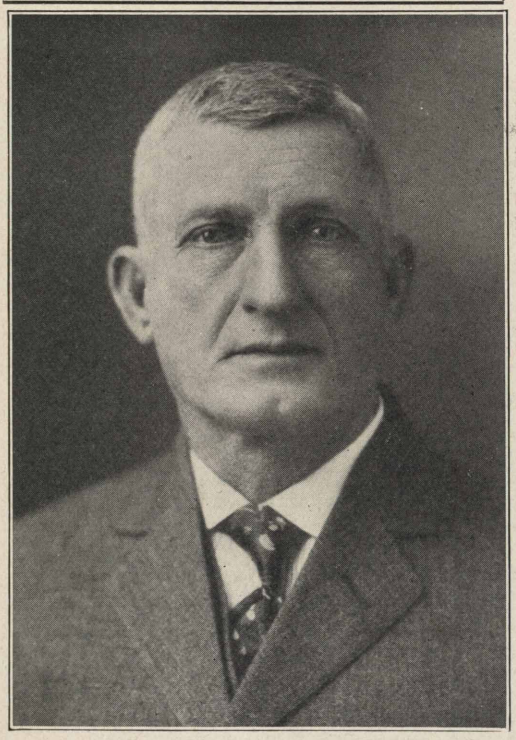
TRUCK DRIVER KILLED

Meredith Fitzgerald, motor truck driver for the Standard Oil Company, was killed at Valparaiso, Ind., January 14, when the truck he was driving plunged off the roadway into Salt Creek. The truck left the roadway just before it reached the bridge, according to press accounts, which did not make clear the cause of the accident. Coroner Seipel expressed the opinion that death was due to drowning. Fitzgerald was 25 years old and is survived by his widow and son. He was very popular in Valparaiso and his death cast gloom over that city.

* * *

His arm, it slipped about her waist—
Why shouldn't it?
Her head, it dropped against his breast,
Why shouldn't it?
Her heart, it gave a tender sigh—
Her hatpin stuck him in the eye.
Why shouldn't it?

MICA MAN



Agent Geo. L. Sauer, Polo, Ill., whose picture is shown here, is one of the busiest men in the Joliet division, and world's champion dispenser of Mica axle grease—so the Joliet office claims. He is the man who discovered that honey bees thrive on Mica axle grease, and Sauer's Mica Honey, so they say, is much sought after in the northwest section of Illinois. As a reward for his excellent sales on Mica he is getting a free trip to the Whiting refinery, and no doubt will have some suggestions to make about increasing the facilities for turning out that product.

Mr. Sauer is ready and anxious to defend his claim to Mica axle grease champion against any one or two-man stations anywhere. Who wants to take him on?

* * *

Since the passing of highballs more men are keeping their eyes on the ball.

* * *

Instinct is that subtle something which tells a woman she is always right.

* * *

Because we have met defeat, is no reason to think we are beaten. People with the right kind of stamina always use defeat as a challenge to spur on to victory.

SEVEN DRAW BENEFITS

Report of W. A. Morris, secretary of the Casper Shiftmen's Benefit Association, shows seven men drew sick benefits during January, 1921, while $10 was expended for flowers and $42 for printing. With all bills paid the association had a balance February 1 of $3406.85, against $3290.85 on January 1. There are 216 members in good standing and four delinquents. The secretary announces that all those who pay dues in advance will have their money refunded should they leave the service of the company.

CAST ANCHOR HERE!

Milwaukee, Wis.—Boys, how do you like our sailor girl? Do not get the impression that this little girl has no arms. It just happened that the sleeves were a little too long. Three cheers for Blanche Foley, the dark-haired girl from the Milwaukee record department.

CO-OPERATION, AS UNDERSTOOD AT PEORIA

"Here are Ethel Wertz, Rex Sabine, Glen Brown and Jane Higgins in a living pose entitled 'Co-operation'," writes J. V. Serkowich, our Peoria correspondent. "They work in the Peoria office and believe in getting an early start."

INFANT PRODIGY

Saginaw, Mich., Feb. 1.—In the December Record the Davenport folks throw their shoulder "out of plumb" in patting themselves on the back for the number of twenty-year men in their division. They get right up on all fours and invite an argument by asking other divisions if they show as well. Evidently the Record editor failed to list all of those submitted by the Davenport office because there were only ten. Saginaw (Infant Prodigy) does not claim to better Davenport's mark, but neither do they believe they are anywhere near the top in the number of twenty-year men on their pay roll. Saginaw, however, can show the same number as Davenport, unless, as before mentioned, their complete list was not printed.

Saginaw's list of men who sport the gold button starts with "Pa" Lauer, who has been "Fiddlin around" with petroleum products only forty-two years. When last interviewed "Pa" appeared to be good for at least as many more. It's a treat to see the way the boy takes on when the horses are in the home stretch, or when he's holding a pair of sevens before the draw.—"By Goll." Our list: Chas. Lauer, Saginaw; F. S. Holloway, Saginaw; F. D. Church, Bay City; L. L. Burdick, Elsie; John McDonald, Saginaw; Geo. Monaghan, Alpena; Henry Reip, Bay City; L. H. Richard, Owosso; H. G. Ruth, Flint; Albert Telmos, Saginaw.

* * *

Murderer—"Is this the guy who is to defend me?"

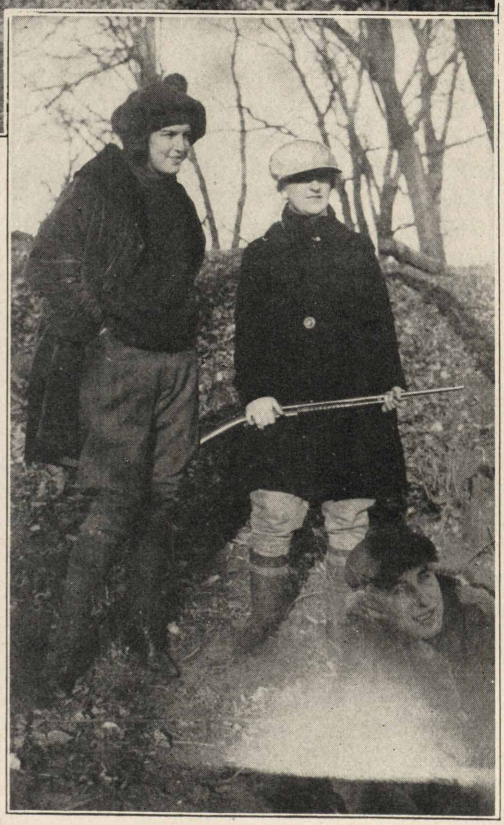
Judge—"Yes, this is your lawyer."

Murderer—"If he should die, could I get another?"

Judge—"Yes."

Murderer—"Can I see him alone for a few minutes?"—Building Supply News.

DIANAS OF THE NORTHERN FORESTS



When it comes to hunting—we're talking about rabbits, not men—we, in Mankato will risk our Sunday dinner on this pair. There is an old saying that when a woman shoots at you it's safer to stand still. Not so with Zelma Rowe (right) who is a crack shot with the small bore and has never been known to miss the fleeing jack-rabbit. Audrey Wood (left) is a crack woodsman (should we have said *woods-girl?*) and is in her element touring the Minnesota forests. In this view she seems to be posing as Diana, though not in the costume usually affected by that goddess. However, Diana hunted in warmer climes.

* * *

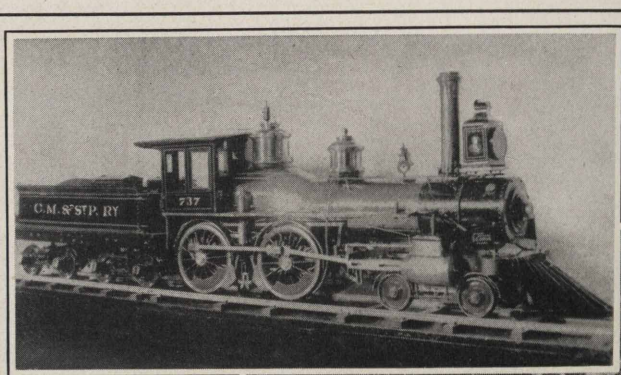
A certain lady said her husband's average income was about midnight.

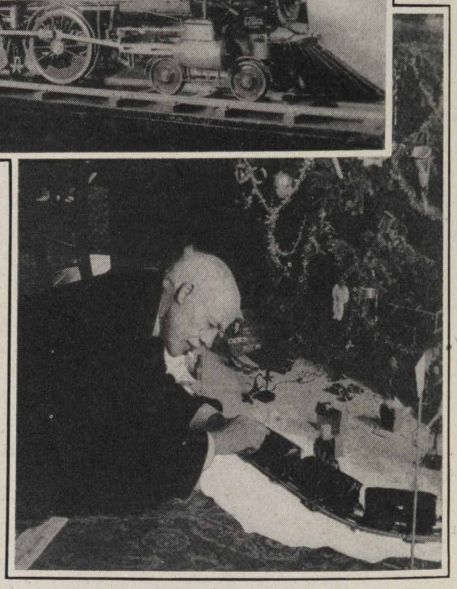
* * *

Wife—"Joe, there's a burglar at the silver and another in the pantry eating my pies. Get up and call for help!"

J. Schaffer (at window)—"Police! Doctor!"

WE'LL BET THE KIDS LIKE THIS GRANDPA





This miniature locomotive model was constructed by Mr. Thomas H. Kane, now lubricating engineer for the Milwaukee division, Standard Oil Company (Indiana), with headquarters at Milwaukee.

This model represents the efforts of his leisure hours on drawings, patterns, mechanical labor, etc., over a period of fully three and one-half years. It is a perfect working model of the Baldwin type engine, 16x24-inch cylinders—scale 1½ inches to the foot. Boiler was tested to carry 150 pounds steam pressure. Engine will pull two adults or a load of about 400 pounds. It is 6 feet 8 inches from the tender to tip of the cow catcher.

This model has been exhibited by the C. M. & St. P. at various expositions, notably the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, where it remained six months. After that it was for some years on exhibition and attracted considerable attention in the large window of the main Milwaukee ticket office of the C. M. & St. P. on Wisconsin street. It is now at the Standard Oil headquarters at 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

It was completed by Mr. Thos. H. Kane in 1885 and has been in operation ever since and is still in A-1 condition, due to proper lubrication. It never had any other than Standard libricants. The old reliable brands—Capitol Cylinder and Renown Engine ran it like a top at the World's Fair.

Mr. Kane, before entering the service of Standard Oil was connected with the C. M. & St. P., where he obtained his knowledge in the mechanical and engineering line. In early boyhood his desire was to become a master of one of the monster locomotives that glide over the steel rails and was given this opportunity at the age of twenty-one when he was promoted to engineer.

During his service with the C. M. & St. P. he held many other responsible positions and in the year 1892 he entered the service of the Standard Oil Company. He has been with the company ever since and is very active.

* * *

JUST JUDGMENT

"Squire," asked Constable Slackputter, the well-known sleuth of Petunia, "what would you do to a feller that confessed he was driving his Ford at the rate of forty-five miles an hour?"

"Fine him for exaggeration, dadburn him!" snapped old Squire Peavy.—Kansas City Star.

* * *

Nancy was saying her prayers. "And please God," she petitioned, "make Boston the capital of Vermont."

"Why, Nancy," exclaimed her shocked mother, what made you say that?"

" 'Cause I made it that way in my examination."

* * *

Judge—"The officer accuses you of parking your car too near the corner, Mr. Fleming. Have you anything to say?"

Mr. Fleming—"Sure, Your Honor. The poor fool measured from the wrong corner."

STILL CLEANERS AT OUR FLORENCE PLANT

These are still cleaners at the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) plant at Florence, Colo. From left to right: Joe Mattice, Charles Irwin, A. Carlson, L. C. Tucker, Walter Marsh, Jr., W. A. Talley.

THE ROAD TO HEALTH

There is nothing mysterious about the prevention of sickness. Clean homes, clean food, clean hands, clean teeth, clean milk, pure water, fresh air, sanitary privies, war on flies and mosquitos—their cost is trifling, yet they work wonders and will prevent much sickness. Do you know how to take care of yourself?

NASAL CATARRH, ADENOIDS, ENLARGED TONSILS, MOUTH BREATHING.—This condition very commonly develops in childhood and demands careful attention on the part of parents. When properly treated in some instances by a simple operation, it is often a curable condition. When left untreated it may lead to deformity of the mouth and nose, to poor development of the chest, and to permanent weakness.

FEET.—Aside from paralysis, clubfoot or deformities resulting from injuries, etc., most foot troubles are due to improperly fitting shoes, improper position in walking or standing, lack of exercise and weakness of the muscles in the fore part of the leg that support the arch of the foot. Properly fitting shoes of correct shape with a straight inner edge will help to correct weakfoot, bunions, corns, callouses and painful joints.

Exercise the toe muscles by working the toes up and down over the edge of a thick board thirty times daily. Stand with feet parallel and somewhat apart with great toes firmly gripping the ground. Without bending the knees or moving the feet rotate the thighs outward repeatedly. This is chiefly done by strong contraction of the great muscles of the back of the thigh and seat. Improve your general health; take general exercise to strengthen your body. Bathe the feet daily. See a surgeon if these simple measures are not sufficient. The arches found in the shops will not correct flatfoot. They merely act as crutches. Hammertoe, bunion, and many other defects can be corrected by a surgeon. Painful feet may be due to infection

HERE'S SMILING AT YOU!

This is a picture of the girls who do most of the work that is done at the Joliet main office, and explains why Joliet is not considered such a bad place to spend a life sentence.

in tooth sockets or tonsils; search for such conditions should be made. Mere flatness of the foot without pain or other deformity may be of no importance.

UNDERWEIGHT.—Underweight is often due to irregular habits of eating and sleeping and lack of regular exercise. Have a thorough examination at intervals by a competent physician, or in a dispensary or clinic, to determine whether or not any serious disease exists (especially hookworm or tuberculosis). Eat freely of fat-forming foods mentioned in next paragraph.

OVERWEIGHT.—Secure as much regular exercise as possible. Be thoroughly examined for evidence of disease. Extreme overweight, especially at middle life, produces as high a death rate as heart disease. Cut down the fat-forming foods, such as bread, butter, cereals, sugars, fats, and substitute more green vegetables and fruits.

HERNIA OR RUPTURE.—Operation is often advisable. Consult your family physician or go to a good hospital for advice and treatment.

PILES, HEMORRHOIDS.—These are often caused by constipation and lack of exercise. Do not make a habit of using drugs or purgatives. Plenty of bulky food, bran bread or biscuits, fruits, lettuce, spinach, cabbage, brussels sprouts, carrots, turnips, celery, tomatoes, salsify, onions, parsnips and oyster plant will tend to correct constipation.

If piles are severe, operation will help but the original cause should be removed by proper diet.

VARICOSE VEINS.—This condition may be relieved by the use of woven elastic bandages or stockings. At times one may consider removal by operation. (Great caution is necessary; consult your family physician.)

BLADDER, KIDNEY, URINARY TROUBLES.—Go to your physician or to a dispensary or hospital and place yourself under careful medical supervision. Regulation of your diet, work and activities may be all that is necessary, but your condition should be watched from time to time. Albumin in the urine may be temporary, but should always be followed up and examination made at intervals. Give the benefit of the doubt to your kidneys, and live a temporate and healthful life, avoiding alcoholic stimulants, excess of meat, and overeating generally. Be examined periodically. Sugar in the urine calls for careful medical supervision and regulation of diet and periodic examination by a physician.

DISCHARGE FROM EAR, EAR TROUBLE.—See an ear specialist or go to an ear clinic. Do not neglect such a condition, which may infect other parts of your body.

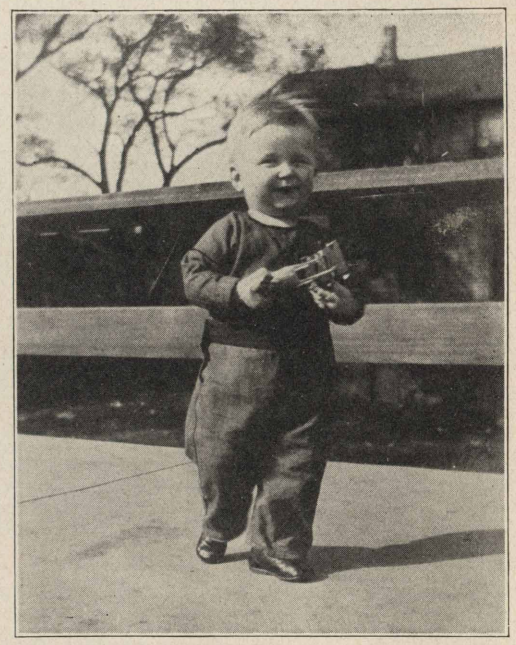
HEART MURMURS, HEART AFFECTIONS.—A person with an imperfect heart may not be fit for hard physical labor, but with proper regulation of diet, exercise, work and rest his heart may carry him to old age. If you have heart trouble avoid stimulants and tobacco, be very temperate in the use of tea and coffee, avoid excesses of all kinds; eat moderately; avoid heavy meals at night; get plenty of fresh air; exercise daily in the open, but be careful not to overfatigue your heart or circulation. Walking and gentle hill-climbing are good, but never when they cause pain in the chest or shortness of breath. Avoid dissipation and undue excitement. If there is breathlessness, dropsy, or dizziness, careful medical supervision is necessary. All damaged hearts should be examined at least once a year by a physician and the condition noted. Irregular action of heart in some cases is of little importance; in others it is serious and medical observation is important to settle this.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE.—This may be temporary, but should be watched and life regulated as above, especially avoiding physical and mental overstrain and dissipation. Avoid stimulants, tobacco and overeating.

LUNG TROUBLES.—Where there is suspected tuberculosis consult a competent physician and follow orders strictly. The basis of treatment is abundant fresh air and nourishing diet, such as bread and butter, cereals and fats, but do not neglect green vegetables and fruit. Avoid alcohol and tobacco. Do not take patent medicines or advertised remedies or patronize advertising quacks. Avoid fatigue or physical and mental strain. Do not take any chances. Report to the health officer or health department of your district. They will be glad to counsel you.

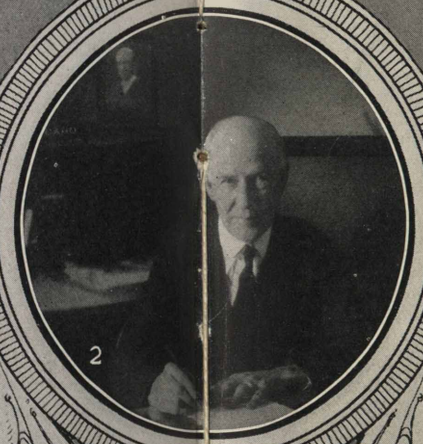
RHEUMATISM.—This may be caused by infection in tonsils, teeth, nasal cavities or elsewhere. Liniment will not cure it. Be examined by a physician and dentist, and if possible, have the infection removed.—United States Public Health Service.

LITTLE BILL



Grandpa W. C. Goodwin, of the pressure stills, Whiting, is very proud of "Little Bill" Conkling and says the little fellow leads him a merrier chase than does the third and fourth battery in zero weather.

Keeping Our Sales Accounts in Order



1. Mr. Francis L. King, Auditor Accounting Division, Sales Department.
2. Mr. S. S. Gano, Assistant Secretary-Treasurer, Standard Oil Company (Indiana).
3. Mr. William H. Tell, First Assistant Auditor, Accounting Division, Sales Department.
4. Section of Accounting Division, Sales Department.
5. Mr. J. A. Reynolds, Second Assistant Auditor, Accounting Division, Sales Department.

WE SUSPECT THEY LOOK BETTER IN REGULAR DUDS

The Wichita Standard Oil office girls held high revel in a "tacky party" at the home of Gladys McCormick on Monday evening, January 17th. After the singing of "I Love You Truly" by the inimitable Miss McCormick, a quiet wedding (an Irish wake had nothing on this this) ceremony was pronounced by Buelah Fullum with Lulu Shriver (bride) and Hallie Caldwell (groom) acting as the happy couple. Then followed a wedding supper consisting of sandwiches, salad, pickles, olives, coffee, fruit, pudding and cake. After supper a play entitled "The Tragic Drama" was staged, in which Stella George was the hero, Ruth Vance the villian, May Smith the heroine, and Mabel Farquharson the vamp. The hero was supposed to commit suicide, but forgot to do it. The enthusiastic audience called him back and made him deliver the goods. The names of those attending are: Top row, left to right: Hazel Bledsoe (behind post), Ruth Vance, Marion Drake, Katherine Polk, Lulu Shriver, Hallie Caldwell, Miriam Stokely, Estella George; center: Mary Short, Alice Payne, Mabel Farquharson, Beulah Fullum; lower: Erla Pryor, Amy Jewett, Ann Pettigrew, Mae Smith; bottom row: Gladys McCormick, Fanne Goodin, and Avis Bowdrie.

FOR OUR COOKS

POTATO PUFFS

Use mashed potatoes while hot, forming balls about the size of an egg. Place on a buttered tin. Brush all over with beaten eggs and set in oven to brown. Serve immediately on hot platter, garnished with parsley.

FRUIT SALAD

One cup diced pineapple, 1 cup diced oranges, 1 cup diced dates, 1½ cups chopped walnuts.

Dressing: One-fourth cup pineapple juice, ¼ cup lemon juice, ⅓ cup sugar, 1 egg beaten. Beat all together and cook until thickens.

PRUNE PUDDING

One pound cooked prunes (chopped fine) whites, of 4 eggs beaten stiff, 1 cup of powered sugar. Put sugar with eggs, add prunes and a few nuts. Do not bake. Serve with whipped cream.

ROCKS

One cup butter, 1½ cups sugar, 3 eggs, 1 large tablespoon cold water, pinch of salt, 1½ cups walnuts and 1 cup dates chopped, not too fine, ½ teaspoon each of cloves and allspice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon soda and cream of tartar in 3 good cups of flour. Drop from teaspoon and bake as cookies.

CORN FRITTERS

One can of corn, 2 tablespoons of flour, 2 eggs, add a little salt and pepper. Bake like pancakes.

OLD FASHIONED COOKIES

One cup of shortening (butter, butterine or lard), 2 cups of sugar, 1 cup of sour cream or milk, 1 teaspoon of soda dissolved in the milk, 1 egg. Flavoring to taste. Flour enough to roll. Bake a light brown.

"SERVICE? SURE! SERVICE WITH A SMILE!"

Here are the Big Four of the truck drivers at Quincy, Ill. "Do they give Service?" says Quincy. "We'll say they do: Service with a Smile!" And then the correspondent failed to place their names on the back of the picture!

PAGE MR. HARSHMAN

Peoria, Ill., Feb. 1.—Standard Oil Company bowlers, Joliet ones preferred, are advised to read the following, clipped from the Peoria Star, and then, if they feel pugnacious, write J. V. Serkowich, Peoria office, and arrange for a bowling match, either singles or doubles:

"Billy Wantling shot in rare form last night. He was hitting 'em in the pocket and went through the three games without an error. A single murphy and a split was all that he ran into during the trio and he mowed down the murphy in easy fashion.

"In the opening game he totalled 233. Seven straight strikes were registered by him at the start of the second. He spared on the eighth, ninth and tenth frames and struck on his extra ball for a total of 256. Inability to bunch strikes in the third game held Billy back from totalling over 700 pins for the series." Mr. Wantling is chief clerk at Peoria.

Boy, page Mr. Harshman, of Indianapolis. We fear he's taken to the woods.

MR. HARRISON DIES

South Bend, Ind.—Deep regret was occasioned when this office received news of the death of the late E. J. Harrison, of the Chicago division, who passed away at his home in Hammond, Ind., January 8. Mr. Harrison was in the service of this company for something like 37 years, and for a period of 10 years was connected with the South Bend division as lubricating salesman. He was prominent in social and fraternal centers here, and had a way of making friends with those with whom he came in contact. The body was brought to South Bend and the funeral party was met at the depot by a representation from the South Bend office, who accompanied the remains to Riverview cemetery, where they were laid to rest.

* * *

Old Lady—"There, now, don't cry, my boy! What is the matter?"

Little Boy—"My brother has lost his hat."

Old Lady—"Well, I'm sorry, but why should you cry when your brother loses anything?"

Little Boy—"Because I was wearing it when he lost it."

ONE MAY BE SUITED OR NOT

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Your choice for spring may fall upon a suit—or upon a one-piece frock or a coat dress that lures you away from your old allegiance to skirt and coat. Each is as smart as the other for street wear, as ingeniously designed and as well tailored. It is almost necessary to issue a questionnaire in order to know which is which, for in general outlines they are much alike. There are almost no severely plain models and the demand for decoration has brought out a great deal that is novel and handsome.

In the picture above, both a suit and a coat dress are reproduced, the suit at the left depending on its novel decoration more than anything else to distinguish it. It is made of a dark blue twill and has a plain skirt fulled into a plain band about the bottom. This band is studded with jet cabochons. The straight coat is a little drawn in at the waistline by a cord and finished at the bottom by a band corresponding with that on the skirt. Flaring sleeves and standing collar are notes in the spring models which this coat repeats and they are both embellished with cabochons which finish their good work by dotting the front with bright points.

The dress at the right is built on chemise lines, of cloth combined with satin in a contrasting color. Four satin-lined panels accent its unbroken lines with the satin glimpsed along their edges. The satin makes also an ample vestee and narrow collar, crossed at the front, and appears again in undersleeves, visible through slashes in the forearm. This touch on the sleeves is something new.—*Julia Bottomley*

FROCKS INTERPRET CHILDHOOD

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So long as the styles in little girls' frocks interpret little girlhood, it will not be necessary for them to cast about for anything startlingly new—no matter how simple they are, they enable an instant appeal. It is the simplicity and childishness of this spring's offerings that commend them to mothers. They have variety also to offer and many pretty details of finish that endear them to the children. The newest among these finishings is found in "sampler" trimmings. Canvas bands with flowers worked in cross-stitch on them, in gay colors like the old-fashioned samplers of a century ago, serve to make belts, bands and tabs that set off many pretty chambray dresses and aprons.

In ginghams small checks and crossbars are favored with plain chambray used for collars and other accessories and for trimmings. The plain chambray also provides short bloomers.

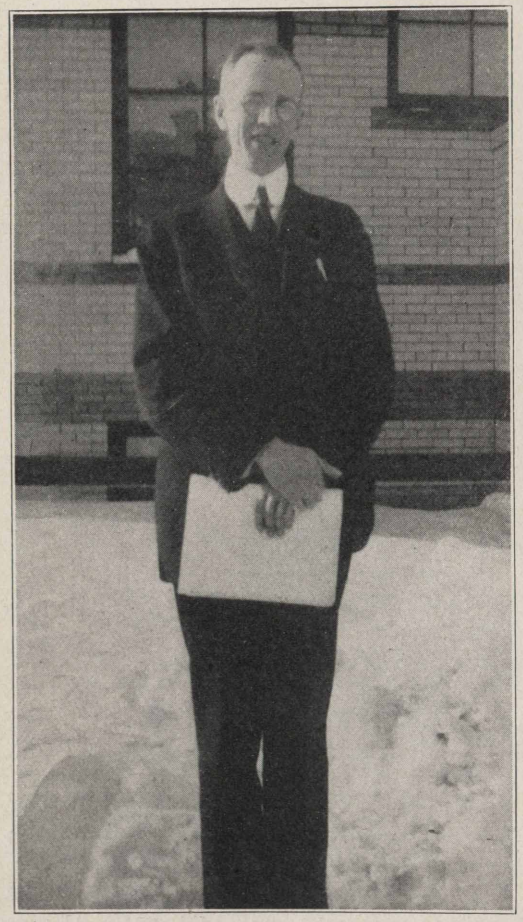
The order is reversed in dresses of plain chambray with collars and other accessories of checked or crossbar gingham, but the knickers with these dresses are of the plain material also.

For dress-up times there are many pretty colored organdies, trimmed with narrow frills having picot edges. They are finished with bows of narrow ribbon set on in prim little groups and have sashes of the same narrow ribbon. They are shown in many lively colors, pink, green, blue, lavender and yellow among them and have lovely old-fashioned sunbonnets to match.

In more substantial dresses white tape often provides a neat finish as shown in the frock at the left of the picture. This dress, with knickers, is made of plain chambray, its collar and cuffs bound with tape and rows of tape at the head of plaits. The dress at the right, for an older girl, is made of organdy with net undersleeves. A very little needle work on the collar and a ribbon tie finish up a dress that is too simple to need description and too pretty to pass unnoticed.

—*Julia Bottomley*

WELL, GIRLS ARE QUEER!



Fargo, N. D., Feb. 1.—We are particularly desirous of introducing to the Stanolind family, Mr. W. H. Carnine, chief clerk at Fargo. He is not only universally respected, but is loved by the entire force—especially by the girls.

CHARLES CARR DIES

Charles Carr, foreman at the Wood River works, died unexpectedly January 10 following a stroke of paralysis. Mrs. Carr was in Decatur visiting relatives when her husband was stricken and was unable to reach his bedside before death occurred. Mr. Carr had been employed by the Standard Oil Company for six years. The Wood River employees extend their sympathy to the bereaved family.

THEY JUST GROWED

Driver Frank Vansteel, of Quincy, Ill., has always been averse to having his picture taken. Can you blame him? But we got him. Before starting with the Standard Oil Company he worked opposite to a steam roller on public highways, making roads. Why a steam roller was necessary we fail to comprehend. Anyhow, the high cost of shoes has him seriously figuring on going to the South Sea isles where he may go barefoot the year around.

HE'S STILL YOUNG

The editor is in receipt of a clipping from the Indianapolis News which indicates that one "Harsh," of the Standard Oil Bowling team, recently rolled a total of 685 for three games, 227, 238 and 220, respectively. "Harsh" is the justly famous Indianapolis correspondent for the Record, his whole name being W. W. Harshman. Accompanying the clipping came a note from him saying: "Refer this to some of your bowling bugs and tell them for me to 'get good.' " We showed it to some of the Whitingites and they said: "Oh, he's young yet. Give him time and he may develop into a bowler."

THE BOUL MICH FROM DR. BURTON'S OFFICE WINDOW

This very unusual photograph was taken by Dr. Cash, assistant superintendent of the Whiting refinery, from the office window of Dr. W. M. Burton, on the eleventh floor at 910 South Michigan avenue. It shows Michigan avenue, looking south towards Twelfth street. Dr. Cash is said to be one of the best amateur photographers in this part of the country, but this is the first time we have succeeded in obtaining a picture of his publication. We wish the sub-committee on publications of the Whiting Joint General Committee would appoint him one of the official Stanolind Record photogs at Whiting, and then see to it that he takes some pictures for us. While they are about it they might also impress Dr. R. E. Humphreys, manager of the Whiting plant, into service, for we have lately seen some photographs taken by Dr. Humphreys which indicate he shoots a very mean lens.

NO GIFT

A business-like man stepped into a butcher's shop.

"A piece of beef for roasting," he ordered, briskly.

The meat, mostly bone, was thrown on the scales.

"Look here," remonstrated the man, "you are giving me a big piece of bone."

"Oh, no I ain't," said the butcher blandly, "yer paying fer it."

The lesson was in natural history, and the new teacher had chosen the interesting but complex subject of the cat. "Now, children," she said, "tell me what sort of clothes pussy wears."

No reply.

"Come, come," said she, determined to extract the right answer by naming everything that pussy didn't wear, "does she wear feathers?"

A pained expression crossed the face of a little boy in the front row. "Please, ma'am," he asked, "ain't you ever seen a cat?"

SOMETHING TO BLOW ABOUT IN SHORT GRASS COUNTRY

They really have something to blow about in Leoti, Kan., and Agent E. E. Slaughter and little Miss Virginia Slaughter, age 4, are tooting away for all they're worth. Agent Slaughter has made good but how he ever gets his iron barrels in is a mystery in view of the pretty handicap shown in the picture above. Left to right: Minnie Robison, Fern Prudley, Margaret Gilmore, Margaret Slaughter, Lillian Scheuerman, center: Katherine Slaughter.

OUTWITS HOLDUP MAN

Kansas City, Feb. 3.—James T. Allen, Standard Oil salesman, opened the company's filling station at 24th street and McGee street traffic way at 7 o'clock today. While sweeping the floor, a masked man entered, revolver in hand.

"Open the safe," was the robber's command.

Allen began working with the combination. The bandit sat down.

"You've scared me so I can't unlock it," Allen said.

"What is the combination?" the bandit asked.

Allen recited a set of fictitious figures. Resuming his efforts, the safe failed to open.

"Work it again and hurry up, or I'll blow your brains out," was a threat. "How much money is in there?"

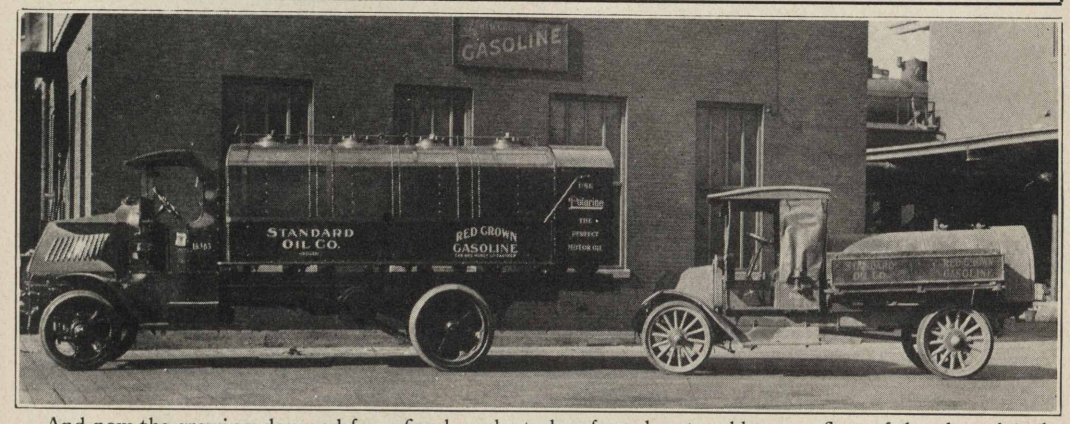
"Just a little bit," Allen replied. "They collected it late yesterday."

The bandit backed to the door and left. Allen last saw him hurrying west on 24th street.

* * *

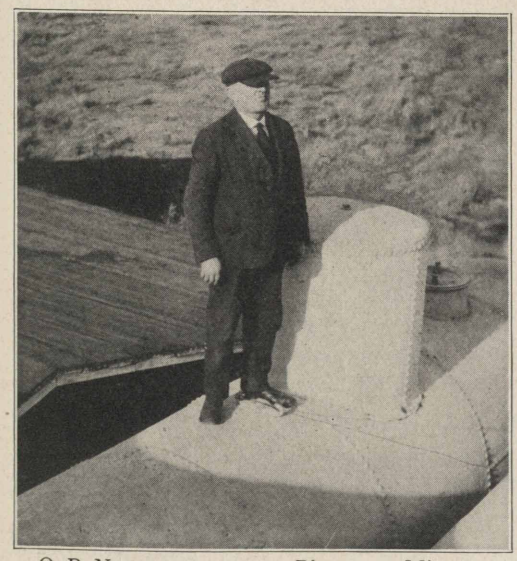
Boy—"How often does your line kill a man?"
Conductor—"Just once."

THE SUPERDREADNAUGHT OF OUR GROWING FLEET



And now the growing demand for refined products has forced us to add to our fleet of dreadnaughts the superdreadnaught, a specimen of which is shown above. It is a seven and one-half ton tank wagon and has a capacity of 2,550 gallons. Contrast it with the one-ton IHC tank wagon which was placed in service only a few years ago. The one-ton IHC has a capacity of 350 gallons against the 2,550 of the seven and one-half ton Mack. Several of the superdreadnaughts have been added to our fleet. The one shown above is in service at Fourteenth street, Chicago.

PIPESTONE



O. P. Nason, our agent at Pipestone, Minn., says that this old U. T. L. tank was installed at Pipestone in 1888 and was used for the storage of Perfection Oil. Mr. Nason entered the company service on February 1, 1887, and has been on duty continuously since that time. Pipestone is a place of great interest, especially because of its Indian lore, it being there that Longfellow laid the scenes of Hiawatha. The boys at Pipestone promise us some beautiful views and might even send us a pipe made by the Indians from the original red pipe-stone.

HOW DOES HE DO IT?

Detroit, Mich., February 1.—Our editor has asked for action pictures. This one is the picture of G. Franklin Phillips, agent at Ann Arbor, Mich., who spent his vacation at Lake Orion. Glance at the picture again and you will see that there is plenty of action surrounding the agent.

* * *

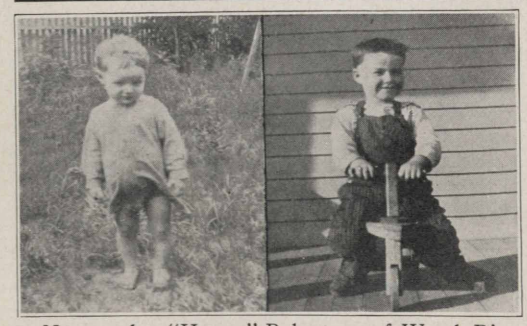
"Ernest," said the teacher of geography, "tell what you know about the Mongolian race."

"I wasn't there," explained Ernest hastily, "I went to the ball game."

HARD GUY

Here is Richard P. Thompson, the "hard guy of the steam stills," Wood River. They do say as how Richard isn't half as hard as he looks, however.

"HAPPY'S" KIDS



No wonder "Happy" Robertson of Wood River has such a good disposition with two little kiddies like this to gladden his home. On the left we have Willard, the "baby," age 2 years, and on the right, his big "bruvver," Clyde, age 4.

* * *

"Hi there, sir!" shouted a Cuban landlord to a departing guest who was rushing for the train, "you've dropped your pocketbook."

"All right," shouted back the guest without stopping. "I've no further use for it."

NOT MR. TAFT

No, William Howard Taft hasn't joined our service station corps. This is another "Big Bill," last name Taylor. Everybody knows old Bill at Service Station 52, Mankato, Minn.; at least everybody does that whirls along the asphalt in the self-propelling vehicle. Do you get that "self-propelling" stuff? That's Bill—self-propelling. He goes and gets 'em. The wind never blows too raw for Bill. He pulls on the old red flannels and sells 'em Red Crown. Around Mankato they call him "Standard Oil Bill." A neighbor of ours, in the two-lung nerve-wrecker, drove by No. 52 one rainy day and hollered at Bill—"Bad day, Bill!" Old Bill took a squint at the meter and came right back at him—"Yaas. Bad day for the other fellow. I'm grinding out 3500 today."

THEY WILL DO IT

A safety director tells this one apropos the difficulty of teaching some people to observe the rudimentary principles of "safety first."

Wash White got a job in a sawmill. The boss put him in charge of a buzz saw, showed him how the saw worked, warned him of its dangers, and then went away.

Wash was fascinated by the shining, whirling saw. But was it, truly, as sharp and terrible as the boss had said? To test it he touched it gently with his finger. Bzz! and the finger was no more.

As Wash was ruefully tying up his hand in his bandana the boss came back.

"Hullo there, Washington. What's the matter?"

"Buzz saw done cut off my finger, sah."

"How the dickens did that happen?"

"Ah dunno, sah," said Wash. "Ah just touched de darn contraption like this an'—Fo' de land's sake, der's anudder gone!"

SO LONG, BARNEY, AND THE BEST OF LUCK!

Fargo, N. D., Feb. 1, 1921—Here is Barney Gehrke, of Grand Forks, who retired January 1, 1921, after thirty years' service with this company. He is one of the pioneers of the tank wagon business in North Dakota, having entered the service at Grand Forks in 1890, long before the days of the tractor and automobile. At that time the farmers used oxen instead of tractors, and the main business in this country of the Standard Oil Company was Perfection Brand Kerosene Oil.

Barney's job was to supply the trade at all seasons, regardless of weather or anything else, and we'll tell the world that Barney did it!

During the winter of 1897 and 1898 the railroads were blockaded by terrific snowstorms. The snow was from six to nine feet deep on the level, and the thermometer registered 40 degrees below zero for weeks; but each day found Barney at the helm of a tank sleigh, piloting it over the frozen drifts to the inland towns, some of them a distance of thirty miles. This same territory is now being supplied by at least ten Standard Oil bulk stations, and Mr. Gehrke has to grin, he says, when he thinks of the comfort the agents and drivers enjoy today while lounging in the deep upholstering of the great motor trucks now in use.

On January 1, Mr. Barney Gehrke retired and his absence is felt by all of us who know him, for he has always been a clean living, good natured, industrious man, and we wish him all kinds of pleasures while enjoying the vacation he so well deserves.

HE LOOKS RECKLESS

Mr. Ward E. Lambert, order department at Huron, S. D., gave his co-workers a surprise by getting married Christmas day. Mr. Lambert is second from the left in the above, which represents the order department at Huron. From left to right: O. E. Weston, Ward E. Lambert, Bertha Feenan and Elsa Baum. The photog failed to name the cutest figure in the picture.

GOSSIP FROM REFINERIES AND FIELD

WHITING, IND.

The sympathies of the barrel house employees are tendered to their fellow-workman, Mr. Stanley Shimchak, in the death of the latter's father.

Mr. John Fraley of the old barrelhouse has returned to his work after spending a few days in Hoopeston, Ill., during which time he played the roll of "best man" at a friend's wedding.

While on his way to secure his marriage license Mr. Jos. Dostatni had his pockets picked of $179. Hard luck, Joe.

The yard office lost another faithful employee when Miss Mayme Flynn resigned several weeks ago to go on a short journey; this particular one being called a honeymoon. Hereafter, she will be known as Mrs. Alex Manta.

Mrs. H. Lloyd, formerly Miss Bessie Green, who was at one time an employee of the yard office, is the proud mother of a seven pound baby girl.

Employees in the yard office had been wondering for several days who the new yardmaster with the handsome beard was until some inquisitive person inquired, and found that it was George Rellis. Not a new man, just a new beard is all.

Miss Marie Gerlach, of West Park, is a new employee of the yard office.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nederkorn are announcing the arrival of a 7½ pound baby girl, born January 8th. George, who is one of our house men at the pressure stills, says they are going to call her Catherine Eileen.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Koenneker and their son, Wesley, and Miss Gladys Manlove, drove to Carlinville, Sunday, January 10th, and spent the day with Mr. Koenneker's brother and family.

Mrs. Fenton Soliday left on the 10th of this month for an extended visit with her parents at Huntington, W. Va.

We take pleasure in announcing the arrival of a big baby boy, January 8th, at the home of P. Fosha. Pearl is one of our old time fireman at No. 5 crude still, and we all join in extending our hearty congratulations to the happy family.

Freeland Thompson, of No. 6 Pressure Receiving House, who has been visiting Carrolton relatives for the past few days, is back on the job again and reports a fine time.

Paul Haller had as his guest during the holidays, his brother John of Minnesota, a very prominent attorney of that place.

"Storehouse" Tuley departed for Jacksonville on the evening of January 10th, where he expects to remain until the 13th. This little trip was brought about owing to the convention of the Illinois State Volunteer Fire Department. As Roy is a member of this organization and holds the office of secretary, the lot fell upon him to represent Wood River, which is very active in this work.

We extend our sympathies to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Mikolia in their sorrow and sad hour in the death of their six-year-old daughter, Delores, who passed away January 10th. Funeral services were held Tuesday, and the body was taken to St. Louis for burial, the home of the mother.

Freda Marie Harrison, eldest daughter of Lathe Harrison of the boilermaking department, died on January 3rd, from paralysis of the heart, caused from diphtheria. We all extend our deep regret and sympathies to Mr. and Mrs. Harrison. The family wishes to extend their sincerest thanks through the Record to the boilermakers for their beautiful floral offering.

Matthew C. Waymire and brother Mike, who are employed in the boiler house pipe gang, stole a march on the boys on the morning of the 8th by getting married. It was a double wedding. Mat married a Miss Lincoln, and Mike, Gertrude Minnemeyer, a former employee. We all extend our best wishes and congratulations to the newlyweds.

Jack Hubbard is the proud father of a bouncing baby boy, arriving January 19th. This is Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard's second boy, and they feel very happy over the event. We are glad to report that mother and baby are doing well. Congratulations, and many thanks for the smokes.

John Kondas, youngest son of Alex Kondas, the fire marshall, died December 30th, of scarlet fever. Johnnie was in his fourth year, and it was a very sad blow to the parents. We extend our sympathies.

Miss Myrtle Exton, one of our phone operators, who was called to her home in Louisville, Ky., by the serious illness of her young brother, returned after a two weeks' visit, and reports that her brother has recovered. Miss Exton is the daughter of Worthy Exton, who was transferred from Wood River to the Louisville refinery, and is now superintendent of that place.

Thos. Owens passed the cigars last Monday, the event being that "Tommy" had taken unto himself a wife on the evening of January 22nd. The bride, who was Miss Thelma Owens, is a resident of Wood River. The young couple expect to reside in Wood River, where the groom has a newly furnished home prepared. The community extends its congratulations.

Mr. E. H. Fisher, the newly appointed assistant to Mr. J. W. Curry, was in Wood River on the 25th and 26th of January, and while here, attended a meeting of the Joint General Committee. Mr. Fisher was called on for a few remarks, which were enjoyed by all the members. Come again.

On the evening of January 3rd, Lester Geltz entertained in honor of his friend, Mr. Jack Kennedy, of Denver, Colo. Covers were laid for twelve guests and a five-course dinner served. The guests departed at a late hour, and expressed their enjoyment of the evening.

E. E. Endicott, of the electrical department, who was confined to his home for the past week, is able to be on the job again. Carl Fox performed his duties during his absence.

Cecil Sherer, stock clerk in the storehouse, is taking an extended trip through the west in hope of benefiting his health. He was gassed in France, and since then has been subject to lung trouble and hopes to find a climate which will give relief. Before leaving, he confided to some of his friends that the nurse who attended him in France is now located in Casper, and that he expected to see Casper (?) before returning to Illinois.

Raymond Stocker and Wilbur Halsey, students at the Alton high school, were working at the refinery while being excused from final examinations.

A movement is on foot to organize a Masonic lodge in Wood River.

To the Stanolind Record: I wish to extend my heartfelt gratitude to the Board of Directors and officials of the Standard Oil Co. (Indiana), who accepted me on their pension list January 1, 1921. Gentlemen, I feel that the Industrial Relations Plan recently put into operation, is a wonderful plan whereby both company and men shall surely profit, as good will must necessarily produce excellent team work. In my thirty-nine years and five months of service, both company and men, in days gone by, have shown kindness and justice, which I believe has laid the foundation of the Industrial Relations Plan applied by the master mind. I also feel thankful to the shift-work boys, who so kindly presented me with a gold watch, a chain and a pipe, which gifts were presented to me at my home by Mr. Wuestenfeld, Mr. Brett, Mr. Zweig, Mr. Stohovick and Mr. Haven. With best wishes to every one, I beg to remain—Yours truly, James Thompson.

Bernie Halloran, pumper helper at filter press house, who figured in an auto accident with some of his friends last October, had a miraculous escape, and the result was a badly scarred face. After having fully recovered, Bernie decided to undergo a plastic operation at the Barnes hospital, which was performed by Dr. Blair. This man performed wonders during the World War, and had charge of all the plastic work in the A. E. F. Bernie is back on the job, and we note a marked improvement in his face. We were all anxious about Bernie, as he happened to be one of our volunteer "over sea boys."

Floyd Bunt, of the filling racks force, was married on Christmas day to Miss Martha L. Kincade, at the home of the bride's grandmother in East Alton.

Ralph ("Pick") Inman, fillerman at the racks, was in Edwardsville one night recently, where he helped the Moose put on some degree work. "Pick" reports a large time and plenty of eats.

Harry Scott, one of M. F. Manning's popular bricklayers, is very seriously ill at his home. The nerves of the stomach seem to be the cause, according to his brother, Earl.

"Bill" Glassmeyer has been off duty, due to a general shakeup received when his automobile ran up a telephone post while returning from a dance.

Paul Fudorich, who had his foot mangled while placing the new stem refinery stills, is back on the job, after being off for several weeks.

"Butch" Zumwahl is wearing a smile these days that won't come off. Reason? A sweet papa.

Leige Fulkerson says that he is the possessor of the best Christmas gift he has ever heard of; an eight-pound boy, born on the 25th.

Al Fosha challenges Watson or any other walker of noted fame, since his memorable walk home from Nameoki the other night.

Thos. Kinsella is alone again in his six-room house on 9th street. Any lady, from sixteen to sixty, wanting a home, kindly send application to that address.

Geo. McGaw is using his car again. George is convinced that a Dodge roadster is no machine to attempt pushing a truck up over the sidewalk with, especially when traveling twenty miles per hour in opposite directions.

Loyal Palmer has taken over the editorship of our thriving little newspaper, the Wood River Journal. It is Loyal's first attempt as a real editor but we consider him capable. Good luck, Loyal.

Ed Berger has engaged in the milk business. We wish Ed success.

The I. O. O. F. of Wood River has started construction of its new home. All members who have time are lending a hand in the excavation of the basement. It will be a two-story brick with all conveniences.

Joe Hoppe, extra stillman of the acid house, has resigned his position to go back to the farm. He has purchased a place near Evansville, Ind. We wish Joe much good luck in his new venture.

The new siren station near the north gate has been equipped with a two hundred and twenty-volt line to replace the one hundred-volt line which at present can be heard for a distance of eight miles.

Geo. Oetken is back on the job, after being off for a month because of a bad burn.

Lawrence Ragus' daughter has entirely recovered from a slight attack of diphtheria.

Wm. Obermiller tried to knock a "flivver" over the fence with his car. Be careful of those "flivvers," Bill, they've got an awful kick.

Clarence Smith, fireman at No. 3 crude house, is building a five-room house. We can hear the "bells" in the distance.

David Scifres has purchased a "Henry Special." It has wheels 'n everything, and from a distance looks like the real thing.

From all indications, Geo. Thompson will not have to pay as much income tax for the year 1921 as he did in the past.

Mat Freeman has a new invention for hot air furnaces. Stormer says when the "lad" is in the basement he doesn't need any fire to keep the house warm.

Henry Monken, better known as the "Summerfield Rabbit," has been promoted to stillman's helper.

Rumor has it that O. W. Crewes of the main office has gone in for vocalism. Oscar recently attended a bowling match at Wood River, it is said, and highly entertained those present with a few interesting vocal selections. We have not been able to ascertain the nature of this program, but reliable cources inform us that O. W.'s efforts were very much appreciated.

It is with conflicting emotions that the main office has to report the loss of P. G. Kopp, a member of the Hot Stove League, and also connected with the freight desk ensemble. "Krown Prinz" Kopp has been transferred to the Industrial Relations division, where he joins the highly intellectual firm of Clifford & Herzler. We wish you success, K. P., and trust that you will make yourself genuinely useful in your new occupation.

"General" Howe, our former messenger boy, who left the service a year ago to join the U. S. Navy as 3rd class painter, has returned to his home in Wood River. Howe enlisted for two years, but was sent home before the expiration of this term on a medical discharge. When questioned about the latter, "General" stated that while on one of Uncle Sam's battleships, stationed on the Pacific coast, he made the acquaintance of the "backfire" of a big gun, which resulted in his going to the hospital, whereupon he received his discharge. No, "General" has not changed. He is the same old "General."

The main office is anxious to know why Lester Geltz, star bowler, rolled such a poor game recently at the Y. M. C. A. alleys. Fans say that Lester's average was 122 pins for three games. Gossip discloses that Lester went home that particular evening with a package, regarding which Friend, Lester was

very secretive. It does not take a "Hawkshaw" to deduce from this why Les rolled a bum average. Moral: One cannot serve two masters at the same time.

Lou Kremer wishes to inform the universe that he is now ready and fully established to give guitar lessons to any individual of the human race during the hours of 5:30 p. m. to 7:00 a. m. Lou says his course is a good one and every person interested in music should not fail to come to him for instruction, advice and losing money. Lou says he has one pupil who has studied with him for six months, and this pupil can now play "Home, Sweet Home" very nicely.

Robert Glover, of Chatam, Ontario, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Wm. Batcheldor, for the past month, expects to leave for his home next Friday evening. It will be remembered that Mr. Glover's brother, Reginald, formerly worked here and was known as "Reggie" among the boys of his department.

Mr. William Covion of the pressure stills reports the illness of his little daughter with bronchitis. We all hope for her early recovery.

Oliver Dixon, formerly of the tin shop, now pressure fireman, moved to Wood River recently.

P. Britton, of the painting department, is now a resident of Wood River, having moved here from Alton.

Edna, the thirteen-year-old daughter of C. Utt, of the pipe coverers, was struck by an automobile January 14th, while crossing the street. It was thought at the time that she was seriously injured, but we are pleased to know that she is doing nicely.

Wm. Clayton, of the pipe coverers, was married January 17th, to Miss Nella Nutty of Grantsburg, Ill. Here's to you, Clayton—we wish you the best of luck.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Bernard Ireland, of the electric welders, has returned from a week's visit to Slater, Mo. He reported having had a keen time. Say! Bernard! We understood that you had laid off to attend a funeral.

Lyle Hildebrand thinks that one of his assistants, Elmer Wyatt, is studying to become a poet or a musician, as Elmer has let his hair grow down over his ears. But possibly he is only "developing" one of those new hair cuts.

The dogs of Sugar Creek are doomed. The City of Sugar Creek has put a dog tax into effect and two weeks after the tax became effective, only two applications for licenses had been placed. There are approximately a thousand dogs in Sugar Creek. It looks as if the dog catcher was to have a man's job.

It has been noticed lately that the handsome face of James O'Hara of the paraffine department, has been losing some of it's classifical beauty. Investigation shows that the work at the paraffine works has been unusually heavy for the last few days and James has been losing his beauty sleep.

Ensign Score of the main office has been transfered to the yard checking crew.

The morning greeting of John Shipley of the mechanical department: "Got any cigarets today?"

Warren Hatton, of the laboratory, recently returned from a short visit to Red Oak, Iowa. He reports having had an excellent time and says that he met a lot of "awfully" nice girls. He also says that he is going back again as soon as possible. After hearing Warren tell about the "awfully" nice girls and knowing him as well as we do, we have no doubt but what he will go back.

K. F. Jacques has been transferred from the storehouse to the main office. Quite a valuable addition to the force at the latter place.

We have been informed from a reliable source that Herman Fulks, of the storehouse, has put in an application for a job on the Independence police force.

W. B. Hodge, of the main office, has been laying off because of a case of smallpox.

E. P. Tarbutton, one of the boilermaker foremen, says that he is off of Fords for life. He recently bought a "good" second-hand Ford. So far he has only tried to crank it once and he is going around with a badly sprained wrist. Tarbutton says that his Ford is a reincarnation of Maude.

John Healy, of the laboratory, has given up hope of becoming a prize fighter and is studying to be a "Jazz-King." He is taking piano lessons at three dollars per half-hour lesson. At this rate we predict that he will be able to play "Dardanella" within ten years.

Fritz Long, of the paraffine works, recently purchased a new Dodge roadster. On the heels of this tremendous financial plunge, comes the report that he is to be married. Oh well, possibly a rich uncle died.

The price that an antique brings these days is really remarkable. Mr. G. A. Gallaway, of the shipping department, recently sold his 1912 model Overland for the sum of fifty dollars.

The office cat wants to know why the Record is put out the end of a current month instead of the first. (See this number.—EDITOR.)

W. H. "Sally" Starks, of the garage, recently returned from a prolonged siege of illness. "Sally" seems to have lost some of his avoirdupois.

Joe Bostian, one of the youngest stillmen in the plant, recently broke his leg in a fall at the continuous stills. Joe's many friends hope for a speedy recovery.

A. J. Blatt, of the pipe department, who a short time ago, came into possession of an antiquated Ford, is looking around for a sucker. He says that it takes nine gallons of gasoline to drive from Independence to Sugar Creek. Why don't you write to Mr. Ford, Arthur? We understand that he advertises a greater mileage than you are getting.

Our old friend, Bill Kelly, of the time desk, can be seen nearly every night in the week madly galloping down The Paseo in his Ford sedan, in the direction of 38th street. Bill said that only sweet articles come in small packages, and if all that we have heard of the Mrs. Kelly, elect, is correct, we will say that he is right.

K. F. Jaques, of the storehouse department, has been transferred to the main office. H. A. Burkhart will fill the position left vacant by Mr. Jaques. C. G. Closson has been employed to assist Mr. Burkhart.

Mr. Chas. Street, brick mason foreman, who was operated on for appendicitis recently, is reported to be getting along very nicely.

Mr. Gene Rolfs, efficiency engineer, was hailed into court last week, charged with pushing his trusty old Dodge to 45 miles per hour past a Kansas City police station. Gene says he is going to run in Jenkins class from now on. Note:—If he does this he will be arrested for blocking traffic.

Herbert Fleck, pressure still shift worker, recently was forced to treat each shift with 10 gallons of ice cream on account of trying to hold back the truth that he had been married for some time with-

out letting them in on the secret. The truth leaked out and he was forced to treat or take a good drenching under one of the fire plugs. Herbert is living at Fairmount avenue and Van Horn road with his new bride.

Harry Strickler of the pipe department had been acting in a strange manner lately, and some of his well meaning friends, who kept watch over him, have traced the cause to a rosy cheeked, black eyed miss from the Kansas side; Harry had been frequently observed studying the furniture and grocery ads, and cutting out parts for future reference.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Earl J. Cox, 1–9–21, one (1) girl, by weight, 9½ pounds, by name, Ruth Irene; temperament, angelic.

It is said the most eminent scientists of the country have been in consultation with Ben Wallace since he gave his learned and interesting lecture on "Microbes" recently.

Wm. S. Craddock, a foreman in the labor department, was recently operated on for appendicitis in the Independence sanitarium and his many friends wish him a speedy recovery.

Friends of Dave Crow of the labor department, will be interested to know that his wife presented him with a son on his first wedding anniversary; Dave says he's a howling success.

John Waller, pipe foreman, became the father of another son Tuesday, January 4th.

The Employees of the Standard Oil Co., Sugar Creek, Mo.: We wish to express our appreciation for your kindness and sympathy in the hour of our sorrow. The broken wheel was so expressive of the loss of our Dear One, and for so many men to hold such a loving memory of papa was a great consolation, for we felt that you too shared in our grief. Believe us, very sincerely yours—Mrs. Harness, Odette and Pauline Harness.

What is the matter with the Stanolind Record? We have been, since its first issue, trying to find some fault with it, and—we have failed completely.

The definition of "Success" is: "Determination." Try it in your work and prove it. The Joint General Committee intends to prove it for the year 1921.

It's all the same to Pearson, brush or pencil, he is a master of both—he can take a brush and paint a smile that won't come off—a pen and conquer the world.

Frank Millspaugh offers $5.00 reward for the return of his false teeth. They were lost in the neighborhood of the East Side Baptist Church, Independence, Mo.

George Parker of the tin shop was awarded a medal for getting the most Dirty Face signers during the month of January, Why? Because he received $1.00 per signer.

Ray Griffen says he is now ready for business and when it comes to dipping water out of cisterns he can't be beat. For we know that he got all his practical experience in his own back yard.

Ed Koenig, the alto shark of the band, laid off last week to make preparations for the future. Oh Boy! you should see the diamond she is wearing.

Bill Decker, our famous gate watchman, says he still loves his mud turtle soup, but since the river is frozen over and he cannot find any more Ford cars to pull out, he is spending most of his time eating sardines.

Mr. Frank Crawford, formerly of the tin shop, has accepted a position as a deputy in the county surveyor's office. We wish him much success.

Lloyd Gibbons has just recovered from a bad case of blood poison in his right hand. Who has been holding your hand, Lloyd?

Jim Hellburg will tell you that "Everything comes to him who waits." He knows, because after waiting four years he mashed his finger.

H. O. Rudd was suddenly awakened one night recently, only to find himself and his new Ford coupe wandering around aimlessly in "Farmer Brown's" cornfield.

Charlie Taylor has a new "hunting" dog. Keeps him hunting day and night for his shoes, sox and sundry other articles.

Clarence Johnson, who has been laid up with a nail puncture of his foot, has thrown away his crutches and returned to work.

Geo. Curtis came to work, not long ago, wearing a look of despondency. It was because his wife was spending "two whole days" in the country.

During the Christmas holidays A. A. Kurtz entertained a carbuncle on his knee.

It would be greatly appreciated by our culinary department if some one would only invent a pie-machine which would produce the finished product by the turning of a handle.

Here is a problem for our mathematicians to solve: Clifford Howard went to town recently and bought a pair of shoes, a couple of ties and a couple of collars, for which he spent $35.00. If the shoes cost him $13.00, what kind of collars and ties did he buy?

"Red" (T. R.) Oswald is wearing that contented smile that won't come off. A certain blonde nurse is the cause of it all.

To show that the Democrats are not discouraged. rumbles of the 1924 presidential campaign have already been heard. It is said John Daniels of the timekeeper's office is starting a "Bland for President" boom.

Walter Little says he will refund $10.00 to the winner of the hog if he will be allowed the privilege of keeping the tail, as he wants it to make a whip lash of to drive other hogs out of the corn. He doesn't mind putting corn into hogs, but he doesn't want the hogs in the corn.

Andy Ewing takes great pride in air-compressor room No. 1. He considers it one of the family. We congratulate you, Andy. It shows the proper spirit.

Judging by the way Johnny Schneider handles a boilermaker's wagon around the plant, he has had considerable experience at home pushing a baby buggy and handling a sedan.

One kind of a house all the pipe gangs agree on, regardless of kind of material, form of construction, or location is a house with lots of "windows." House committee please take notice.

James Gatewood has a pleasant smile once more: his wife is on the road to recovery, having been to the hospital for a serious operation. We smile with you, James.

W. D. Whitehouse says that next to pipe work there is nothing he likes better than "bushwacking." How about grinding valves?

The only real rival Caruso has is Henry Schulenburg, of the pipe gang. Oh, John!

Clarence Spitser says since he has quit chewing tobacco he doesn't know which is the worst, "Chewing tobacco or chewing the rag." Harry Knight says "tobacco tastes better, anyhow I can work better on tobacco."

Buck Ross says he can ride or drive any kind of a car that will "buck," climb a telephone pole or run on a bridge half the width of itself, if it will only stay on the ground. We have even seen him ride a 12-inch pipe twenty or thirty feet in the air.

Pipe Fitter James Israel, says: "While you would not think so, rubber boots are a great necessity in the laying of pipe—in fact, there are times when it is almost impossible to lay pipe without getting into the water, to hold the pipe from floating away while you are making it up."

We believe that keeping all tools in proper condition at all times would help the Safety Committee in their work, and be much safer for the men using them. Many minor injuries are caused by improperly kept tools. The most important finger or toe a workman has, are the ones injured; at least so Bill Rodewald says.

The new year, 1921, in all its glory and newness, arrived at John Schneider's home January 1, 1921, in the form of a fine baby girl. Shake, John. The "Presentation Committee" is doing nicely.

Pat—"What are you doing, Mike?"

Mike—(Just coming out of a tank of reduced crude, into which he had fallen) "prospecting for oil."

Pat—"Did you find it?"

Mike—"No; it found me."

If you want to see a real, genuine, broad, large, open, honest smile on Bert Hudspeth's face, take a ride with him, sometime, on a good smooth level road of 100 miles, his "Chevrolet" in good working order, every cylinder hitting just right, nothing "knocking" and tank full of "Red Crown"—well, that's one time Bert will really smile.

Andy Crabtree is not an artist, but he can draw a wheelbarrow and an occasional breath.

Mr. Frisby, common labor foreman, has finally become so accustomed to riding a wooden leg horse that he has gotten into the habit of walking with a wooden leg himself. Watch out, Frisby, and don't go to the blacksmith for your next shoes.

What is the matter with the New Joint General Committee? Well, we have not diagnosed it yet. Pipefitter Johnson smiles one of those pleasant smiles and says: "Let's make up another Joint, boys; let's go!" There is only one joke on Johnson, and that's on himself.

If you have any problems to solve in your pipe work, tell it to Frank Lee; he gets results.

Where is Sugar Creek? Watch the 1921 map of the United States and see if it isn't a city of the 2nd or 3rd class by 1922. Kansas City please take notice.

Frank House of the pipe shop, says "There ain't no such animal as a boil." He says you are thinking of a "cinder beetle."

A. B. Jones, of the refinery, is recovering from an attack of pneumonia. His many friends wish him a speedy recovery.

Leon Walker has recovered from his third attack of the flu. We have heard of the sins visiting the children to the third generation, but can't understand what Leon has been doing to warrant one generation being visited three times.

Frank Diesko, painter, has found a use for that old stove he has been hanging onto so many years, but he won't jar loose on the lady's name.

Lawrence Lynch, of the acid works, spent five days in the mountains between Independence and Lee's summit and it is reported the village justice promised to let him go, if he would "O. K." it with the farmers for damages to their live stock and poultry.

The paraffine works has a bona-fide "Nut" Club: only employees of that department are eligible and must be well recommended. Their cases will be looked into by a committee of three. Apply in person to H. L. Bradshaw.

Hubert M. Baitty has traded his Buick runabout for a real car and is planning another exploration in the Ozarks. Later:—We regret to report Hubert is walking to work these days. One trade too many?

Robert Lisle, brick mason helper, is planning another hunting trip in hope of getting another Jack Rabbit with ears 15 inches long. Bob is a great hunter and always gets the game.

Lost:—The address of a fine looking young widow. Finder please return to owner and receive iberal reward for same. Harvey Kimble, pipe department.

Claude Keck, pipe fitter, is growing another pretty mustache. "Slim" is very ambitious and can always be found doing something worth while. Congratulations, "Slim."

CASPER, WYO.

Henry Miller has been transferred from common labor to the electrical department—a step upward.

Homer Ward, one of the senior members of the pipe shop, who manipulates one of the machines, has returned to work after nursing a lame back for a couple of weeks.

Ray Goerty, of the common labor department, was called by wire to Lincoln, Neb., on account of the serious illness of a near relative.

Iven J. Price returned to work Monday after a forced lay off for about twenty days on account of lumbago.

Lew Kistler, stillman at the towers has developed an abnormal appetite for cauliflower, in fact he brings nothing else for his lunch. At least that is what the boys say. Lew says he just picked the wrong parcel on leaving home. Don't let them rag you, Lew, lots of good people are vegetarians.

Old Zero has been on top by several degrees the last few nights, but our old friend Ventosis is coming to our relief and will soon dissipate the cold wave.

Ring by ring the concrete towers are ascending towards the sky, but the contract usually runs out and they quit without the necessity of "Confounding the tongues of the workmen."

Harry Grondal has returned from a holiday vacation spent in Chicago with relatives and friends and is on the job as stillman at the pressures.

Carl J. Melin, laboratory man, has returned from an extended vacation looking like he had been well fed while away.

C. L. Stinson is back on the job after several weeks absence visiting his parents in southern Illinois.

It is certainly wonderful the memory that some old mothers have. Although it was sixty years ago that Mrs. Wilson of Olney, Ill., commenced to spank that ornery kid, Edwin C., she still did not forget to send him a fruit cake for Christmas, and Ed said it was just like Ma used to make, as he smacked his chops over a hunk of it he had for his lunch at the office the other day Many of the boys were green with envy. Not so much on account of the cake as of the dear old Mother whom they had missed for many years.

The December number of the Stanolind Record has just reached our desk and the consensus of opinion of the employes of the Casper Plant is that it is easily the best ever. They all wear a smile and say when they meet, "Have you read the Stanolind? Wasn't it fine?" Casper surely got proper recognition. The Industrial Relations is all right; let's all go.

John McCord, still foreman, has returned from Pennsylvania, where he went to spend the holidays with his little girls. He reports having had a nice

trip and received the glad hand from all the boys on his return.

Fred Saulie, of the electrical department, is attending the obsequies of his sister who was called away by a stroke of paralysis. The sympathy of the plant is his.

A. N. Lesperance, of the pipe shop department, was united in matrimony to Miss Ruth Oligvia of Lead, S. D. They have returned to Casper, where they will make their future home.

Paul Davis, a former employe, who has been absent from the plant for some time on account of an injury, is back again on the job as good as new. Welcome back, Paul.

George Haddenhorst won the shot gun raffled by Otis Bentley. George has been out after the rabbits on McKenzie Heights ever since he won the gun, but has not been able to get any. He just can't get them to stand still while he shoots.

Ed Norris, still cleaner, was off duty recently with the flu, but is again on the job.

Albert Cox, boiler maker foreman, was called to his home in Gorman, Okla., on account of the serious illness of his mother.

H. Umphenour, a former employe at this plant, is back again cleaning still. Hank says "Greybull is not so bad after all."

At the last meeting of the S. O. Employe's Benefit Association the following officers were elected to serve for the following year: H. E. Williamson, president; N. H. James, secretary and treasurer; C. P. Meyer, E. Christensen and Geo. Haddenhorst, trustees. The secretary's report showed a membership of thirty with $678.39 cash on hand. Benefits paid during the past nine months, $68.06. Due to the small amount paid as benefits, it was deemed advisable by the directors to place $400.00 on time deposit bearing interest.

GREYBULL, WYO.

Geo. Patterson, who has been confined to his home with an attack of boils, is able to be at work again.

Harry Winters, fireman, had the misfortune to have his face burned while lighting a fire under the still. The burns were not serious, however, and Harry was not forced to lay off.

Forrest Larson has returned from Loop City, Neb., where he has been on a visit.

Troy Majors, stillman at No. 2 house, appeared on the job recently, with his first new pair of overalls in five years. Some one immediately borrowed the overalls and Troy was forced to don his old pair, besides doing without his plug of climax for an entire shift.

B. J. Manley is again on the job after his visit at Ladysmith, Wis. On his way home, Stub concluded that South America must be a fine place, and in trying to convince the boys he spilled the beans; there's a woman in the case. Stub surely is a ladies' man.

Chas. Tanner, fireman on No. 4 battery, purchased the L. F. Smith's property on McKenzie Heights recently.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

S. Duke, our crack main line motorman, has left the motor to load coal. Sid is after the big money.

We notice some new faces at 1-B lately. Boys from 1-A, we guess.

Big Van! Main East Trip Rider is loading coal now. Van says "I need the money, boys." What's up Van Pelt? Maurice Van Meter, better known as "Screechie," has taken his place.

Cal True, coupler on the bottom, says he is losing in weight and when he gets down to 150 he is going to look for another job. What weight now, Cal?

Steve Dasovich, 7th N. W. Motorman, passed the cigars Monday. He did not tell us why, but judging from the number of trips Steve has made to a certain farm, we can make a good guess. Congratulations, Steve.

James Scott and Fred Scott of Troy, Ill., while visiting their brothers, Alfred and Tom, were so impressed with Carlinville and especially with our beautiful homes in the Standard Addition that they decided to make Carlinville their future residence.

Mat Zukoski is all smiles. He has reason to be—a twelve-pound girl.

E. Hinthorne, Engineer at Mine 1-B, was severely injured between a load of flat cars and his engine when he crushed into a string of loaded cars.

Robert Van Pelt, motorman at 1-B, has promised to love, honor and get the bacon. Best wishes, Bob.

SCHOPER

From the Standard Addition comes the rumor that two of our Schoper men, Harry McWilliams and Elmer Boode, are waging desperate warfare against a gang of crooks who appear to be infesting their neighborhood. Judging from what we hear our fellow townsmen must be "walking arsenals" at night.

One of our company men, Ralph Hall, was recently married. Best of luck to him in his new adventure.

One of our top men, "Possum" Ryan, by revised calling, not satisfied with negotiating the material hoist chute on his face several months ago, tried out the chute at the main hoist a few days ago. "Possum" says the material hoist chute is the "slickest" and he ought to know.

Our handsome clerk, who handles the work train business at Schoper (he of the Charlie Chaplin mustache) was very nearly put off the train the other morning by a new conductor for not producing a ticket. That conductor deserves promotion for his close attention to his employer's interests.

Our chief engineer at the Schoper power plant, Mr. E. R. Baker, says that if the rabbit who stole his trap wlil return same, there will be no questions asked.

Not so long ago, our handsome chief electrician, Arthur Hibbard, and our leading thirst quencher, Mr. Steinmeyer, motored to St. Louis, and on the return trip got lost in the woods, and we hear just kept running around in circles. We didn't hear who was driving, but judging from some of Mr. Hibbard's past performances, we would say he was probably at the wheel. By the way, "Hib," we hear the bridge on the Schoper road is to be widened soon.

One of our hard working loaders at Schoper, Pete Clark, was married last week to Miss Marie Fraser, daughter of Jack Fraser. Good luck to Mr. and Mrs. Clark.

We have been wondering very much of late if our engineer at Berry, Forrest Nifong, is not going to embark soon on the matrimonial seas. Signs are very misleading if he isn't.

"Hib" says he'll bet any man that he can make that bridge two out of three times.

Again our esteemed citizen from Standard Addition leaps into the limelight. This time he was wolf hunting several Sundays ago. He claims he couldn't meet up with any of the critters, but any how we would like to have him explain how his gun

The Hungry Battalion Goes Over the Top! Less fortunate than the people in the territorial stations, the home office folks have no company cafeteria to supply their food needs, so they daily storm the soda fountaiu in the corridor.

barrel came to be so badly bent the next day. We would suggest leaving the gun behind next time in case it gets in his way.

Harold Hall, assistant engineer at Schoper, is in Chicago having his left arm treated by specialists. It was broken by a fall of slate Armistice day.

One of our motormen at Schoper, Dominic Giacoma, was married last week. His marriage doesn't seem to impair his efficiency any.

Where was Jack Fraser the day following his trip to Alton from Wood River? Stand up, Jack, and tell us what happened.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Fourteenth street extends its most sincere and heartfelt sympathy to J. LeRoy Wagner, warehouse foreman at this point, who buried his dear mother on January 29th. Roy has a younger brother to care for and all his friends at Fourteenth street will be more than pleased to help him in any way they possibly can.

August Sepcot, night mechanic at Fourteenth street, became "Daddy" on January 18th. Mr. Stork brought him a six and one-half pound baby girl. While a girl was perfectly welcome, we believe August was a trifle disappointed, having mentioned previously that he was soon to have a "Junior."

Fourteenth street employees carry a heavy heart these days. Mr. Prather, superintendent, has been transferred to the Milwaukee branch, where he will undertake the duties of assistant manager. We all feel confident that Mr. Prather will make a success of anything he undertakes, but Gee! his going away was hard to take. While we knew he was going away, we did not feel the parting so badly, until he bid us his last farewell on Wednesday, January 26th, and we presented him with a traveling bag. We certainly miss him, but here's wishing him all the success in the world.

Lone Meiers, Angle, Moore and Frank
Still stand as solid as a bank
They do not for a moment wince,
They do not falter, fear nor flinch,
How thick and fast Dan's arrows fly
They let their precious years roll by
Alas! poor Meiers veteran brave
Why totter to a lonely grave?
Alas! poor Angle on the square
Why in a lonely future stare?
Alas! for good obliging Moore
Why wait to fill another score
And last, not least, there's Arthur Frank
He's too declined to turn the crank
He scribbles on page after page
Postpones the step till ripe old age
Alas! poor fellows, lonely hearts
Some day you'll wish for Cupids darts,
But then, too late—"Old people's home"
Is waiting for your shining dome.
Get busy girls and pick your man
You'll find them close to Callahan.

Report received in sales department, Room 500, January 12th, that a robin was seen in West Chicago. We do not mind having these reports about March 12th, but when they get so brave as to spring them in January we think they are spoofing us.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

The thing that's worrying us most is—who marcels Ray Welzenbach's hair—oh so pretty?

The American Xmas Tree Company held a director's meeting the first of the year and the following directors were elected: Jost, president; Anthony, vice president; Ives, secretary, and LaFrenz, treasurer. It was announced that a bond issue would be floated in the near future and the territory west of Walcott would be worked very thoroughly. The president insisted that he be given sufficient help to work the territory with his treasurer, LaFrenz.

We warn the agents in the field not to be too hard on poor Bob Kibler, because he has had his knowledge bump removed. Must be terrible for Moorman to have Bob in such shape as Moorman claims he is the only fellow that has any brains left.

Tell us, Estes Lee, why you change your eating places so often—too big an appetite or what? Bill Young says he knows why but won't tell.

We suggest that Jerry Preston of the Davenport garage and Little Willie Smith of Service Station 65, Davenport, get together on their hunting sprees and bring home some rabbits once. If we were Smith, we wouldn't go on Friday as that's Jerry's unlucky day.

Al Sindt claims that some fair damsel at Cedar Rapids called him dear, over the phone the other day. Now, Dorothy, don't do that 'cause Al is married—ask for Slater next time, or Art Koch.

It has been said that Clark claims that the reason the bowling team is on the hummer is because he likes to bowl in peace and not have so much nagging.

Minnie, our versatile phone operator, makes an assertion that she will beat Frank Ovens getting married—Frank says June.

Mr. Bragg made a real nice talk when Daisy Monroe left our employ, but we ask if it would not have been better to let Harry Franck do the talking, as he has such tender and loving ways.

Mr. Black named his arrival Robert Builtwell. Bring him down to the office some time, Black, and we'll tell you if he's a builtwell.

Mr. Slater, better known as G-l-e-n, pulled a boner the first thing in the record department. He changed Dewey's desk.

Jack Leach at Service Station 7, has joined a church. We hope it's not that nice little church on the corner in Rock Island.

The Red Crown Booster Club took in three new members the other night. They had a big spread, but N. E. Sage, as well as Paul Parsons, reports that they should have had more oysters or should have kept McRoberts out altogether.

We are glad that Frank Leverage is now feeling much better and is on the job again. Sorry to hear of other sickness in the family.

Mr. Wm. Schnoor, according to the city briefs, Daily Times, was in Davenport the other day transacting business. What's the business, Bill?

Willie Smith and Neeskern tell us they have a bet on, but fail to state what it's all about. Reminds us of the story about the fellow who said he could drink two gallons of beer in one breath. Go to it Neeskern, because Bill has seen his day.

LOST, strayed or stolen, Young's (Service Station relief man on the Illinois side) matrimonial papers. Please return to owner—promise of reward.

Bill Mangels and Howard Clark still insist that they can build up a good bowling team around themselves. Let 'em do it, boys. Let Bill bring in Jimmy Montz and Beckman if he wants to, and then fill up the gap with Fred Richey.

DECATUR, ILL.

On the evening of January 8 the Stanolind Fellowship Club gave a lovely old-fashioned Colonial party at Marquette hall. The receiving line of Colonial belles and beaux greeted each guest as he

entered. In the fore part of the evening, games of Ye Olden Days were played, with the snap and zest of the present day. Spin the platter and post-office, however, were barred, much to the chagrin of some of those of the younger set. After the games, Miss Anna Doran whetted the appetites of those present, with several splendid popular songs, and then——then came the eats, a feast fit for a king, and all prepared by the dainty hands of the belles of our office. Dancing rounded out the evening; the music being furnished by members of the club. If there was a person present who did not enjoy every minute of this little affair, he should hunt a regulation moss-lined grave, and bid a last adieu to his fellowmen—he were better off alone.

Mr. N. S. Toothman, of Cowden, Ill., is not the village dentist, as one would be led to suspect; although he is said to be good on fillings. You see, he's the jolly, genial fuel dispenser for the Standard Oil Company, and is pulling hard day and night for new business.

Mr. Harry Bomford, of the Chicago office, was the honored guest at our Colonial party; and while he was a bit light on the dancing, and just fair on the eats, he sure was strong on entertainment. The boys were lined around him six deep; and he got under the hide and tickled the ribs of every single one of them. Come again, Harry—we are needing another good laugh, and there is always a place for a real fellow in our crowd.

A. F. Olney, for ten years connected with our East St. Louis office, bids us adieu on March 1; and immediately thereafter packs his grip and sets sail for the sunny shores of California. We have just got a sneakin' notion that A. F. has been hounding the movies where Mack Sennett's bathing beauties were on display, and just couldn't stand the lure of the sirens a moment longer. Here's wishing you luck, "old top;" but don't pick 'em until they get back in their "civies."

Extra! Fortune to be made by ambitious young man, having inventive genius; F. S. Larimore willing to invest his entire available capital in a portable, folding, non-spillable cuspidor.

Mr. Rowland F. Gones, flashbox demonstrator, would like to know just what there is about his person which caused an attractive young lady in one of our villages to look at his feet. Well, now, Rowland, maybe the demure little miss was skeered of bein' hypnotized by them dancin' devilish eyes of yourn.

Ed. Hartman, agent at Carlinville, Ill., told us one day that the roads down his way were so bad that no self-respecting, four-wheeled vehicle could travel them. Next day he notified us that one of his trucks was lying upside down in the ditch, four miles from town. We don't know whether he was using it for a road drag or whether the poor thing just got tired of wallowing and laid down in the mush for a rest. Anyway, Ed said it didn't act in a ladylike manner a'tall.

Mr. F. W. Sturts, of Bondville, Ill., is back on the job, after quite a siege of illness. On being interviewed, he remarked—"them as wants 'em can have 'em; but these pink pills for pale people are not what they are cracked up to be."

Who said Leo May couldn't "Hurdle" or F. S. Larimore sprint a "Hundred" in zero minus, or Bob Madeira "Put the Shot?" We heard no one say they couldn't—but Carrie and Anna and Mary vouch for the fact that they need practice. This may not be sporting news, but it's here just the same.

That little bug has already gotten started—not a "cootie," understand (that's an animal)—but the "base-ball bug." It is the intention that the Standard Oil Company, at Decatur, have a representative team for the Commercial League this coming summer; but let's wait till the bug is stronger before we tease it any more.

Everybody in the East St. Louis office wondered why little Walter copped the piece of hose that C. E. Rode threw away. Sh! Sh! his brother has a cellar. Did you use the overhead unloading system, Walter?

Mr. H. Dustman, of Edwardsville, and Mr. D. H Hills, of Casey, are both reported on the sick list, and we miss the old timers badly, but know that the good wishes of their fellow workers cannot but help bring a quick return of health

Agent C. E. Johnson, Gillespie, has several very fine hunting dogs which he is now training to track down enpty tanks. C. A. Cline suggested christening them "Perfection," "Red Crown" and "Polarine," and set about carrying out his suggestion, by trying to break a bottle of each over the heads of the dogs. Later, Johnson patched him up and loaned him a barrel to walk home in. Cline has quit the god-mother idea.

W. A. (Commodore) Jones is visiting our shores these days. The morning after he arrived, he was found breezing along the Wabash right-of-way, all sails spread, hatches battened down, a "long-time burner" cigar in the starb'r'd side of his mouth, and a merry smile playing around the corners of his eyes. A signal maintainer, following along in his wake, called out—"Say, Matey! you act like an old hand at this game—how long you been on the job?" Pipes the Commodore, "Oh, about a Fortnite."

The East St. Louis bunch are quite familiar with the following conversation. "Hello Central, give me St. Clair 1775, Mr. Ridgeway's department——. We wonder if there is a ring on the other end of the line—we thought we heard a Bell(e)."

Mr. Clanney, at Grafton, says that he has the stove huggers in the village stores purty nigh cured of stick whittling and tobacco chewing; he's been showing them some stunts with out Improved Red Crown, and they don't find time to do anything else but talk about it.

Charlie McClenning, agent at Hillsboro, has a smile on his face that takes in both ears, since he received his new International truck. He says, "let 'em come, I'm ready for 'em." Why not change that, Charlie, to "here's where I go after 'em?"

John Kerr, of the order department, was caught a few nights ago with a bottle on his hip; and although he swore by every faithful blade on his head that it was only hair tonic, we knew he wouldn't get by with it—and, sure enough, next day our news boys carried this item in their columns. "Kerr spent $18.00 on the qt. t'day." John says qt. means quiet; but we leave it to you, Brothers of this Great Sahara, what is it?———Sure, who's got the cork screw?

Whenever you need a new window light for your cellar, just gently bust one of the glasses in the office door. Your painter friend will see to it that you get a big enough piece out of the salvage to just about fit.

Appeared this ad in the Mt. Zion daily news: "WANTED—A rubber tired buggy; not the kind you pull, but the kind you push. Signed—Clarence Walker." The answer is, Clarence was a grand-dad twice in the same week—AND right underneath, this

ad appeared: "RED CROWN GASOLINE and POLARINE OIL"—the Power Twins." Can you beat that for a combination?

We went to church a couple of Sundays ago, and everybody predicted that something was going to happen. Sure enough, the first crack the minister made was that Miss Grace Dunn, of our office force, was to be married in the early part of February, to Mr. Charles Hagen. Now see what we went and done by tryin' to be good.

The RED CROWNS have spent a rather quiet month, for the reason that no games had been scheduled, and they were cut off from their usual two nights' practice at the Y. M. C. A. The next game is with the Monticello Legion Quintet, Monticello, Ill., on January 27. The Hoodoo must be broken now; so here's for a win over that syrup crew.

James Hams, East St. Louis tank wagon driver, has all of his brother tank wagon men on the lookout for a little four-room cottage. Use your own judgment, gentlemen, as to what he wants with it.

DETROIT, MICH.

Ann Arbor lost one of its "Dollar a year" men and public servants when George F. Phillips was picked up by our home office and transported to Peoria, Ill., as assistant manager. We are going to miss the pleasant, plump personality of Mr. Phillips. However, our loss is Peoria's gain. He takes with him our best wishes for success in his new position.

Thomas W. Rickard, specialty salesman at Ann Arbor, has been appointed as agent. He has stepped into a big man's shoes and promises to travel the road to success with the same speed and efficiency as his predecessor.

R. L. Cook, cashier at Ann Arbor, likes to see his name in the Record, but he leads such a straight and narrow life it is hard to get any scandal on him; but girls, he's married.

A. N. Bailey, who left us a year ago for the Canadian Northwest, has returned and is now in our sales force at Jackson.

Mr. A. E. Fitzgerald, our marine salesman, has just returned from his annual vacation full of new stories, jokes and pep and just as masterful as ever in the "Fitzgerald" diplomacy; and we know there will be no limit to the number of new contracts he will send in.

Earl Sperry, motor tankwagon driver at Ann Arbor, took his first degree in Fraternity Lodge No. 262, January 14. The rest of the bunch are planning to give Earl a real work-up when he comes back for the Third.

Cyr Wilber, service station attendant at Ypsilanti, is taking a course in salesmanship from the I. C. S., and hopes some day to get into the sales department where he can reap the fruits of his labors.

L. B. Blinn, agent at Addison, and wife, recently made a hurried trip to Ann Arbor to visit their daughter, Dorothea, who was reported as being very ill. They now advise of her recovery and return to school.

Friends of Mr. C. H. Anglin, agent at Milan, will appreciate knowing his health has improved and trust it will not be long before Charlie is back on the job with his usal pep.

Melvin Alber, service station attendant, Ann Arbor, is reputed to be quite some basketball player in his home town, Saline, Mich. What is stated is only hearsay, however. The first time you get a chance, Mel, why not invite us to one of the games you play so we can get a real line on your ability?

Walter MacCready, relief service station attendant at Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti, relieves a different station each day. We cannot help but notice how the feminine trade picks up at the different stations on the days that Walter is on duty.

Mrs. Sodt, agent's wife at Waldron, wishes they could receive three or four Stanolind Records instead of one, as the entire family want to read it at the same time and it takes diplomacy to please each one, so no disappointment will mar the peace of the happy family.

R. M. Miller, service station attendant at Ann Arbor, has just returned from a ten-day vacation, visiting in Ohio and Illinois.

It's too bad he's married! For a model husband we have to take our hats off to Harry Rogers, clerk at Hillsdale, who made the usual New Year resolutions and has kept them thus far.

A. J. Snyder, who works the rural routes out of Ann Arbor, is coming good outside of the days he gets stuck in the mud; but cheer up, Art, the robins will soon be singing.

Clifford Goldsmith, agent at Ypsilanti, is back home again after spending three months in Florida on a vacation. He will resume his duties February 1.

Wm. C. Pagel, who has been acting agent at Ypsilanti for the past three months, will return to Ann Arbor, February 1, to resume his old position.

Gallie—"How does your car run, Short?"

Short—"If the noise was music, it would be Sousa's band."

Bill O'Mara, head of the order department, made arrangements to spend the holidays in Montreal. Eh? What? Montreal? That settles it. We take it for granted you had a very, very good time. It's a poor place to keep New Year's resolutions, though.

Joe Kendrick of the lubricating department, recently traded a diamond ring for a 1917 Ford roadster. When questioned why he pulled the "David Harum," he replied that inasmuch as there was no girl whom he would allow to take up his time winter evenings, he has decided to spend his spare time in the garage tinkering with his rattle box.

Dick Lubnau, of the order department, tendered his resignation as draftsman. Yes, sir; he refuses to open and close the windows any longer.

Romeo Choquette, stenographer in the order department, is always sobbing about his financial difficulties. Stall your creditors off just a few months more, Romeo. The weather man predicts an early spring. If Romeo would quit buying our telephone operator Hershey bars on Saturday mornings we are in hopes that the saving thus made would avoid a depleted exchequer at all times.

"Have a cigaret, Kendrick?"

"No thanks, Bill. I have just purchased a package."

"How do you get that way, Joe?"

The Red Crowns have moved into third place. if they keep up their present pace they are going to crowd the Polariues who are still leading the Refiners' Bowling League. Walter Satler of the Polarines bowled 215 for the high score at their last match game.

The office force was somewhat apprehensive when they heard Miss Grace Floyd was confined to her home because of illness and everybody feels considerably relieved to know that she is well again and back at her desk.

Miss Hazel Van Gieson, our payroll clerk, spent Sunday with relatives at Saginaw, and incidentally

she saw some of our old friends in the Standard Oil office. She reports everybody is well and happy.

Our service station attendant at Monroe, Mr. Kendall, has auburn hair and almost daily you can hear the following conversation between customers and Mr. Kendall:

Customer—"Give me five gallons, Red."

Kendall—"Please call it Red Crown."

Phil Kelly, shipping clerk at Clay avenue, is back on the job again after a recent illness. We all missed his melodious (?) voice.

George Bailey, who formerly was route foreman at Clay avenue, is now with the main office in the equipment department. George has our best wishes for success in his new work.

We are very sorry to learn of the serious illness of Mrs. T. A. MacClenthen, the wife of one of our lubricating salesmen in the city of Detroit. We sincerely hope for an early and complete recovery.

Al Johnson, tank wagon salesman at Monroe, is living on a "back forty" on the outskirts of the "Floral City." He is a great chicken fancier (that is, of the feathered variety). Last spring he placed some eggs in the incubator and promised all of the boys a real chicken supper the following winter. On the 8th of January he kept his promise and all of the boys at the Monroe station feasted on a genuine chicken supper. With one accord they voted it SOME FEED. What little time they had left for receration after feeding was spent in talking shop and playing cards. We presume that for the next several months to come every event of interest happening in Monroe will date from the day of the chicken supper.

By the way, if George Phillips, late of Ann Arbor, kept his word like Al Johnson, the telephone operator and the stenographer at her right would not have that hungry look they wear. *Promises* don't go very far, even if the little ladies do tip the scales at 150 each.

Eddie Collins, assistant superintendent at West Detroit, has been running around these days looking for a cage to put his dove in. We hope you find a nice little six-room semi-bungalow that won't make too large a crimp in your bank roll.

Edna Reisig, who has been suffering from tonsilitis, is still unable to be back at her desk. Every morning we look for her and we surely will be glad when we see her here to stay.

We have just decided why it is that Leo Anteau, assistant service station superintendent, is so anxious to have a service station every two blocks. It is so he won't have to push his "flivver" so far when he is out of gas. By the way, what do you think of a man who gets his gasoline free, by merely signing a receipt, allowing his machine to run dry?

General conversation among the folks at the West Detroit warehouse whispers that Walter Wallington had to be coaxed quite considerable by his beloved before he gathered up enough courage to ask her father for her hand. Add to his confusion the fact that the date of their marriage has been set ahead from September to March and we're all thinking that Wallie is being noosed to his queen's taste.

Miss Gaynor, in the accounting department, became frightened the other morning when she noticed a woman following her, and started to run. After a few minutes she turned around and saw the woman was also running. She sprinted a little and breathlessly rushed into the office, saying to the first person she saw, who happened to be Mr. Flemming: "Oh, a woman has been chasing me!" He, in turn, rushed out of the office, not stopping for his hat, and started chasing the stranger Finally he caught her and asked "What do you mean by chasing one of my girls?" The woman was amazed and replied "I wasn't chasing anyone. I work over on the next street and I was running for fear I would be late and get discharged." We are surprised that Miss Gaynor was so frightened at a mere woman chasing her when we understand that Fred Brown, the assistant chief clerk, has been doing that for several months and she stopped running long ago.

Things have certainly changed in Detroit. Can you imagine a woman running very far a year ago for fear she would be "canned" if late? Here is another sign of the times: A new pipefitter was hired recently and the morning he was to start working he could not get a car. He sent a messenger boy to his home for his wife to call the office, stating he was on his way and not to hire someone in his place. We people who have good positions in congenial surroundings are not thankful enough these days.

Even small boys get the boosting spirit occasionally, as is evidenced by the following, which is true, having been overheard by Mr. Barbour, our agent at Fenton: A sign on one of our filling stations attracted the attention of two small boys about eight and nine years old. One of them just glanced at it and thought it read "Water Gasoline." The other boy said "Oh, that's not right" and spelled it out laboriously "W-i-n-t-e-r G-a-s-o-l-i-n-e, Winter Gasoline, that's it! Why, that's Red Crown Gasoline and it's good gasoline because it's what my father uses."

Charlie Patterson, in the accounting department, has the habit of parking his car in front of the water hydrants. He, however, until his last offense, was lucky enough to escape paying a fine, due to a friend appealing for him; but at last it failed and Charlie had to pay. You ought to know there is a limit to everything, Pat.

What! Mr. Keating lost another dog? And that's the sixth one since Christmas! That's a doggone shame.

DULUTH, MINN.

Santa Claus did not overlook our "crew" at Ironwood this year. The boys at the station presented Salesman Bowers with a beautiful leather portfolio, and in turn were each the recipient of a pair of silk socks. Agent Fosmoe received a gold Masonic ring. Even our agent at Wakefield, a few miles distant, rang in on the party by sending Mr. Bowers a silk neck scarf. Everybody happy? We'll say so!

Thomas O'Brien, formerly teamster at Superior, is back on the job after a forced vacation due to an accident.

All Ye Checker Fans—Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Pat Moran of Superior is soon to cross the Bay to foreign soil where he will challenge to mortal combat our Duluth champion, "Hook 'em Cow" Turning. Clarence isn't losing any sleep worrying about Pat, but both are in good form and the fans are promised a fast game. Morris O'Brien is going to "Umpire."

Scott Marshall, head of the purchasing department, has been appointed assistant chief clerk, Duluth main office.

Mrs. McRae, wife od "Dan" McRae, superintendent, District No. 1, died on Sunday afternoon, January 23rd.

Burial was at New London, Wis. Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to Mr. McRae.

W. A. Griffin, service station superintendent, is busy getting his eye on promising material to man his service stations when the big rush opens up. It looks as though Duluth will have to have at least one "all night" station this year.

Fred Le Roux, superintendent, District No. 2, has moved his family to Virginia, Minn., his new headquarters.

The Minnesota Tank Corps recently received fourteen "Baby" tanks as part of the equipment of the local company. Our tank wagon was right at the depot when they came in.

The annual dinner of the Duluth sales force and department heads, held at the Duluth Commercial Club, December 23, was a most successful affair, partly due to the presence of Mr. John L. Carter, assistant general manager, Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Mr. Carter regaled us with stories, but his most successful effort was his explanation of the stock distribution plan to be carried out by the Company during the coming year. Other guests were Mr. Leonard, of the Minneapolis division, and Mr. F. W. Dingley, of Ashland, Wis. The eats were fine—real Moose was served along with the chicken. Entertainment was provided by the office force.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Bill Driggett, our agent at Charlevoix, visited our office a few days ago. When it comes to telling fish stories, you will have to take your hat off to Bill. Lake Michigan contains a lot of lake trout, but you will be unable to find any near Charlevoix now. Bill and his gang have captured the whole bunch.

On Saturday evening, January 22, the Grand Rapids tank wagon salesmen, garage men, warehouse men, office clerks and salesmen, held their annual bowling tournament at the Elks Temple. Just wait for their picture, girls, as we understand that they had a flash light taken and there are some fine looking boys among the group—in fact, they are all good looking.

Wm. Baker, our agent at Frankfort, passed through Grand Rapids last week on his way south, where he is going to spend a few weeks' vacation. Bill has been the agent at this point for twenty years.

The employees of the Grand Rapids office have been very enthusiastic since they learned that we have entered a team in the International Industrial Bowling Tournament, which is to be held on the night of February 19. They are going to turn out in a body to cheer their team on. Oh, you maples!

The population of the Grand Rapids field has increased considerably since the last issue of the Record. Ray Schultz, construction engineer, from Chicago, stepped in the office a few days ago with a smile on his face that tickled the corners of both ears. He says it is an 8½ pound boy and undoubtedly will be named Ray Junior. Roy Richardson, refined oil and gasoline tank wagon salesman, announces that Mary, weighing 9 pounds, arrived at his house last week. Wm. Bryson, agent at Evart, announces the arrival at his home of William Bryson, Junior, weighing 7 pounds. He expects that the boy will be able to help him considerably during the coming summer by keeping his books. Wm. Dempsey, voucher clerk, in the Grand Rapids office, announces the arrival of a girl at his house. He says that had it been a boy he would surely have named him Jack.

Ed Woodward, our agent at Nashville, dropped in to see us a few days ago. Ed is looking fine, but we will bet him a box of good cigars that he cannot lick his big strapping brother who was with him. They are a good pair of boys and anybody could tell they were brothers.

Pat Keating, bookkeeper in the Grand Rapids office, has just recovered from an attack of appendicitis. The milk man with whom Pat rides down every morning, is tickled to death to see Pat back.

John Bouma, agent at Zeeland, visited us a few days ago and reports pansies in full bloom down in the village noted for its manufacture of cheese.

L. D. Hyde, who has been appointed chief clerk at St. Joseph, Mo., leaves many friends behind to wish him success in his new position.

It never rains but what it pours for some people. The wife of H. C. Robbins, clerk in the Grand Rapids office, has been ill several weeks in a local hospital, and now Harry's daughetr has contracted scarlet fever. Harry, you have our sympathy and we trust that your family will recover speedily.

We are sorry to learn that Elmer Schray's father has just passed away. Mr. Schray is our agent at Sunfield, Mich.

Tank Wagon Salesman Merritt Biesel, of this city, reports that both his mother and brother are confined to a local hospital. We all hope for their speedy recovery.

Mrs. R. E. Hall, wife of Ralph Hall, assistant warehouse superintendent of Grand Rapids, underwent an operation at a local hospital two weeks ago. She is reported as doing nicely.

Mr. C. J. Mackey, attendent at Service Station 97, Grand Rapids, Mich., is confined to his home with heart trouble. We all hope that this is not serious.

Another story from Three Rivers: Our agent, Mr. W. H. Gay, reports good fishing instead of hunting. Herbie Miller last Sunday hooked a pickeral that weighed somewhere between 5 and 20 pounds. He got away and Herbie did not get a good look at the scales. Mr. L. C. Wortings, our other driver, weighing 238 pounds, as yet has done no fishing, as he will not trust the ice.

HURON, S. D.

The auditing department has added another baldhead to their list, Bob Van Arsdale. Say, Bob, did you ever try Superla White Petrolatum to make your hair grow?

One of our stenogs suggested a skating party up the river. I suppose she wants to get us up the river and then pass us in (her?) iceboat. Nothing doing, "Dot."

Al Nayes, head stock clerk, is taking a couple months off to renew old acquaintances in foreign countries (Minnesota). Who said hard times?

Somebody said Ruth Cooley of the check department is wearing a sparkler. How about it, Ruth, is he good looking and has he lots of money?

Bob Larkin had a birthday recently and is now wearing a pair of silk pajamas. That's the kind of a girl to have.

Edna Philips wants to know if it is against the rules to wear cushions. She is just learning to skate.

$10,000 reward will be paid and no questions asked, to the person or persons who can furnish convicting information as to the party or parties that stole Mrs. Peterson's calendar last Saturday afternoon.

Where is the fire? It's not a fire—only Ralph Walsh falling down stairs.

Two of our young men, W. C. Hanson, equipment clerk, and Ward E. Lambert, assistant order clerk, were recently married and from all appear-

ances they are all enjoying married life. Many thanks for the cigars, Walt. Many thanks for the cigars, Lambert???

H. B. Palm, former special gasoline salesman, has been promoted to district superintendent and is to have the western part of the state and the Black Hills. At the meeting held in this office recently he made the statement that he was going to flatten the Black Hills in order to make better time going from one point to another. Cruickshank, please take notice.

H. B. Coshun has been transferred to district superintendent and is to have the northern part of this state with headquarters at Aberdeen. Somebody asked him what his territory would consist of and he said, "Everything in this country between Chicago and Seattle."

Outside of his duties as head of the sales department, Chauncey assists in the mailing room after 5 p. m. Wonder what the attraction is.

Mr. Bailey's new stenographer has an unsophisticated look, but we can surmise what she can do with those wonderful eyes.

Gee! some girls are lucky. Look at Dorothy. She's got a nice guy and he's got a Dodge roadster and ice boat and everything.

Ted says, "Don't envy my good complexion—use Pompeian and have one."

Anyone wishing to learn the new dance "I. W. W." (I will wiggle) should take lessons from "Pat," as he is quite adept in that line.

The Huron office boasts that many of their employees, besides being assiduous office help, also possess artistic temperaments. For instance, there's Dick and Ted's whistling or Lowell's mellow baritone humming the strains of some popular air. Lowell also favors the Methodist congregation on Sundays, so we really are proud of him.

Besides being an affable and proficient barrel clerk, Ed. Sewell is right there when it comes to jazz music. This combined with the wicked line he puts out makes him very popular with the fair ones of the office.

All the girls weren't as courageous as three girls in the checking department who took advantage of leap year at the last moment. Maybe their work has something to do with it. Let's get into the checking department, girls.

It's a good thing Elwin's wife isn't gone very much or we're afraid he'd go into a decline. His favorite song is "I'm Lonesome, That's All."

Since Ward Lambert married, his conversation consists mostly of "My Wife." This ought to be an encouragement for some of the other felllows in the office, eh! girls?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

R. A. Bruce, lately married, reports s series of searching investigations and the loss of several packs of Camels. This appears to be a nightly occurrence, friend wife evidently not being in accord with the bill-board's earnest appeal as to the merits of this particular grade of "tailor-mades" or any other, for that matter, as R. A. tried switching brands with no success.

F. Shepherd, Brazil agent, writes in a very optimistic vein regarding the new service station just put in operation. Shep and the boys decided on the following slogan: "Pep, push and purpose." Maurice Shelton is in charge and is ably assisted by Gale Mercer.

Much mystery surrounded the continuous hammering of our saw and hatchet craftsman, Clint Moose, until it leaked out he was only building a new bed for the coal wagon and not constructing an ark as first suspected.

E. Delph, watchdog of the stationery room, admits, when being interviewed behind locked doors and after a careful search had been made for dictographs, that his idea of an "easy life" would be a bountiful supply of Gem Clips, not mentioning the "bulldog" variety.

A. E. (Speedy) Gustin, checker de luxe, will not admit he ever was a s. c. conductor, although from the way he waves his arms, surely once on a time he rang up fares, or pulled the bell rope.

Miss Anna Bassler, lubricating department stenographer, dreams of the days when she will rival the internationally famous Pavlowa, and what we mean she does dream, too, not having seen her dance.

Ralph Copeland, bookkeeper, is taking no chances with the midwinter crime wave; he carries a body guard (Chas. Janke).

One and enough reasons for the close inspection of fire extinguishers at the Indianapolis office—Red Williams' hair.

Frank Tomlinson, cashier for an avocation and "step and a half" bowler for a vocation, might accept a challenge from any other pin shooter so afflicted. He is "smoking" rather regularly lately—"Cricket" Kean appears to be the victim, judging from the scores.

Our bowling team came out of the 16-club Commercial League cellar, when the "anchor" shot 685 (227-238-220), while Carl Paul, former Aurora "boy wonder" breezed along with 571. The three other members, Jim O'Kelly, Frank Tomlinson and Ray Kean stood around and filled in for the three wins. (Yes, readers, the modest "anchor" is Mr. Harshman.)

MUNCIE

L. S. Hope, local agent, has been requested by the police department to furnish copies of all the photographs which were sent in with applications for chauffeur's licenses.

Driver William Herbert, surely does not believe in doing things in a slipshod manner, so when he got "stuck in the mud" recently, it took the whole force and about all the available rope in Delaware county to pull him out.

TERRE HAUTE

When the tank wagon, service station and office men "went big" on a special Polarine and specialties drive, it called for a "blow-out" and among the many other good results of this "feed" were the following items sent in by—

"Somebody Wants to Know": from what correspondence school Herschel Fagg learned the art of cheffing; how come "Jesse James" Meredith lived up to his name by "holding up" the card game; why Ike Lane always looks in a barrel before filling; what system Renzie Gant uses in a euchre game aside from picking a good partner; if Lawson did not make a mistake and apply Semdac instead of hair tonic,—the way his dome shone; what "Shorty" Shutt was trying to see when the flashlight was taken.

Photog to Connelly—"Now, Mr. Connelly, if you want your face to show, please close your mouth." Mosely to photog (quickly)—"What do you suppose he bought those new teeth for?"

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Two of our young and handsome stock clerks are devoting a great deal of their time to two certain young ladies in the office, and seem to be progressing rapidly, but we hope nothing serious happens—how about it, Jess and Al?

Our Mr. W. O. Sala, one of our 20-year-and-over men, and head of the K. C. stock department, spent the holidays with relatives at Rock Island.

We notice in previous publications of the Stanolind Record in notes from other offices that wedding bells chime. The K. C. office is not immune it seems; the plague has spread to this office in the past four weeks. Miss Lena Kwett, Miss Martha Vanier, and Miss Alda Akers have felt Cupid's arrows. We of the office force extend to them our hearty congratulations.

Mr. Harry Branditz, formerly head of the sales writers, was promoted a few weeks ago to substation auditor. Wish you luck and success, Harry.

Our Beau Brummel of the stock department, Mr. George S. Williams, is stepping right along. What's up, George? We'll try and have a picture for you, soon "girls."

Mr. Leon Fagala, who has been visiting his folks in Pittsburg, Kan., for the holidays is now back at the office again at work on the check desk.

Our little file and telephone relief girl, Miss Eva Wyatt, was run down by an automobile several weeks ago, but escaped serious injury. She has returned again to the fold, happy as ever.

Our refined oil and gasoline stock clerk, Mr. Clint Meunier, is tripping the light fantastic in great style lately, full dress and everything. You should lamp him girls; eh, Clint?

Our assistant chief clerk, Mr. Paul Frazier, has been very ill for the past week and we hope it is not serious. Also hope to see him back soon, fully recovered.

The K. C. stock department boasts it has the only real twins in the entire Indiana field; probably will have photos in the next issue.

Be careful, Jack, our little sales writer of the stock department; a young lady has her eyes on you. Be careful, now; yes, in the office, of course.

On the coupon desk, our Mary "Babe" Moore has been very quiet lately. Must be a young man in the case. Then why so quiet, "Babe.?"

KEOKUK, IOWA

Mr. Paul Adcock, of the record and marketing department, Keokuk office, is assisting Mr. Jas. Storer as superintendent of the Burlington plant for a few weeks.

Two reasons why Sales Writer "Gus" Wickland is always "boosting" the sales of Red Crown in Keokuk field: "Gus" is a real booster for good weather and all good roads campaigns because he just dotes on writing sales sheets with big figures for the joy of the boys in the field. Surely Mary Helen and Maxine are two girls who will speed their daddy on to great achievement if anyone can.

"Daddy" John Morris of Keokuk office is certainly a fiend for work with figures but we wonder if he expects to let the grass grow until Mary, Imogene is old enough to run the mower. Keokuk, you know, is living up to a genuine California weather calendar.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Edna Greenwalt got a sort of musical looking New Year's card with best wishes and everything. Who from, Edna?

The sympathy of the office force goes to Helmar Johnson and Art Amundson of the stock department. Their high desks and camp stools were taken from them. They now occupy swivel chairs and rest their elbows on a low desk.

Gladys Tuttle entertained the "Q" Club Saturday, January 8. A two-course luncheon was served. The favors were "Men." Not mean "live ones," but edible ones, very cleverly made of apricots, raisins, marshmallows, figs and dates.

Helene Ferguson and Marion MacMillan report good connections on 8th and Vine. (Tell us more about it.)

There is one among the "live wire" salesmen of the La Crosse division who can cause more excitement in the office than all the rest of them put together.—Three guesses???

We are glad to welcome Mr. J. H. Lambert of Chicago, successor to Mr. W. W. Holcomb, as manager of this division and Mr. J. E. Monegan of St. Louis, who has been appointed assistant manager to succeed Mr. H. A. Hanson.

Lottie has invested some of the profits of the waist business in a fur coat. Some class!

MANKATO, MINN.

The Social Club, Mankato office, seems to be a dead issue, a sweet memory of the past. We have a president but no one knows who it is. There was a secretary and treasurer too—a sweet, shy young lady, who collected the dues with a bashful smile. But, alas, all this is no more. Parties, picnics, dances, sleighrides, weiner roasts, only a recollection from the dim, dead past. Brown, Meyer, Humn, Fischer, Krier, Nuebel, Thompson, Olson, Armstrong, Nelson—all of these and many more were once lively and free, but, like grim spectres of a foresaken hope, now they stalk about. But, cheer up! Sweet murmurings float through the air that a great revival is soon to come—that the Social Club will not die an ignominious death. We know not who shall blow the trumpet for this social resurrection, but let it blow and that right soon.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Lemon are the proud parents of a baby boy. Mr. Lemon is agent at Fond du Lac and being of a live wire disposition insists that it is another Manager. At any rate he states that it is not a "lemon" but a "peach."

Handsome James McCrory, a well known salesman in the Fond du Lac circuit was married to Mrs. Viola Bechaud on January 11. They left on a short trip and as usual the destination was unknown but they will be at home to their friends after February 1. "Good luck and God bless you."

We regret to inform the readers of the Stanolind Record that *Our Old Faithful* Mr. Louis Joost, general superintendent who has been in the employ of the Standard Oil Company for 40 years, is on the sick list. Work has been the watchword of Our Faithful Louie and no one ever missed a friend more than did the employees of the Milwaukee division when he suddenly took ill. We are anxiously waiting for his return and our hope is for a speedy recovery.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

January 24 was "moving day." Keilman supervised the work, Eckman did all the heavy lifting, Matt repaired the matt, and Harry Gillette O. K'd the job.

Miss Frindell's lovely contralto voice is a source of much pleasure to many during lunch hour.

Wentworth, the salesman, may know how to sell goods but according to Dickey, "he don't know nothing about no T-35 pump." He tried to put the door on upside down.

Mr. Freyberg and Mr. Walton went to Stillwater, January 11 —— on business.

Ralph Sheley, collector, St. Paul, is spending his spare time in the vicinity of Lexington and University trying to meet a certain blonde in the

Royal Lemon. Service Station Attendant Murphy reports Ralph making poor progress. Maybe there's another way, Ralph.

Santa Claus brought Earl Campabell a Hawaiian guitar, and he is taking lessons from a lady friend. What kind of lessons? Guitar lessons, I said.

Another dance was given by the Red Crown Social Club on Saturday evening January 15. A big crowd was out and in all respects it was a smashing success.

Holt, Fisher and Quackenbush are making quite a rep as entertainers. Jokes to one side, Holt is clever and positively funny.

"Shorty" Walls has gone on a diet and is down to a ton.

Mr. Pollock, our former manager, was presented with a diamond studded charm by the employees as a means of keeping fresh in his mind our association with him. Mr. Fortner made the presentation speech and did nobly. Mr. Pollock will spend the rest of the winter in California where he will seek the soothing zephyrs of the Pacific. Thirty-eight years of continued service entitles him to this.

PEORIA, ILL.

On Saturday, January 15, all the employees of the office and warehouse of the Peoria plant gathered in the "Front office" to bid Mr. P. J. Quinlan, our assistant manager, farewell. Mr. Quinlan has been promoted to the position of manager at Dubuque, Iowa, and while the bunch regretted very much to lose the valued friendship of Mr. Quinlan, it was with a feeling of joy, on account of his promotion, that we all said good-bye. He was presented with a handsome Gladstone traveling bag and manicure set, the gift of the employees of Peoria office. Mr. J. R. Coleman, our manager, made the presentation speech.

Mr. E. A. Eberle, assistant to superintendent of construction at Peoria, and Miss Isabel Harrer, also of Peoria, announced their engagement on New Year's Eve. Wedding bells in June, 1921.

Mr. L. F. Hunt, construction foreman, is the proud father of an 8-pound girl, born January 1.

Mr. E. W. Ritchey, salesman in the Pekin territory, is slowly recovering from an operation which he was forced to undergo on January 8, 1921. About a year ago Mr. Ritchey slipped on the ice and injured his back, which eventually necessitated this operation. Ritchey is now at his home, 902 Delaware avenue, Peoria, and would like to hear from any of the bunch who know how to write.

Miss Evelyn Waddell, comptometer operator, was married to Mr. Al Frazier, a Peoria railroader, on January 2, 1921. Before leaving the office Miss Waddell was presented with a beautiful set of silver, the gift of the boys and girls in Peoria office.

Mr. C. F. Eberle, Peoria correspondent for the gasoline and refined oil department has been promoted to district superintendent of the Peoria field, with headquarters in Springfield, Ill.

Mr. W. R. Battin, Peoria correspondent for the lubricating department, has been promoted to district superintendent of eastern division, Peoria field, with headquarters at Bloomington, Ill.

Mr. M. C. Nofsinger, former city salesman, Peoria, has been promoted to district superintendent of the Galesburg territory, Peoria field, with headquarters at Galesburg, Ill.

Mr. W. H. Flanagan has been promoted from equipment clerk to chief station examiner, Peoria.

Mr. W. S. McCready, who was formerly superintendent of construction, has taken over the equipment department at Peoria office.

The SOCO Club of Peoria office gave their monthly dance on December 11. Fifty couples attended and all had a wonderful time. Tom Johnson, our tiny warehouse superintendent, acted in the capacity of Santa Claus and everyone there received a present. A collection amounting to $12 was taken up for children's charity fund at that time.

We wonder why the ear to ear smile on customers attempting to enter the wrong entrance to the Peoria office, when Miss Lyons, our pretty auburn-haired stenog directs them in a voice equal to "High C," viz: "Side door please."

Mr. H. C. Scott, for nine years connected with the Peoria office, the last two of which he was assistant cashier, has resigned and gone to Dallas, Tex., to live. This move was made on the advice of his physicians, as Mr. Scott has been in poor health for the last year.

Simon B. Reed, of the Peoria office, lubrication department, is slowly recovering from the effects of a "busted big toe." Simon was doing a few acrobatic stunts on the window sill attempting to pull down the shade for one of our fair stenos when this accident happened. The doctor reports that the toe will eventually recover but will never look the same.

Congratulations are in order for Miss K. Adams, of the Peoria office, who has just assumed the duties of P. S. (private secretary).

Mr. J. V. Serkowich, our Peoria Stanolind Record correspondent, has taken over the duties of city salesman, Peoria, covering the branches of trade formerly looked after by Mr. M. C. Nofsinger.

Mrs. J. Alice Munea was the center of attraction at the last dance, on account of the beautiful rope of pearls displayed around her neck.?????

Miss Zillah Prichard, stenog of Peoria office, has lost all interest in the little city of Forest City, and is now spending her lunch hour boosting San Angelo, Tex. We wonder why.

QUINCY, ILL.

Miss Lillian Gard, employed as stenographer at Hannibal, Mo., until illness compelled her to leave, passed away at her home in New Canton, Ill. She was very popular and the news of her death was a shock to her many friends.

Miss Dorothy Scott, telephone operator, was confined to her home for several days, with a severe case of tonsilitis.

Gerhard Bartelt is reported ill and has not been at his desk for three days.

We were all greatly surprised the first of the week upon receiving a big box of candy and cigars from Miss Helen Schaffer, who was married while away on her vacation. Helen certainly pulled one over on us, as she always declared to the male sex in the office that she was a man hater. Congratulations, Helen!

Our new office headquarters are elegant, and everything is "setting pretty," except the cloak room, and it has failed to make its appearance.

Recently three Standard Oil girls were admitted into the mystic circles of the Business Girls' Club, of Quincy, Ill., and the president, while commenting on their acceptance said, "They were always glad to have girls from the Standard Oil Co., as it gave their club prestige." Ahem!

The younger boys of the office were all anxious to get over to the new office, on account of the elevator girl, but to their dismay her color changed from white to black over night. Too bad, boys.

Art Hoar seems a little worried lately. We

think it's on account of seeing a certain young lady from the iron barrel department at a dance recently with one of the other boys. How about this Art?

Mrs. W. H. Beaman has been removed from the hospital to her home after a continued illness of typhoid fever. We are glad to learn that she is improved.

Miss Virginia Kohl had a birthday January 10, and was recipient of a ferocious looking little bull dog, with a lavender ribbon around its neck.

The sales writers have a nice place by the window in the east part of the new office. We understand they were placed there because they pay strict attention to their work.

Mr. Henry Dirks, of the order department, has resigned. We understand he is going back to his old position at Tenk Hardware Co. Success to you, Henry.

John O'Donnell is transferred from the equipment department to have charge of the record department.

J. G. Briggs, formerly with the Standard Oil sales force, is back with us again. Briggs says the Standard Oil looks better than ever to him. He will succeed W. A. Howell on Missouri territory with headquarters at Moberly, Mo. Jack is a whang for business and will make it hard picking for somebody.

W. A. Howell succeeds Garnett J. Smith as agent at Moberly, Mo., warehouse. The many friends of Bill (and he has lots of them) will be pleased to hear of his promotion.

Dick Bartlett, of the city sales force, has been transferred and will cover Illinois territory, Carthage, Ill., and nearby points.

SAGINAW, MICH.

Since "Nick," our broom-and-dust-cloth wielder, has donned a uniform we think it adds "class" to the place. We understand one just like it, only larger, has been ordered for Herman Lang.

Prices on overcoats have come down. Ralph Lilly, our chief clerk, sports a mean cape.

Leo Hendricks has gone to work. How was the vacation, Leo?

More candy and cigars—what's up? Another baby boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Younckman. Congratulations from the office force.

Mr. Norman Grimshaw made a speech at our office when Mr. L. J. Thompson was introduced as our new manager, and we wish to say right here and now that Uncle Joe Cannon has nothing on Mr. Grimshaw when it comes to speech making.

The Saginaw office wishes to announce the engagement of Miss Hattie Lauer, check department, and Mr. J. C. Ahrens, of the marketing department. Hattie is wearing a beautiful diamond. Come to the Saginaw office, fellows and girls, we have a matrimonial agency all our own.

A very enjoyable entertainment was given in the main office the day before Christmas. Although we missed Mr. Galbreath and Mr. Cochran, Mr. Ralph Lilly, chief clerk, started us off with a fine speech, and although he tells us his tongue is tied when he wishes to address a crowd, we feel that on December 24 he must have lost the string. Mr. Younckman, assistant chief clerk, gave a short address and we also heard from the heads of all the departments. Porky Lang and Steve Wickham acted as Santa Claus. They distributed handsome gifts to each employee. Mr. W. T. Hubbard, credit man, was presented with a blond switch and many others received appropriate gifts. No wonder we all had to put a dime in the hat on December 23. Mr. A. Hartman, agent at Pigeon, sent a bushel of Northern Spies with Christmas greetings to the office force and believe me, we made short work of those spies. Candy and cigars were distributed.

It was a pretty sad looking office force that listened to the farewell addresses of Mr. E. P. Galbreath, manager, and Mr. F. L. Cochran, assistant manager. If we hadn't been so well advanced in years we would have been in need of handkerchiefs. We regret very much to lose these men who were well liked by all, but we feel sure that we will all like our new manager, Mr. L. J. Thompson, and Mr. Edson Soop, assistant manager, who has been at the Saginaw office as head of the lubricating department since the office opened two years ago.

BAY CITY

M. C. Theobald (salesman) to Farmer: "Do you want any Mica Axle Grease?"

Farmer: "Do I belong to the Maccabees? No."

M.C. T.: "Good day, sir."

And now it's Joe Gwizdala stepping high with his chest thrown out and a broad smile on his happy countenance. The young lady arrived at his home December 21.

ALPENA

Approximately seven inches of snow fell in Alpena, Wednesday, December 22, just in time to make a fine "white Christmas."

Frank "Saginaw" Rousseau has been transferred from assistant warehouseman to service station attendant.

Daniel O. Ryan, tank wagon driver, has a large strip of ice in front of his home, which we all thought would be used by the kids around the neighborhood, but "Daniel O" had an idea all his own, and after darkness had enveloped the pond, he donned a pair of skates and although Dan is not in his "teens," the neighbors say he did remarkably well the short time he was on the skates.

Mrs. Frank Rousseau, wife of our assistant warehouseman, underwent a serious operation at the Donald McRae hospital, Alpena, Mich., Friday. Attending physicians report her condition encouraging. Her recovery is looked forward to with much eagerness by her hosts of friends.

With a new set of shock absorbers installed on "Uncle" Geo. Monaghan's Ford coupe, the product of the Ford Motor Car Co. in Alpena represents one of the easiest riding cars in the city (barring only our G. M. C. trucks).

Mr. Napoleon Serr, traveling salesman, is making his regular customers via the D. & M. and B. C. G. & A. Railways. "Polie" drove his Ford to Saginaw some time ago to be overhauled and maybe painted during the winter.

CHEBOYGAN

C. L. Adams is enjoying a visit from his son, Reginald, of Detroit.

We received a very instructive and beneficial visit from our field superintendent, Mr. R. P. Fitzpatrick, Thursday and Friday of this week. I am sure we are all a little more enthusiastic and loyal for his coming.

Refined oil deliveries are an uncertainty these days. One day we take out our tank sleigh and the next our tank truck. Such are the joys at the North Pole.

Our warehouseman is sporting a large ruby ring. I am afraid Bell has slipped. He is complaining of the high cost of cook stoves.

W. A. Peppler is rejoicing over the arrival of a daughter at his home. Everyone is getting along nicely.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Fox, 1601 South Eighth street, are the proud parents of a 9½ pound boy.

Mark Thomas, one of our stake truck drivers, is serving on the jury this week.

Junior Sanders, of the tank wagon department, has been transferred to the checking department, main office. We are very sorry to lose Mr. Sanders from the warehouse office, but wish him the best of luck with his new position.

Mr. Ellsworth Brumm will take Mr. Sander's place in the tank wagon department.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur View, 1012 Ellsworth street, are the proud parents of a 10½ pound boy.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Reichard are the proud parents of an 8-pound baby girl. Heinie says he is going to make a Red Crown Gasoline saleslady out of her.

Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Warren are the proud parents of a baby girl.

All the single men and boys in the office are now washing their necks and ears and combing their hair, as we have two stunning additions to the office force, Miss Auld, new stenographer in the credit department, and Miss Grimes, file clerk. We hope soon to furnish the Record with a picture of Miss Auld and Miss Grimes.

Our construction foreman, Mr. A. J. Brooks, informed us that if the Groundhog don't get so much White Mule that he can't see his shadow, he will guarantee to have our new Atchison warehouse nearing completion by spring.

Verne Wray, salesman, when reporting necessary repairs for his car to equipment department, stated that the shock absorbers on his flivver failed to "absorb." He says Lizzie does all the shocking and he does all the absorbing.

Our Mr. Stewart Chaffin, formerly specialty salesman, has been promoted to district superintendent of the central district. We all wish him continued success in his work with this company. He certainly proved a record breaker as a specialty salesman. In fact, our old friend, G. W. Bowen, claims that Stewart could sell silk hose to a mermaid.

Mr. G. W. Bowen, formerly of our sales department, in the short grass in western Kansas, has been promoted to district superintendent of the western district. We are certainly proud to see Walt get this much deserved promotion, and we wish him all the success in the world.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Our old friend O. J. Partlow visited us recently and bowled with the Standard Oil Company Bowling League. O. J. P. rolls a wicked ball. Come back again, kid, we like you.

Commodore Jones of the railway sales department, Chicago, was recently a visitor in this office.

Messrs. Meyer and Carpenter of the road oil department, Chicago, were recent visitors in St. Louis, they both being in this city to attand a convention of highway engineers.

Mr. Wm. Doll, superintendent of the main plant, and O. S. Norton, general salesman, went hunting recently. They bagged several rabbits and quail.

Our friend, Noal Tarver, reported for duty recently with a broad smile. His wife returned from Georgia last night bringing with her her infant daughter, which the proud father hadn't seen before.

The St. Louis warehouse crew loaded a carload of 241 empty barrels for Whiting in thirty (30) minutes. Some speed!

Three cheers for the warehouse bowling team. They won their first game of the season Friday, January 7th. The captain of this team claims he is going to try for high single next time.

Beginning Monday, January 10, at 7:00 a. m., and ending at 2 p. m., January 11th, the men at the warehouse unloaded five carloads of goods from Whiting and reloaded three of the cars, using six men to do it. A record!

Gee! Chas. Sckenroth has been made stock clerk at the St. Louis main plant machine shop.

The boys at the St. Louis main plant machine shop are taking up a collection to buy their chief mechanic, Harry Kethman, another suit of "Red Flannels." They all seem to think he ought to have more than one suit. P. S. All donations cheerfully accepted.

Geo. Breathuer, foreman, says the next job he gets will be on the eighteenth floor of the Railway Exchange building, the reason being that he doesn't care much about sweeping snow off the walks in front of the main plant.

Every morning when Fat Martin gets up the first thing he does is to look for the ouija board and ask it if the boss will "ride" him today. If Ouija says "No," Fat comes to work and if she says "Yes" he takes a day off.

Claude Wathen and Harry Stedman, painters, sure are kept busy. They always have three or four trucks and a couple of tanks to paint. Believe me, they sure shake a wicked brush. If you are caught standing around in there you will come out looking like a rainbow.

L. W. Cameron has been appointed assistant manager of the St. Louis division. Mr. Cameron arrived in St. Louis on January 3rd and immediately took up his duties. Mrs. Cameron and Baby Cameron arrived in the city on Sunday, January 9th.

We understand Robert Tansey recently bought a Gillette safety razor. What are you going to do with it, Robert?

E. G. Karstedt, general salesman, Montgomery City, Mo., was recently called to the bedside of one of his brothers at Rosebud, Mo. The grim reaper passed at 9:40 p. m., January 4. We extend our sincere sympathy to Mr. Karstedt and the bereaved relatives.

Mr. Ed McCulloh, former agent at Tipton, expects to leave for Blackfoot, Idaho, to shoot Indians, craps, etc.

Old Sam Hager, agent at Jefferson City, has a new addition to his family. It's a one-pump service station three weeks old, and it slings a wicked 0130 already.

Mr. "Bill" Watts, our genial custodian of the stationery room, who recently suffered an attack of erysipelas, is back on the job and as usual singing: "Get an order."

Fred Brunns, tank truck driver, Wellston plant, handles his new truck so much like a new baby that we think it would please his fatherly heart to feed it gasoline with a bottle.

Mr. C. H. Barham, agent at 22nd and Locust, St. Louis, has been called to Marion, Ill., to the bedside of his mother, who is ill. We all hope for his early return with the news of his mother's recovery.

John Obermeyer, agent at Delmar and Goodfellow, will challenge all comers to a bowling match in some alley with a groove leading to the head pin. Now let us have the contest.

R. H. Jackson, station examiner, has moved from St. Louis and will make his headquarters at Cape Girardeau.

Frank Turner, agent at service station at Jefferson City, is a great saxophone player. He has had almost three lessons.

N. P. Bowser, agent at Versailles service station, was called to Oklahoma suddenly, due to illness of a member of his family.

Tony Wilbers, truck driver at Jefferson City, is learning to keep his truck out of ditches. One day he didn't get in a ditch at all.

M. C. Wheeler, driver at Jefferson City, is a great turkey hunter. Once he knew a man that saw a wild turkey.

Pop Austin, agent at Eldon, Mo., needs a set of store teeth. He lost the originals. Pass the hat, boys.

H. C. Koob, agent at Versailles, Mo., can sling a wicked line of talk. Ask the people of Versailles—they know.

John D. says if the mud does not dry up soon so he can get to selling oil and gasoline again he is going to quit the business. Don't get excited friends, it was not Mr. Rockefeller who said that but our driver at Salem, Mo., John D. Johnson.

Anybody wanting to know what the requirements of a tournament bowler are, ask Lalley. He knows.

E. N. Shallenberger, St. Louis office, while at the bowling alleys recently, was seen holding one of the balls in his lap rocking it to and fro. Did you think you were at home with the baby?

Johnquil Schell and Ernie, our efficient cartage clerk, are making cupid look sick in a little affair that has been going on for some time. Looks bad for Harry.

Miss Eileen Hart, credit department stenographer, has decided to read the labels on bottles hereafter before using. She does not recommend iodine as an eyewash.

Emma Beckman, St. Louis office, met her ideal the day of the theatre party in the person of the pianist, the one who specialized on the "Japanese Sandman." Emma says the way he wore his hair is what won her, and until someone decorated in like manner crosses her path again, she will continue to pound the comptometer.

When Mr. Summer's famous box of cigars disappeared the other day, as per usual, the same bobbed up a little later with one of the long black gloom dispensers missing. Harry put bloodhounds and Pinkerton on the job, but to no avail. However, we still doubt that Eddie Sander's sickly look the next day was caused by "too much sleep."

Miss Billie Burke was recently very much delighted when she received the news that she was aunt for the fourth time.

The next time Katherine Harper and Sadie Gallagher go to the matinee, they will not partake so heavily of chicken croquettes and potatoes "American Fried." They are still feeling badly over the fact that the rest of the party started eating the candy from "scratch" and they were handicapped by insufficient storage. Moral:—A light luncheon next time girls.

Every cloud has a silver lining, Bill: It is wearisome to wait so long each evening downstairs, standing all the while, but two additional large size benches are being moved to the fourteenth floor. Helen, reserve a seat for Mr. Zipp.

John Loesch of the stock department, was on jury duty during the week of January 24th. John says he enjoyed the break in the regular routine of work, but the silence imposed by the judge was hard on him.

Mr. Albert Brown succeeds Mr. Charles De Witt as city service collector. Charlie says he enjoyed the short "vacation."

It is rumored that Otto Stein has made application to Maxim for the lease of the new type human voice silencer for John Loesch and Perry Beals to use when bowling. On account of the big noise they are forced to use the sign language.

We have some real talent in our midst. When the audience at the Orpheum recently was asked to join in the singing. It was a surprise and a delight to hear Dallas Felts soprano ringing out in

"Josephus was the name of one
Bohonkus was the other."

All that was missing was the spotlight. Dallas was the envy of the players and cynosure of all eyes.

Mr. Allen made a trip to Jefferson City recently on company business. Part of the expense was for a copy of the "Parisienne" magazine, which was never read. The combined efforts of the brakeman and porter were necessary to awaken Ary when the train arrived at the Capital City. An excellent "sleeper," but not a Pullman.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dolan are the happy parents of a beautiful baby girl which Dr. Stork left in their home on January 20th. Maxine is the new arrival's name, in memory of her hero, Uncle Max Fournier. (Mrs. Dolan was Blanche Fournier and one of our former co-workers.)

Since Miss Mudd returned from her "vacation" she seems to be in much better spirits. Possibly that new plaid skirt is the primary reason. Nevertheless, Gertrude, Cum Grano Salus.

"Smithy," who has his name printed in the city directory as L. F. Schmitt, has received a tenpin ribbon for bowling. The ribbon is yellow with the pins placed crosswise, giving a pointed effect. "Smithy," although a prize winner, is modest and declines to make any bets on his bowling ability. Stock department take notice.

Miss Marie Vance, steno, will have her ears tickled every day with a "Man's" story. Marie would enjoy the sensation provided a dictaphone was not used as a medium and "please remit" a pass word.

The high cost of living does not bother Jimmie McCabe, checking department, as he brings his own lunch. Are you going to get married, or have you decided the restaurant prices should come down?

The shortage in dyes must be over with: Ruth Robinson, stenographer, comes down every day with a handkerchief of different hue. Must have been well remembered at Xmas time in this line. Jack surely has good taste.

The theatre party the girls in the St. Louis office gave at the Orpheum theatre, Saturday, January 22, was a huge success. All those who attended say so and they are the ones that should know. It started out as a dark dreary looking day, but that failed to dampen the spirits of any of them and they came down in festive attire, from new hair nets to their Sunday-go-to-meeting spats. After we were all nicely settled in the theatre the usher came and handed us a box bearing the following inscription:

"From the Boys (?) of the office to the Girls." We (at least some of us) appreciate the delicacy of feeling which prompted the omission of the second question mark. "What is it? What is it?"—grand chorus. It was hurriedly opened and disclosed row after row of delicious chocolates. Also a card with the admonition to be good and not disturb the actors. Believe me, that candy was surely fine and enjoyed by all. We have some boys (?) in the St. Louis office who know how to do things up brown, and they know how to keep a secret, too, for

it was certainly a surprise; and all of us will long remember their thoughtfulness. The show was fine, too; guess none of them tried out any of those acrobatic stunts as they stated they intended doing. for everyone is down and no crutches. Taken all together a very enjoyable afternoon was spent. Those who were in the party were: Katherine Armstrong, Emma Beckman, Jane Denehey, Dallas Felts, Gertrude Funfgeld, Sadie Gallagher, Katherine Harper, Agnes Kickham, Gertrude Mudd, Margaret McCarthy, Eleanor Sheahen, and Florence Warren.

Julia, our efficient telephone operator, expects every issue of the Stanolind Record to find something real personal about her. Don't be disappointed Julia, there's a next time. St. Valentine's message always prepaid.

Mr. B. W. Fitzgerald was recently appointed division superintendent, headquarters, Jefferson City, Mo., and Mr. H. G. Erzinger was appointed division superintendent, headquarters Springfield, Mo. It is a strange thing both these gentlemen come from penitentiary towns. We hope they left their stripes behind.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

No reason why we shouldn't get started right this year: Mr. Graham, the auditor, blew in New Year's eve. We are glad to have Mr. Graham with us again.

The entire force extends sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Dyer in the death of Mrs. Dyer's mother, Mrs. Hickey, December 31st.

Miss Alice Kendall returned from a short sojourn at Windom, Minn., and reports a splendid time. Alice is one of our comptometer operators and when it comes to reports is right on the job.

Mr. H. H. Miller, chief clerk at Huron, was in shaking hands with old friends, December 23rd.

Mr. H. J. Bomford, of Chicago, spent the holidays here with old acquaintances.

And this is where we are going to tell one on Chief Clerk Dyer, who it seems has been picking up a few cents at the Cathedral, Sundays. This particular day he sallied forth with that "gosh darn it" air to be met at the front pew with a stony stare, a decided frown; the box as presented was UPSIDE DOWN.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Peterson spent Xmas at Minneapolis, their former home, he having been transferred from that place. The Peterson's say Minneapolis is a very beautiful city, but when it comes to the bunch, they'll boost for "Soo."

All tickets and invoices are under close supervision again, Mrs. Klemens having returned from a two weeks' vacation.

Mrs. Tinder is wearing a brand new sparkler, gift of friend hubby.

Our correspondent, W. H. Young, spent a few days recently with the mayor at Ft. Dodge, Iowa, and endeavors to explain that the mayor's wife is his sister, and that he incidentally took in a "Masonic doin's." What kind of a joke are you pulling off on us this time, Bill—a political one?

Mr. and Mrs. Schleth entertained at a dinner party, New Year's day. Mr. Schleth is our credit manager and what he doesn't say about collections! Methinks if he went after accounts like he did that feed, New Year's——Nuff sed.

Miss Florence Krage was pleasantly surprised, five of the girls entertaining for her at an Orpheum party, it being her (?) birthday.

C. V. Miller and Al C. Fehrman were recipients of some very useful Xmas gifts. We're not tellin' boys, but Chile Bean took you at your word; and it's a wonder she didn't make 'em out of georgette. (Can't we get a photo of 'em in their Xmas presents?—EDITOR.)

Miss Eleanor Grochowska, that speedy little tank car steno, is hard at work again, having had a pleasant vacation.

Mr. Werner has been off duty, owing to the illness of his brother.

Why the electrical display over at O'Keefe's, and will the little lamps go out when Lulu and Elizabeth entertain?

Mr. H. S. Church, our agent at Correctionville, returned yesterday from California. After many years of hard work with our company and feeling that he and his family needed a vacation, he started out one fine morning in his Dodge, accompanied by Mrs. Church, their son and daughter, and motored to San Diego, Los Angeles and other points. We know from Mr. Church's reports that they had a wonderful time. He says that he used Red Crown and Polarine all the way, never had any car trouble, and now is back ready to sell more gas and Polarine than ever.

Salesman Conley, of Madison, who very recently was called to Pennsylvania on account of the death of his mother, has again been called there on business.

Wm. Willoughby, our traffic man, is wearing that smile that won't come off. It's a boy, arrived December 29. Daddy Willoughby says he will have him out skating on Gilliam's Terrace with the rest of the kids in a few weeks.

Mr. Burt Burton of Sloan, joined the sub-station checkers force, effective the first of this year.

The following is an exact copy of a letter received in the Sioux City office but a short time ago. Name of town and writer withheld.

Gentlemen:—

Wi Woud Laick to get a smole Straktiv Gasolin Sign to stand alongsid our Gasolin Pump ef at coud be fernisth fri of charge as long as wi handle Standard Oil Co, Gasolin. Ther has bein so manny turist esking way wi has nat got a Read Crown gasolin Sign. Hoping to get replay soun, Yours truly,——

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Miss Church says she was born and raised in Missouri, but McCormick don't seem to care.

Margaret Hauger and Mr. A. G. Jones seem to enjoy the noon hour reading the Saturday Evening Post and the Country Gentleman. Eggs are high—it's well to start in raising chickens.

Walter Lang, who is an expert in handling horses, expects to attend all races at Springbrook Park this season. Ask him if he expects to enter as a jockey in the running races.

John Steiner has quit bowling. You should have started to train her as soon as you were married, John.

Reporter A. E. Lesley stirred up a little dust the other day and sent in a new item. Many thanks, Everett, it all helps.

E. D. Johnson, Ft. Wayne, Ind., wrote the editor for a list of the reporters in his territory; if he finishes as his letter indicates, he will have some headliners for next month.

Dave Campbell, our agent at Logansport, just returned from a visit to his people down in Louisiana. He says the Standard is just as busy producing oil down there as he is selling it. We will try and keep you supplied, Dave.

Porter Kirby, truck driver at Elkhart, is on duty again after being absent for 60 days on account of

illness. Agent Bixler says it helps a lot to have Porter around.

Our most sincere sympathy is extended to L. H. Noyer, agent at Monroeville, Ind., whose wife died recently.

Why do we always see Mr. Delcamp, of the bookkeeping department at Alword's cigar store at 12:40 every day? And Elsie never fails to come 'round that way.

We noticed Miss Stella Ciesielski walking down Division street, toward the Grand Trunk depot with a fine looking gentleman with a large suitcase. Explanation, Stella!

Walter Johnston has added to his bowling team our friend Bill Pinkerton (LeMair). In case a tankwagon or S. O. padlock gets lost, just hand the case to above party.

Billy Anwander, who holds sanctum in the order department, is going through the list of applicants or employment. He says the recent appearance of wrist watches and diamond rings looks suspicious.

John Buzolits, assistant in the service station department, has moved his department again. "Buz" says he is having a portable desk made so that he will be able to move any time on thirty minute's notice.

Dorothy Jones, of the equipment department, says she is beginning to feel quite at home in the front seat of Mandus Vanderbosch's Studebaker.

We are glad to see Mr. Tyler recovering nicely from his recent accident, in which he sustained a broken arm, and glad to know the accident was not more serious.

C. Martin, tankwagon driver at Elkhart, was able to persuade Ray Bixler, our agent, that he should have a day off last week. Bixler worked through when he learned that the stork had left a an eight-pound girl at Martin's home. Good luck, Clayton!

Tom Wonders, enterprising agent at Wolcottville, has purchased another truck for his territory. Tom says that if the competitor gets any business he will have to get up before daylight. Good stuff, Tom!

Dwight Wolfe, for a number of years employed by this company, recently purchased the Hussey grocery at Ligonier, Ind. His former associates wish him much success in his new endeavors.

A meeting of salesmen in Ralph McLellen's district was held at Goshen last Monday. Salesman Parks in that territory states that all slow moving traffic please keep to the curb, as there is going to be some speeding done in that section in the near uture. Watch out for the dust!

John Dixon, tankwagon driver at Ft. Wayne, has a wee bit o' Scotch at home. Don't crowd, boys, she's only a wee bit o' lassie, and we all extend congratulations.

B. V. Force, salesman about town at LaFayette, says that smallpox around those parts is thicker than automobiles at our service stations. He had a doctor scratch his arm and it put him between the sheets for three days. Now that it's over, Bert, it will be in line to try out those new shock absorbers recently sent you.

LaFayette appeared in the limelight the other day when its citizens entertained members of the Indiana General Assembly. The law makers of the State arrived to inspect Purdue University and the Indiana State Soldiers' Home. Incidently, our worthy service station attendant, H. Sense, persuaded the twenty-five machines that carried the party to get their gasoline and lubricating supplies to our west side station. Hat's off, please!

Porter Kirby, drayman at Elkhart, got a wrist watch off a punch board the other day. The boys at Elkhart wonder who she is.

Charlie Anderson, attendant at Service Station 429 Vistula street, Elkhart, foxed out the other day in a new suit of overalls. His wife, however, had to sew on 6 inches more of material so Charlie sould get into them. That's all right, Charlie; takes a big man to fill your place.

Since Del Baer in the main office has installed two or three tiers of wire baskets on his desk and Billie Anwander wearing that striped shirt, we don't have to think hard to be reminded of Sing Sing! !

Genevieve Murphy was seen on the way to the movies the other night with a nice looking young man. Genevieve says 'taint no body's business. Your right, Gene, 'taint!

Winnie Hogan was seen traveling our main thoroughfare with a sealskin coat and a man. Win says the man was her brother—but then, that's what they all say.

Mr. Clifford Gheen, district superintendent of the southeast district, is now located at Marion and will soon take up his residence there.

Harry Kees, agent at the Marion station, has a new daughter-in-law. His son, Leon Kees, was united in marriage Thursday, January 13th, to Miss Grace Dornhecker.

G. W. Schilling, of the sales force, took a day off Monday, January 10th, to celebrate the arrival of a ten-pound son. May he give much joy to his proud parents.

In accordance with the new policy, four district superintendents have been appointed in the South Bend field, in the persons of E. P. Warren, formerly of the specialty department, with headquarters at LaFayette; Mr. J. M. Hatch, formerly of the refined oil department, stationed at LaPorte, Mr. E. C. Gheen, of the lubricating department, located at Marion, and Mr. R. E. McLellen, formerly general salesman, stationed at Auburn. Mr. E. D. Johnson, in addition to the Ft. Wayne agency, will have charge of the territory composed of nearly all of Allen county. The purpose of this new policy is to sub-divide the field in order that closer supervision may be given to field work. The first meeting of the new superintendents was held in this office January 7th, and already material results have been produced.

Ruth Pattison, of the cashier's department, doesn't expect to go to any movies for a long time. Why? 'Cause while "Fording" back to work one noon with her "Sweetie" they bumped into a new Studebaker and it'll mortgage a few nickels to repair the scratches. Ruth says ahe "doesn't understand where his mind was! !"

Perhaps Carrie Livingstone can explain about the mysterious man in black who meets her when the weather is so terribly inclement?

Minnie Richman is no more talkative since she received the nice Christmas present from her father. She simply doesn't have time to talk, boys, and you might as well know it.

We understand Laura Kreuger is making rapid progress with her vocal studies and expects to make her first professional appearance soon.

We are wondering if Bessie Drone and Walter Johnston are aware that it's much warmer at home these January nights, even if you have to sit on two separate chairs, than cuddling up in the corner at Coonley's drug store.

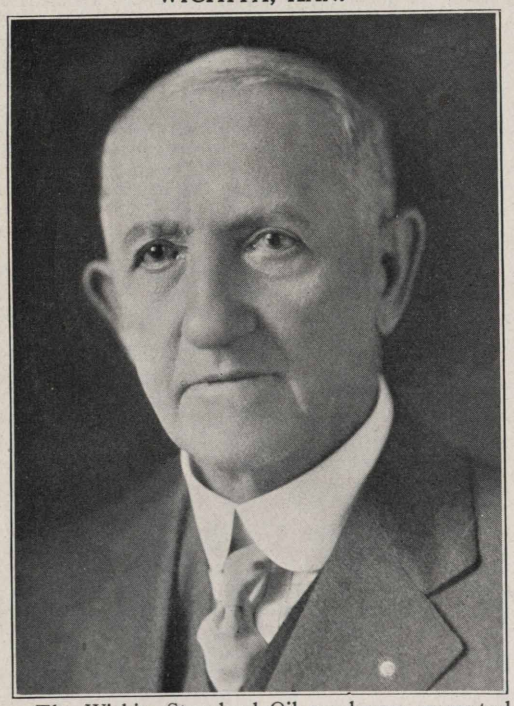
The accounting department has a new office boy, the boy with the million dollar smile. Welcome! Bernard Haney.

Marguerite Sweeny boarded out for several weeks on account of smallpox in the family. She says first thing she did when she got home was to dash to the cupboard for a piece of home-made bread and butter. No place like home, is there Marguerite?

Joe Ernest is not in the best of humor these days, owing to the fact that the lady who was transferred to the service station department was made to pa y his debt to the Inner Oil Bowling Team. However, Joe, you will soon be able to get the "Ford" out.

John Melsheimer was seen at the Orpheum the other night with a lady friend. Was that a new girl, John, or the old one re-decorated?

WICHITA, KAN.



The Wichita Standard Oil employees presented Mr. F. A. Bull, retiring cashier, with a fine rocking chair. He expressed his thanks in the following well chosen words:

"I wish to thank the employees of the Standard Oil Company for the beautiful present which they gave to me on the day of my retirement from the company. It will be the means of my enjoying many hours of rest, and during that time I will have many pleasant thoughts of my friends who remembered me so kindly."

Wallace Hoyt, stenographer, has a new baby at his house. He is trying to keep it secret. All right, Wallace, the correspondent won't tell anybody.

Gladys McCormick, telephone girl, spent her two weeks' vacation keeping house for her mother, who enjoyed a trip to California. Good girl, Gladys.

Another great secret, Mabel Truitt, billing department, tried to keep her marriage secret. The employees helped her keep it by presenting her with a fine set of silver knives and forks. Lester Farquharson is the lucky man. Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson will move to Kansas City, where Lester will study osteopathy for four years.

Charlie Ash, tank wagon driver, informs us that his eight-year-old boy, John, has recovered from diphtheria.

J. F. Snyder, carpenter, who has been out on the field several months, will be in the shop the rest of the winter.

"Doc" Cave, warehouse superintendent, and his boys tried out our new fire equipment recently. They made a run to put out a grass fire on the railroad right of way. The fire was out before you could say "Scat" so the equipment must be O. K.

C. O. Hawkins reports his five-year-old daughter Lillian, as recovered from diphtheria. This is his third child to have diphtheria this season.

Jean Jones, secretary to Mr. Kelly, and Ben Buck, head of the lubricating department, are both happy now. Jean's wife has returned from Denver and Ben's from Joplin, where they have been visiting. Young men, you are fortunate; some wives never return.

Elsie Dumbauld, cartage department, has been absent three weeks wrestling with a severe attack of tonsilitis and quinsy.

C. T. Arns, agent at Dodge City, who has been ill, made this office a visit January 12th.

Frank F. Harrison, truck driver, Scott City, is spending a two months' vacation at his old home in Mitchell, Ind., visiting relatives.

Abe Martin, cashier, reports the scare of his life when Merle, his little seven-year-old boy, had an unusually bad attack of the croup.

Our agent at Salina, M. C. McQuiston, has a twelve-year-old girl who is very low with typhoid fever. She has been sick since January 5th.

P. E. Baker, order department, took unto himself a wife January 17th. Baker is such a quiet fellow that he surprised the whole works. He married Miss Edna A. Teal. He is a happy man for he passed around some very *fine* Chancellor cigars. Some class! Other benedicts please note. The employees presented them with a set of fine silverware.

Our clever gasoline salesman, Jack Wright, was laid up a week the latter part of January with lagrippe.

The stock department has a new man, Mr. V. E. Bonham. The new 06 clerk is Mr. James W. Carter.

Chief Clerk Ralph Muller left January 15th for a two weeks' vacation.

Tom Bishop, of the equipment department, was held up and robbed at the Maple street bridge the night of January 24th. After the first shock and Tom had become accustomed to the gun poked against his stomach, he gave the holdups such a line of talk that they let him keep his Victory Medal and watch.

Chenery Todd, traffic department, spent a part of his vacation down around Newkirk, Okla. No fatalities reported.

E. E. Wade, bookkeeper, was absent a few days recently on account of sickness.

Credit man, Sheritt, was missed January 25th. He was at home on account of Mrs. Sheritt's illness.

* * *

Yes, Who?—A gentleman in business on Broadway, New York, was greatly annoyed at the tardiness of one of his skilled engravers. Calling him into the office one morning, he said: "Mr. Brown, I get here at 8:30 every morning and look over my mail; at 9 o'clock I look out of the window and see young Mr. Rockefeller on his way to the office; at 9:30 Mr. Morgan passes; at 10 I see Mr. Vanderlip going by; at 10:30 Mr. Taft passes on his way to his office, and at 11 you come in. Who the hell are you?"—*Hardy Blatter.*

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

H. S. MORTON, *Vice-President*

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

General Manager

T. J. THOMPSON

Assistant General Managers

JOHN L. CARTER, Northern Division

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Eastern Division

R. G. STEWART, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. LEWIS, *Manager*
C. F. HATMAKER, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
R. A. THOMSON, *Manager*
C. W. FLANAGAN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
H. F. WARREN, *Manager*
W. A. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
M. STORER, *Manager*
AMOS BALL, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. COCHRAN, *Manager*
H. H. KEATING, *Assistant Manager*

DUBUQUE, IOWA
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
H. E. BRUCE, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. MORTON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

KEOKUK, IOWA
M. F. KING, JR., *Manager*
C. M. VOGLER, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. H. LAMBERT, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
W. H. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. D. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
L. W. CAMERON, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
M. L. WIRSING, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
M. F. VAN KEUREN, *Manager*
MARTIN KELLY, JR., *Assistant Manager*

Where Standard Oil Efficiency Is Needed Most

IN the ten Middle Western States served by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) there is one automobile for each 9 persons. It is estimated that 65% of these vehicles are owned by farmers. That is why the utmost of efficiency in refining, manufacturing, and distributing gasoline and other petroleum products is needed most in this great territory.

To indicate the tremendous increase in the number of cars and trucks, the following statement of 1919 and 1920 registrations by states is given:

STATES	1919	1920
So. Dakota	104,625	122,040
Iowa	363,000	442,200
Minnesota	259,743	323,572
Missouri	229,577	295,817
Kansas	228,601	265,385
No. Dakota	82,885	90,840
Michigan	296,378	412,275
Wisconsin	236,974	303,246
Indiana	277,255	332,207
Illinois	478,438	569,127
	2,557,476	3,156,709

To enable these machines to operate in all weather, under all conditions, and wherever they may be located, an adequate supply of gasoline is needed. To supply this need is the constant endeavor of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). The refineries operated by this Company are working night and day to increase the yield of gasoline taken from crude oil, without in any way sacrificing the quality of the gasoline.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) operates a distribution system maintained at as near to 100% efficiency as is humanly possible. To do this calls for a minute and unwearying study of local conditions, and for constant anticipation of future needs.

All activities of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) are co-ordinated to the highest degree of efficiency to insure maximum economy.

Thus in the Middle West, where efficiency is needed most, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is performing this essential economic service to the benefit of all the people.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)
910 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

2373

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 2 APRIL 1921 No. 6

NORMAN R. GRIMSHAW

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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B. Parks, *3d Vice-President, Ass't Gen'l Mgr., Mfg.*
E. G. Seubert, *4th Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer*
Allan Jackson, *5th Vice-President*

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J. E. Evans, *Assistant Superintendent*

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H. R. Boehmer, *Superintendent*
F. W. Bruckmiller, *Assistant Superintendent*
J. W. Kelly, *Assistant Superintendent*

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S. A. Beach, *Superintendent*
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CASPER

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A. E. Thompson, *Superintendent*

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E. H. Fisher, *Assistant Director*, Chicago, Ill.
C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division*, Chicago, Ill.
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F. G. Clifford, *Assistant Director*, Wood River, Ill.
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D. M. Lobdell, *Assistant Director*, Casper, Wyo.

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Div. 6—T. McFadden
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Div. 12—Chas. Dailey
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W. O. Walker

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Div. 4—Frank Smith
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Div. 6—H. W. Martin, *Vice-Chairman*

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R. E. Herzler
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STANOLIND
RECORD

Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
Publication office: 910 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 2 APRIL No. 6

OH, BOY! WE'RE ALMOST A STANDARD OIL STOCKHOLDER!

Plan Proposed by Board of Directors, Enabling Employees to Acquire Stock on the Installment Plan, the Company Paying Part of the Cost, Is Approved and Goes Into Effect on April 1, 1921

The plan proposed by the Board of Directors which will enable employees to become stockholders in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), paying for the stock in small installments and receiving a gift from the company of 50 percent of the amount they pay in—this also to be utilized in purchase of stock—was approved March 3 at the stockholders' annual meeting at Whiting, Ind., and goes into effect April 1.

A Board of Trustees to purchase the stock and hold it in trust during the specified five-year period has been appointed with the following members: Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the company; Dr. W. M. Burton, president of the company; Mr. E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer and fourth vice-president of the company.

Five years from the day this magagzine is placed in the hands of the employees, thousands of them will have in their possession stock in the greatest gasoline marketing company in the world, and will be drawing dividends thereon.

Approximately two-thirds of this stock they will have paid for themselves, through bi-monthly installments representing savings from their wages. One-third of what they own will represent a gift from the company. In addition they will have some stock which will have been paid for out of dividends accruing during the five-year period.

The primary object of the company in adopting this plan is to give its employees an opportunity to become partners in its business and share in its profits.

The acceptance of this plan by an employee is, of course, not obligatory. Each employee is urged to carefully consider the opportunity offered, and if he decides to go into the plan, to weigh carefully the question of the amount he can afford to have taken from his wages to be invested in stock.

In order to avoid fluctuations in the market price of the stock and to enable an employee to know how much stock is being purchased for him, the price at which stock shall be bought during each year of the plan has been fixed at whatever may be the average price of the stock for the period of six months prior to March 31st of each year.

If, after a careful reading of this plan, any employee desires further information, he is invited to consult with the head of his department, and, also, if employed at a refinery, with the Employees' Representative elected by his division.

The plan to help employees purchase its stock has been formulated, worked out and put into operation by the company with the single purpose of benefitting those employees who wish, through systematic saving, to become partners in the business.

Not only will the employee who accepts this plan have a definite ownership in the business, but he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he participates in every saving he effects.

His earnings from his investment will be in exactly the same ratio as that of the largest investor in the capital stock.

This plan is the method which this company, viewing the situation from the vantage point of sound business experience, has taken to help those of its employees who are ambitious to better their condition. The company believes that, by assisting its employees to save part of their earnings and invest it in a successful business, it is doing something which will carry the employees a long way toward that economic independence which every man hopes to attain.

The man who works and saves is climbing upward, but the man who invests his savings wisely is climbing faster.

You who are given this opportunity to invest your savings in the company stock under conditions which are entirely to your advantage can, in a few years, have an income which will go a long way toward making worry unnecessary. To save, to be economical, far-sighted and frugal is not the easiest road to travel, but it is the safest, and in the end the most profitable. The man who, month by month, sees his savings grow and knows that, as they reach a point where profitable investment is possible, they will be invested in a business which is successful, is freer of mind, more contented, and more productive than he could be if this anchor to windward did not exist.

Everyone knows that it is easier to earn money than it is to save it, and those who have had the greatest experience know best how much easier it is to save money than it is to invest it in such a way as to keep the principal safe and make certain that it earns a fair, equitable return.

The plan herein outlined is designed and intended to provide the machinery with which any employee of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) can accomplish all of these things.

By indicating his desire to do so, any employee can systematically save any part up to 20% (one-fifth) of his earnings, and to every dollar he sets aside the company will add 50 cents. This means that you receive an immediate return of 50% on the money you save and that this return is at once invested in stock of the company.

As soon as your savings have reached an amount sufficient to buy one or more shares of stock, the purchase is made and dividends declared are added to your savings to buy more stock. At the end of the five-year period all of the stock thus purchased is delivered to the employee together with any uninvested money which may be held for his account.

Is this not a real business opportunity? You save your money systematically—it is invested for you, and, at the end of the period, you are handed every dollar you have saved plus the added 50% which the company has contributed and the dividends paid on the stock since the day of purchase. Certainly it must appeal to the frugal, far-seeing, ambitious man whatever his position in life may be.

While there is nothing compulsory in the acceptance of the plan, it is hoped that the number of employed stockholders will be greatly increased through its operation.

The following is a copy of the plan adopted:

PURPOSES

1. The purposes of this plan are to enable the employees of the company and those actively engaged in the conduct of its business to become stockholders therein on favorable terms, and to assist them in paying for their stock.

TERM OF THE PLAN

2. The plan shall be in operation during the term of five years from March 31, 1921, unless sooner terminated in the manner hereinafter provided.

THE FUNDS

3. The purposes of the plan shall be carried out through the establishment and operation of several funds, created by individual deposits by the several employees and by the company as hereinafter provided. To such individual deposits shall be added whatever interest is earned by the several funds and the proportionate amount of whatever dividends are received from stocks held as herein provided.

THE TRUSTEES AND THEIR POWERS

4. The several funds shall be administered by three trustees, to be appointed by the Board of Directors of the company.

The said Board shall have power, in case of death, resignation or inability to act of any of said trustees, to appoint a new trustee, or new trustees, to fill such vacancy, and shall also at all times have power of removal and substitution of any trustee, or trustees, and any such new trustee, or trustees, shall have the same power and authority as is vested in each of the three original trustees. The trustees shall not be held personally responsible, except for their willful misconduct or gross neglect, and the trustees shall not be required to give bond. The trustees shall not charge or be paid any compensation for their service as such. The trustees shall have power:

(a) To receive all moneys deposited by the employees and by the company under this plan.

(b) To invest the several funds from time to time, as far as practicable, by the purchase from the company of its capital stock, at prices to be fixed as herein provided.

(c) To pay, satisfy and discharge, out of such trust funds, any taxes or assessments that may from time to time be fixed or imposed thereon by any lawful authority, and also the reasonable and necessary expenses incurred in the administration of the funds, not however, including any charge for office or clerical expense in connection therewith.

(d) To adopt, and from time to time, alter and amend, rules and regulations for the carrying into execution of this plan, and their decision shall be final as to all questions or interpretation and applications of the plan, accounting, values, interest, withdrawals, accruals and as to all other matters arising in the administration of the plan.

ELIGIBILITY

5. The term "employee" as used herein, means any person who on March 31, 1921, or at any time thereafter during the existence of this plan, has been in the continuous and exclusive service of the company more than one year, and shall be regarded by the trustees as permanently employed, or as being actively engaged for a like period of time in the conduct of its business, and includes officers and directors. The trustees shall be the sole judges as to who is such employee, or who has been thus actively engaged in the conduct of the company's business. All employees as thus defined and so determined shall be eligible to share in the benefits of the plan.

PARTICIPATION BY THE EMPLOYEE

6. Any employee may become a participant under this plan by making deposits therein in the following manner:

He shall authorize the company to deduct from the amount due him as current compensation for services on each pay day, whether monthly or otherwise, a sum not in excess of twenty percent thereof, and to pay the same over to the trustees, to be placed to his credit, which deduction and payment over shall thereupon be made.

THE COMPANY'S DEPOSITS

7. When any such deposit shall be made by or on behalf of the employee, the company shall, out of its own moneys, pay to the trustees a sum equal to fifty percent of his deposit.

PRICE OF STOCK

8. The price at which the trustees may from time to time purchase stock from the company, for the purposes of the several funds, shall be fixed by the directors as of March 31st of each year during the period covered by the plan. Such price shall be substantially the average market price of the stock during the previous six months; provided, however, that in no case shall the price be fixed below the par value of the stock. The price so fixed shall govern as to all such purchases during the ensuing year.

TITLE TO STOCK PURCHASED

9. The stock so purchased shall be issued in the name of the trustees, who shall hold title to the same and shall possess all voting and other rights pertaining thereto. Said stock shall be apportioned to the depositing employees upon the termination of the plan in proportion to their deposits, and according to the time they have been respectively participants in the funds. Separate accounts shall be kept of the amounts deposited by each employee and by the company, and the employee shall have no interest whatsoever in the stock or in the deposits made by the company

until the final termination of the plan, or until a termination of the plan as to him upon his withdrawal, whereby he is given stock as hereinafter provided.

WITHDRAWALS

10. Withdrawals may be made as follows:

(a) An employee who remains in the service of the company may, if he so elects, withdraw from the plan at any time, and shall thereupon be entitled to receive back from the trustees the amount of money deposited by him, with interest at the rate of six per cent per annum, or at the option of the trustees, the equivalent thereof in the stock of the company, to be reckoned at the average cost of such stock to the trustees during the period that he may have made deposits. Such withdrawing employee shall not be eligible to again participate in the plan for the period of one year.

(b) An employee who leaves the service of the company voluntarily, or is discharged for good cause (of which the trustees shall be the sole judges), shall thereupon cease to be a participant in the plan, and his account shall be closed by returning to him the amount he has deposited with interest at the rate of six per cent per annum, or, at the option of the trustees, by assigning to him the equivalent thereof in the stock of the company to be reckoned at the average cost thereof to the trustees, during the period that he may have been a participant in the plan.

(c) An employee who is retired under the company's annuity plan, or who quits the service of the company, on account of total disability, or for other satisfactory cause, or is discharged for no fault of his own (of all of which the trustees shall be the sole judges), shall receive in stock at the average cost thereof to the trustees, during the period he has made deposits an amount equal to the aggregate sums deposited by him, plus fifty per cent thereof, and whatever dividends have been received upon that amount of stock by the trustees during that period, less his proportionate share of any taxes, assessments and expenses, such stock to be in full shares, any differences to be paid in cash.

(d) In case of the death of a participating employee while in the service of the company, his administrators, executors, heirs or beneficiaries under his will, shall receive in stock at the average cost thereof to the trustees, during the period that he may have made deposits, an amount equal to the aggregate sums deposited by him, plus fifty per cent thereof, and whatever dividends have been received upon that amount of stock by the trustees during that period, less his proportionate share of any taxes, assessments and expenses, such stock to be in full shares, any differences to be paid in cash.

GENERAL PROVISIONS

11. On the termination of the plan, any sum to which a depositing employee may be entitled less than the value of a full share of stock shall be paid in cash, and in determining the number of shares to which the employee shall be entitled, the same shall be computed according to the cost thereof to the trustees during the time the deposits respectively are made.

12. All stock and moneys accruing from the withdrawal of participants in the several funds shall inure to the benefit of the participants remaining at the termination of the plan and shall thereupon be distributed among them in proportion to their respective deposits and for the time that such employees have participated in the plan.

In the event of all of the participants in the plan withdrawing therefrom prior to its termination as herein provided, then the trustees shall, and they are hereby authorized to terminate the plan by distribution of any funds remaining in their hands among those who have been participants proportionately as their interests may appear.

13. The interest of an employee under the plan shall be considered and treated as personal and shall not be subject to assignment or transfer, by operation of law or otherwise, nor shall any other person acquire any right therein or thereto, except as herein otherwise provided.

14. Payment in cash or by delivery of stock in accordance with the terms of this plan on the death or withdrawal of an employee, or on the termination of the plan, shall be in full satisfaction of all

JOINT GENERAL COMMITTEE, CASPER, 1921

Here we have the Casper Joint General Committee for 1921 chaperoned by D. M. (Slingy) Lobdell. From left to right, upper row: D. M. Lobdell, Fred Cormack, Pitt Covert, Jr., W. C. Eads, A. V. Forbes; center: J. M. Wimsatt, Mack Burrell, Oscar Howard, John Schnur, Rex Fanning, W. H. Telhurst; lower: J. W. Horrigan, H. E. Kelley, J. A. Degan, J. McClellan, Arthur Peak, Sam Olsen.

claims under the plan and against the trustees and against the company thereunder.

15. The several funds deposited hereunder by the several employees shall each constitute and be a separate trust as between the trustees and each employee, it being the purpose and intent under this plan to create a separate and distinct trust to be administered by the trustees for each employee who is a participant under the plan.

AUDIT

16. The accounts of the several funds shall be audited at least once a year by an independent auditor, to be appointed by the Board of Directors.

TIME OF DELIVERY OF STOCK

17. Except as otherwise hereinbefore provided, no employee shall be entitled to receive stock or cash from the several funds before the termination of the plan; but on such termination, the plan shall forthwith be terminated by the distribution of all the stock and cash therein to and amongst the then participants in the plan, proportionately as their respective interests may appear.

AMENDMENT OR ABOLITION OF PLAN

18. This plan may be recalled, abolished, revised, amended, altered or changed in such manner as is or may be provided by the statutes of the State of Indiana, or in the absence of such statutory regulation, this plan may be likewise recalled, abolished, revised, amended, altered or changed by the Directors of the company.

* * *

Mike went to the druggist to get an empty bottle. Selecting one that answered his purpose, he asked, "How much?"

"Well," said the clerk, "If you want the empty bottle it'll be five cents. but if you have something put in it, we won't charge anything for the bottle."

"Sure, that's fair enough," observed Mike. "Just put in a cork."

WHAT DOES STOCK PLAN MEAN? THIS TELLS

The following questions are asked and answered in order to further explain the practical operation of the plan.

1. What is the Nature of the Stock Offered Under the Employees Stock Purchasing Plan?

The company s capital stock is all common stock and every share of such stock, whether owned by employees or others, has absolute equality as to voting, dividends, and participation in assets. The trustees hold the title and all voting and other privileges of the stock purchased by them under the plan until such time as it is deliverable to participants in accordance with the terms of the plan.

2. Does the Company Guarantee the Value of the Stock?

No. It is subject to all the privileges and risks attending the ownership of common stock. The stock may increase or decrease in value. That is a chance which the participants will share in common with every other holder of the stock.

3. Are Dividends on the Stock Guaranteed?

No. For several years dividends have been paid regularly on the capital stock, but the company cannot guarantee them to anyone.

4. Who May Participate in the Plan?

Any employee is eligible to participate in the plan at its beginning if on March 31, 1921, he or she had been in continuous and exclusive service or actively engaged in the conduct of the business of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) for one year or more and has continued in such service up to the date of his or her application.

Thereafter, during the continuation of the plan, an employee will become eligible after completing one year's like continuous and exclusive service with the company, and on signing authorization for deduction from salary can become a participant in the plan beginning the first day of any month. The first deduction is to be made from salary due for the first half of the month following that in which the subscriber signifies his or her intention to become a participant in the plan.

5. How May Deposits Toward the Purchase of Stock Be Made?

An employee's deposits may be made only by signing an order on the company to withhold on each pay day a certain amount of his earnings, not to exceed 20% of his regular compensation.

6. How Much Does the Company Put Into the Plan?

Whenever deposits are so made for a participating employee, the company will pay into the plan for the use of the employee, as provided in the plan, 50% of whatever amount has been deducted from his pay in accordance with his authorization.

7. Who Has Charge of This Plan?

The three trustees appointed by the Board of Directors are R. W. STEWART, W. M. BURTON, E. G. SEUBERT. The services of these trustees are without expense to the plan.

8. When May an Employee Start His Account?

On any first half pay day of a month after he or she has become eligible as explained in Answer to Question No. 4.

9. How Much May an Employee Have Deducted From His Salary?

Any amount in even dollars that does not exceed 20%, or one-fifth of the compensation due him or her on each pay day. This percentage establishes the maximum, no employee should deposit to this extent except after careful thought and consideration as to

whether he or she can continue to keep up the deductions as authorized to the full 20%. As an illustration: An employee receives a monthly salary of $158.00 and wishes to deposit approximately 10% of it, the deduction authorized should be $16.00 per month or $8.00 if paid semi-monthly. This method will greatly facilitate the handling of many thousands of accounts, and keep the deduction in even dollars.

10. If an Employee's Pay is Temporarily Reduced Because of Sickness or Other Cause, Will Deductions Be Continued During That Period?

Under the rule adopted by the trustees, deduction will be omitted on any pay day when the amount due a participant for current compensation for services has been reduced to 50% or less of his average pay, because of sickness or accident disability, leave of absence or temporary lay-off, unless he shall have specifically requested that the deductions be continued during such period.

11. After Authorizing a Certain Deduction from His Wages, May an Employee Change the Amount?

Under the rule adopted by the trustees, a participant may change the amount of the deduction from his pay if he submitsreasons that are satisfactory to the trustees. Before becoming a participant under the plan each employee should carefully determine the amount he can regularly save, so that, as far as possible, later changes will be unnecessary. If, however, one authorizes a deduction of an amount which he later wishes to increase or decrease by reason of changed conditions, he may file a new application with statement of his reasons. In no case will a changed authorization be retroactive.

12. Will a Subscriber Be Informed Concerning His Account?

A statement of each depositor's account will be submitted to the depositor annually.

13. Can a Depositor Withdraw at Any Time?

Yes. A participant may withdraw from the plan and receive all the money deducted from his wages together with 6% interest per annum, or, at the option of the trustees, the equivalent in stock or stock and cash. He will thereby forfeit the amount deposited by the company in his account and any dividends on stock purchased, and can not re-enter the plan for one year.

14. If a Depositor, Without the Consent of the Trustees, Notifies the Company to Stop Making Deductions from His Earnings, Can the Amount Then Standing to His Credit Remain in the Plan Until Distribution at the Termination of the Plan?

No. Under the rule adopted by the trustees, cancellation of a deduction order without the consent of the trustees constitutes withdrawal from the plan, and the trustees will close the account, returning to the employee his deposits in cash, with 6% interest per annum, or, at their option, delivering the equivalent in stock, or cash and stock.

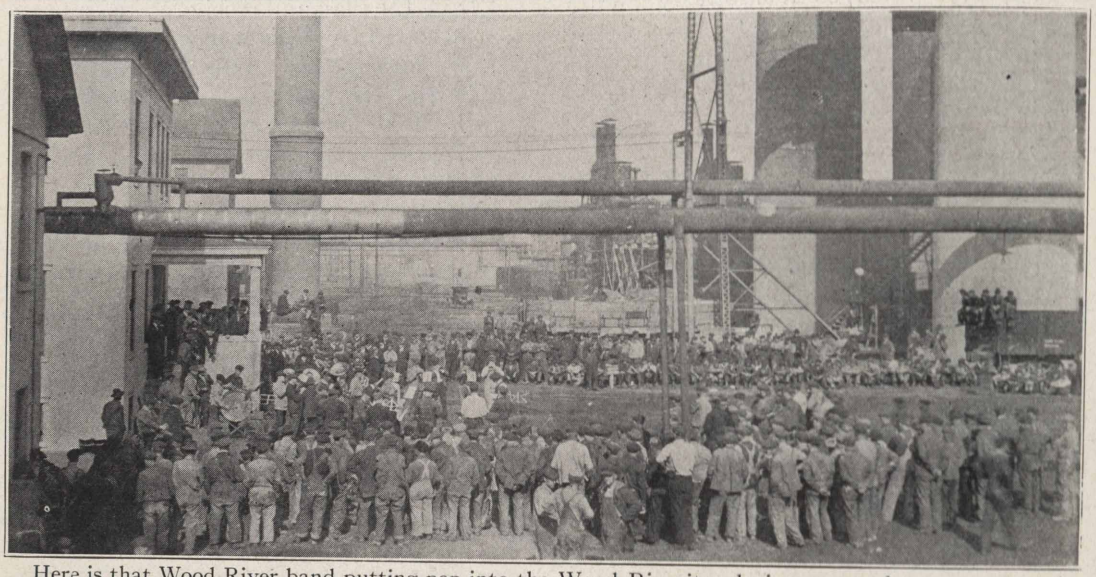
15. If an Employee Withdraws From the Plan for Any Reason, What Becomes of the Money the Company Has Put Into the Plan for His Account?

It remains in the plan and will be paid to participants remaining at the termination of the plan, in proportion to their respective deposits. In no case will any of the money revert to the company.

16. When Can an Employee Obtain the Stock that the Trustees Have Purchased With His Savings and With the Company's Contribution?

At the termination of the plan, except in case he is retired under the company's annuity plan, or on account of total disability, or through discharge for no fault of his own; also in case of death, his beneficiary need not wait

ACQUIRING PEP FOR THE AFTERNOON'S WORK



Here is that Wood River band putting pep into the Wood Riverites during a noon hour concert on the plant. Unlike the Whiting band, the Wood River outfit hasn't attained such perfection that the old and new barrelhouses are moved to attend the concerts, but it is reported from unreliable sources that some of the big stacks were seen shimmying the rest of the afternoon.

until the termination of the plan to obtain all stock and cash credited to the participant. The shares, when distributed, become the absolute property of the subscriber or his representative.

17. An Employee Earning $2,000.00 a Year Thinks He Can Set Aside 10% of That, or $200.00. How Would His Contribution of That Amount Work Out Over the Full Life of the Plan?

In five years he will have deposited out of his earnings a total of $1,000.00. This will have been increased by the company's deposits to $1,500.00. To this sum will be added the depositor's proportion of such dividends, withdrawal accruals and interest as may have been received by the trustees.

18. What is to be Done with Dividends Paid on Stock Purchased?

All dividends paid on stock purchased for an employee will be credited to him and used together with later deposits in further purchases of stock for his account.

MINERS DEFEAT W. R.

The Carlinville Standard Oil miners on February 6 defeated the Wood River Polarines at soccer for the second time this season. The battle was hard fought all the way, both teams being handicapped by a strong wind. Joe Lamm was the shining star for the Wood Riverites, while McKeegan, Benjamin and Carrol starred for the miners. This is the first season for the Polarines, while the miners have more experience. The Polarines are eager to get games with outside teams to gain experience. Teams which competed February 6 were, Carlinville: Clark, McKeegan, Palmetto, Brown, Hibbard, Maguire, Jack Brown, McWilliams, Carrol, Benjamin. Polarines: Lamm, Kane, Hall, LaCour, Kremer, Decker, Hanson, McGuiggen, Ash, Lehman, Demuth.

* * *

"Yes," said the storekeeper, "I want a good, bright boy to be partly indoors and partly outdoors."

"That's all right," said the applicant, "but what becomes of me when the door slams shut?"

THINK!

"Though man a thinking being is defined,
Few use the grand prerogative of mind.
How few think justly of the thinking few!
How many never think who think they do!"

By NORMAN R. GRIMSHAW, *Assistant General Manager, General Sales Department*
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

In its loosest sense, thinking signifies everything that "goes through our minds." Day-dreams and air-castles are in this loose sense "thinking," but, as they require no effort, they gain us nothing, get us nowhere and should, therefore, be classified as empty and idle thinking with no results to be obtained therefrom.

Reflective or productive thinking, on the other hand, has for its intent and purpose a point to be gained or problem to be solved and is not abstract but concrete. If we use this kind of thinking in our daily life as our difficulties appear, dissecting and reasoning out the why and wherefore of each condition as it arises, we will see at the end of our day's work that, what was a mountain of fear in the morning, has changed to a valley of achievement at night.

No great problem has ever been worked out; no great structure has ever been built; no great discovery has ever been made, that has not called for the most progressive and painstaking thought on the part of the producer, as it is only from the anvil of thought that the sparks of achievement fly.

As we look through our own history, our greatest men were our most profound thinkers — Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt; and, like all great men, their thinking was concrete and productive, and our nation and humanity profited thereby. A man who merely thinks to further his own personal ends is narrow and unless he takes into consideration the rights and needs of others, his thinking is faulty, although productive.

Thomas A Edison, our present day Wizard of Thought, gives as one of the greatest reasons for failures in the business world, the non-use of our thinking power, and from what he has accomplished we believe that no greater authority on this subject could be quoted. He says:

> "It is because they do not use their thinking powers that so many people have never developed a creditable mentality. The brain that isn't used rusts. The brain that is used responds.
>
> "One great trouble with the world today is that people wander from place to place, and are never satisfied with anything. They are shiftless and thoughtless. They revolt at buckling down and doing hard work and hard thinking. They refuse to take time and the trouble to lay solid foundations. They are too superficial, too flighty, too easily bored. They fail to adopt the right spirit toward their life work and consequently fail to enjoy the satisfaction and happiness which comes from doing a job, no matter what it is, absolutely in the best way within their power."

Too many men drift unthinkingly into positions which are unsuited for their qualifications and are too early in life ready for the scrap heap. Not getting along well, they blame everything and everybody except themselves, yet had they used thought and taken an inventory of their capabilities, they would have saved themselves many heartaches and the waste of an otherwise useful existence and thus have decreased the number of failures.

Small men of small minds, egotists and grouches, are only such because of the lack of effort on their part to improve their mental capacity. They do not try to develop themselves or advance their position or improve their shortcomings by thought but continue to go on in the even tenor of

GEE WHIZ, S. O. GIRLS ARE INHOSPITABLE

Mankato, Minn.—And the girls had a children's party—that is, the girls dressed up like little tots and they report a "simply grand time." Oh no, no gentlemen were allowed, even if they dressed like two-year olds. The rules said that all male attendants must be blindfolded and, of course, that would spoil the affair for all the men. We will admit, however, that these views do not give credit to the fair ones of Mankato office, because—oh you know, "these flash light pictures are terrible," and besides the camera was too small.

their way, not realizing that their betterment can be secured by thought, the same as the muscles can be developed by use and proper exercise.

It is common knowledge, preached to us daily by the physical instructor, that the non-use of any member of the body soon puts it in a condition that will prevent it from performing the functions for which it was meant. For instance, if a perfectly normal and healthy man were to bind his arm to his body and leave it in that position long enough, he would find at the end of his experiment that from lack of exercise and use he had totally lost the power movement in that member. Disuse of the mind differs in results in no way from disuse of the body.

The business world today is suffering from lack of thought on the part of many employes. They do not take their work seriously but perform their daily duties in such an indifferent way that they are in a short time mediocre and irresponsible and thus become a debit instead of a credit on the ledger of their company; and from this same lack of thinking which has made them of little worth, they condemn their employer when it becomes necessary that they be dismissed, charging up their dismissal to the following reasons: "Lack of pull"; "Jealousy on the part of the man higher up"; "Incompetence on the part of their boss," who they believe is not capable of judging the good qualifications of such employes as they believe they are; but

SEARCHING FOR A PICTURE OF THEIR DADDY

This is the little family group that Papa L. A. Bissey, of the stock department, Decatur, Ill., came across, on his return home one evening. Little Mary Louise, age 5, and Eldon Paul, age 3, and even the family doll, are much interested in the great little Record of the greatest Company.

never do they put the blame where it rightfully belongs.

Little do they realize the money wasted by their employers in an effort to develop men who are afterwards found to be misfits. Had they thought, they would have realized that indolence and indifference are qualities that tend toward failure and not success.

Two boys started to work for the same company on the same day, one as shipping clerk, the other as office boy. The office boy was a thinker and soon had his regular work down to such a system that he had spare time on his hands and not being afraid of work, he used it to good advantage, offering to help the man who had the desk next to his own. In a short time the boy was able to perform all the duties on this desk himself and when promotion came to the man and he was asked who he would suggest for his old position, the office boy was mentioned and secured the vacancy because of his knowledge of the work.

However, he did not stop thinking when he was promoted and it was not long before he was planning better ways of performing his duties, and, by overcoming difficulties in his new position and making suggestions for the general betterment, he kept on progressing until he finally became office manager.

The shipping clerk, however, apparently saw nothing but the boxes, cases and record book in his own little corner of the warehouse and ten years later found him still in the same position. While he had acquired more speed from mechanically doing the same thing day after day, he had not broadened his mind in the least and so

THIS IS A NICE PLACE TO DRIVE A TANK WAGON

Deadwood, in the Black Hills of the Dakotas, is full of hills and ravines, and when a Dakota snowstorm comes along, those houses that aren't on top of the hills are likely to be buried. To the left is one which barely managed to keep from being entirely smothered. We think this would be a fine place to drive a tank wagon. To the right may be seen what happens to unwary motorist's cars when a blizzard blows up. Our husky tank wagon men of the Dakotas, however, don't mind a little thing like a fifteen-foot snowbank.

was incapable of securing any promotion, although he had received a few slight raises in salary.

Often, wondering why his fellow employe had made such progress, he made the mistake of thinking it was luck and never charged it to the true reason.

We venture to say that practically all mistakes are chargeable to lack of knowledge or thought, for by thinking we can overcome the lack of knowledge, so in the final analysis our mistakes are chargeable to lack of thought alone.

Often we hear the expression "If I had only thought;" but this is in itself no excuse, as we should train ourselves to think out a definite course of action so that following it will become second nature to us if we cannot trust our natural tendencies in this direction.

Frequently our hardest and most effective work is done in thinking after the regular day's routine is over. At this time we plan and study our difficulties and think out methods to overcome them. When our mind is more at rest and we are away from the noise and grind of business, we are enabled to collect our thoughts and follow one line of reasoning to a definite conclusion and in so doing accomplish more in less time than we would were we to attempt to solve our difficulties during business hours.

Summing up these various points, we come to the conclusion that it is imperative that we exercise constructive, progressive, concrete thinking. If we wish to benefit ourselves and be successful, we must think.

* * *

"My brother is living in Ireland and says he's delighted."

"Delighted at living in Ireland?"

"No! Delighted to be living."

* * *

"Johnny," said his mother, severely, "someone has taken a big piece of ginger cake out of the pantry." Johnny blushed guiltily.

"Oh, Johnny," she exclaimed, "I didn't think it was in you."

"It ain't all in me," replied Johnny, "part of it's in Elsie."

HERE ARE OUR NEWEST NEWLYWEDS AT SUGAR CREEK

The handsome young lady with the big bouquet of roses, on January 25 became the bride of Frank Diesko, painter for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), who is seated at her right. The bride was formerly Miss Mildred Onko, whose father is employed by this company. We are certain that all readers of the Record will approve Frank's taste in brides after looking at this photograph. No wonder he looks so proudly contented! Others in the photograph are members of the bridal party who attended the wedding.

OWLS' TEAM WINS

The Whiting Owls' club team has made an enviable reputation this winter, having scored, at this writing, fourteen straight victories over some of the strongest teams in the United States. The team expects to represent the Chicago district in the national basketball tournament to be played in Kansas City. It is reported that the State of Indiana may contribute $1000 to defray the expenses of the state's leading team in attending the Kansas City tournament, and the Owls' team, known as the Red Crowns, hopes to be chosen as the Indiana representative.

* * *

Guest—"Well George, can I give you anything?"
Waiter—"Whatever your generosity permits,sah."
Guest—"Well boys, let's give the waiter three cheers."

ANOTHER CLAIMANT?

Editor Record: Why don't you line up some kind of a checker tournament and cut off some of these championship claimants? There's too much claim and no action. You set up the Board in your columns and keep 'em moving.—Bruce Smeed, Room 300, Chicago office.

We don't know whether or not this means that Mr. Smeed is modestly hinting that he himself is the real champ, but as we haven't space to conduct a checker tournament, we content ourselves with giving Mr. Smeed's address in case any wild checker fiends wish to show him action.

* * *

"That," said the guide, "is a negro cemetery."
"Ah, I see," said the passenger, "a kind of blackberry patch."

COMMUNITY NURSE AIDS 331 IN FIRST SIX DAYS

Miss A. K. Coudy Is Engaged by the Nursing Committee of Wood River to Examine School Children and to Aid in Caring for the Sick in That Community—Makes Great Record to Begin With

By JOHN FLANNAGAN, *Chairman, Wood River Nursing Committee*

The Community Nursing Committee, recently organized, consisting of representatives of the woman's club, the school board and the Standard Oil Company, have been busy and on the job. They secured the services of Miss A. K. Coudy, formerly connected with St. Joseph's hospital, and a very capable and experienced community nurse, who commenced her duties on February 14th, 1921.

The nurse was instructed to examine the school children first, paying particular attention to their throat, teeth and skin, because of the recent serious results of diphtheria and scarlet fever cases. From February 14th to February 19th, inclusive, she examined 331 school children. Ninety-seven had defective teeth, 71 enlarged tonsils, 3 suspected tonsils, 3 adenoids, 34 scabies, 2 eye diseases, 3 mouth breathing, 3 pediculosis, 1 malnutrition, 1 crippled from infantile paralysis. In addition to examining the school children, the nurse has visited many of their homes, giving help and advice to parents.

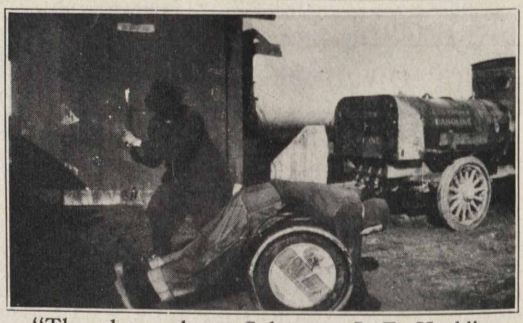
Commencing Monday, February 21st, the nurse was instructed to consult with the philanthropic committee of the woman's club, in order to get in touch with the most urgent cases. They reported several cases, and the nurse rendered valuable assistance.

Without dwelling further at this time on the first week's work, the above report shows the absolute necessity of a community nurse.

Mothers and fathers, this is of vital importance to the health and welfare of your children, your individual selves and the entire community of Wood River. This nurse was appointed to help and advise you in regard to the general health and welfare of your children and even to yourselves, where indicated. So your cooperation with her in this work will make it more effective and a still greater blessing for the people of Wood River. The Standard Oil Company is paying the salary of the nurse, and the school board and woman's club are taking care of the other expenses. J. J. Reilly has granted her the free use of the Wood River-Alton bus line, and those of you who are fortunate enough to have automobiles, kindly ask the nurse to jump in if you see her making a call in Wood River.

We are commencing on a sound financial and business-like basis, reaching out to all, no matter what race or creed; they are all human and need our attention. Let us all work together in this worthy cause, for the health and welfare of every individual in Wood River, especially the little children. We ask your true cooperation and good fellowship in this noble work. What more worthy cause could we all be engaged in?

A HEC OF A TIME



"The above shows Salesman J. F. Hecklinger, of Cedar Falls, Iowa, taking action on one of his agents who delivered oil in an equipment barrel and failed to bring the barrel back with him. Mr. Hecklinger's letter accompanying the photo was signed 'By Hec,'" writes Mr. P. J. Quinlan, manager at Dubuque. "What do you deduce from this?" We deduce that those Iowa agents must have a heck of a time.

* * *

Wife—"But, my dear, you've forgotten again that today is my birthday."

Husband—"Er—listen, love. I know I forgot it, but there isn't a thing about you to remind me that you are a day older than you were a year ago."

READING COURSE FOR GIRLS

The Books Recommended in this Course are Chosen with a View to the Duties and Responsibilities that Most Girls Must Meet and Assume in Life, and with a Consideration for Their Practical Value in Helping Girls to Learn the Things They Need to Know

Most of these books may be obtained in the public library in your town.

(A certificate, bearing the seal of the United States Bureau of Education, signed by the Commissioner of Education, will be given to each girl who gives satisfactory evidence of having read all the books on the accompanying list.)

In our schools boys and girls learn to read, and those who are fortunate enough to attend schools of the best type form the habit of reading, learn to distinguish good books from bad and worthless books, and acquire a taste for the best. Others are less fortunate and finish or quit school with little knowledge of books, with no well-established habits of reading, and without a sure and discriminating taste.

For most American girls school life is short, school hours are few, and there is little time in school for general reading. At best, the schools can give them only the ability to read—to understand through the eye and to interpret the printed page. The actual reading, beyond the school lessons, must be done at home and most of it after school days are over; for this most American girls have much time.

It is true also that reading is most profitable to those who, at the same time, are gaining knowledge through the actual and ordinary experience of life and home and industrial occupations.

We learn by doing. Experience is the great educator. We learn by doing only when the doing is intelligent. Experience educates only when it is understood and it is most educative only when it becomes the means through which we interpret the experiences of others, adding them to our own and thus enriching our lives beyond the possibility of our own personal experiences.

The learner must ever be a worker and the worker should ever be a learner. This leads to all-sided intelligence, fullness of life, happiness, and usefulness.

The books recommended in this course are chosen with a view to the duties and responsibilities that most girls must meet and assume in life, and with a consideration for their practical value in helping girls to learn the things they need to know, which can be learned most easily through reading.

A good book should be read more than once, and every girl should own some of the books that she reads. Books are cheap, and money paid for them is well invested and will pay large dividends in life and happiness and even in money.

Most cities and towns in the United States and some country communities have good public libraries, and many public schools both in city and country have good collections. Every community in which boys and girls live should have a public library with all the books of this list and many others in it.

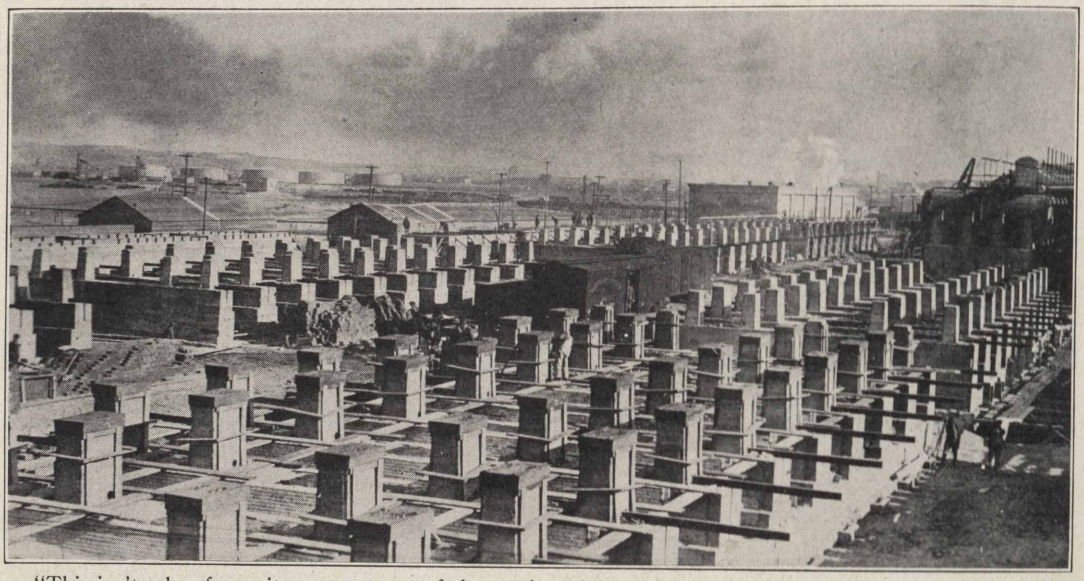
If there is no such library in your community in the schools or elsewhere, then you should get all the girls to work with you and not rest until there is one.

Readers who wish to secure the bureau's certificate must notify the bureau at the time they begin to read each book, and when each book is finished they must send a summary consisting of a description of the principal characters, the chief episodes, and their own impressions. Some of the books do not lend themselves to this form of summary. In these cases send a brief statement of the essential features of the book.

By application to local or State libraries readers may be able to borrow these books. The Bureau of Education does not furnish them.

To each person who gives satisfactory evidence of having read all the books in this list a certificate will be awarded bearing the seal of the United States Bureau of Education and signed by the Commissioner of Education.

"WE'RE WAITING ON YOU, WHITING," SAYS CASPER



"This isn't a bee farm; its a panorama of the settings for six batteries of pressure stills," announces our Casper correspondent, adding: "That's just what it is and they are waiting for the boys in Whiting to produce the stills to put on them."

The Home Education Division of the Bureau of Education will, as far as possible, answer questions about the subject matter of the books from those who are registered for this course.

For admission to the circle of readers it is necessary only to write to the Home Education Division of the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., giving your name and post-office address, your age, and a brief statement of your education and occupation. It is not necessary that the books be read in the order given. They should all be read, however, within three years from the time that you register.

READING COURSE NO. 5

1. Alice in Wonderland. Lewis Carroll (pseud.).
2. Birds' Christmas Carol. Kate Douglas Wiggin.
3. Little Women. Louisa M. Alcott.
4. Pride and Prejudice. Jane Austen.
5. The Jungle Book. Rudyard Kipling.
6. David Copperfield. Charles Dickens.
7. Lorna Doone. R. H. Blackmore.
8. Mill on the Floss. George Eliot.
9. Ivanhoe. Sir Walter Scott.
10. Evangeline. Henry W. Longfellow. Poem.
11. Idylls of the King. Alfred Tennyson.
12. Merchant of Venice. William Shakespeare.
13. Romeo and Juliet. William Shakespeare.
14. Florence Nightingale. Laura E. Richards.
15. The Story of My Life. Helen Keller.
16. A Short History of the English People. J. R. Green.
17. Some Silent Teachers. Elizabeth Harrison.
18. Shelter and Clothing. Kinne and Cooley.
19. Foods and Household Management. Kinne and Cooley.
20. The Furnishing of a Modest House. Fred Hamilton Daniels.
21. Girl and Woman. Caroline W. Latimer, M. D.
22. What Can Literature Do For Me? C. Alphonso Smith.

SUGGESTED BOOKS FOR GIRLS

The Children's Hour. 10 volumes.

HOME OFFICE FORCE, SALES, TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO

Thirty-six men and two girls comprised the home office force of the sales department, Standard Oil Company (Indiana), twenty-two years ago. The force was under direction of Mr. T. H. Hawks, auditor, and Mr. Charles D. Gano, assistant auditor. The home office was at 5 Wabash avenue, corner of South Water street, the sales department occupying the north half of the second floor. One of the two girls was a clerk; the other the stenographer.

Today the same department employs 164 men, 92 girls, and 23 girl stenographers. The above picture, taken in 1898, shows thirty-two of the thirty-six men. Those were the days before woman's suffrage and neither of the girls was permitted in the picture. We would like to see anybody keep the girls out of a picture nowadays.

The men, left to right, lower row: H. H. Bates, E. F. Neff, Walter Becker, Ben Blackford, Harrt Nichols, H. L. Lindquist; second row: Guy R. Parmele, J. C. Wayman, Frank Hansen, R. M. Bailey, B. O. Hutchins, H. A. Hansen, David Boyd, W. E. Fargo, Charles Miller; third row: Paul Ryckoff, N. A. MacRae, W. E. Thon, M. D. Lewis, T. B. Willson, G. H. Whittman, S. S. Gano, Frank Wayman, J. A. Reynolds, Walter Belt; top row: J. H. Gates, W. G. Long, Charles Bartels, W. P. Johnson, J. D. Callahan, Major Turner, Reuben Resor.

CASPER LEARNS

Editor Record: Casper's acid house had been in operation just two days and already Carl Scheeck's overalls were all eaten out in front. At the end of the shift he took them off and started to throw them away.

"What are you going to do with those overalls, Scheeck?" asked E. W. Mudge, the stillman.

"Throw 'em away," said Scheeck.

"I wouldn't do that: I'd turn 'em around and wear them the other way," advised Mudge.

Scheeck scratched his head, carried the overalls back to his locker and remarked:

"I didn't know I could do that."

The men are learning fast. Very truly yours, R. V. Heinze.

MR. JUTHMANN PROMOTED

Effective March 1, Mr. A. F. Juthmann was transferred to the general accounting division as assistant auditor, Mr. D. R. Gano succeeding Mr. Juthmann as auditor of receipts and disbursements.

SPRING MILLINERY IN GAY MOOD

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Spring time this year finds its entrancing millinery in a gay and sportive mood, with strictly feminine ideas expressed in hats that refuse to be severely plain—no matter what their mission may be. This is a broad and general summing up of the character of spring hats—to be taken with a few reservations—but it is true that everything that will bear decorating, is decorated. There is a return to flowers, fruits, lace, foliage, ribbons and even jewels, and added to these all the new shiny fabrics and glittering braids that lend so much sparkle to headwear. Nevertheless, hats are beautiful, and there is much veiling of them with lace or veils.

In the group of hats for spring shown here there are two dress hats, one demidress and one street hat that may be taken as criterions. None of them is extreme in style, and therefore, all of them are practical; they entitle their wearers to feel well dressed. The hat at the upper left of the group has a soft crown of "candy" cloth, a fabric that has a very high luster, and an upturned brim covered with flowers. The flower brim is veiled with black chantilly lace which falls below the eyes and makes a bow with hanging loops and ends at the right side. This veiling of the eyes is in great favor just now.

The close-fitting turban at the right has a brief but checkered story, being made up of velvet rose foliage in several lovely and lively colors. It is a simple affair that will give much service. Below it is a pretty hat with crown of rose petals and brim of black lace, finished with ribbon that is folded into a narrow sash about the crown, which it slips through at the back to fall in a bow over the nape of the neck. Finally, a beautiful sailor of fine milan reflects the gayety of the season by its color, which is watermelon pink. It has a band of white silk, bound with straw, which departs from the straight and narrow way of bands and becomes more decorative with small straw ornaments to stop its wanderings, and fasten it to the hat.

Street hats have followed the lead of suits and one-piece frocks in their departure from severely plain styles; even sports hats are trimmed, but the trimming is of a character to suit them, and distinctly different from that which adorns tailored models. In considering spring millinery—especially in the tailored and demidress classes, veils must not be overlooked. Some of the best of the new models would be failures without them.

Julia Bottomley

THOSE FRILLY TAFFETA FROCKS

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Designers just cannot keep away from frills when the season brings in a vogue for taffeta—especially when colors are lively. Taffeta is a sprightly fabric that provides most of its own trimming, and when two-toned, or changeable silks are presented, the trimming effects possible with them are not to be resisted. Even in dark colors and black, taffeta and frills remain cheerful and alluring. In the picture above a light, changeable taffeta at the left and a black, embellished with lace at the right, are among the most pleasing of the new afternoon frocks.

Both these dresses are made with plain underskirts and long tunics. The tunic in the light dress is cut in long panels rounded at the bottom, that recall the much-admired petal skirts of last year. The panels are edged with double frills of the taffeta, but there are no frills on the bodice. Its only decoration appears in a little needle work at each side which extends below the waistline and is repeated on each of the panels. This absence of frills on the bodice makes opportunity for lace or net collar and cuffs. The crushed girdle about the waist is made of the taffeta.

Deep cream or ecru nets and laces that are now basking in fashion's smile, find themselves placed to the best advantage on black. The dress at the right is handsome and original with full skirt, long tunic, pointed at the bottom and a moderately wide flounce with frayed edges, cascaded down each side. Its bodice with square neck and elbow sleeves is extended below the waistline and finished with a little apron-flounce of lace, doing away with a girdle, and there is a cluster of velvet leaves and cherries at the left side. Lace at the neck and frills of it finishing the sleeves, make this a becoming model that its owner will feel well dressed in on many occasions.

Julia Bottomley

SAFETY FABLES

ONCE upon a time there was a Circular Saw which was Very Dull. The Workman who used the Saw was also Dull or he would have asked to have it Sharpened. The Foreman was Dull because he did not Instruct the Workman. The Superintendent was Dull because he did not get after the Foreman. It was quite a Dull Outfit all around.

The Saw also did not have much Set. But the Workman and the Foreman were Very Set. In fact they were Sot. They Knew All About Saws and no ding-sizzled son-of-a-prairie-dog Safety Inspector could Tell them anything. Not by a Dam Site.

The Saw was so Dull that when the Workman pushed a Plank through, it was like pushing a Lawn Mower through a Hay field. But he didn't care—he was working by the Day. And the Foreman thought that the more the men Sweat, the better Boss he was.

So the Workman Kept on Pushing. He pushed so hard that once in a while he Slipped and Cut his Hand. Once he cut off Part of a Finger. He Hung Around the House for a Month till it got Well, while his wife Stood Off the Grocer and the Landlord. Afterward he Displayed the Stump as if it had been a Lodge Button. The poor nut didn't Know that a man Minus Fingers is sometimes Minus Brains.

One day when the Dull Saw had no Set left at all, it Kicked Back—as even a patient Mule will do if you Crowd him Too Hard. A Short Block hit the Man like Babe Ruth hits the Ball and Knocked him for a Row of Brick Dog-houses. After Sailing around the Starry Skies for awhile he came To in the Hospital and heard the Doctor say:

"Fortunately it Hit him in the Head where it couldn't do much Damage"

When the Superintendent Saw the Saw, which had about as much Cutting Edge as a Phonograph Record, he also Came To. What he said to the Foreman will never be printed in the Ladies' Home Journal. The Last Words were (in Substance):

"Get it Filed and Set—See? Before tomorrow morning—See? And if you ain't got a man that Knows how to file a saw Right, GET ONE—SEE?"

A week later the Foreman said to the Super:

"Funny thing about that Saw. Since we had it Sharpened, we get out Fifty Per Cent more Work, even with a Green Man."

Moral: It takes a Lot to Wake some People Up.

—National Safety News.

MANUFACTURING DEPARTMENT WAGES REDUCED TEN PERCENT

Board of Directors Notifies Joint General Committees, Giving as Reasons for Decrease That Cost of Living Was Receding and Wage Rates Throughout Country Had Been So Reduced That This Company Was Out of Line

The announcement of the decrease in the wage rate was made two days after the March number of the Stanolind Record had been turned over to the printers, so that it was impossible to print the story in that issue. While the Record realizes that the news is now old, it believes it should still be given a place in the columns of this magazine.—EDITOR.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) reduced wages in the manufacturing department by approximately ten percent on February 16, 1921. The exact wording of the announcement was that wage rates would be reduced by the amount of the increase in rates effected by the general raise of March 1, 1920.

The reasons for this reduction were that the cost of living was receding and that wage rates throughout the country were being reduced materially so that the rates of this company were not in line with the general trend in the various communities in which its plants are located.

In making announcement of the reduction of wages the same plan was used as in announcing the wage increase of six percent on August 1, 1919, and the 11.11 percent increase of March 1, 1920. The method was to announce officially to the Joint General Committee, where such existed, the decision of the Board of Directors in order that the matter might be made known to the employees through the members of the Joint General Committee, and through the minutes, which are distributed on the plant.

The Board of Directors did not expect, of course, that the announcement of a reduction in wages could or would be received by employees as a pleasant piece of news. The Board recognizes fully that a man's earning power is a most important thing and it sincerely regretted that this announcement had to be made. The Board has faith, based on experience, that its employees desire to support it in any legitimate act and believes that although a wage reduction is necessarily unpleasant, its employees will see the justice and necessity of the act.

There have been some instances where certain groups of employees did not believe the act of the Board of Directors was justifiable at this time and these employees were recognized to have the right to voice their disapproval and to submit any facts which they might have to substantiate their view. The management of the Standard Oil Company is ready at all times to consider with its employees any matter which the employees desire to place before it. The employees are always free to place these matters before the management, and the channels through which they may act are known and are at all times open.

SILVER WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Stebnitz celebrated their silver wedding anniversary December 17, 1920. The guests present were Karl Neuman, L. J. Joost, Thos. H. Warner, Ed. Lefeber, Chas. Marquardt, L. Hoeft, Sr., L. Hoeft, Jr., J. Boeck and M. Schneider, who presented Mr. and Mrs. Stebnitz with a beautiful gift and were served with refreshments by Mrs. Stebnitz. Mr. Stebnitz has been in the employ of the Standard Oil Company for 29 years and is at the present time a motor truck driver.

JOHN MOORE AND HIS "BOYS"

Keokuk, Iowa.—The gentleman standing at your extreme right is Mr. John Moore, agent and warehouse foreman. Mr. Moore has been in the employ of this company for 29 years, and is considered one of the mainstays of our Keokuk force, as he is younger in actions than many of his "boys." This photo was taken early in the morning, hence the gloomy appearance. From left to right they are:

Walter Adams, carpenter; Frank Arnold, truck driver; Fred Ealey, mechanics helper; Robert Despains, shop foreman; J. C. Wharton, clerk; James Hanlin, truck driver; F. E. Watson, mechanic; Wm. Bernhardt, mechanic; David Yoder, warehouse man; G. D. Kerns, truck driver; W. T. Moore, warehouse man; Carl Clemenson, truck driver; John Moore, agent.

* * *

"Don't let your wife nag you."

"Can't help myself."

"Are you a man or a mouse?"

"Guess I'm a man. If I was a mouse my wife would be afraid of me."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

* * *

THE HARDEST PART

Judge—"Did your wife hit you with a piece of bric-a-brac?"

Mulligan—"Divil a brack about it, yer honor, just the brick."—Boston Transcript.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Publication in this issue of the Record of details of the company's plan enabling employees to acquire stock took so much space that much other news and many pictures had to be held over until next month. Do not get discouraged if articles and pictures sent in are not used immediately. They are all on file and will be used whenever space and make-up requirements permit. More current news pictures and feature pictures are needed.

* * *

Boarder—"The bed bugs almost ate me up last night."

Hotel Keeper—"What do you want for a quarter—a hornet's nest?"

* * *

Mike O'Hara that used t' drive a team for me come running out of th' barn one mornin' yellin' like an Indian. "Whaddy' tink!" he howls, "McCarty's hung hisself to a harness hook!" "Shut up!" sez I, "Did y' cut 'im down?" "Oi did not," sez he, "he ain't dead yet!"

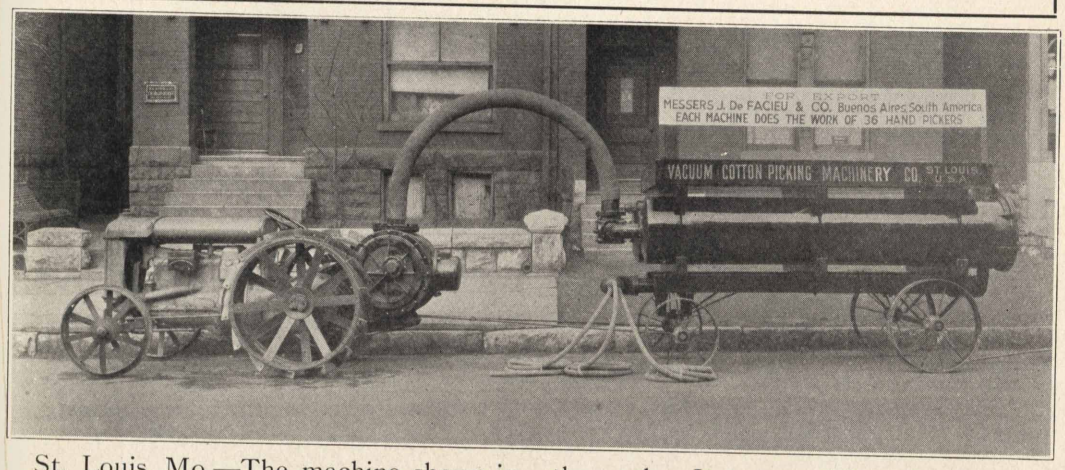
* * *

Porter—"There's only two hotels, sorr. Is it Murphy's or O'Neills' you're wantin'?"

Visitor—"Which is best?"

Porter—"Bedad sorr, I can't say. If ye sthop at one ye'll be wishin' ye'd sthopped at the other!"

VACUUM COTTON PICKING MACHINES USE S. O.



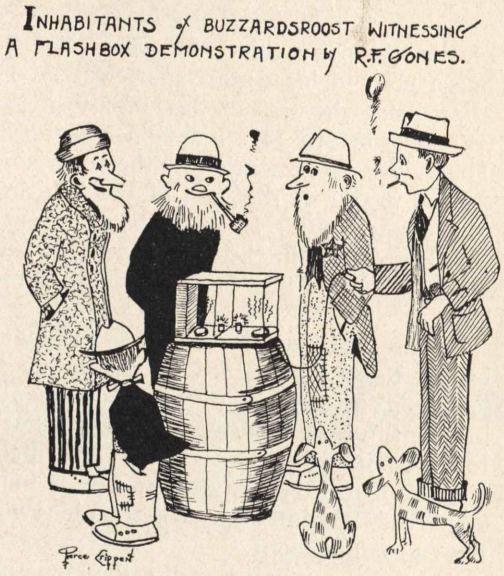
St. Louis, Mo.—The machine shown in the illustration above is the invention of Mr. John S. Thurman, M.E. It is a most novel affair, is manufactured in the city of St. Louis, and already a number of them have been shipped south to the cotton fields, some of them going to South America, as is the one shown in the illustration.

Mr. Thurman is the pioneer inventor and manufacturer of vacuum cleaners, has obtained 36 patents in the art of mechanical house cleaning, and was the first man in the world to introduce air cleaning in homes. Ten years ago he took up the subject of pneumatic cotton picking, and the Thurman Vacuum Cotton Picking Machine is the result of his work.

This is a simple machine which facilitates the work of cotton picking, and consists of a large storage vacuum tank mounted on two wheels, attached to and transported by a farm tractor on which is mounted a powerful vacuum pump of special design. Six lines of hose lead from the tank to the operators. Each hose is supplied with two suction nozzles. Each man operates two nozzles. The operator applies the nozzle to the cotton bolls and the cotton is immediately sucked into the storage tank. Merely a touch of the nozzle and the cotton disappears. When the storage tank is full, a cloth sack is placed over the door, the exhaust from the vacuum pump is turned into the tank and the cotton blown into the sack. It accomplishes the work of thirty-six pickers.

One of the interesting features from the standpoint of an employee of this company is that the Vacuum Cotton Picking Machine Company at St. Louis has adopted Standard Oil Co. products as their standard for the lubrication of these machines.

FROM DECATUR



"Did the doctor treat you yesterday?"
"No, he charged me five dollars."

WHITING CAN DEPARTMENT HAS FINE SERVICE RECORD

Mr. P. A. Petersen, head of the Whiting can department, has been in the service of this company thirty-one years, yet he has a man in his department, Mr. A. E. Dimmock, who was in the employ of the company before Mr. Peterson was born! That gives an indication of the surprising service record of the men of the Whiting can department. In the above picture Mr. Petersen is in the center, seated; Mr. Dimmock is the first man standing, to the left.

"There has been more or less comment in the Record in regard to the youngest 'old men' in the employ of the company, but we think we have a record that is hard to beat both as to the youngest 'old men' and the percentage of 20-year service men employed," writes the correspondent for the can department.

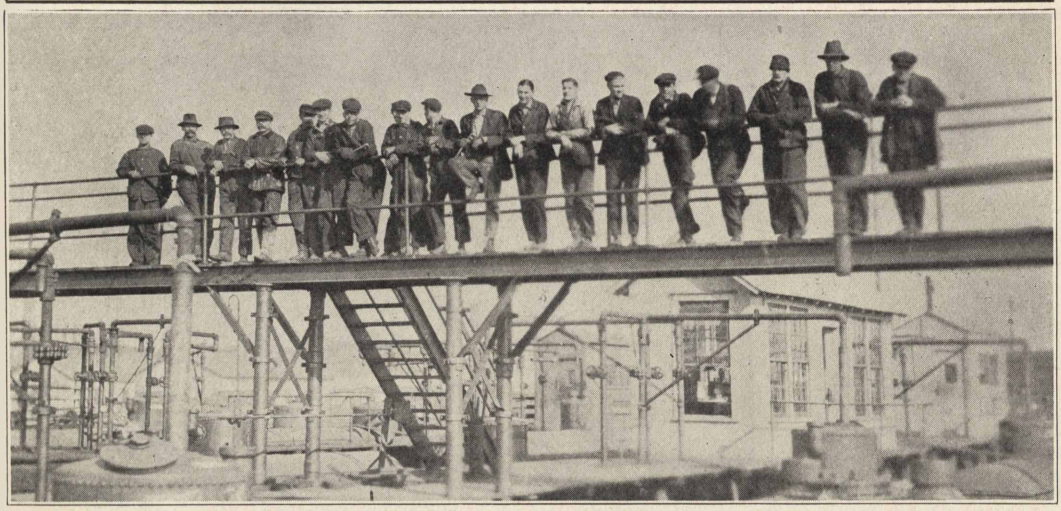
"In the above, left to right, the men and their ages and length of service are, standing:

A. E. Dimmock, age 57, 45 years; Mike Semro, age 43, 28 years; James Baadsgaard, age 34, 22 years; Emanuel Broholm, age 38, 23 years; Christ Baadsgaard, age 32, 21 years; Jacob Behrens, age 34, 21 years; John Henrikson, age 42, 28 years; seated: Joe Konczal, age 66, 38 years; Arthur Stross, age 45, 29 years; P. A. Petersen, age 42, 31 years; Frank Fisher, age 45, 28 years; J. W. Humphrey, age 61, 42 years.

"Of the older men, A. E. Dimmock, J. W. Humphrey and Joe Konczal worked in the company's canning department at Cleveland, Ohio, before the Whiting refinery was built, and were sent to Whiting with A. C. Hogen, deceased, J. W. Wetzbarger, retired, and John and Ruddy Miller. John and Ruddy Miller were later sent to California to take charge of the canning department at Point Richmond when it was decided to operate a can factory there.

"It might also be added that these men are part of the Indian Band, that Mr. C. B. Manbeck, now manager at Wood River, tried to control prior to 1911 when he was

A NEW SAFETY SPAN AT WOOD RIVER



In the above photo is the new over-head bridge near the office of the filling racks, Wood River. This was procured through the efforts of the Safety department. The bridge spans the four filling racks, allowing cars to pass beneath, and making it convenient for employees to pass from one rack to another. Employees in the picture, left to right: John Schillinger, Charles Majuranyi, Lewis Krivenak, George Sabo, Steve Tometzo, Fred Graner, Ralph Inman, Joe Campbell, Leo Badman, John Ritter, Kenneth Volz, Thomas Hopper, Clare Burrows, Jasper Carcado, Harvey Davis, Oscar Clark, Floyd Bunt (foreman), C. M. Shook.

in charge of the canning department at Whiting.

"The canning department at present has 71 male and 43 female employees. Of the male employees, twelve, or 17 percent of them have worked for the company twenty or more years."

J. W. POWER, BANKER

The Record is in receipt of an announcement from the Tootle-Lacy National Bank of St. Joseph, Mo., that Mr. J. W. Power, who retired the first of this year as field manager for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), has affiliated himself with that bank in the capacity of trust officer and manager of the bank's new business department. The right to do a trust company business was granted the bank recently by the Federal Reserve Board at Washington. The announcement says in part:

"The bank is fortunate in securing for the head of the new department, Mr. J. W. Power, who for the past thirty-four years has been connected with the Standard Oil Company, the last twenty years as manager in the St. Joseph field. Mr. Power's title will be that of Trust Officer, and in addition to his duties as such, he will act as manager of the new business department, recently organized."

Mr. Power's many friends in the Standard Oil organization wish him the greatest success in his new enterprise and congratulate the St. Joseph bank in securing his services.

* * *

Visitor (at the jail)—"Poor man! What are you locked up for?"

Prisoner (wearily)—"I suppose they think I'd get out if I wasn't."

* * *

Once an elderly lady was being shown over Nelson's ship, the Victory. As the party approached the spot where Nelson met his death, the attendant pointed to the brass plate fixed in the deck and said, "There is where Nelson fell."

"No wonder," the old lady said, "I nearly tripped over that thing myself."

* * *

NOT SO TUNEFUL

Toinette—"I hear there was lots of music at Nellie's house last night."

Tony—"Yes! Charlie proposed and gave her a brass band."—Rutgers.

PUTTING LIFE INTO RED CROWN ADVERTISING

Standard Oil employees organized a marching club to take part in the parades of La Crosse's first Winter Carnival, held in that city in connection with the Corn and Grain Show, January 26 to 30.

The club consisted of some 55 members with Walter Selbo as captain. The fellows wore dark trousers and mackinaws trimmed in red, red caps and white puttees. The girls wore bright red skirts trimmed in white, short white coats, large red scarfs and tams to match with heavy white socks rolled down over the shoes. All wore Red Crown emblems signifying the club to which they belonged. Helene Ferguson was chosen queen. She was attired in a costume similar to the other girls with the exception of a three-quarter length circular cape.

A parade, which was one big joyous, colorful event, was held each evening during the carnival and also Thursday afternoon when movies of the parade were taken.

The company headed by Gene Schwanbeck and Henry Liso, held an important position in the line of march. They gave a striking appearance as they moved along with a military swinging stride, presenting a vista of red and white splashes. Competing with some other thirty-five or forty clubs they impressed the judges with their smart appearance and were given third honorable mention in the prize parade of Thursday, January 27.

After the regular parade the crowd stayed together and gave the company yells and enthusiastically cheered the other marchers as they passed.

* * *

NEARLY RUINED HIM

"Why don't you advertise?"

Town Storekeeper: "No, siree. I did once and it pretty near ruined me."

"How was that?"

"Why, people came in and bought durn near all the stuff I had."

* * *

ANOTHER FORD STORY

The pastor of a small church in a country town took for the subject of his sermon, "Better Church Attendance." He declared that the prevalence of the motor car and the allurements of Sunday tours are responsible for keeping people away from church services. He concluded with this exclamation: "The Ford car has taken more people to hell than any other thing I can name!"

Whereupon, an old lady in the congregation clapped her hands and shouted, "Praise the Lord!" "Praise the Lord!"

"What is the matter, Sister Jones?" inquired the astonished pastor.

The old lady rose, with a glad expression on her face, and replied: "I have driven a Ford car for ten years, to all sorts of places and over all kinds of roads, and I never knew a Ford that went any place that it couldn't make the round trip. So I am sure that all those poor people it carried to perdition will be back among us sooner or later. Praise the Lord!"—Nuggets.

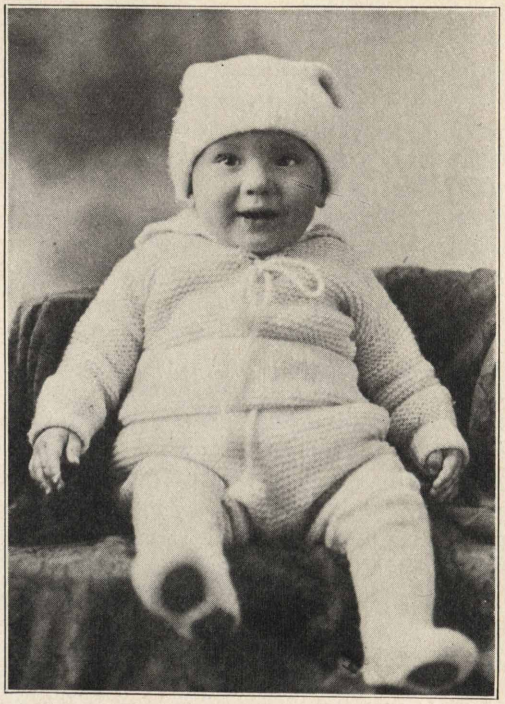
YOU JUST OUGHT TO HEAR THEIR RED CROWN YELL

Standard Oil Marching Club, La Crosse, Wis.

OH, THEY'RE ENGAGED

It's all right, folks, she is his sweetheart. Who is the gentleman? Why, it's Mr. A. B. Czerwinski, service station collector and Red Crown booster at Milwaukee.

YOUNGEST SALESMAN



This is Master E. R. Malone, Jr., the youngest Standard Oil salesman. He appeared at the Chicago Garage Owner's picnic and walked off with the baby prize.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT RED CROWN GASOLINE?

You Are Employed by the Greatest Gasoline Marketing Company in the World But Do You Know the History of Gasoline and the Part Which Red Crown, Manufactured by Your Company, Has Played in Making That History?

"Every Standard Oil Company Employee a Salesman!"

Here is a slogan, adopted last October by the employees at St. Joseph, Mo., which it is to the self-interest of every employee of this company to adopt as his (or her) own guide whether he is employed in the sales department or in the refineries, whether he is a salesman or stenographer, a service station attendant or a still cleaner. The more Red Crown gasoline, the more Polarine, and Semdac and Stanolax sold, the greater the demand on the whole organization, and the greater the demand, the more men will be needed in the refineries, the more clerks and stenographers in the various offices. More sales, more jobs.

It is not necessary to take orders to be a salesman. Boosting your company's products is helping to sell them. On that basis every Standard Oil employee should be a salesman.

No one can boost anything successfully if he is ignorant of the qualities of the article he is trying to boost; and no Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employee should be ignorant of the qualities of the products manufactured by this company. Besides, one can never know, in a great organization such as this, when he may be transferred to a job where such knowledge will be essential or helpful to his success. The Record believes, therefore, that the following article on gasoline, of which this is the second installment in a serial, will and should be read by all employees. Prepared by the advertising department, and to be published soon in booklet form, it relates, under the caption "Red Crown Gasoline for Power and Mileage", the history of gasoline, and the part which Red Crown has played in the making of that history. A third installment will be printed in the May number.—EDITOR.

With the world-wide adoption of the automobile came a transition in the entire situation. Gasoline Engines no longer were made with the idea of operating on the waste by-product, but instead gasoline was made to give the utmost of efficiency in the engines that were being manufactured. Gasoline, instead of being a waste by-product, became an essential primary product of the first importance.

The general adoption of the automobile created a demand for more efficient engines and the demand was met by the ingenuity of the automotive engineers. They in turn demanded a fuel which would fit more exactly the requirements of the new type of engines in order that they might get the utmost service of from their machines, and their demand was met by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) with Red Crown Gasoline. This company was one of the first to establish a staff of trained men whose business it was to solve the problem of furnishing the motorist with the best fuel possible for his engine; a fuel which would give him the greatest number of miles per gallon at the least cost per mile, and also give him the other qualities that a perfect motor fuel should have.

But with the constantly increasing number of automobiles, trucks, tractors, and stationary gas engines in use, it soon became apparent that unless methods of refining were improved there would not be enough gasoline to go around. The Company then found itself confronted with two questions: (1) to make out of 100 gallons of crude oil every gallon of gasoline possible, and (2) to make each gallon of this gasoline of a quality that would give the motorist still more miles per gallon, thus reducing the number of gallons that he would have to buy. In finding answers to these two questions, the trained men employed in the company's laboratories worked out specifications for a gasoline that would give the greatest efficiency in an automobile engine. Since then the motor gasoline made by this company has been manufactured to specifications just as your automobile is built to specifications.

Gasoline then ceased to be classified by

CASPER HAS NAMED THIS THE "SUEZ CANAL"

Our brethren in Casper, having somewhat highfalutin tastes in the matter of nomenclature, call the above the "Suez canal." Our very truthful correspondent, however, tips us off that "in reality it is merely the construction for the new water intake." We don't understand the "merely"—looks like considerable job to us. The Platte river, diverted from its natural course, is shown in the immediate foreground, while the perforated tile which will form the water gallery may be seen at the right.

the hydrometer reading, and began to be classified (1) by the temperature at which the various fractions vaporized, and (2) by its heat value.

From a measure of the B. T. U.'s of a fuel may be determined the amount of power that can be derived from a given quantity of it.

All fuel, whether coal, coke, gas or petroleum is rated by its heat value. The unit of heat is the British Thermal Unit. (Abbreviated B. T. U.)

One B. T. U. is the heat required to raise the temperature of one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit. Therefore, 1000 B. T. U.'s will raise the temperature of 1000 pounds of water one degree or 100 pounds of water 10 degrees.

Scientists have proved that heat and mechanical energy are two forms of the same thing. Energy can be converted into heat or heat into energy. The conversion of energy to heat is illustrated by the result of friction, also by what takes place in an electric stove or an electric light. The conversion of heat to energy is illustrated by a steam engine. In the steam engine the heat is transferred from the burning fuel to the water in the boiler. The water becomes steam and is carried through pipes to the engine cylinder. There the heat is converted into mechanical energy by the pressure of the steam against the piston.

An internal combustion engine converts the heat of the combustion of the fuel into energy, and through shafts, pulleys, belts, or by other means, the energy is transmitted from the engine piston to the point where it is wanted.

From the number of B. T. U.'s in a given quantity of gasoline is determined the amount of energy that it will give when burned.

On the other hand, from the hydrometer reading (called the gravity), we get only a comparison between the weight of a gallon of the particular compound, and the weight of a gallon of water. For instance, if, on a Baume Hydrometer, a liquid tests 76 degrees, it is said to be 76-degree Baume

OH, GIRLS! HERE ARE SOME REAL CAVEMEN

Our official photographer at the Carlinville coal mines captured these gentlemen in the woods one day when they were all dressed up and no place to go. They are real cavemen, not the movie type. Left to right: Andy Yakstis, T. O. Thomas, Sam Davis, Fred Scott and Alex Scott.

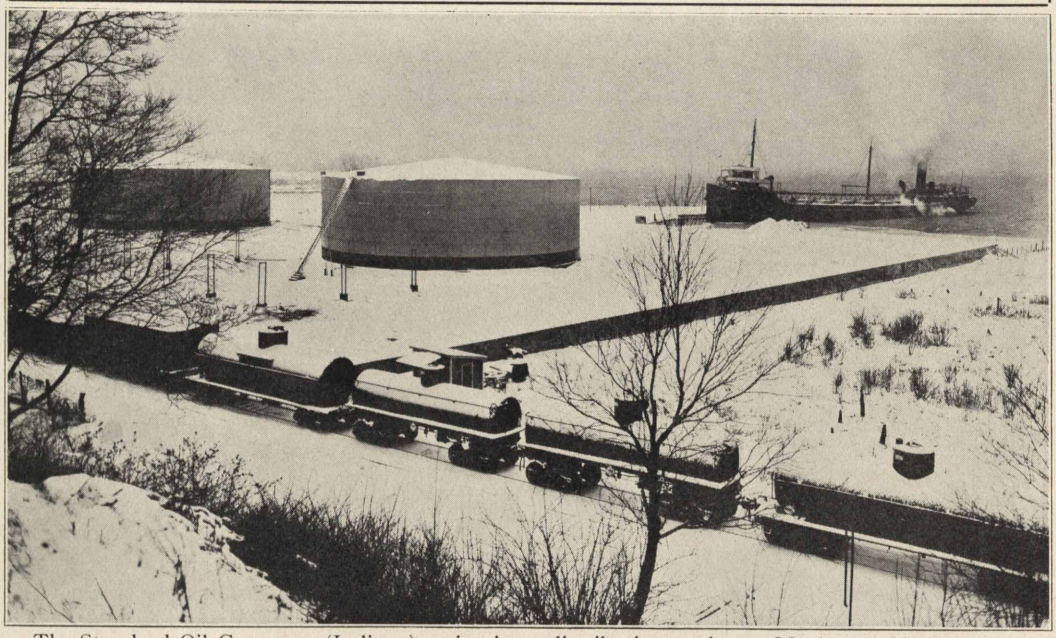
Gravity. 76-degree Baume Gravity is equivalent to a specific gravity of 0.682; in other words, it is 682–1000 as heavy as water. If the Baume Gravity is 60 degrees, the specific gravity is 0.739, or, in other words, when you say that a gasoline is 60 degrees gravity the only information you convey is that a gallon of it weighs about three-fourths as much as a gallon of water.

Since each component of a gasoline has a different gravity, hydrometer readings are useful to the refiner in compounding his products, but when it comes to learning from the hydrometer anything about the quality of a *commercial gasoline*, that is another story entirely. Every commercial gasoline is a mixture of several components, and the hydrometer reading is only the *average* gravity of all of them; therefore, the reading gives you only a comparison of the weight of a gallon of the mixture with the weight of a gallon of water.

If a given volume of a compound testing 90 degrees Baume be mixed with a like quantity of a compound testing 40 degrees Baume, the mixture will give a hydrometer reading of about 65 degrees Baume, and judged solely by the hydrometer reading should be, according to the traditional belief still prevailing in some quarters, a better motor fuel than another which, perhaps, tests only 58 degrees, but which contains a perfect chain of boiling point fractions.

This, however, would not be true, for in the first mixture the fractions testing 90 degrees Baume might vaporize completely at a temperature of 75 degrees Fahrenheit, while the other fractions testing 40 degrees Baume might start to vaporize only at a

OUR DISTRIBUTING STATION, MUSKEGON, MICH.



The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) maintains a distributing station at Muskegon, Mich., which, as the picture shows, can be reached by tankers loading at Whiting, Ind. "The snow scene is unusual for western Michigan this winter," writes our Grand Rapids correspondent. "It stayed on just long enough for the photographer to s age the picture. Robins are now making their home in the tree seen at the left."

temperature of 500 degrees Fahrenheit. Without the links in the chain which vaporize between 75 and 500 degrees, you could not produce, solely from the fractions boiling at 75 degrees Fahrenheit, sufficient heat in the cylinder of your engine to vaporize and burn that portion of the mixture which begins to boil only at a temperature of 500 degrees.

On the other hand, the second mixture testing only 58 degrees Baume would burn completely, for the low boiling point fractions would burn and ignite those having the next higher boiling point; those in turn would burn and ignite the next, and so on, through the entire mixture.

The gasoline testing 58 degrees would be a perfect motor fuel—the one testing 65 degrees would be very wasteful and inefficient.

Now:

(**1**) Since gravity gives only a comparison of the *weight* of a given quantity of gasoline and the weight of a like quantity of water;

(**2**) Since the *value* of a *fuel* is determined by the number of B. T. U.'s that it contains;

(**3**) Since the value of a *gasoline compound* is also determined by the *temperature* at which it releases its B. T. U.'s;

(**4**) Since the efficiency of a motor fuel depends upon several factors having to do with the proportions of the various compounds contained in the fuel;

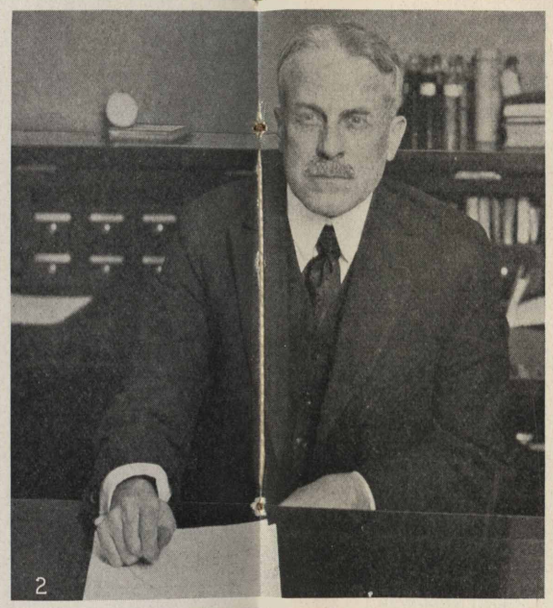
it will easily be seen that gravity has no more to do with the efficiency of gasoline as a motor fuel than the weight of a cubic foot of coal has to do with the amount of steam that it will produce—no more to do with the efficiency of gasoline than the weight of a man has to do with his brain power.

And so, for the reasons stated, gasoline ceased to be measured by its gravity and has since been measured by its B. T. U.'s and by the *Perfection of its Chain of Boiling Point Fractions.*

This standardization of gasoline on the basis of the boiling point of the various fractions, the heat units of the various components, and the proportions of the various compounds in the entire mixture, was the first big step in making your car and your money go farther.

(*Continued on Page 34*)

MAKING TWO GALLONS GROW WHERE ONE GREW BEFORE



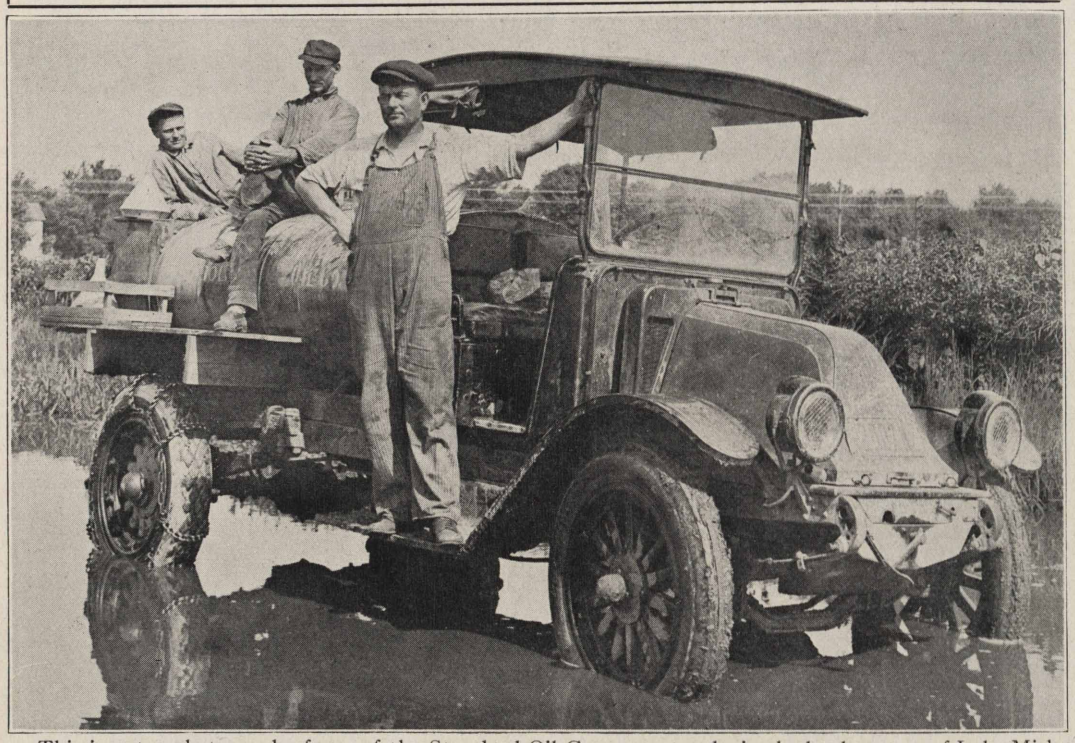
1. Mr. Beaumont Parks, 3d Vice Pres., Ass't General Manager, Mfg.

2. Dr. W. M. Burton, President, Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

3. Mr. W. E. Warwick, 2d Vice Pres., General Manager, Mfg.

4. Manufacturing Committee, Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Left to right: Mr. Beaumont Parks, Mr. J. C. Compton, Mr. Thomas S. Cooke, Mr. G. H. Moffett, Mr. W. E. Warwick (chairman), Mr. C. B. Manbeck; in foreground: Dr. R. E. Humphreys.

THEY BELONG IN THE MARINE DEPARTMENT



This is not a photograph of one of the Standard Oil Company trucks in the back waters of Lake Michigan—it is a photograph showing actual road conditions in the territory of our agent, Mr. Harry Myers, of Morrisonville, Ill., taken Friday, February 4. Harry says "if the 'other place' beats this, I'm going to live a model life."

(*Continued from Page 31*)

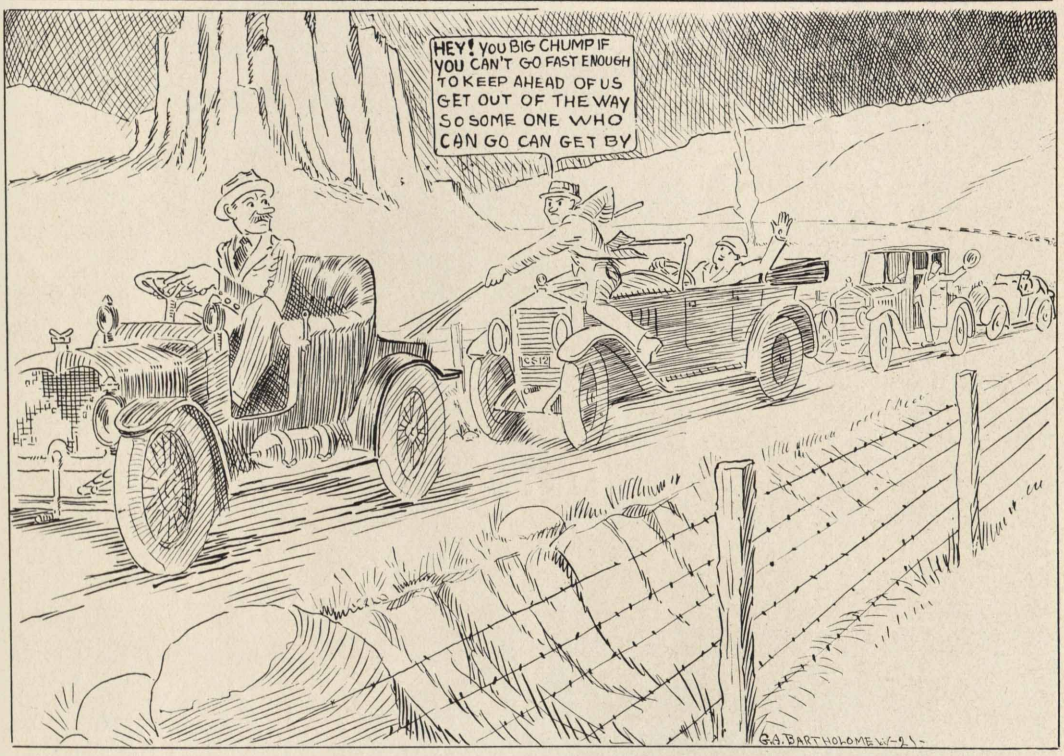
But, as previously mentioned, in addition to the problem of making each gallon of gasoline give the greatest possible efficiency in the motor, there was also the question of increasing the number of gallons of gasoline to be made out of 100 gallons of crude. In the early days when gasoline was a waste product, this amounted to about 5 gallons per 100, but when gasoline became a useful product it was found that there were in the other 95 percent of the crude certain compounds that were useful in gasoline, and so in 1910 the refiners of America were able to make from 100 gallons of crude oil, an average of approximately 11 gallons of gasoline, and this was apparently all that could be made. The fractions contained in the other 89 percent could not be burned efficiently in an automobile engine, nor used for the other purposes for which gasoline was being employed. It is the 11 percent more or less, depending upon the crude oil being treated and upon where the refiner stops in the process of refining, which—regardless of the proportion of the various compounds, regardless of the initial boiling point or the end point—is called "straight run gasoline."

The Standard Oil Company's experts foreseeing an impending shortage in gasoline turned their attention to methods of getting a greater yield from the crude oil.

As a result of this investigation there was developed in the laboratories of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) what is now known as the Burton process of cracking petroleum (named for Dr. W. M. Burton, now President of this Company, who was largely responsible for this invention).

By this process we can produce from a given amount of crude oil a greater percentage of high grade gasoline than has been produced by any other method. To

OUR CARTOONIST'S IDEA OF "LET'S GO"!



illustrate the average gasoline yield from each 100 gallons of American crude oil has been increased from 11 gallons in 1910 to an average of more than 26 gallons in 1920. Crude oil refined by the Burton Process yields nearly 50 percent gasoline.

An appreciation of the great value of the Burton Process of cracking petroleum is contained in Bulletin No. 144 of the Department of the Interior, written by Drs. W. F. Rittman, C. B. Dutton, and E. W. Dean, and published in February, 1916. On page 10 we find the following:

"A large number of processes have been patented for the production of increased quantities of gasoline, or motor spirits, from the heavier hydrocarbon mixtures by destructive distillation.

"Of all these processes only one so far as known is in extensive use in the industry, this being the well known Burton process, which is owned and controlled by the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, and has been rather generally employed by the various Standard Oil Companies. * * * The fact that the Standard Oil Companies have put in large and expensive installations involving the use of this process, is the best possible indication of the need of efficient cracking processes in the industry.

"With their usual foresight, these companies have perceived that the supplies of crude petroleum would not satisfy the increasing demand for motor fuel.

"The fact that to a large degree the employment of the Burton Process has improved the situation so far as these companies are concerned, is a tribute to the sagacity of the companies as well as the intrinsic merits of the process itself.

"There can be no question that the use of this process for the past three years * * * has contributed greatly to relieve threatened shortages in the supply of gasoline.

"The process itself has been a real conservation factor so far as American resources are concerned, and too much credit cannot be given to the inventor as well as to the companies whose faith and energy have made its successful development possible."

And again on page 15 we find:

"The best known and most successful process in employing the use of the large retort or still for the cracking of heavier hydrocarbons, is that patented by Burton."

Again in the same bulletin we find the following on page 8:

"Hall (a) has investigated this subject. * * * His investigation tends to show that a properly

(a) W. A. Hall. Address delivered to Institute of Petroleum Technologists, London, February 18, 1915. Abstracted in Petroleum World, Volume 12, March, 1915, pages 137-145.

THEY'RE STANDARD OILERS, BUT KEEP IT DARK

Ssshh! Yes, these birds are members of the Stanolind family, but don't tell any outsiders—it might hurt business. However, it is said that in their workday clothes they look more human, and anyhow, we'll have to hand it to them, for they were the life of the Grand Prize Masquerade, held February 12, 1921, under the auspices of the notorious—er, famous—Stanolind Bowling League. The quartet, composed of Murrin, Rudd, Peterson and Johnson were given a big hand, as was the exhibition of dancing put on by Hanson, Miller and Lindsten. Top, left to right: Knute Lindsten, August Rudd, Joseph Murrin, Ralph Fels and Leander Miller; lower: Dick Novy, Hans Peterson, Theodore Johnson (purchasing department) and Lester Hanson.

cracked gasoline, or motor spirit, gives a greater mileage than a gasoline distillate, which he explains on the ground that the cracked gasoline burns more slowly than a straight distillate, thereby imparting power during the entire stroke of the piston, whereas the distillate gives off its power during only a fraction of its stroke.

"The observations of Hall have been confirmed by the experience of others, therefore there is reason to believe that * * * cracked gasolines are really superior for use in automobile engines as regards both mileage and power obtainable.

Red Crown is made with a sufficient proportion of the fractions which vaporize and ignite at a low temperature so that the motor will start easily and pick up speed quickly, even in the coldest weather; a sufficient proportion of the components which boil only at high temperatures so that the engine will give the maximum power; and a sufficient proportion of each of those fractions which boil at an intermediate temperature between the low and the high, so as to make a perfect chain of boiling point fractions; thus giving smooth acceleration and that powerful, irresistible steam-engine-like push to the piston.

But this is not all the evidence of the superiority of Red Crown as a motor fuel.

A third installment of this article will appear in the May number.

* * *

"Why do you allow your daughter to bang the piano so hard?"

"I'm hoping she'll either sprain her wrist or bust the instrument."—Boston Transcript.

AND HE FEELS AS YOUNG AS SHE LOOKS

Miss Lillian Burgess, the "baby" of the Detroit office, and Mr. Peter Scott, oldest employee, might pose for an interpretation of Spring and Winter were it not for the fact that Peter feels and acts every bit as young as Lillian. Peter is 83 years old and may be discovered early every morning dusting the manager's desk, whistling like a lark the while. He's been whistling about our Detroit office for twenty-five years. Lillian will be 18 years old her next birthday. Since this photograph was taken she has had her hair bobbed and looks more like a child than ever. Some child, what? Detroit is proud of both Lillian and Peter.

* * *

THE RIGHT KIND

Here's to the chap
With the smile on his map;
Though Fortune has dealt him a thunderous rap
And knocked him clean down on the rear of his lap,
Whose only remark is, "Gee whiz, what a slap!
I'll try it again!"

* * *

OH, GOSH

A hundred years ago today
  A wilderness was here;
A man with powder in his gun
  Went forth to hunt a deer.
But now, the times have changed somewhat,
  Along a different plan:
A dear with powder on her nose
  Goes forth to hunt a man.

CLEAR THE ROAD FOR STANDARD OIL SERVICE!

Duluth, Minn.—Stuck? Not on your life! Just temporarily delayed. Hank Anderson, the man with the shovel, is listed on the payroll as salesman in the Marquette, Ishpeming territory, but Hank carries his overalls right with him and loves to help out in a pinch. Anything to give 'em Service, eh, Hank?

ANONYMOUS

No anonymous communications will be given consideration in the office of the Stanolind Record. We are doing business in the open and we expect those who want to do business with us to do it in the open.

The editor has received several anonymous communications, among them a rather interesting one purporting to come from a refinery worker. There is no reason why the writers of these letters should not have signed them. There is no reason why any employee of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) should hesitate to sign his name to an expression of honest opinion. His rights in this respect are safeguarded by the rules of the Industrial Relations Plan.

The Stanolind Record has endeavored to reflect the ideas of the employees of this company, on the one hand, and of the management on the other. Anonymous communications reflect the ideas of no person who is worth while. If he hasn't manhood enough to sign his name, he is not worth considering. When he does not sign his name, the editor does not even have assurance that the communication comes from a bona fide employee.

The Record will not dignify an anonymous communication by giving it any consideration whatever, but any communication signed by a bona fide employee of this company will be given the utmost consideration.

* * *

EAR FOR MUSIC

"Bobby, I see your music teacher coming. Have you washed your face and hands?"

"Yes'm."

"And your ears?"

"Well, ma, I washed the one that will be next to her."—Boston Transcript.

* * *

Music advertisement in Pittsburgh store:

"Kiss Me Again" for 49 cents.—Trenton (N. J.) Times.

JUST MARRIED

You can tell from the angle at which Roy D. Elkins, our agent at Rockford, Mich., is wearing his hat, that he and the lady with him have just been married and that Roy thinks he's about the best little picker in the garden of love. Well, we'll have to admit that his taste is good. The bride was formerly Miss Hildred McNaughton.

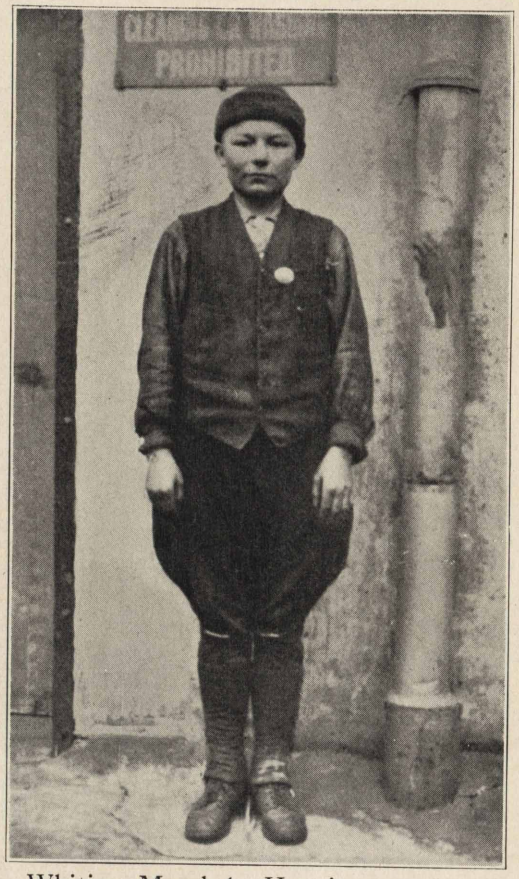
THE SUCCESS FAMILY

The Father of Success is:
Work.
The Mother of Success is:
Ambition.
The Oldest Son is:
Common Sense.
Some of the other boys are:
Perseverance.
Honesty.
Thoroughness.
Foresight.
Enthusiasm.
Co-operation.
The Oldest Daughter is:
Character.
Some of the Sisters are:
Cheerfulness.
Loyalty.
Courtesy.
Care.
Economy.
Sincerity.
The Baby is:
Opportunity.

Get acquainted with the "old man" and you will be able to get along pretty well with the rest of the family.

—The Observer.

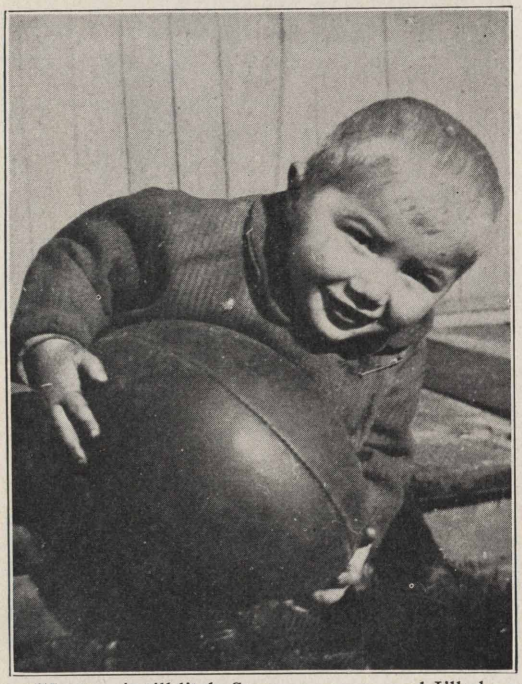
WELCOME, PAVOL!



Whiting, March 1—Here is our youngest immigrant—Pavol Spisak, age 16, who travelled alone from Czecho-Slovakia to the United States. His father died in America nine years ago, but his mother and two brothers are still living in Europe. Pavol is employed in the grease works.

GOSSIP FROM REFINERIES AND FIELD

WHITING, IND.



"Just wait till little Steve grows up and I'll show you a regular basketball player," Steve Schissler, helper on the pressure stills at Whiting, tells his battery mates. Steve, Jr., is certainly getting an early start. He practices in the yard of his Beverly Hills home.

Mr. R. M. Andrus, of Casper, Wyo., was a visitor at the Whiting refinery February 5. Seeing "Bo" walk about the barrel houses recalled memories of other days to the employees there, while "Bo" had a grand time saying hello to his old friends.

Mr. Mike Yackshaw, of the new barrel house, on February 1, embarked upon the sea of matrimony. Congratulations to Mike and Mrs. Mike!

Whiting has a mystery to solve. Mr. Matt Locke, of the white oil room, has been on jury service for six weeks and yet has hardly lost a day at the plant. He works from midnight till 8 a. m., then drives to Crown Point, performs his jury service and is back on the job at midnight. How does he get his sleep? That's the mystery, though there exists a suspicion that he snatches many a nap while the lawyers are making their usual ado about nothing.

Tom McDermont is the happy daddy of a nine-pound son, born January 30.

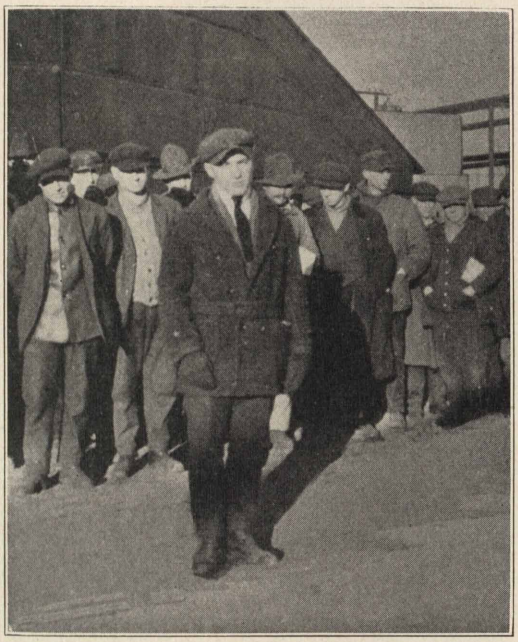
Ed. Cahill was called home February 6 on account of the death of his sister.

Sympathy of the third shift, pressure stills, is extended to Tony Sinscheck, whose little daughter died January 30.

The White Oil room of the FFF plant, Whiting, has added some more beauty to its already bountiful supply of that commodity. On the left we have Miss Mary Gima, on the right, Mrs. Grace Wilson. Both were transferred from the Grease Works. Our correspondent was unable to identify the young man in the center of the picture, but from that wicked grin we get the suspicion that maybe he is the Cupid in disguise who has been busy making a marriage bureau out of the White Oils room.

What's in a name? Plenty! Take Nelson Dewey, for example, in whose name is combined the highest spots of British and American naval history. Mr. and Mrs. Dewey and the little Deweys were returning from the movies. Mr. Dewey went ahead to open the door, and in the darkened vestibule was attacked by a ferocious canine. Mr. Dewey may have had a temptation to abandon ship, but how could a man named Nelson Dewey strike his colors! Within the darkened vestibule there raged a mighty struggle. The vicious canine fled with yelps of fear, and another chapter of history had been written with Nelson Dewey as the hero. His right hand was lacerated and his sleeve torn to shreds, so that the literati of the machine shop suspect him of having tried to emulate Richard of the Lion Heart, who, so says tradition, shoved his mitt down a lion's throat and removed therefrom its heart. We don't know whether Nelson got the canine's heart, but he sure got its goat.

HE'S EVERYTHING



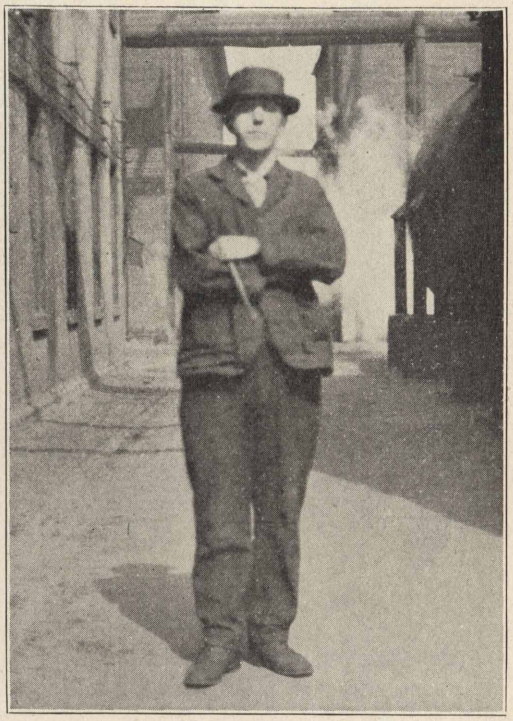
John Hlavacs, age 19, started with the company August 7, 1916, as a messenger boy for the main office. When Mr. J. W. Curry established the Whiting works' employment bureau, John was transferred to him for work in this department.

John is today considered by the employment bureau as typist, interpreter, guide for new employees and file clerk. He has taken thousands of men to work since the establishment of the bureau.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

There is always something happening in this old world of ours that is new to a good many of us. Cowper said: "The world was made so various, that the mind of man, studious of change and desirous of novelty, must be delighted." Whiting has verified Cowper! Through the columns of the Stanolind, we are notified of a rather novel and extraordinary occurrence at a band concert given by the S. O. Co. band, at Whiting. This burg is conducive to a few notorious happenings, but this last occurrence takes the marbles. It is all due to the S. O. Co. band, which organization, to all reports, must be musically perfect and irresistibly attractive in the same sense. It is said that "music hath charms to soothe the savage beast," but it is not recorded in the annals of musical history that inanimate objects are susceptible to music. Whiting, however, sets a precedent relative to the charms of music, if the report appearing in the January-February number of the Stanolind is true. This report states that the S. O. Co. band at Whiting gave a concert which was attended by the OLD AND NEW BARRELHOUSES. By the Pipes of Pan, Whiting must have some band. We have a pretty good band at Wood River, but not perfect enough so that plant buildings leave their foundation and perigrinate toward the band stadium to listen to the pulchritudinous harmonies produced by our S. O. Co. band.

BACK TO THE LAND



Mr. Adam Dangler, of Whiting, left the service of the company on March 5, to emulate Cincinnatus on a farm in Michigan. Our Whiting correspondent, however, is convinced that the only thing which will ever move Adam to abandon his plow in the furrow will be the ringing of that old dinner bell. Adam was married February 26 and got his bride at Whiting.

Referring to the article "Criticisms" on Page 14, January-February issue of the Stanolind: One reads an unusual amount of birth notices appearing in the notes from various points of the compass. While these notes, no doubt, prove highly diversifying to those more or less concerned with this particular phase of human live, they furnish little or no interest to a good many readers. Commenting on this point, a suggestion presents itself for the consideration of those interested in the matter of criticisms. Why not have a birth column, similar to the notice of this kind appearing in our daily newspapers? That would make it easier for all of us. Those who are especially interested in birth notices can then digest this important happening in a comfortable manner, lessening the search for this particular article greatly. Others, uninterested, can pass this column by.

J. P. Eckman, of the shipping department, seems to be in bad grace with "Lady Luck." During the Christmas season, Joe was severely burnt about the hands when he dragged a burning Xmas tree from the home of one of his neighbors. On Tuesday, February 22, Washington's birthday, J. P. celebrated the memory of our great "Father of the Country" by trimming and pruning grape-vines. While thus engaged, a refractory vine, resenting

THE LITTLE TOTHS

These are the four children of Joe Toth, pipefitter at Wood River and an employee of this company for twelve years. Joe's naturalization papers are now pending in court and he expects soon to be a regular American citizen. He will make a good one. He has a comfortable home and his children all attend the public schools.

J. P.'s operations, retaliated by jabbing him in the left eye. Joe's eye was in pretty bad shape for a few days, but outside of sporting a good sized bump and foreign colors, the injured orb is doing nicely.

Frank Lavick has had four of his front teeth filled. He looks 50 percent better.

Sebastian Miller had the misfortune of cutting his finger while working on a barrel. It was thought for a time that he would lose his finger, but good medical attention prevented same, and now it's as good as ever.

Ike Crofton was taken sick on Washington's birthday, and is still confined to his bed.

Jim Feasel is confined to his home with a serious case of scarlet fever. The men at the tube cleaning department hope for his early recovery.

Chas. Ohley has purchased a new five-room bungalow in Wood River.

Tom Williams has gone into the chicken raising business. Tom has about 300 of the walking "egg mines" and is selling the eggs at 25 cents a dozen. He therefore denies all claims of profiteering.

Henry Schnaufer is now chewing tobacco! What's the big idea, Henry? It's bad enough for your friends as it is, and besides, the janitors are only furnished with brooms and shovels.

Who'll win? Stillwell, of the chemical lab. made a bet some time ago with Buck's pretty stenographer, Miss Shaw, that his "Agnes" would be his only "queen" until the first of March. Now, it transpires that "Stilly" has smitten the heart of another fair maiden, whom he wants to make happy, and he finds it hard to decide between her and the box of candy.

Wood River promises to have a heated mayorality campaign this spring, with Messrs. Louis Koenneker, of the reclaiming department, Robert Parks, superintendent of the paraffine department, and O. F. Nagel, a merchant of Wood River, as candidates. None of these gentlemen need an introduction to the public. Mr. Koenneker having been on the board of village trustees and chief of the volunteer fire department for a number of years. He is well acquainted with the needs of the village. Mr. Parks has been a continuous resident of the village since January, 1908, a member of the school board since its organization and a tireless worker for the better things in the village. Mr. Nagel has been identified with the commercial life of the

THERE GOES ANOTHER!

Our White Oil room correspondent, Whiting, announces his suspicion that somewhere in that department is concealed a little shrine to Hymen, the Goddess of Marriage. No wonder: First, Miss Grace Twitt answered the potent call of the ancient goddess; then Miss Beatrice Schaub went to the altar with Edward Nyland, and Miss May McFarland married Harlon Little. All of them, incidentally, married Standard Oil men, so they are still in the Stanolind family. Now we have the announcement that Miss Mary Sisko is to be a June bride, and we think everybody, after looking at the above photograph, will agree that she will be a charming one as well. The lucky man is Mr. Jack Prohoda, banker at Gary, Ind. Don't forget the Stanolind family when you leave us, Mary.

THE AFTERMATH, CHICAGO OFFICE

village for some time, being a member of the firm of Warnock-Nagel Clothing Co.

Pat Muloney, erecting engineer for the Henry Vogt Machine Co., is here, superintending the erection of twelve new 500 h. p. boilers.

Messrs. W. A. Tipton, J. J. Maloney, M. E. Hartwig, W. I. Jolley and Gus Frederickson formed a theatre party to St. Louis, February 25. All report a good time.

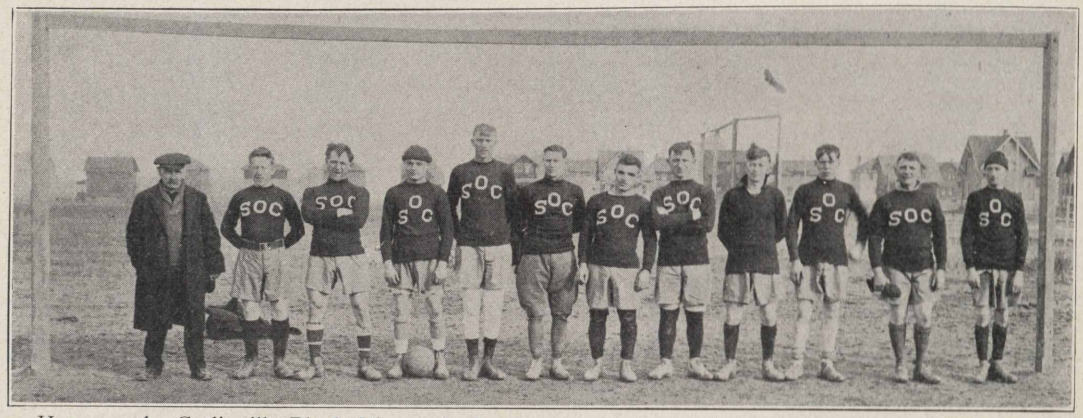
Gilbert Davies, of the storehouse, bears the distinction of selling more tickets to the Shriners' party than any member of the Shrine Club. The reason for the party being the success that it was, is in no small measure due to his efforts.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Baldridge entertained at their home on Trumbul avenue, on the evening of the 23rd. A very pleasant evening was spent, cards and music being the diversion, after which excellent refreshments were served. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. D. McCann and children and the immediate family.

It is with regret that we are obliged to announce the departure of Kenneth Walters of the time keeping department, to Casper, Wyo., on March 1. Owing to a physical decline caused by a dose of mustard gas, received while over-seas, "Ken" finds it necessary to pull up stakes in Wood River, which is no easy matter, owing to the fact that he has recently married and has purchased a six-room bungalow which they have cozily furnished. However, "Ken" has not left the S. O. Co. family entirely, as he expects to work at the Casper plant for a few months, until he becomes acclimated, at which time he and his wife will take up a homestead in that locality, as the government offers inducements along these lines to service men. We all join in extending a hearty "good luck" and "best wishes" to the Walters in their new adventure.

Dan Halloran, Jr., of the main pump house, had the misfortune, on the night of February 22, of stepping into one of the catch basins at a receiving tank, scalding one limb. While the injury was

THE CHAMPION CARLINVILLE BLACK DIAMONDS



Here are the Carlinville Black Diamonds, leading exponents in the Standard Oil family of the well-known game of soccer. They have twice defeated the Wood River Polarines, though the oil men gave them a battle. Left to right: Simpson (manager), Carrol, McWilliams, T. Brown, McKeegan, Clark, Benjamin, Palmeto, Jack, McGuire, Hibbard (captain), Brown.

only a first and second degree burn, it will necessitate his losing two weeks' time. Watch your step, "Ub."

George Redmond, one of the bricklayers of M. F. Manning's department, departed on the 18th of this month, for a two months' visit to Los Angeles, where he will join his wife. They will return together.

Kenneth Walters, who expects to depart for Casper, Wyo., at an early date, was presented with a box of cigars by the boys of the pipe department for whom he kept time for the past three years. Kenneth wishes to express his sincerest thanks for their kind remembrance.

Miss Helen Masel, of Henry street, charmingly entertained on Saturday, February 5, with a seven o'clock dinner party and places were arranged for fourteen guests. The visiting guests were Miss Lillian Pittman and Miss Dorothy Seabrook, students of Lindenwood and house guests of Miss Masel, Miss Bess Spindler of Monticello Seminary. Miss Lillian Sternberg of Lindenwood College and Miss Helen Beach, of Wood River, Ill., and her brother, Kenneth Beach, a student of Illinois University, and Robert Neaf, of Whiting, Ind., also a student of Illinois U, who is a guest of his brother, Donald Neaf, of Wood River. All have departed for their various schools, having enjoyed a brief relief from studies during the mid-winter semester.

George Buck has filed his petition as a candidate for village councilman for the ensuing term. Mr. Buck was elected for the short term last spring. He has made a conservative, wide-awake member of the council, and if elected he assures his friends that he will continue to look out for the welfare of the city.

Herman (Pop) Moore is on foot these days because his Buick automobile was stolen recently in St. Louis while he was attending the auto show.

Rollie Rettenhaus and Miss Martha Price were married in Alton February 4, the ceremony being performed by Justice of the Peace Lessner. The groom is a fireman at the Standard, is a popular young fellow and well respected. The bride is a young lady of Jerseyville and a sister of Mrs. Clyde Lewis. She has visited her sister here many times and has made many friends. A dance was held at Phelan's hall in West Wood River last night in honor of the newlyweds. The young couple will make their home in Wood River.

Charley Pellican spent Washington's birthday at his home in Dow, Ill.

Mike Grunda, our popular motorman, is thinking seriously of getting married. Be sure you do think seriously, Mike.

Leonard Ritter is thinking of buying a small farm in Calhoun county. You'll have to work more than eight hours a day there, Leonard.

Henry Mueller is going to buy a home in Wood River. Henry became a papa about a month ago, and says the girl is growing so fast that he needs more room.

We all extend our sympathies to Julius Eden of the carpenter department, in the loss of his brother, Chris, who died on February 4. He was a member of the Court of Honor lodge, Shriners, and a 32nd degree Mason. The services at the grave were conducted by the Masonic lodge.

On Tuesday, February 20, Mr. Parks and family motored to St. Louis and spent the afternoon at the Pop concert given by the St. Louis symphony.

Dr. W. W. Holland, formerly of Wood River, now located in Chicago, paid us a very pleasant visit the latter part of the month. "Doc's" promotion does not seem to have had any effect on him, the way he was seen shaking hands with the boys along the firing line. He's the same old "Doc" and he says Wood River has the best refinery in the world.

We understand that "Chief" Haller is aspiring to the office of supervisor this spring, and is making a very active campaign.

The sympathy of the whole community is extended to E. M. Christy, in the sad death of his wife, which occurred on the afternoon of the 25th.

"Al" Juhlin, our new night superintendent, is breaking into the "big leagues." We are informed that "Al" is circulating a petition for assistant supervisor.

Walter Hutchinson of the carpenter department, reports the death of his father, Z. T. Hutchinson, age 73 years, on February 4. He was a native of Alton and a charter member of Wm. McKinley Council No. 2 of the Junior O. U. A. M. We all extend our sympathies to Walter and family.

E. Lavenue, of the carpenter department, wishes to extend his sincerest thanks to the boys of that department who contributed so liberally to a fund subscribed in his behalf.

A. P. McCormick, of the engineering department, made a business trip to Louisville the middle of the month, and reports that he ran into some real snow and winter weather, which is unusual for Louisville. Except for the snow, "Mac" said it was dry.

Phil Kaeser, of the welding department, attended the Grid-Iron meeting at the Eagles, February 2. Incidentally, Phil is off "home brew" for life.

H. Bauer, of the welding department, is on the job again after a spell of sickness.

L. Streeper and E. Fessler, of the welding department, did some work for the S. O. Co. at Carlinville recently. They say that the "bright lights" there are very dim, compared to those at Alton.

C. Batchelor, of the tin shop, is all smiles these days. There's a reason: the stork left a little daughter at his home.

L. Fehr, of the tin shop, is on the sick list. We hope for his early recovery.

D. Mitchell, timekeeper in the tin shop, accompanied his wife to St. Louis, February 22.

W. Hankins, of the painters, who has been on the sick list, is back at work again.

A great many of the employees of the plant were disappointed when they did not win the Buick which was given away by the Shrine Club of Alton. However, we couldn't all win it and must necessarily be content to watch Mr. Ulrich pilot it around.

Mr. J. W. Curry paid us a visit a short time ago, and while here, attended a meeting of the Joint General Committee. He departed in the evening for Sugar Creek.

Asa Springer, now justice of the peace in Wood River, is in the race for supervisor.

Geo. Stablich, press cleaner, has returned from a visit to Whiting and Chicago. We surmise from George's conversation, that there is a nice girl living there.

Rumor has it that Miss Nola Carstens, of the laboratory, is sporting a solitaire. We wonder who the lucky guy is.

Mr. E. H. Fisher, the newly appointed assistant to Mr. J. W. Curry, of Chicago, paid us a nice visit on February 8, and while here, attended a meeting of the Joint General Committee. Mr. Fisher was called on to make a few remarks, which were very much enjoyed by all present. Come again, Mr. Fisher.

Chas. Havens appeared on the morning of the 12th with a broad grin on his face. The reason? Charley's a grandpa.

John Majuranyi, of the pipe department, reports that his mother, of Whiting, had spent a pleasant two weeks at his home and departed for that place February 5.

M. E. Hartwig, of the carpenter department, and management's representative of the J. G. C., remarked the other day, looking at one of the Stanolinds, "How is it that I never get my name in the Record?" Immediately some one spoke up and said "You're too old." Max laughed and announced that he was breaking ground for a new residence in Heads Addition, which he expects to occupy by summer.

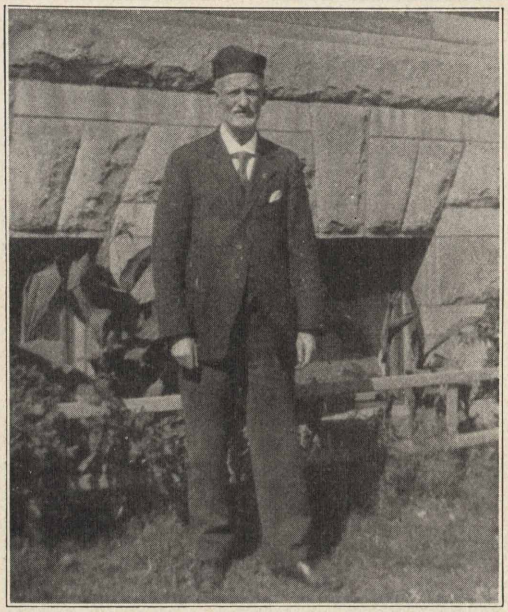
A. Zupic, of the common labor department, who was operated on for hernia, is back on the job, and reports a great improvement.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Traband departed for Lebanon on the morning of the 23rd to attend the funeral of a relative.

Marcus Conas, who is attending Shurtleff college, is a Saturday visitor in the "clean up" squad at the chemical laboratory.

Dr. Payne, of the chemical laboratory, after many hours of strenuous labor, has completed his chicken coop and yard. He intends to fill it up with chickens as soon as the neighbors take their summer vacations.

WAR BABY



Keokuk submits for your approval Mr. Ed. M. Dobyns, messenger. Eddie, as he is familiarly known, was employed just a little over two years ago and since that time has made more steps for the Standard Oil Company than any dozen men in the Keokuk office. Always on the job at 6:30 in the morning and the last to leave the building at night, the efficient manner in which he carries out his work is certainly an example for young men. Now girls, for his history: He is a bachelor of 66 winters and wears a skull cap for the protection of his "pate." Has been everything from a painter to a salesman. Believes in Iowa, in Keokuk, and the Standard Oil Company. His hobby is baseball and he knows just enough about the big games to win on the White Sox and lose on Brooklyn. Has been a Republican all his life voting the straight ticket until 1920 when he decided to change his luck. Never had a love affair but buys the girls of the office candy on his birthday each year. Loved? Well, I should say so.

OH, SINCE IT'S O. K.

Sugar Creek, Mo., Dear Editor: Please have this photo of Fred Miller and a friend of his put in the Stanolind Record. It has a glazed finish and will print O. K. Fred will not care for this picture being printed as it was taken by his wife and everything is O. K.—Main Office.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Mr. Art Fleishman, bus driver, who operates between Independence and Sugar Creek, is off duty at present on account of his father's death, February 6. Art is trombone player in Sugar Creek Band.

Wynkoop Kiersted, Jr., is wearing a big smile at present. It was a girl. We did not see the cigars, but maybe will next time when the boy arrives.

Mr. G. V. Hackett, boiler shop foreman, has added another to his credit. It was a fine big boy, born on January 27th, 1920.

Al Shondell's father and mother are spending the winter with him at his home on Huttig avenue, Mt. Washington. Al is foreman at the paraffine works and was transferred from Whiting to Sugar Creek several years ago.

Mr. Earl Cox, our congenial band leader, upon his arrival at his home (upon a certain date) was presented with a little rebate on his income tax.

The many friends of John Godfrey, boilermaker, take this means of extending their heartfelt sympathy to him and his family in their bereavement over the loss of their daughter, Madera, age 7.

The Red Cross organizations of Sugar Creek and Mt. Washington gave an invitation party at Byram's Hall, Mt. Washington. There were 200 present and all enjoyed the card games, concert, dancing and refreshments. These locals are officered almost entirely by employees of the Standard Oil Company or their wives.

Miss Hazel Ryan, daughter of Marcus Ryan, carpenter laborer, was operated on for appendicitis and is recovering rapidly.

Ben Devling, of the carpenter shop, is feeling the call of spring. Ben is the possessor of a number of 1921 seed catalogs and it is said they are quite worn by this time.

Elmer Baker, long recognized as a collector of "antiques," has had a change of heart and is now laying in a full supply of brand new "patternmaker's tools."

Claude Burson, carpenter, is thinking of hiring a body guard; it is said some Independence citizens have made threats of placing him in the local "Hoosegow" because of the din occasioned by Claude running his car over the rough street. Claude was held up one morning recently by a youngster who wanted to trade his tin horn, drum, and toy wagon for Claude's Lizzie? How come, Claude?

Al Childers just simply can't keep from talking "tomatoes." He became so wrought up in his praise of them recently that he got all red in the face.

A young man in uniform called at the home of T. R. (Red) Oswald recently with a hard luck story of no funds and recommendation of some of Red's out of town friends. He took the stranger in, and the next day the friend left with Red's best suit, uniform, silk shirt, hose and other articles, some money and a watch, leaving in exchange his old uniform and pleasant(?) memories. A few nights later, Red's real friends gave a "Tacky" party at which he was the guest of honor.

C. P. (Chuck) Masters was showing a gang of men how to unload pipe, when one of the pipes rolled on his finger and mashed it. Our safety director and nurse are hoping all of the men don't follow the example set by Chuck.

Among others who are trying to increase the population near the Sugar Creek plant are John Waller of the pipe department and Dave Stepp, of the agitators.

Sugar Creek has been put on the "night" map. Through the activities of the city fathers we now have a "Great White Way," the illumination being furnished by some five or six 250 watt lights on "Main" street. Mayor Boehmer is quite elated over the strides toward "Modernity" and hopes soon to have the old hitching posts, mud roads, kerosene lamps, and town pump replaced by something more up to date. There is no reason why Sugar Creek should not lift up its head and assume an air of greater importance now since it has become a "regular" town. Civic pride will demand better things for it in the future by way of public improvements, such as sidewalks, more lights, street car extensions, etc., and we are out to get them.

Glen Webb, of the pipe department, and Miss Fanny E. Vaughn were married recently and are "at home" to their friends on Cedar avenue, Fairmount.

A very tired stork was seen limping away from the home of Arthur Yates recently, and inquiry revealed the fact that he had brought a 14½-pound girl to bless the home.

Jas. Hinde, of the office force, who has been under a very severe nervous strain for some time, has practically recovered and is his old smiling self again.

Geo. Hedges, pipe department, who recently took a trip to Chicago, was highly entertained by a Taxi driver there. George had heard of the Bush Temple of Music, and not knowing its location, hailed the taxi. He was taken around the block five or six times and when deposited at the Temple, found that he had been within a few doors of it before getting in. George said the next time he

goes to Chicago he will place himself in the hands of the police.

Marvin Jamieson, of the pipe department, is not so strong for "Safety First" as he used to be. After listening to Doc McCoy's eloquent appeal, Marvin was convinced his life would be short unless he purchased a pair of Doc's Safety shoes. The purchase was made and that night they were put on the range. "Nuf sed." Marvin claims the shoes were advertised as being both heat and fool proof.

The home of J. M. Todd, our Village P. M. and machinist helper, was blessed recently by the arrival of a daughter.

H. E. Otto, representative of the pipe laborers on the J. G. C. was all "hard boiled" recently, but our efficient nurse soon took it out of him.

Our committee on athletics and recreation has been very busy looking over sites for Outdoor sports. Chubby Chapman and Deacon Cox want to know why we are overlooking such great indoor sports as ping-pong and tiddle-de-winks at which they are quite adept.

A little lady visitor came to Sugar Creek recently and stopped off at the home of Mike Mikolo, better known as "Wood River Mike." Mike says she is to be the future "Belle" of the city.

The many friends of Paul Wrabes were made sad by the news of the death of his five-year-old son recently.

John Hornyock is all smiles again since he has been permitted to work the seven days.

Anna Salva, Susi Kracik, Susi Tiric and Rose Coil have entered the service of the company, the first three as janitresses, and the last named as cook.

Harvey Kimble has a new Ford. He says his only regret is that he has to put all the "kick" in Henry's radiator and none in his own tank. Harvey evidently is not afraid of auto intoxication.

It is the proud boast of Shorty Stear's gang of pipe men that none of them has been sick this winter. Shorty's gang has put in considerable time on the tar line and it is their boast that they have consumed more garlic per man than any other gang, which may account for their immunity from sickness.

While trimming his trees recently H. R. Ruhlman was forcibly convinced of the fact that he is no feather-weight. These trees are Ruhlman's pride and the cause of his down fall. He claims his ascent was slow and painless, but his descent was swift and painful, and after this when he has trees to trim, he will think it over twice, then indulge in the safer occupation of feeding his chickens. The damage to the property occasioned by Ruhlman's meteoric flight has been repaired with the assistance of several mechanics.

Bill Cromwell, of the storehouse, is dealing in eggs now. Every morning he mounts the jitney with a basket of eggs. He says he has got to get that 10 percent back some way.

It has been rumored that A. E. Hicks has raised the rates on insurance 10 percent, since the 16th of February. How come?

Fred Bergin, stenog to Mr. Moffett, paid $15.75 express charges on a ham he received recently, and still denies his German origin. Only a "Westphalia" ham would carry that much express charge.

The home of A. A. Annis of the pipe department was blessed recently by the arrival of a baby girl.

Jas. Callahan, stillman, said if it had been a boy he would have passed the cigars. As it is he is waiting till the ice-cream soda season is on, when he is going to ask all his friends to drink to the health of the young lady.

Ike Braden, pipe helper, was initiated into the "Order of Fatherhood" recently. They had not named her up to the time of this report going in.

"Cupie" Koenig, of the tin shop, has thrown away his silk shirt and is staying home at night. Wonder why?

Claude Poteet has the honor of being the best natured man in the tin shop.

Geo. Parker says that flour is cheaper than talcum powder. If you don't believe it, ask the party that met him at Independence, Mo.

We are glad to see our two brave war veterans "Pete" Akers, and Corporal M. back on the job, after recovering from their shock.

Alex Nylund has lost the respect of his neighbors since he bought that Holstein cow. He wakes them up every morning at 6:00 o'clock calling her pet names. Pitch forks are coming down now. Alex says the trouble with her is "she don't give milk—you have to take it away from her." Alex is new at the game and the cow is "next."

Edgar McNeese is now doing guard duty at the tin shop, under the direction of Dr. McCoy.

Frank Millspaugh was somewhat surprised when he called for his laundry and found that he had an extra pair of overalls and two shirts to pay for. Will say they were cheap at that. Frank should make an inventory of his personal effects.

Frank R. Searcy, pumper at the main pump house, was married recently, and appears to be living on love instead of substantial food. Notes appearing daily in his dinner pail are said to be very sweet. Frank may be able to live on angel food but McInturff and the rest of the pump house gang say they prefer meat and bread. (Don't let 'em kid you, Searcy. If they're so crabbed and cynical that they can't appreciate sweet notes from the missis as an appetizer, we'll gamble they're Pharisees, rank materialists or jealous old bachelors. —Ed.)

CASPER, WYO.

Frank Hogue, foreman of the asbestos department, has taken his wife to Mayo Brothers hospital at Rochester, Minn., for surgical treatment. The good wishes of the plant go with Mr. and Mrs. Hogue.

W. A. Morris, who has occupied the position of still foreman at the Casper plant almost since "The memory of man runneth not to the contrary," has been transferred to the Laramie plant where he has been promoted to superintendent. We believe it is a wise move for the company, a splendid acquisition for Laramie, and a well earned promotion for Bill.

W. M. Dennis, of the main office clerical force, has left for California to better his health. Bill is one of the boys who will be greatly missed as he was most courteous and efficient.

R. C. Stutzman has been promoted from common labor to boiler washer.

C. R. Mitchell has been promoted from laborer to fireman.

C. G. Mathias has been promoted from pump repairman to swingman.

Tom Kearns has been promoted from swingman to engineer at water station.

W. Allen has been promoted from fireman at pressures to water tender.

Louis A. Colby has been promoted from common laborer to boiler washer.

These several promotions are the fruits of former efficiency at the places where previously employed, and where the men made good.

The boys around the plant whose former homes were in Missouri are quite peeved over the action of the Wyoming legislators, in that while they named New Years Day, Washington and Lincoln's birthdays, Fourth of July, Armistice Day, Memorial Day, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day, and Christmas as legal holidays, they completely overlooked Ground Hog Day.

Guy V. Hall is leaving for a few days on business which takes him to Nebraska.

W. T. McAmis, stillman helper at the towers, who has been off several weeks recovering from injuries, has returned to work fully recovered.

E. R. Tolman is assisting at the yard office at the present time. He hails from the engineer's department.

The wife of Joe Poore, helper on the pressures, has undergone a successful operation for appendicitis, and is at her home convalescing.

Mr. R. B. Walden of the carpenter force, is leaving for California.

C. J. Brady, at the pump house, is off on account of the death of his two months old baby. Mr. Brady and wife have the sympathy of his fellow employees.

L. A. Dobbins, of the welding department, is visiting Stillwell, Okla., the residence of his father, who is in declining health.

E. C. Smith has been transferred from common labor to the department of civil engineers.

William Klintworth, of the construction department, is in Edgemont, S. D., attending to personal interests.

Henry Burris, of the pipe department, left recently for Missouri on a mission combining pleasure and business.

Jacob Sonnenfelt has recently been granted leave of absence from the refinery department for ten days.

The weather continues to be favorable, and the new work is progressing as rapidly as possible with only slight interruptions occasioned by snow which disappears as suddenly as it comes, but is very disagreeable while it lasts.

Mr. H. P. Fishburn, head of the laboratory, who was recently called to his Virginia home by serious illness of near relatives, has returned to his duties.

The sympathy of the employees of the plant is extended to W. R. Laymon and family in the loss of their little girl. May He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb uphold them in their bereavement.

Tom Moutaw, pressure still helper, and Sam Olsen, pipe shop foreman, were recently on "sick leave," but are reported back on duty.

The new boiler house showed smoke from the 200 foot stack the latter part of January with two 500 H. P. boilers on the line. The two 1000 H. P. boilers will soon be doing their bit for the big program.

Guy V. Hall recently took a business trip of a few days duration during which time he visited various points in Nebraska.

The lungmotor recently provided for the safety department is proving a source of much interest inasmuch as everybody wants to know how to bring the other fellow back to life—a spirit which is highly commendable.

As a rule it takes a newcomer in Casper from our weeks to four years to be converted to Wyoming. Not so with Dr. Max Paulus, our recently arrived and genial assistant superintendent. At noon of Doc's third day on the plant five men were witnesses to his expression of complete faith in Wyoming: "Oh, boy, this is some wonderful country." Fine, Doctor, we all boost for Wyoming and the Casper plant.

GREYBULL, WYO.

Mrs. John Casey, wife of our blacksmith, died February 24, of the grip. The sympathy of the entire plant goes out to John and the little ones in their bereavement.

W. I. Baker, fireman, is in the Hopewell hospital at Thermopolis, where he will undergo an operation for ulcers of the stomach.

It is reported G. L. Shepardson, stillman, has a new "Henry Elizabeth" Ford with all the up-to-date trimmings. How about it, Slim?

Tom Evans, cleaner on Nos. 1 and 2 batteries, who has been off with stomach trouble, is able to be at work again.

Earl Landers and Chas. Tanner are busily engaged in placing a new coat of paint on the tanks around the plant. There is some talk about them being color blind, for one of the tanks changed its color. How about it, boys?

The local order of boilermakers held their second annual ball on February 22. Everyone reports a good time.

Several of the boys attended the Shriner's ball, February 21, and all report one grand and glorious time.

John Canarehi, who has been on the sick list, is reported much better and will soon be back on the job.

E. Christensen, helper at No. 1 house, went to Worland recently to attend a joint meeting of I. O. O. F.

F. B. Weiser is the proud daddy of a brand new nine-pound boy, born February 23. Congratulations.

FLORENCE, COLO.

We regret to report the death of the father of Mrs. L. E. Stephen on February 12, at Waco, Neb.

Mr. W. A. Talley was called to Kansas on February 10, on account of the sudden death of his mother.

All employes of the "Baby Refinery" extend to these bereaved ones their deepest sympathy.

Joe Mattice has returned to work after several days at home with the grip.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

James Hailstone, mine manager, on night shift, has been transferred to the day shift, Harry McWilliams taking his place on the night shift.

Wm. Chilton and Oscar Hill have resigned their places on the miners' pit committee, and have been replaced by Messrs. Brunella and Jno. Fraser.

John Valesano and Miss Dorothy Liborio were married February 19. John has the congratulations of all his buddies.

Our efficient office clerk, E. Pearson, butchered his 45-pound hog last week. He captured it in a farmer's cornfield last summer.

John Dunn has been transferred from labor foreman to top boss.

Henry Davis, of the bottom electrical force, is with us again.

The mine was visited on February 2 by some of the official family of the Superior Coal Company. They inspected the mine both inside and out and were visibly impressed.

Last week, a party of mine owners and operators

along the C. & A. R. R., and some of the C. & A. officials, arrived at the mine in a special train. They looked over the top works but did not go below.

W. L. Saville, top electrician, attended the second annual reunion of Battery A, 327th Field Artillery, at Springfield recently. They enjoyed a banquet at the St. Nicholas hotel and judging by the talk the liquid refreshments must have had some kick in them, as Bill says he saw an eight-pound fish up there.

Berry Mine recently swapped top mules with us. "Deacon" says he wanted a "white mule" but they sent a red one.

Storekeeper Bill Winkelmann called Mr. Baker, chief engineer, at the power house and asked for some bolts with right hand threads on one end and left hand threads on the other. Mr. Baker informed him that they only had dies for right hand threads, so Bill asked him if he couldn't turn them over and cut left hand threads. We wonder if Bill is going to use a left hand monkey wrench to tighten them.

Our husky and amiable material shaft cager was so excited when the Superior Coal Company officials were with him that he didn't see the trolley wire when he stepped on the rail, hitting the wire with his lamp, and making an ideal short circuit. "Mitch" didn't swear at all when he recovered as he is not given to the use of strong language.

Ace Fryman and Andy Yakstis, our crack car knockers, have worked on the concrete gang the last couple of days.

Our safety manager is trying out safety goggles in the motor department. Barney Oldfield has nothing on George Briggs and Wm. Manger, our main line foremen. They sure look fine with their new goggles.

Quite a number of our boys went to Springfield, January 30, to hear the great Welch singers. They reported a fine time.

The ladies of Standard Addition have organized a "Mothers Club" to take care of the sick and needy. Wake up, men, and help the good cause along.

Mine No. 1 hit the ball last week—725 cars. "Big Bill" Frees sure is a coal getter.

One of our boys asked Mr. Yakstis, tracklayer, what he was digging a hole for. Bill says: "Why! to bury the dirt!" Wonder what he is going to cover it with.

The boys all extend their sympathy to Thomas Adcox in the recent death of his mother, Mrs. Sarah Adcox, while on a visit here with Tom and his family.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Mr. T. Magowski, otherwise known as "Tony," tank wagon driver at Englewood, passed the cigars on Tuesday, March 3rd, in honor of the arrival of a baby girl.

Mr. Drinan, Room 400, has been serving on the jury in the criminal court for the past two weeks. Joe now claims to be a noted criminologist.

By the way, judging from the engagement ring glittering on the finger of a dainty little lady in Room 400, and rumors about a certain prominent young salesman, it looks as though wedding bells may soon ring out for another happy pair. "Please, little Fisher maiden, won't you please tell us the date set for the wedding, so we may put in a supply of rice for the occasion?"

The fair and debonair Harry Blix, of Room 400, became a benedict on Saturday, March 5th, when he was married to Miss Anna Louise Hyler. That is the reason the ladies in his department looked so sad all that day. We learn the bride and groom left immediately after the ceremony for Palm Beach, where they will spend their honeymoon. They also contemplate visiting several places of interest enroute and will return to Chicago about March 15th. Felicitations and good wishes are extended this happy couple from the occupants of Room 400, as well as from their other friends connected with the Standard Oil Company.

If some of the people who sit next to windows and open them from the top a foot or so, had to sit where the wind struck them, they probably would be much less selfish.—5th Floor.

Mr. Oliver, who was previously connected with the stock department, is now working in the bookkeeping department. He is just as witty as ever.

Miss Vivian Baltzer of the bookkeeping department is back again after a week's illness.

Mr. Albert Larson paid us a visit recently. He was formerly working for the credit department of the Chicago office and is now credit manager in Kansas City. We are always glad to see him.

On Friday, the 25th, Miss Lydia Christopher, who left us some time ago, gave a George Washington dinner, calling for her guests in taxis, who included the Misses Gordon, Craine, Rummellhoff, Cade, Phinnesy, Lyman, and the Mesdames Thursman and Bosworth. After this hungry bunch devoured the wonderful dinner that will not be forgotten, a game of bunco was played, and Miss Phinnesy walked off with the first prize and Ingrid Rummellhoff with the booby. Then we were entertained by Betty Craine and Ingrid Rummellhoff in a new Grecian vamp dance, the costume being keen. (Mecca had nothing on them; they came in small packages.) Well, Betty and Ingrid, when are you going to be billed at the Tivoli? You surely gave us a treat. Many thanks to Lydia from the bunch for the swell eats and a wonderful evening. We are all waiting for the next time, and Ingrid promises not to eat so much then.

The week of March 7th was a lonesome one for the boys of the traffic department. Barbara Steffen decided to take her vacation early.

If the epidemic of crocheting and embroidering in the traffic department is any indication, we will have a large crop of June brides this season.

Arthur Nelsen, of the traffic department, reports the arrival of a son, who he states is the image of himself. What's the harm, Art, so long as the child's healthy?

Mrs. Pauline Putz-Brown has ended her long quest for a flat and gone to housekeeping.

We all rather wondered what Mr. H. Gerrish of the stock department found so attractive about Buffalo. Now we know, after his visit of February 22. Congratulations, Mr. Gerrish, and we welcome the bride to our city.

Haven't you missed him? Mr. R. T. Freeman of the stock department, is now our Chicago station examiner. We don't know how he likes it but he seems to think Gary needs a lot of attention.

Mr. C. T. Bergeson has been giving Milwaukee a treat by visiting the Standard Oil Company of that city. (Bergie is one of our bowling stars and we hope Milwaukee gave him a chance to display his ability.)

DAVENPORT, IOWA

The annual social gathering of the Davenport division, was an event of the evening of February 9, when all salesmen, office employees, warehouse

NOT A MANSION, BUT OUR JOLIET OFFICE

It's just as fine inside as it is outside.

employees, truck salesmen and service station attendants, together with their families and friends, spent a very delightful evening at the main office. It was a gay party indeed. The program consisted of dancing, cards, community singing, and eats. (Thank you, girls.) And the main event of the evening was the mock wedding presented by Leo Reiss, bride, Miss Superla Soluble; G. F. Moorman, groom, Mr. M. H. Polarine; W. N. Bragg, bridesmaid, Miss Semdac; Xmas Tree Jost, best man, Mr. Cap. Cylinder; and G. E. Slater, parson, Mica Axle Grease. This has been asked of us, "What caused the large crack in the ceiling of Mr. Thomson's office?" Remember when Mr. Bragg was showing us how to do the "Cake Walk," but missed his step and dented the floor? That's the answer.

Hereafter, Hugh, when taking your sweetie out riding in your Stephens, leave the lights on, and you won't have to go to jail. "Good morning, Judge"—"Good morning; $6.85 and costs, please." Good Night!

We wonder why Mrs. Bateman wouldn't bring her hubby to our party. (Is there a reason?)

Will someone please ask Vivian Dodds who Pat Fry is?

It's up to Viola and Dewey to be careful when the door of the Record room opens.

Salesmen Wanted to sell red ink manufactured by G. F. Moorman. See Bob Kibler for testimonials.

Honest to goodness, folks, that isn't dirt on Eldon Holst's upper lip, he is just trying to raise a moustache. Don't give up the ship, Eldon; it's like a baseball team, nine on each side.

The girls made up a theatre party, Saturday, the 19th, and enjoyed "Irene." Eva is disgusted. She wants to look like Irene.

Whenever Clark gets in a fight with Rudolph or James Edwards, our sweet office boys, he puts it in his diary. He must be keeping a scrap book.

The other morning Mr. A. West, of the stock department came to work with a few of his teeth missing. Guess his wife won the argument.

Mr. Oscar Peterson, barrel department, was late on the morning of the 17th, and explained as follows: "Well, while I was at the Coliseum last night the gasoline line of the car froze up, and when I went to start it, at 4 a. m. I was still starting it." Now, Oscar, no use telling us Red Crown will freeze at 40 above.

If Harry LaFrenz would watch his step instead of Vivian's, perhaps he wouldn't wreck the files. It is rumored he wears glasses. Is that so, Viv? He needs them.

Why don't we hear from the boys in the field? We are running out of important news.

John House is now figuring on entering the field of matrimony (it takes a lot of figuring John, also nerve) and it has been said he is writing for prices on washing machines, wringers, etc. Are you going to quit work, John?

The Red Crown Booster Club had their usual meeting Thursday evening at the garage. It is reported that they had nine courses. They all passed a resolution to make March a "Full Line" month.

Harry Franck, our credit man, has left the west end of our city and will now reside nearer the office. Perhaps he can get here by eight o'clock now. He also invites the office force to a party to initiate his new residence, the date to be announced later. Hurry up, Harry, we're for you.

DECATUR, ILL.

The Stanolind Fellowship Club had its monthly "blowout" at Marquette hall, February 12, in the form of a Valentine dance. The hall was beautifully decorated with Cupids and hearts, and sure made a fine setting for a dance of this kind. Propmptly at 8.30 the dance opened with a grand march, led by Mr. and Mrs. Kendall Gardner. Each person was given a heart, on which there was a number, and partners were secured by matching up the numbers. The grand march ended up in the form of a large heart, the couples then executing the grand right and left, and each gentleman

bowing to his partner; then escorting her to her seat. The evening was spent in dancing, and for those who did not want to pass their time in this manner, there were cards in the adjoining rooms. Also, for some of the employees who did not dance the latest dances, our Mr. Ross, clerk in the warehouse, called off the old familiar square dance, or quadrille. This furnished amusement for every one. The evening's enjoyment ended between the hours of 11:30 and 12 o'clock, and from all reports, everyone had a rollicking good time. Let's all look forward to the next Fellowship Club doings, and turn out, whether it be a dance for the young folks or a party for both young and old. Let's all inject a little pep and get the older members of the office force feeling like kids again.

Cigars and candy were passed in the East St. Louis office again. This time the reason being that tank wagon driver, James Hams, took unto himself a bride, on Saturday, January 22. Congratulations, Jimmie.

Mr. H. F. Warren, manager, left Wednesday, February 16, for Florida, taking with him Mrs. Warren, who will remain in that country until her health is improved to such an extent that she may return. We certainly hope that this will not be for long, and that the sunny climate of that South country will benefit her to the fullest extent.

Herbert Hartman, the ever busy iron barrel department head, says his iron barrel department is rolling right along. Why shouldn't they, they have the equipment.

David Hills, our agent at Casey, is in the hospital for treatment, and we all join in wishing him a speedy recovery.

Those fellows in the Decatur warehouse are always springing some surprise on the office force. Guy Camp, city truck driver, came down to work the other morning with a smile a mile wide all over his face. When quizzed on the subject, he reported the arrival of a 9-pound baby girl, on February 2. WE ALL extend our congratulations, Guy; and WE ALL smoke.

They say there is a lucky day for everyone, so Ralph Whitehead, Cecil Wilson and Eddie Saupert can vouch for the fact that the Decatur construction gang sure had its lucky day on Sunday, January 15, for its members spent that day with Salesman C. O. Spangler and family, putting away a baked sparerib dinner. C. O. had a nice country friend who had just butchered. You'll never find out, C. O., who told that bunch that you received those ribs. Eddie apologized for not eating more heartily, stating that he did not feel very well. We wonder how he eats when he feels good.

WANTED—Charles Corzine, of Jerseyville, has been inquiring for some nice ducks. They say Charlie wants the kind mother used to raise—he is going to make some duck hair pillows. He also states that he might be able to use a few of these ducks for Thanksgiving dinners. You should employ a secretary to take care of answers to these inquiries, Charlie.

During the week of January 17 information came to the office that Bill Geheb, chief cook and bottle washer for Agent Pulver, at Marshall, loaded his big Republic truck and steered the thing towards Clarksville. Bill was starting on an invasion of that country, from all accounts received; for it is stated that the old Republic was covered with spades, shovels, picks, ropes and chains. Bill drove serenely along, listening to the songs of the birdies and inhaling the balmy air of the bright sunshiny morning, when with a groan and a sigh the truck stopped and eased gently down in the softened soil. Bill said it was just like sitting down in an over-stuffed davenport. When he came to, he found that he was still in the old Republic; so he got down and walked around the monster three or four times, took off his hat, stirred up the cooties, and as he put his hat back on his head, exclaimed, "B'gosh! I believe if I hadn't got stuck I'd a made it." We believe the same as you do, Bill. Last reports have it that he made Clarksville with flying colors.

A bewhiskered tiller of the soil came upon Agent Crocker, of West Union, Ill., whose car was parked along the road east of his station, mired deeply in the mud, and inquired: "What's the matter? Have a puncture?" "No," said Ben with great self-control, "I am changing the air in the tires."

Our telephone operator, Miss Carrie Delaney, comes forth with the announcement that she just loves to dance with Bob Madeira because he can't get close enough to tread on her feet. Get the idea of that one?

We regret very much to report the death of Mr. J. A. Wiggins, truck driver, who has been with the East St. Louis station for the past four years. News of Mr. Wiggins' death came as a shock, as he worked on Wednesday, February 2, and died from apoplexy on the following day. We all wish to extend our sympathy to Mr. Wiggins' family.

While Agent Pulver, of Marshall, was in Oklahoma, in December, he saw the cowboys riding cows and everything, and liked it. He comes home now all enthused, and is going to try the same thing. He's putting on a new truck, and it's—a Ford.

On February 14 the stork visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Earl S. Mathias, driver of stake truck at the Decatur station, and left a 9½-pound baby girl. Earl came down to work with a smile all over his face, and reported that both mother and child are getting along nicely. Congratulations, Earl; and the smokes are in order.

We regret that the report comes to us that our agent at Medora, Ill., Mr. John Burns, lost his son, Milford Earl Burns, age 18 years. He died suddenly on February 13. We all join in extending our sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Burns in their bereavement.

It is getting pretty good when these Standard Oil salesmen talk gasoline both day and night. Report from secret headquarters has it that W. J. Pierce's wife woke him up the other night, after he had tried to sell her gasoline at 8 cents per gallon. That's the idea, W. J., talk it in your sleep.

While C. O. Spangler has been bidding his old friends goodbye before leaving for his new Danville territory, the new salesman on C. O.'s territory, Mr. N. W. Salter, has accompanied him to get acquainted.

John Burns, of Medora, says he has fully recovered from the itch and will again shake hands with you.

Mrs. Edward Hartman, wife of Agent Hartman, Carlinville, Ill., has been very sick and we hope by this time that she is again returning to her former health.

Report has it that Albert Abbott, agent at the new station at Kane, Ill., has been taking in a lot of first and second prizes with his prize chickens.

Mr. C. G. Owens, Pinkerton's assistant, recently suffered a severe burn on his right hand, when he unconsciously placed his hand against a No. 3 pencil which John Weber had been using. It is a common occurrence for John's pencils and pens to become red hot during business hours.

Miss Anna Mary Ellis, of the billing department, has returned to work after a serious illness from "heart trouble." Mary, we thought that it couldn't be did.

FOUND, the missing link: Miss Helen Herbert we believe is the one and only woman in the world who doesn't want a good looking man. Such were her remarks to the reporter.

Cleaver Strunk, agent at Bunker Hill, Ill., has been getting a march on all of us, by laying in a large supply of green hickory wood. The information is out that Cleaver has some fine porkers. We know that he does not intend to use all that hickory for buscuits.

Mr. N. W. Salter, the new salesman covering Mr. C. O. Spangler's territory, from last reports, is having a great deal of trouble getting around in that Ford car which C. O. has been using. N. W., you have to be on to the combination to use anything C. O. has, for that Ford, equipped for Calhoun county, with a yacht keel and twin screw propellers, will be a real service to you when it begins raining and the mud gets deep.

Mr. Robert H. McAfee, new agent at Brighton, Ill., was in the Decatur office on business Monday, January 31. While in the office Mr. McAfee was shown around and made acquainted with the different departments with which he will come in contact in his work as agent. Go to it, Bob! We are all with you.

It is with deep regret that we report the death of Mrs. Schmidt, mother of Mrs. L. E. Barnhart, and we all join in extending to Mr. and Mrs. Barnhart our deepest sympathies.

Bernard McLean was recently reported married, much to the dismay of one of our billing clerks, who was heard to mutter, "Oh death, where is thy sting?" The report has since proven false, so the young lady is in excellent spirits again.

That heart breaker, Mr. Arthur Faster, recently confided to the record department that last Sunday evening he was forced to fill a date of one hour's length with one damsel, excuse himself and tear to another, with a glib apology for his tardiness. No wonder there is such a shortage of the weaker sex. How about it, Art, have you got a regular route?

Miss Mayme Keating, of the third floor, has been absent for the past few days, due to throat trouble. We hope you are back on the job for keeps now, Mayme.

Oh Boy! Several more matrimonial prospects have been added to our force on the third floor. They'll be running a bureau up there before long.

Miss Rita Tofall spent the 19th and 20th with her cousin Rose Gardner, of Morrisonville, Ill.

Some fellow appeared on the second floor, February 22, selling blankets. Reports came to the correspondent that Bill Sursa invested. All right, Bill, but remember we want to be advised of the day on which it occurs. As far as we know, none of the other boys contemplate that jump, for no more blankets were sold.

A number of girls from the Decatur office enjoyed a social evening with Mrs. Chas. Hagen, formerly Miss Grace Dunn, at her mother's home in Decatur. Miss Dunn was formerly a clerk in the record department. The evening was spent in admiring the bride's gifts, which were both beautiful and numerous. The girls from the office presented her with dinner napkins, and they were lucky enough to have chosen about the only thing that could have been given her without duplicating other gifts. A lap lunch was served, and Miss Anna McShane sang several songs, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Angie Linn. The couple will make their home on the groom's farm near Illiopolis. Last reports have it that Grace is some cook.

Did anybody see Frank Dorr with that wonderful fitting pair of overalls during the last few weeks? Where'd you buy 'em, Frank? They should have gone to Bob Madeira.

From the looks of things at the noon hour and also the closing hour at the Decatur office, a stranger would take this building to be an automobile factory, for as long a time as half-hour before closing time, cars ranging from Ford deliveries to Pierce-Arrows line up on all sides of the building, waiting for the occupants.

We wonder what that little book is that Mary Wolfington and Carrie Delaney get their heads together over every once in a while. The secret is out; Mary keeps that book in her desk, along with that rouge and powder.

Miss Audrey Scruggs, stenographer on the first floor, was absent from the office February 22, on account of sickness. What were you doing, Audrey, celebrating George's birthday?

DETROIT, MICH.

The Detroit office was honored Washington's birthday by social calls from E. R. Soop, Bruce McDonald, W. Hubbard and Roy Fitzpatrick of the Saginaw office.

Orval Marts, shipping clerk at Bellevue Ave., has returned from Terre Haute, Ind., having been called there on account of the death of his father. Mr. Marts' father had reached the age of 82 years.

When the employes at Ann Arbor learned of the promotion of Mr. George Phillips, they immediately began planning a farewell banquet, which was held at Catalpa Inn on the evening of January 27 and pronounced a decided success, in spite of the fact that he and his ten men ate nearly all the steak in the city of Ann Arbor. After the dinner Mr. Phillips was presented with a Masonic ring and during a speech he introduced "Pints" Rickard as his successor, to whom all present pledged their support.

George A. Knapp, chief clerk, recently attended an Irishman's party out in the country and says he had the best time of his life. We can't get along without the Irish, George, and they sure can mix things.

While visiting the Ypsilanti service station last week we noticed that the display in the window facing the State Normal was changed. Upon asking the attendant in charge, Walter MacCready, "Why the change?" he replied, "So I can see when the customer arrives." Fine, Walter; but do you mean "Customer?"

R. Patterson and F. B. Brown beat R. McGauley and F. Zahn in a bowling match on Washington's birthday, five out of six games. Mac admits now he doesn't know a thing about bowling but says he is going to buy a book of instructions for a dime so he can find the grooves in the alleys.

February 20 a seven-pound daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Allen Terry. Mr. Terry is our new agent at Clinton and we know he will more than sell goods now in order to keep "Betty Lou" looking like a little doll.

Manager Cochran says that all the funny paper cartoons of people looking for flats are not really humorous in the lest as it is no joke; and he knows, for he has been looking for one since January 1. Any suggestions?

Mr. L. R. Lindsey, of Jackson, was called to Litchfield recently on account of the death of his sister. We all extend our sympathy to him in his bereavement.

V. T. Kelley, tankwagon driver at Jackson, is also very fond of driving a fliver. The other day while driving down an incline, something went wrong with the steering wheel and before he realized what had happened, he was in the ditch with the fliver on top. He found himself caught in the cab but a farmer who was passing came to his rescue and with the aid of an iron bar, set him free. After the S. O. S. call had been sent to the office and the repair man arrived, the fliver was righted and was still able to run back to Jackson under its own power and was ready to go out the next day. However, if you want to arouse the Irish in Kelley, just mention "fliver."

Wednesday evening, February 9, fourteen of the girls in the main office, Detroit, chaperoned by R. E. McIntire, entered one of the Standard Oil trucks from the loading platform at West Detroit and were driven to Trumbull avenue and the R. R., to supposedly witness once more the defeat of the Red Crowns by the Polarines, the invitation having been given and arrangements made by Charlie Patterson, captain of the Polarines. The girls standing in the truck made an enticing target to all the small (and large) boys enroute and many were the snow balls hurled at them. However, the boys were not dexterous enough to hurt anyone, although one fairy had her new spring bonnet ruined. Everyone thought Mr. McIntire had it "pretty soft" until it developed that he had to lift all the girls down from the truck and as Miss Erhard, Miss Schlunt, Miss Noonan, Miss Mann, Miss Van Gieson and Miss Soop were among the number, poor Mac had his hands (or arms) full. In fact, it was such an effort for him that he was unable to bowl that evening, having had all the exercise he needed. The Red Crowns won all three games, much to the chagrin of the Polarines, but it was noticed that the nervousness was not confined to one team. They should get used to spectators. We think the Polarines would have done much better had they not all been so worried about "Pat's" car and had to take so many trips outside to look it over to see if the tires were all right, etc. The girls were so enthused that they decided to have some teams of their own next year and endeavor to show some of the men how to win a match game, but they have promised to secure an alley which it will be easier to reach, so that they may have visitors often.

Geo. Salisbury, who has been driving a horse tankwagon for 21 years, was still on the job on his 62nd birthday, January 25. In all this time at Jackson station his wagon has been the first under the loading shed every morning. He says his motto is "The early bird gets the worm."

DUBUQUE, IOWA

Part of the marketing organization of the Dubuque division was given a pleasant surprise when Mr. Allan Jackson and Mr. R. G. Stewart dropped in at the agents' meeting held at Waterloo, February 23. Both Mr. Jackson and Mr. Stewart made brief talks and their remarks made a sincere impression on those in attendance. The visit was greatly appreciated by everyone and all look forward to having Mr. Jackson and Mr. Stewart drop in again.

Mr. P. J. Quinlan, manager, and Mr. J. N. Elkert, assistant manager, have been holding a series of agents' meetings for the purpose of becoming personally acquainted with the agents and drivers in the Dubuque division. These new executives have created new enthusiasm throughout the field and will have the wholehearted co-operation of every agent and driver from Algona to Winthrop. The entire organization is on its toes and it's a dead cinch no moss will grow under the wheels of the equipment of this division during the coming year.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

Headliner for March issue: February 13, 1921, born to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Harrison, French Lick, Ind., twin girls, "Iona and Leona," weight seven pounds each. Mr. Harrison is agent for the company at French Lick, having entered the service July 1, 1920. We congratulate you, John.

The Evansville office and friends of Mr. W. J. Lang, local manager, received a shock Monday morning, February 1, in the news of a horrible accident to his mother, Mrs. J. W. Lang. Mrs. Lang, who had been an invalid for several years, was fatally burned in an accident. Before the fire could be extinguished by her husband and Mrs. W. J. Lang, who were in a different part of the house, the flames had covered her entire body. She was removed to St. Mary's Hospital immediately, but all efforts of skilled physicians to save her life were fruitless and she died at 1.00 a. m., February 2. The funeral was held Friday, February 5, and the remains laid to rest in Oak Hill cemetery.

The Evansville office was the scene of much bustle and stir Tuesday and Wednesday, February 1 and 2. With a "Sis Boom Rah" the big salesmen's meeting was on, with Chicago officials, Mr. N. R. Grimshaw, Mr. Wm. Tell and Mr. T. E. McCahill present. The meeting lasted two days, during which time all enjoyed a real session of what we term a real Fest in the art of the selling game, and the good sound policies of the company. We feel that each and every salesman started homeward, chuck full and running over with new ideas, and an inspiration to "Sell the full line."

Gilbert Heldt, cashier, Evansville main office, has returned to duty after a two week's illness.

Harold Burgess, assistant cashier, is convalescing at the Deaconess hospital from a recent operation. He is reported getting along nicely.

February 14 marked the turning point in the life of our bookkeeper, Ray Butterworth, when he took Miss Nell Collier by the right hand and said "I do." Congratulations, Ray, and thanks for the cigars and candy.

The bunch in the back office are getting quite enthusiastic over their checker game since Miss Leahy has her new plaid skirt.

Our bowling team still insist they will bring home the bacon in the Industrial Leage when the smoke clears up; we still boast top place, with a two game lead.

Oppie Alexander, smole a smile the other day, the first he has smole for a long, long time; there's a reason.

Our office was honored in February by a visit from Messrs. Slater, Oldenberg and Hobein, of Chicago. Also Mr. Guilfoile, of South Bend, gave us a call while attending the convention of the Rotary Club, held here February 22.

Our manager, Mr. Lang, was visited last week by one of the old guards of the family, Mr. Wm. Baker, agent at Frankfort, Mich. Mr. Baker was enroute to Florida for a vacation.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

The "Ole Hay-maker" during the last few days has inspired a lot of enthusiasm in the baseball fans of the Grand Rapids office and the team is preparing

for spring practice down south—South Division street. The team looks fast this year, on paper.

On February 11, the stork left "just the sweetest bit of humanity" at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Smits, Grand Rapids. She weighed 7½ pounds and her name is Mary Jeanne. This is their first child and you just ought to see how Paul's hair curls now. Paul is salesman on the Grand Rapids Polarine tank truck. Congratulation, "Pa" and "Ma"—'n that ain't all: We were wondering why Elsa Frey, of the marketing department, smiled so when she heard the news. Ah! we know: Mary Jeanne was born on her 'steenth birthday. A few enjoyed the birthday cake.

Mrs. Lester Edwards, wife of our agent at Ionia, underwent an operation at the Blodgett Memorial hospital, Grand Rapids, on February 15. It is reported that she is doing nicely.

There is one man in the Grand Rapids field who is anything but in love with Michigan winters. It's Joseph Brown, lubricating engineer of the Grand Rapids office. Just as sure as winter rolls around, Joe catches his ANNUAL cold, which boards with him until "Ole Man Boreas" waves his hand "Adieu" along about April 1. Joe, why don't you invent some darn thing to warm up this part of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Sholty, of Niles, Mich., are the proud parents of an 8½-pound baby girl, "Betty Louise," who arrived on February 23. Did you see the picture of Claude, who is agent at Niles, Mich., in the December issue? If so, you'll agree with us that Betty ought to be a "bouncer."

Clifford Worden, salesman out of Grand Rapids, is suffering from a slight relapse of influenza, with which he was severely ill some two years ago. Cliff tell it to "flu" away.

A near-riot occurred in the office the other day in the vicinity of that hurried equipment department, when one of the fair damsels reported her "satchel" with all her loose coin, as missing. Ann and "'er-gang" are always up to something anyway. Then she called up the street car company to see if she left it there, 'n everything. We hate to smile over this tragic affair, but Ann should have known her mischievous co-workers a little better. It was hanging over the back of her chair all the while. Ann—oh, say can't you see?

Mr. L. D. Hyde, chief clerk at St. Joseph, Mo., and former assistant chief clerk at Grand Rapids, blew in the office on February 26, with a broad smile and a "Howdy" to his friends.

We are wishing good luck to our new agents, whom we are introducing below:

Mr. Philip Hubbard at Tekonsha.
Mr. H. M. Smoll at Centerville.
Mr. T. F. Hemenway at Colon.
Mr. Harry Graves at Burr Oak.
Mr. Robert Hayden at Cassopolis.
Mr. H. E. Gebhard at Vandalia.
Mr. Chas. E. Smith at Edwardsburg.
Jas. H. Gleason at Cadillac.

Glad to have you join the family, fellows.

To the Editor:—That "Bruin" steak is all off. Jim Spearow never said a word, but "flew" back to Sturgis. Upon investigation we find that the bear is still enjoying the exhilarating air of the northern woods. We are now of the opinion that Jim is satisfied with one "dear" at home, with nothing at stake.

The auto show at Grand Rapids was the drawing card for many of our agents last week. While here they felt they "auto" visit the headquarters, the source of many letters to them. The following are those that put in their appearance and we were all glad to see them:

Mr. F. L. Anderson of Reed City.
Mr. George Wheeler of Wayland.
Mr. John Bouma of Zeeland.
Mr. Wm. Bradley, Sr., of Greenville.
Mr. F. L. Sharkey of Albion.

When the boys held their annual banquet at the Elks' temple some time ago, they were honored by the presence of Ora Feller, our agent at Howard City. The fellows say that Ora Feller is a regular "feller."

Do trucks break loose? Our agent at Hamilton, Mr. A. Lubbers, says they do. He left his truck standing on the top of a hill about 300 feet high. When he came back from delivering two buckets of Perfection Oil, the truck had disappeared. Well, to make a long story short, Andrew found his truck in the river. In its flight, it found a narrow passageway between the bridge and a telephone pole, and leaped into the river. Now we want to know, did it break loose or were the brakes loose?

Mr. R. M. Carlisle, lubricating correspondent of the Grand Rapids office, and his wife, were called to South Bend, Ind., on account of the death of Mrs. Carlisle's mother. We wish to extend our sympathy to the bereaved.

Mr. Lester Edwards, our agent at Ionia, visited the office last week. It is always inspiring to talk with Lester, who is an enthusiastic S. O. Co. worker.

Again, Miss Valeria Gough—We do not question your ability as a fisherman, Valeria. You have done exceptionally well for Indiana folks in Michigan waters. But speaking about catching 'em—one of our young lady stenographers went on a fishing trip last summer, and she came back with a broad smile, for she had not only caught a string of large fish, but also the man who owned the lake. How's that for a catch?

The two fair brunettes in the marketing department have an awful craving for Martha Washington chocolates, which is the Grand Rapids popular brand. It seems there is a lot of talking about them, but talking never did help a craving appetite. Bring 'em on.

We didn't know there had been any announcement sent out that you were not to send in any news to the Grand Rapids correspondent of the Stanolind Record. Tell us when you got the announcement or send in some news.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

After a continuous service of thirty-eight years, eleven months, dating from March 10, 1882, as an employe of the Consolidated Tank Line Co., Hannibal, Mo., and chief clerk of this division since September 3, 1903, Mr. John F. Hinch retires from active duty to enjoy a well earned rest as such an enviable record merits. His fellow employees presented him with an elegant wardrobe trunk—only a slight token of their esteem. J. F. was a past master at quick thinking; truly, his dry but humorous repartee will long be remembered by all. Geo. W. Ashman, hailing from St. Joseph, Mo., succeeds Mr. Hinch and bids for our whole-hearted support with his slogan: "PULL TOGETHER—LET'S GO."

Her name is Florence (a pretty name if you don't stutter) and etiquettely addressed as "Miss Lyons," of the equipment department;" for looks she has her name bested many city blocks, but what we started out to say was—Florence has secretly hoped and, of course, wished to have her name appear in this column—so ends our pleasant duty.

Iron barrels are being treated to a new and startling system by C. L. Mouncey, Indianapolis Form 06 "foreman." Hearken to this (reported by our head office boy and embryo newshound)—"Referring to your favor of yesterday, please send us this resale barrel by return M-A-I-L."

Dear Editor:—We hesitate to send in birth notices, as the "newly arrived" may be well on the tumultous sea of matrimony ere the printed article reaches the interested members of the very interesting S. O. Co. family. Very Cruelly, THE VELVET HAMMER.

In wrecking an old dwelling on a new Service Station site, some dust covered jugs of promise were found in the cellar. To those who toted them home with scrupulous care, the packages of great possibilities proved to contain a very poor grade of—catsup.

Ben Fettig, salesman, tried to think of something that would filter through into this column, but with no success until he ran across a 50 cent table de hote dinner (all you can eat, mind you). When Ben called for his fifth cup of coffee somewhat previous to the pie course, the chair collapsed, spilling Benjamin and his 250 avoirdupois—another feature story lost in the making.

How's this for taking a sporting chance with hungry Mr. Public—over at Terre Haute, the other day, a sign read: "All you can eat for 30 cents."

Auditor L. Hanna "blew in" from Evansville on "ground-hog day" and proceeded to get mislaid while following his shadow in our famous "lose em" Monument Circle.

Franklin, Ind., has been put on our service station map, with Chester Cook in charge, assisted by Walter Roberts.

L. J. Wahl has been promoted to the service station auditing department as collector. Louis "slings" a wicked Ford already.

R. Baity (single) has been transferred from service station work to a desk in the sales department. His big brown eyes are working havoc among our fair sex population. Have a heart, Roscoe!

When Lloyd White, Dana, Ind., agent, received a notice of shipment, he sizzled the long distance wire as to how a big 10 feet by 30 feet storage tank could be unloaded in a 10x20 town. The commotion subsided considerably when shipment in question proved to be an innocent "tank only on wagon frame."

"Utility John" McGrath worked three "tricks" the other day, 6:00 a. m. to 10:30 p. m., then he called Superintendent McCallian "out of the hay" in hopes No. 113, which stays open until midnight, might need him.

William Krumrine has been added to the service station force as attendant at No. 72, Indianapolis.

With potato planting time bearing down in Indiana, Fulton's record fishing story is seasonable. Charley is a past master at bait casting and even more so since he hooked a rice hen (wild duck, if you are not particular) in mid-air as a test of skill, last fall. As there were no eye witnesses to this remarkable stunt, it's a real fish yarn, all right, still Charley is agent at Cambridge City and his veracity has never been questioned.

As pilot of the two-horse dray through a recent snowstorm, W. Revel only needed a pair of steam heated ear-muffs to pass as a regular driver.

Chas. Ross, agent instructor, never tires of relating the ripening process he used on the "tenderfoot" checker, Clifford Wyman, rather inappropriately attired in a Palm Beach suit. Charley wound up a strenuous 16-hour cold day over the "mountains" of Brown county by sleeping Clifford in a stable.

One of John Stoner's primary worries is when he is supposed to break the monotony by discarding the pea green sweater vest given him by the tank wagon men.

For lack of suitable hay lofts, Inspectors Chas. French and James Hereth "stopped" at a couple of spare rooms in the Franklin, Ind., jail. Everything went lovely until Jim lost his way through the corridor and locked himself in one of the regular cells, where he battled cooties until morning.

The refined oil and gasoline department is much brighter now, owing to a recent addition of a sparkler. Said "crystallized carbon" is decorating the third finger, left, of Miss Helen Cole.

Price changes have brought out a thrilling battle between Helen Schell, stencil expert and "Speedy Al," engineer of the mimeograph. It looks like a draw, although Alfred is an occasional favorite when he shouts "more wheat!"

Friends of E. J. (Brick) Hicks, our tractor surgeon, threw him a regular surprise, including the silver—it was his 25th wedding anniversary. The celebration broke up in the small wee hours, but not until the rugs had been stacked and a regular old fashioned "hoe-down" indulged in.

C. F. Hamilton was having some little competition with the other drivers, such as Clarence Eddy, Sylvester Snyder and James Brown, as to who would be the first to disturb the filling shed around six o'clock a. m. "Ham" has now moved across the street from the plant and serves notice on his opponents he is prepared to defend his title without mercy.

When the young man and his best girl strolled into Service station 90 at Muncie in quest of an emergency can of Red Crown to start the "balky fliver" some squares away, and failed to have the necessary extra "bean" for the can, Arlie Heritage, attendant, knew his rule book well when he held the "best girl" as collateral until the "young blood" brought the can back.

Ray Miller, Service Station 118, is enjoying (?) army strawberries (prunes) at the Rockhill Sanatorium, Fort Thomas, while taking treatment for possible complications, account of being severely gassed while with the Rainbow Division. Ray enlisted early in the "Big Scrap" but seems as anxious now to check out of the hospital as he was to get to France.

"Good morning, Judge"—Delbert Wilmeth, lub. salesman, has announced his candidacy for the nomination for City Judge, subject to the May primary election. "Come into Court!"

TERRE HAUTE, IND

They call him the "harness oil duke;" every time he sees a set of rusty harness he cries "Eureka" and unearths another customer. Who does? Why, T. W. Superintendent Meredith.

Charley Friend comes from Service Station duty to succeed Herschel Fagg on the tank truck.

J. W. Okes and Charley High are not a noisy pair at Service Station 13, but their commission checks at the end of the month—that's different.

Wm. Oliver and Wayne Tryon, attendants at the newer Service Stations 141 and 155 say just because they are "baby members" that "baby results" should not be expected from them. Already they are showing signs of mingling up among the best.

R. F. (Chick) Gardner serves notice on all other Service Station men to "close their windshields," for he has his mind "all set" on raising a dust cloud in Polarine sales.

Herschel Fagg, late toter of T. W. buckets, but now graduated to city salesman, is pulling an order book as regularly as he did the old Morrison faucet.

L. Houchin, drayman, says the boys sell the stuff, but he makes it stick. What we mean is, he does make it stick, too.

If you don't believe Roy Tolliver, R. F. Phillips or Wm. Croxton of the office are "candy kids" on the selling game, drop in and see if you can get out without buying something.

ANDERSON

C. B. Murphy, drayman, has been picking up barrels galore, it seems. The other night at supper (or dinner if your brows run high) his wife asked him to pass the bread and he inquired rather absent-mindedly: "Black or Galvanized?"

C. V. Tippen certainly is leading a contented life on the country tank truck. One of the answers —chicken dinners.

The North Anderson route is causing C. K. Likens to turn into a fashion plate. The boys around the plant will wait until he takes to spats and then there will be an investigation, not to mention, thorough.

A bigger truck will be necessary if Ray J. Rector continues to take on weight.

H. E. Shuman, pencil pusher and A. C. Retz, Service Station 134, might qualify as censors of all modern dances, being the last word in close observers at all meetings of the Live Wire Club.

Geo. Lewis, Service Station 134 says what he says, 'tis enuf: "How many"—"Do you want any Polarine or Semdac?"

JOLIET, ILL.

The Joliet office employees have organized a social club which will keep things humming in a social way from now on. About the first thing the club did was to buy a phonograph which has been placed in the salesmen's room to lend cheer to the noonday lunchers. A weinie-roast party has been arranged for, and the club expects to stage a number of social events in the near future. The officers of the new club are as follows: President, Joe (Miss) Horn; secretary, Carl Kallman; treasurer, Ethel Dixon.

Our Joliet girls' bowling team is meeting with wonderful success in their contests with rival feminine teams in Joliet. They have hard luck sometimes in practice work, but when it comes to honest-to-goodness games, why the pins just naturally lay down the way they want them to. Here is the roster of our team: Miss Baldwin, Miss Martin, Miss Morrisey, Miss Otis, Miss Peterson. (Action pictures, please.)

Well, someone has stopped our editor's headache by supplying him at least one birth announcement in this month's Record, and say folks, we have a dandy—you all know J. P. Normoyle, our former assistant manager. Well, his wife just told the stork she wanted a ten pound boy, and say, she got it. Mr. Normoyle didn't care about seeing the baby first, he wanted to talk to the stork. Do you blame him? An eight pound boy. Anyway we all extended our heartiest congratulations to both of them and sent the mother a beautiful basket of flowers. Suppose we have to make another position open on our staff of Board of Directors for J. P., Jr.

Speaking of storks—someone suggested the other day to Dan Otis that the stork was doing a thriving business. Dan says he is not interested at the present time, but is perfectly willing to talk business later on.

Lillian Trackman, our general stenographer, made a resolution at New Years NOT to roll her eyes the coming year, but Harvey Brockway insists the resolution was made to be broken.

Dan Otis has been having the time of his young life inspecting the new Cadillac and Dodge cars, which have been purchased for our manager and assistant manager. After one ride in the Cadillac, Dan went around the office trying to give his Ford coupe away.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

On February 7, ten of the employees in the office enjoyed a "Bobbing Party and Boston Wiggle" feed given by Miss Gladice Tuttle. It was spoken of as a "real party" with frozen feet and some bruises as remembrances.

A meeting of the salesmen of the La Crosse division was held February 9 and 10. Realizing that we can all be salesmen "after a fashion," the meeting Tuesday afternoon was open to the office force as well. Interesting ten minute talks were given by our manager, Mr. J. H. Lambert, Mr. J. L. Carter of Chicago, Mr. Conley of the Specialty department, Chicago, and Mr. R. V. Thomas, Fargo, N. D.

We are glad to welcome Even Evenson, former station examiner, as one of the office force. There is a certain some one who has been wearing a radiant smile since this change has taken place.

Bill Schwalbe has again made his appearance in the equipment department after an absence of three weeks with scarlet fever.

H. W. Rennebohm has just completed his correspondence course in business letter writing with La Salle Extension University of Chicago, and has also been appointed La Crosse representative for this course. Don't all apply at once.

A. B. Nichols, chief clerk, has been serving on the Circuit court jury during the February term.

Oscar Johnson, mailing clerk, resigned March 1, and has accepted a position with the Security Savings bank.

We are all glad to hear that Edna Greenwald, who has been home ill for the past month, is on the road to recovery.

R. E. Cahill, clerk at Chippewa Falls, Wis., for the past seven months, has been made station examiner, succeeding Even Evenson.

Meetings for Agents were held at convenient points for those of the surrounding territory: February 22 at Winona, February 23 at La Crosse, and February 25 at Viroqua.

Mr. E. R. Remp was absent from the office for a week schooling a new salesman, Mr. Geo. V. Anderson, in "The Art of Selling."

Miss Florence Young left Friday, March 4th, for a week's vacation, She will be the guest of Mrs. Robert Randall at Mason City, Iowa.

You couldn't help but realize that February 14 was Valentine day. At the office most of them "said it with flowers."

The power called Fate certainly is merciful. It happens that when Zita takes an afternoon off, there is always an empty desk in the stock department, too.

Effective January 24, Mr. H. W. Erickson succeeded Mr. Louis M. Hanson as agent at Whitehall, Wis.

Hoorah for Aunt Linda! That explains for the dear little caps and booties, and it's a boy—just what she ordered.

Miss Ella Womeldorf is planning a short trip to Winona next month. That sounds rather mysterious and will bear investigation.

WELL! JOLIET MUST BE QUITE A PLACE!

This is a view of accounting department of the Joliet office. It is on the second floor of the Joliet division's beautiful new office building. To our minds, this picture is not at all complete, as it cuts off the most interesting department, the cashier's cage.

Miss Linda Lubes was seen in the office on the morning of February 26 with a rather suspicious looking ornament on the third finger of her left hand. She has nothing to say and we have the privilege of forming our own conclusions.

Miss Lucile Frizzel successfully passed another milestone on St. Valentine day. Many happy returns, Lucile. We also desire to congratulate Dr. Young, who is especially interested in this particular valentine.

Mr. Henry Knothe, cashier, has been wearing the smile that won't come off since he inherited the title of "Grand Daddy." Congratulations.

We regret to report the death of Mr. Chas. Roesner, father-in-law of Mr. Henry Liso of the La Crosse office.

Miss Alice Ortwein after submitting to a stiff jaw for several days, got it in the neck and had a pretty stiff time of it. She finally had some nerve removed.

MANKATO, MINN.

Mr. J. L. Carter, assistant general manager, paid a visit to Mankato offices on February 3rd, in company with Mr. Conroy of the Chicago force and Mr. Thomas of Fargo. Mr. Carter addressed the sales force of the Mankato division, and also spoke to the entire office force, making a very forceful appeal to all who were fortunate enough to hear him. Following the Thursday meeting the sales and office forces were entertained at the Elk's club by the management of the Mankato Division. Business cares were laid aside for the time and the evening spent in tripping the light fantastic, modernly styled the fox trot or toddle. Mr. Wm. (Bill) Clark, he of service station fame, presided at the punch bowl, and prize-winner Armstrong again demonstrated his superiority at the terpsichorean art. The gentlemen present far outnumbered the ladies, but this did not spoil the good time, as all of the men seemed to be satisfied to sit on the side-lines and watch the antics of the trap-drummer, who proved to be equal to everything expected of him. The party broke up at an early hour, as the following day was a work day, with everyone regretting that such a function could not be held weekly instead of once a year.

The Red Crown Club, a social organization for employees of the Mankato division, was organized at a meeting held in the company offices on February 12th. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Waldemar Scherer, president; John Krier, vice president; Frank Brown, treasurer; Mary Ryan, secretary. The new officers proceeded to get busy immediately and the first party of the new organization was announced for Monday, February 14. After considerable discussion it was voted to hold a coasting party on the hills of Mankato, with the usual luncheon to follow, but, the bright sunshine spoiled the plans by obliterating the snow and ice and making coasting impossible. The Red Crown Club then announced a card party and box social at the company's offices on Monday, February 21. The following chairmen of commettees were appointed to carry out the plans for this party, Joe Mayer, all equipment for the party; Jessie Lynard, refreshments and service; Frank Brown, rules, prizes and scores; John Krier, clearing space for the party. All club members and their friends were entertained. Progressive five hundred was played for two hours at which Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Humm captured the prizes—a Moore fountain pen and an Eversharp pencil. John Krier and Clem Nuebel insist that Clarence Humm and his better half diligently practiced the game for two weeks preceding the party. Following the awarding of prizes a box social was hugely enjoyed

THEY HAD A BOXING BOUT AND EVERYTHING

These are the men who daily meet the motorists of Minneapolis and represent to them the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). They are a fine, though in this picture a rather hungry looking lot, withal. The banquet was held February 3 at the Curtis hotel. The program included a boxing bout with Lawrence and George Fischer as principals and Mr. Vincent as referee. Mr. Vincent called the match a draw, thereby proving that he possesses diplomacy as well as fistic judgment. Mr. Freeman was toastmaster and Mr. Holt and Mr. Quackenbush entertained with songs and stories.

An auction sale was conducted at which the shadows of the ladies were thrown upon a screen to be bid upon.

The upstairs office of the Mankato Division issued a challenge to the downstairs office to meet in mortal combat on the bowling alleys to decide forever the office championship. The great event took place on the afternoon of Washington's birthday and we record here that, in our belief, the upstairs office will forevermore be silent. They swere vanquished 390 pins, which is some "vanquish." As Mr. Pinney (upstairs) so eloquently stated—"Well, we aimed right, but we didn't hit what we aimed at."

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Mr. and Mrs. James Foley are the proud parents of a ten-pound baby boy. Mr. Foley, who is our agent at Campbellsport, which is in the central division, is already looking forward to the time when James, Jr., will be able to get out on the truck and help him sell "LUBRICATE."

The following have been Cupid's targets: Miss Rose Rubin, of the bookkeeping department, who was engaged to Dr. Jos. Seidelman on January 16, 1921; Harold Howe, record department, whose enagagement to Miss Gladys Wenzel has been announced. They have been radiating their happiness by means of contagious smiles and the Milwaukee force wishes them smooth sailing when they embark upon the sea of matrimony. Congratulations!

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

The agent at Perham was to be married on a recent date. Two days before the marriage the agent received notice to come into the office on the day he was to be married. The wife to be agreed to a postponement. That's what we call LOYALTY.

Mr. H. A. Damkroger, salesman, is now a district superintendent and will have his headquarters at St. Cloud. Harold says, "They'll all be using Red Crown after he's on the job six months."

Mr. C. W. McCabe, specialty salesman, St. Paul, is an uncle of the famous boxers Mike and Tommy Gibbons. McCabe is quite clever himself.

Mr. Cochran, our new manager, is beginning to like Minneapolis. We knew he would.

Keep your eyes on the Minneapolis division agents in 1921. They all heard the shot, all started from scratch and it's going to be SOME RACE.

The Red Crown Social Club pulled off another dance recently. Regular events and all successes.

Mr. N. R. Hareid, salesman, has been promoted to district superintendent and will have his headquarters at Willmar, Minn.

Walter Beaudoin has left the city desk and is now a sub-station examiner. L. H. Wood is assisting Hugh Moshier at the desk.

Mr. Keilman has been made superintendent of construction. Mr. McGrath succeeded him as superintendent of the warehouse and garage, Minneapolis.

THE MEN WHO MEAN STANDARD OIL TO ST. PAUL

Here are the service station attendants at St. Paul having a banquet. Names were not given by the correspondent but he did call attention to that white vest and tie—but who could miss them? Also, note the miniature service station in the background. More than any other group of company employees the service station attendants mean "Standard Oil" to the public at large, and we are glad to see that we are represented at St. Paul by such a clean, intelligent looking bunch of men.

Mr. Walter W. Johnson, salesman, was married on February 23. Walter certainly has the good wishes of all of us.

PEORIA, ILL.

"Shorty" Johnson, our tiny warehouse superintendent, made his annual presentation of valentines to the girls in the Peoria office. This is an annual treat on Tom's part and is looked forward to with great interest. Tom has such wonderful taste in the selection of his valentines.

Little Miss Beth Battin, aged 6, daughter of W. R. Battin, division superintendent in Peoria field, passed away at her home in Peoria on January 25. Little Beth was ill only 24 hours and her death came as a shock to all who knew her. Mr. Battin was away at the time and did not know of her illness until after she passed away.

The annual sales meeting was held on February 9 at Peoria office, where we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. N. R. Grimshaw, the new assistant general manager. Accompanying him was Mr. T. E. McCahill of the Chicago office. Both made several addresses throughout the day on matters pertaining to business for the coming year, as did Mr. J. R. Coleman, manager at Peoria, and Mr. G. T. Phillips, the newly appointed assistant manager at Peoria office. The three newly appointed division superintendents, Mr. M. C. Nofsinger, Mr. W. R. Battin and Mr. C. F. Eberle, also gave very interesting addresses.

Mr. S. E. Toice has joined the selling force of Peoria office and has been assigned to the Watseka field. Mr. Toice has had considerable experience with tractors and steam engines and we are looking forward to great things from him.

Mr. T. W. Jones has joined the selling force of Peoria office and has been assigned to Beardstown territory. Mr. Jones is a thoroughly experienced oil salesman and should have no trouble in being a 100 percenter in his field.

On February 5, eleven of our very prominent girls from the Peoria office gave a chicken dinner at Block & Kuhl's tea room. Those in attendance were as follows: Misses Zillah Prichard, Alice Fitzpatrick, Wanda Powers, Bernice Moran, Mary Holquist, Margaret Hopkins, Hannah Ahrends, Dorothy McKee, Ruth Nolan, Kathryn Adams, Kathryn Lyons.

Mr. Paul Johnson, traffic manager at Peoria, and Mr. Cletus Wagner, his assistant, have recovered from their terrible fright due to the fact they thought they both had the "mumps." They at first tried the old time-worn "Eat a pickle" test, which did not help matters or relieve their state of minds. However, upon the advice of their physicians they have discontinued chewing gum and are again back to normal health.

We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. R. H. Swanston, our agent at Oneida, Ill., addressed to Peoria correspondent, wherein he states that it is a pleasure for him to be connected with S. O. Co. of Indiana. He gives the following reasons for assuming this attitude. "Red Crown Gasoline always gives 100% satisfaction. All of my customers are

satisfied customers. Polarine Oils and Greases are the best and give the most satisfaction to all users in my territory. Everyone out this way respects the S. O. Co. on account of their fair and honest business methods."

QUINCY, ILL.

Miss Janie Donnell is a recent addition to the check department. She came to us from the Quincy Coal Co. She'll find a difference in the use of coal and gasoline.

Miss Esther Taylor, formerly of the United Cereal Mills Co., is a new employee in the order department.

Miss Edith Graham, sales sheet writer, is spending a few days in Chicago on business.

George Beil seems to be the champion dancer of the office. It is mentioned that he received a prize at the Married Men's Dancing Club for showing 'em some new stunts.

Mr. C. C. Whitney, formerly of Gardner Governor Co., is one of our new bookkeepers.

Henry Dirks has decided to stay with the Standard Oil Co. Henry says he likes the atmosphere and surroundings here. We think it is the new office headquarters.

Donald Streers evidently is a good speller, having received special note at the Young Peoples' Society at the Christian Church, during a contest for spelling words forward and backward. Glad to know some of our boys know orthography.

Miss Helen Hall is spending her vacation in Denver, Colo. Wonder if she will come back Single or a la Schaefer.

Our office boy, Aldo Schwagmeyer, is doing things up right by having a case of measles. That's alright, Aldo, we will send the flowers.

Miss Blanche Perry is now treasurer of the Business Women's Club. Some of this club like eating, so Perry had better watch the cash.

Mr. S. B. Gaines is a transfer from the stock department to the check department. Gaines says he likes checks better than stock, so is satisfied with the change.

Gerhardt Bartel is leaving us to go to his old headquarters at Building & Loan office.

Gertrude Aller, a new steno in the order department, was formerly employed at Otis Elevator Co.

Harold Lummis is an added member to the equipment department.

Walter Kampling has resigned. Walter, who intends to battle with the wild and woolly west for a change, is employed by the Western Oil Stations Co., Sapulpa, Okla.

SAGINAW, MICH.

Another enjoyable dancing party was given by the Standard Oil Co. employees at the K. C. club rooms on February 3. The music was fine and the floor excellent.

Mr. Carl Buchbinder, of the stock department, has been made cashier. Evidently, this seemed the best way out, as Mr. Buchbinder is dangerous running around at large in the office.

Miss Mildred Price, stenographer in the traffic department, was granted a leave of absence and is now enjoying herself in Florida.

A little fairy just arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Merow. The office force congratulates and wishes to thank Mr. and Mrs. Merow for the cigars and candy.

The system of relieving the agents from making out O44's and O45's seems to be causing quite a commotion in the check department. The system will prove satisfactory if too much work is not put on one person.

We are wondering if Mrs. Osborn of the iron barrell department got the right seat at the Mid-Winter Frolic. How about it, Mrs. Osborn?

Listen—it sounds like a team of oxen coming down the aisle. Don't worry, it's just the girls wearing "goulashes." They are looking for snow most any day.

Mr. Malcolm Sheltraw, head of the sales department, has been made refined oil correspondent.

Miss Wiltse came into the office this afternoon wearing a dress which she purchased this noon. Evidently, she believes in the sign "Cash & Carry."

PORT HURON

Cy Bell, country tank wagon driver, is still selling Semdac Liquid Gloss although the roads are in bad shape.

Joe Beatty, service station collector, has not been feeling very well for the past two days. No one here asked him why.

Charlie Bell, the Eureka Harness Oil King, is wondering if he is going to get to Whiting.

L. C. Reip, new "A" station agent at Port Huron, is moving this week from Bay City. Louie says he likes Port Huron.

George Schermerhorn, warehouse foreman, states that although business is rather in a depressed condition, he is still rolling out Polarine and Red Crown Gasoline.

Wm. Morrisson, stake truck driver, is looking forward to his vacation. Billy usually goes to Detroit, Grand Rapids, Saginaw and Whiting.

L. E. Patterson, service station superintendent from Saginaw, was in Port Huron. Pat passed the cigars, but we don't know why.

George O'Brien, realty buyer, came over to purchase some property in Marysville for the company. He never told us why he considered purchasing real estate at 11 p. m.

Ralph A. Lilly seemed to be in a great rush to get back to Saginaw from Port Huron. We know Ralph, the chop suey restaurant produced a "live" time, and the mayor says you owe him an apology. For further information, ask Ralph.

The Standard Oil Co. was well represented in Port Huron during January, there being 22 employees there from the different departments

FLINT

We were greatly pleased to have Mr. L. J. Thompson, manager and Mr. E. R. Soop, Assistant manager, come down and look over our new plant, and also that our former manager, Mr. E. P. Galbreath, was able to drop in and look us over with them.

We have moved into the new warehouse and office, and we feel a lot more important than we did a few months ago.

The employees of the Standard Oil Co., Flint, met at their new office building, Saturday evening, January 22, and had a card party in honor of Mr. W. H. VanLieu who has been promoted to station examiner out of the Saginaw office. After an enjoyable party and supper, Mr. L. C. Havens presented Mr. VanLieu with a gold watch and chain from his former associates.

George Wolcott has been spending a week at Hurley hospital. Mr. Wolcott has been an employee of this company for about 18 years and this is his first sickness. We are pleased to say that "Dad" is improving and will be on the job in another week.

Mr. W. H. Harris has started smoking 10c cigars. It is rumored that he got first prize in a progressive card party, also that Frank Starkweather was present but he isn't smoking cigars.

Mr. E. M. Staples has been promoted from service station attendant at No. 14 to cashier at Flint office.

Mr. Chauncey Shaw is showing us that he can sell goods outside of a service station.

CHEBOYGAN

We are enjoying very nice winter. The snow is nearly gone and the ground being frozen makes it possible for us to use our trucks.

A. A. Merritt and W. A. Peppler enjoyed skating at the municipal rink Wednesday evening. They report skating good on the Straits of Mackinac.

C. L. Adams has returned from a trip over the territory and reports many factories closed for the winter, or until conditions change.

ALPENA

Look Out!! Daniel O. Ryan, tank wagon driver, is out after the scalp of the person or persons who struck his prize bull dog Jeff, a sufficient blow on the head to extract the animal's left eye. Much to Dan's regret, he expects to have the animal chloroformed.

Elmer Kressley and Stewart Brown, Saginaw mechanics, made an inspection of the trucks at Alpena, Wednesday. They continued on to Cheboygan Wednesday evening, and from there they intended to drive a truck to Saginaw for an overhauling, the roads being in excellent condition.

Napoleon Serre, traveling salesman, is desirous of entering the "pie eating" contest established among the crew at Alpena, and his name will be acted upon at the next meeting of the Board of Directors.

Daniel O. Ryan (the custard pie fiend) has been chosen to represent the "crew" at the next contest. Oscar Riley has the championship thus far.

Napoleon Serre drove a motor truck from Alpena to Saginaw to be overhauled, returning Sunday noon with his Ford roadster, which had been at Saginaw for some time receiving a general overhauling and painting.

Mr. R. P. Fitzpatrick, district superintendent, is spending a few days here this week, getting acquainted. This is his first trip to Alpena.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

The St. Joseph division had the misfortune to lose our former chief clerk, Mr. G. W. Ashman, on February 1, Mr. Ashman having been promoted to the position of chief clerk at Indianapolis, Ind. This is a promotion justly deserved by our Mr. Ashman, and each employe in the St. Joseph division wishes him continued success in his new position. On Wednesday, January 26, the employees had our assistant manager, Mr. T. V. Warren, call Mr. Ashman down into his office and then rushed in on him with a little token or gift, to show our appreciation of his friendship and his ability as a leader. The gift was a beautiful nineteen-jewel Elgin watch in a solid gold case, with chain and knife attached. The presentation speech was made by our able orator, Mr. Waller R. Young, who commented on Mr. Ashman's splendid record during the six years he was chief clerk in St. Joseph. We regret very much indeed to lose Mr. Ashman, but are all overjoyed at this promotion. Mr. Ashman is succeeded by Mr. L. D. Hyde, who came to us from the Grand Rapids division, and we all feel sure that even though we lost a capable leader, our Chicago office has furnished us with a leader capable of stepping right in and taking charge of the chief clerk's desk in the St. Joseph Division.

The St. Joseph Division has been under the direct management of Mr. J. W. Power for twenty years and a few months, and on Monday, January 17, Mr. Power, who had just returned from Chicago, called all of the employees into the auditing department and informed us that he would retire as manager of the St. Joseph division on March 15. While every employee in this division regretted very much indeed to hear this news, yet they were glad to learn that Mr. Power was now entitled to a lifelong rest, after a period of nearly thirty-five years' service with the Standard Oil Company in the St. Joseph division. On Wednesday, January 26, the employees in the St. Joseph division presented Mr. Power with a beautiful twenty-one jewel Elgin watch in a solid gold case, with chain and knife attached, as a token of friendship and remembrance. The presentation speech was made by Mr. J. H. Robertson, another one of our able orators.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

The salesmen's meeting of the St. Louis division, held on February 9 and 10, was voted by all present as one of the best and most enthusiastic ever held in this division.

The meeting was addressed along the most instructive lines by Assistant General Manager, R. G. Stewart, our own Manager, A. P. Robinson, and Assistant Manager L. W. Cameron. It is very evident to any one who had any sense of observation that their remarks were driven home as all who attended the meeting seemed to take on new life and pep. The slogan "Sell the Full Line, Let's Go" is in force at St. Louis as a result of this meeting. The accounting department was ably represented by Chief Clerk Skinner and Assistant Chief Clerk Long.

A sumptuous banquet was held at the American hotel annex the night of February 10. Assistant Manager Cameron ably performed his duties as toastmaster. He saw to it that someone representing every department of the division either spoke, sang or danced. This made everyone feel at home and created the best feeling of good fellowship among all present.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

The office force spent a pleasant evening recently at cards. Tables were arranged for 500, Bridge and High 5. Mr. Elster and Mrs. Dyer won the prizes, they being specially fortunate in holding hands. Our manager, Mr. Thayer, gave a short talk in his usual pleasing manner; Mr. Schleth responded to "Days of Yore" and Mr. Dyer, "Some Few Years Ago." Light refreshments were served and all departed with that "we'll come soon again spirit."

A little bird tells us that ere this reaches us Miss Fern Kozac will have become Mrs. Wm. Schanks. The wedding is to take place March 8 with Miss Evelyn Peterson as maid of honor. Numerous showers and courtesies are planned, Fern having many friends among us.

Miss Iona DeCamp and Miss Marion Jones have been transferred, the former to Yankton, S. D., and the latter to Cherokee, Iowa. The girls have made many friends during their stay with us and we are sorry to have them leave.

Excellent service we have been getting over the Automatic since George Swanson joined us. Stand in at the main office. Let the good work go on George.

Some handsome Jane, Joe Gordon was stepping it off with the other nite. Strange how that boy do like Brunettes.

Marie Tinder invited Florence Krage, Mildred Page and Iona DeCamp to dinner, Friday, February 11, complimenting Iona, soon to leave for Yankton. After a sumptuous feed Marie chaperoned the bunch to the movie, and the pleasures of the evening were wound up with a Coca Cola at the Republic.

W. H. Young spent the week end at Ft. Dodge again. BIZNESS, we'll say it were.

It has been sed, Herman Nelson never stole anything in his life, but we saw him hook a screen door once.

Stars are brightest in Morningside, so saith Al Fehrman as he turned in his meal ticket at the dance. Never felt like this 'fore I met you, sed the valentine.

Mr. A. W. Dale retired February 1 to the annuity roll. He has served the Standard Oil Co. for 36 years in the capacity of cashier and has always been connected with the Sioux City office. His interests have been the Standard Oil Co.'s interests, and there are few men who have reported for duty as faithfully and regularly as Mr. Dale. His work was always a pleasure to him, always agreeable and pleasant, and it is needless to say that he will be missed at the cashier's desk, and in the field generally. The entire force of the office regrets his departure and trusts that his future days will be full of happy events and pleasant recreation, which he surely deserves. In token of respect and esteem the employees presented him with a diamond ring, which showed the date of his starting with the company and the date of his retirement, as well as his initials and the fact that it represented his fellow workers at the Sioux City office.

Fritz Hagy left this week for his new position as district superintendent, with headquarters at Sioux Falls. Our loss is Sioux Falls' gain, and we hope Fritz likes it there.

J. E. Willis has left for Yankton where he will take up his new duties as district superintendent. There's no need of wishing him success; he will get all of that, and a good time too. He has the right spirit.

Among recent changes in our office force are the following: Fred Weber to the sales force; Paul Mattiahdes to order clerk; Walter Goebel to cashier; Gus Rath to service station checking.

"Dutch" Abrahamson, well known to the Mankato, Huron, Fargo fields, is now with the Sioux City office. Says he feels right at home with the grand old S. O. C. Dutch was informed that our motto for this year is "Let's Go" but that has always been Dutch's motto, so he's right at home.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

It is with regret that we announce the death of our friend and fellow worker, Delbert K. Ward, which occurred at the home of his parents, Mishawaka, February 21, 1921, after an illness of two weeks with pneumonia. Mr. Ward was 34 years of age. He entered the employ of this company as bookkeeper and at the time of his death was employed in the sales department on the sales ledgers. Employees of this office will miss his presence and our sympathy is extended to the members of his family.

R. A. Fry, who has been operating a lubricating wagon at Fort Wayne, has been transferred back to Auburn as general salesman. Fort Wayne employees regret very much to loose him.

A. C. Linton, Fort Wayne, has a delivery body on his Ford now. "Al" says it comes mighty handy. He keeps busy hauling Finol to the service stations.

Charles White, the quiet young chap in the sales department, is on "sick leave." Charlie is having his tonsils removed and our most sincere wishes are for his early recovery.

Some comment has been made of the fact that a few names on the "second deck" have never as yet appeared in the Stanolind Record. Quite a number are very anxious to see their names in print. Well, we can't reach you all at once, but will slyly add that to date we have never refused a bribe.

Since Teddy Roosevelt's death a number of folks about the office have gotten the foolish notion that all 'Big Sticks' have ceased to be wielded. Such is not the case, however. For further particulars see Assistant Chief DuPark.

Ye Reporter just can't help remarking what a marked resemblance there is between Francis X. Bushman and our own Ed Hagerty, with his romantically wavy hair and his quiet easy walk! Look out, Eddy! The girls have their eyes on you!

Miss Nora Lewis, of the marketing department, has returned after a four-weeks' absence. We are glad to see you at your desk again and hope you have regained your health.

Miss Mabel Miller, of the service station department, has returned after a 60-days' leave of absence and it seems good to see her familiar face among us again.

The iron barrel department has moved from the second to the first floor. Iron barrels always were a noisy proposition.

Margaret Burns, our telephone operator, has taken to literature. She has mastered the first 78 pages of the new directory.

Paul Kevan, for the past two years city salesman at Fort Wayne, has resigned and accepted a position with the United Electric Co., of Canton, Ohio. We dislike to see him leave our organization, but he assures us that he will always plug for the S. O. Co.

John Dickson and Harry Gebhard, our two country drivers, say they hope the roads will soon dry up so they will not have to carry buckets a half mile to the farmers' tanks.

Charley Hunchie, our genial warehouseman at Fort Wayne, asked Agent E. D. Johnson, the other day if the Whiting refinery was being moved to Fort Wayne. Charlie was assured that the Fort Wayne organization will sell it all and cry for more.

WICHITA, KAN.

On January 30, Salesman Affholder's sister was killed near Alva, Okla., when a train ran into the auto in which she was riding. Miss Affholder was a teacher.

Mr. H. M. Burnett, formerly agent at Sedgwick, made the office a short visit recently.

Mrs. Elsie Dumbauld, cartage department, is at her desk again after a severe attack of quinsy and tonsilitis.

In February a meeting of all service station men, truck drivers, and warehouse men was held at Wichita. After manager Van Keuren and Assistant Manager Martin Kelly had addressed them, some of the men were called on to speak and they responded heartily, showing that they have their hearts in their work, that they believe Standard Oil products are the best made and that they are doing their utmost to sell Standard Oil. It was an enthusiastic meeting.

A. R. Meeker, secretary to the manager, reports his little girl, Ramona, as entirely recovered from diphtheria.

G. D. Branaman, credit department, had something seriously the matter with his "innards" recently. The "Doc" said appendicitis. You're lucky, boy, that you didn't get carved on to the tune of two hundred bucks.

G. A. Newcomb, shop foreman, was recently called to Blackwell, Okla., by the serious illness of his father, who, we understand, is recovering.

Marion Drake, lubricating department, has been absent several days on account of illness.

Theron S. Black, small son of John Black, bookkeeper, is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia.

The hospital still holds onto bookkeeper Ed Wade. Ed is having a long hard siege. Hope he will lay down a barrage that will annihilate the enemy.

Glad to see Chief Clerk Muller's smiling face at his desk again. His two weeks' vacation evidently was one of pleasure.

Wednesday, February 16, occurred the wedding of Walter DeVaughn, stock clerk, and Miss Ethel Watson. The wedding was at the bride's home, 603 Everett avenue. The house was decorated with ferns and cut flowers of rainbow shades. Dr. Walter Scott Priest officiated, using the beautiful ring ceremony. Only the relatives of the two families and a few friends were present. Before the ceremony Miss Jennebelle Watson, the bride's sister sang. Miss Bernice Wilds played Mendelssohn's wedding march for the entrance of the bridal party. Space does not permit a description of the elaborate wedding that followed with the setting of beautiful decorations following out the rainbow scheme of colors. Little Miss Frances Edythe Watson, niece of the bride, carried the ring in a lily. The bride's attendants wore dresses in rainbow shades and corsage bouquets of sweet peas. The groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful strand of pearls. The bride's gifts to her attendants were silk hose. The Standard Oil Company employees presented the couple with a splendid silver service.

Walter Steele, service station collector, was off his route a few days on account of sickness. When you don't see Walter making his daily rounds in his flivver you can bet your bottom dollar something is wrong.

Richard, 14-months old son of W. G. Kline, city tank driver, was severely burned when he put his hands on the gas stove. While the injury is painful, no permanent scar will remain.

Pearl Alyea, of the cafeteria, is not only a good cook, but she is there with the goods when any one gets sick or is hurt. Recently one of the boys in the mailing department had a bad case of bleeding at the nose. Ordinary treatment seemed to fail, but Pearl had him brought into the cafeteria and by means of cold compresses and other remedies known to the nursing profession, soon had the bleeding under control and the young man on his feet.

We know Tommy Taylor, of the equipment department, is an all-round man, but some one added a new accomplishment when he called up over the phone and wanted to speak to Mr. Taylor, the chef at the Standard Oil plant.

R. B. Steele has been promoted from the stationery room to the record desk in the lubricating department. Elmer Grable is the new stationery man.

Katherine Polk, auditing department, is now on the market for a man. He must be good looking and have good sense. Cheer up, boys, Katherine has a big car and is attractive. Maybe some of you can bluff her with that old "skin deep" gag.

February 20, John Henry Haas, 6-year-old son of John Haas, tank car order clerk, was taken sick with measles. His mother when first noticing his face exclaimed "O Johnny, your face is all spotted!" to which Johnny roguishly replied "That's because I am Johnny-on-the-spot."

On Wednesday evening, February 16, about thirty couples from the Standard Oil office participated in a dance on the mezzanine floor of the Wintergarden.

GONE WEST

Robert E. McGowan, age 24, of Whiting, "passed over" at 8:10 P. M., Wednesday, February 16, at his home, 1091 West Park ave., after an attack of pneumonia of six days' duration. "Bobby" started with the company in August, 1912, and was serving as clerk in the tank department of the shipping office at Whiting at the time of his death.

He had the foresight to see that this country must eventually get into the Big War and ere this step was taken joined Company D, 34th Infantry, 7th Division. He was the first man to go from the Whiting office, and went through the Meuse-Argonne sector, where he was gassed and wounded in the right shoulder.

The funeral, which was conducted by the Whiting Post of the American Legion, was a military one.

* * *

PROFITABLE

Marie—"Well, dear, did you have a good month at the beach?"

Maud—"Splendid! I was given seven engagement rings, and only had to return three of them"—Boston Transit.

* * *

A party of auto tourists were passing through Mark Twain's native town and desiring to see his boyhood home, asked a native to direct them to the place.

"Mark Twain, Mark Twain," said the old settler, "there ain't never been no one livin' here by that name."

"Oh, yes, there was; he was a famous author, but you may have known him by his other name, Clemens—Sam Clemens."

"Never heard of him, neither," replied the o. s.

"Oh, you must have heard of him. He wrote Innocents Abroad and a lot of other interesting books. You've heard of Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer, surely?"

"Can't say I have."

"And Puddinhead Wilson?"

"Oh, him? Yes, I've heard of him. Voted for him four years ago."

MAIL PLANE'S DOWN AND OUT OF GAS!

Government mail must not be delayed, and this is how the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) recently aided the government in keeping it from being delayed. The Chicago to Minneapolis mail plane landed in the Mississippi river bottoms near Red Wing, Minn., out of gas and in a spot which trucks could not get within three miles of. Mr. Blumrich, our Red Wing agent, was right on the job, drove a truck as near as possible and then hauled a barrel of Red Crown three miles over the snow on a handsled. "Service Any Where; Any Time; Any Conditions," chortles the LaCrosse division.

HE NEEDN'T HAVE PUT LABELS ON THE TABLES

The tank wagon salesmen, garage men, warehousemen, salesmen, and office force at Grand Rapids, Mich., recently held their annual bowling tournament, the losers having to pay for the feed that followed. The photographer has placed a label on the winners' table and another on that of the losers. He needn't have done it. The smiles tell the story. They had chicken pie and everything.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

H. S. MORTON, *Vice-President*

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

General Manager

T. J. THOMPSON

Assistant General Managers

JOHN L. CARTER, Northern Division

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Eastern Division

R. G. STEWART, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. LEWIS, *Manager*
C. F. HATMAKER, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
R. A. THOMSON, *Manager*
C. W. FLANAGAN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
H. F. WARREN, *Manager*
W. A. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
M. STORER, *Manager*
AMOS BALL, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. COCHRAN, *Manager*
H. H. KEATING, *Assistant Manager*

DUBUQUE, IOWA
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
H. E. BRUCE, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. MORTON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

KEOKUK, IOWA
M. F. KING, JR., *Manager*
C. M. VOGLER, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. H. LAMBERT, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
W. H. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. D. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
L. W. CAMERON, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
M. L. WIRSING, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
M. F. VAN KEUREN, *Manager*
MARTIN KELLY, JR., *Assistant Manager*

The Trail to Prosperity

SMALL business is essential to our national prosperity and has won for itself an important and an enduring place. But small business, however multiplied, cannot undertake to serve the public in a big way where unity of service is necessary.

This must be accomplished by great, highly specialized organizations, managed honestly and efficiently, and functioning to the benefit of all the people.

Such an organization is the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

Its business is to refine crude petroleum into the many products needed by the people—to provide a system of distribution which will make them available everywhere, and to sell at a price which is fair to all.

To accomplish this, 25,000 men and women devote all their time, energy, and intelligence to the task, while the stockholders have invested more than $200,000,000 of capital.

In preparing to meet the demands of industry, agriculture, and motorists throughout the 11 Middle Western states served, the Company is now refining petroleum to the limit of its vast refinery capacity.

It is distributing gasoline, kerosene, and lubricating oils to its bulk stations throughout the territory in order that it may be in position to give immediate service when the Spring and Summer rush comes.

Standard Oil Company

(Indiana)

2392 **910 So. Michigan Ave.** **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 2 MAY 1921 No. 7

R. G. STEWART

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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STANOLIND
RECORD

Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
Publication office: 910 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 2 | MAY | No. 6

6,100 EMPLOYEES RUSH TO BUY STOCK

Eagerly Grasp Opportunity Offered By Company to Become Stockholders in Greatest Gasoline Marketing Organization in the World, Getting as Gift from Company 50 Cents for Every Dollar They Pay In

Six thousand and one hundred employees on April 15 became virtual stockholders in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) when they paid their first installments on stock to be purchased under the employees' stock purchase plan, wherein, to every dollar paid by the employee, the company adds fifty cents. Reports from the entire territory showed that employees grasped this unparalleled opportunity with eagerness.

Of the 13,000 who are eligible to subscribe many found it impossible to get in the first month but gave notice that they wish to turn in their subscriptions in the near future. On April 15 subscriptions were still pouring in, with the sales department leading the production department in percentage of subscribers.

He went in for the full 20 per cent.

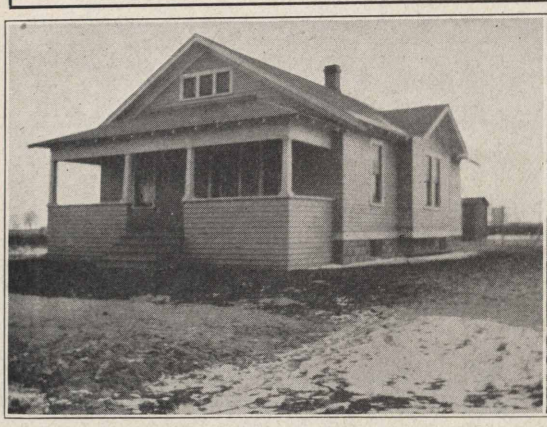
The prompt response by such a tremendous number of employees indicated that hundreds had been waiting with eagerness for the plan to go into effect. Several thousand turned in their subscriptions on the first day.

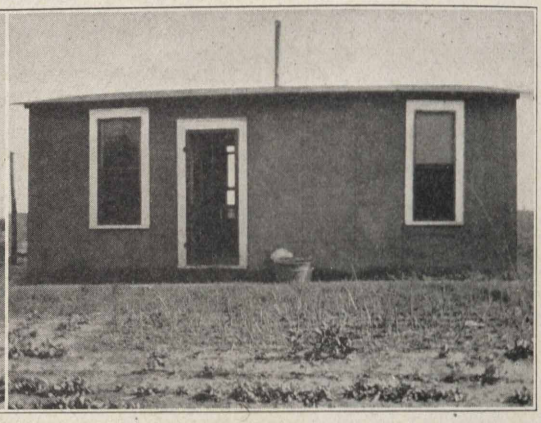
Among these were members of the Board of Directors. Every member of the Board has subscribed for stock to the full amount permitted by the rules of the plan. The same is true of practically every executive in the employ o the company, all of whom saw in the opportunity to receive $1.50 in return for $1, plus interest in the form of dividends, an investment unequalled. Almost without exception they have dedicated 20 per cent of their annual salaries for the next five years to the purchase of stock.

Returns from the refineries and sales territories were not complete at the time of going to press but lists in possession of Mr. E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer and fourth vice-president of the company, showed a total of 6,100 subscribers on April 15, with more still coming in. It is reported that many who failed to get in the first month will do so on May 1, with another flock due to report June 1. Participation in the plan is open at all times to employees who have completed one year's service with the company.

At this time no information is available as to the percentage of salaries which subscribing employees have dedicated to the purchase of stock, nor could any accurate chart be made as to the ranking of the

BEING A PICTORIAL STORY OF THRIFT





Here we have the new and former home of Mr. A. E. Peters, fireman on pressure stills, Wood River works, Standard Oil Company (Indiana). The new home was built last summer in Central Place, East Alton. Mr. Peters entered the employ of the company February 11, 1918.

refineries and sales territories. This will be announced later.

Stock will be purchased at $73 a share. The price of $73 a share will hold for the next twelve months regardless of fluctuations of the market price. The $73 represents the average market price for the last six months, it being recalled that last fall Standard Oil (Indiana) stock went above the $800 mark, equivalent to $80 since the stock dividend and change in par value to $25. On April 1, 1922, the Board of Trustees will set another price to hold during the succeeding twelve months. This also, in accordance with the rules of the plan, will represent the average market price prior to April 1, 1922.

Announcement of the details of the stock purchase plan was followed by meetings in the refineries and sales territories when executives explained the details for the benefit of those who wished to subscribe.

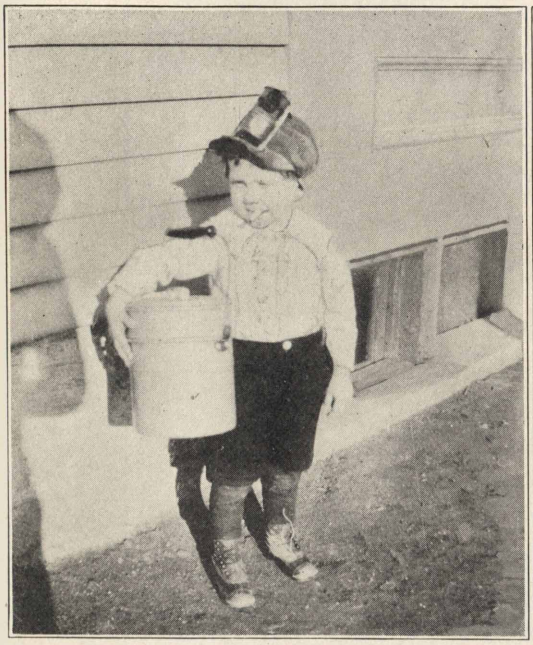
At Whiting, a statement that some refinery employees feared that general subscriptions for stock on the part of refinery employees would be used by the company as an argument that the employees are earning more than a living wage, and that this would be used as an excuse for reducing wages, brought an assertion from an employees' representative that the employees' stock plan should have a tendency to prevent reductions in wages. This occurred at a meeting of the Whiting Joint General Committee on March 24.

"Some of the men are taking the attitude that if employees purchase stock and thus show they are able to save money, the company will use that fact to justify itself in making wage cuts," said one of the employees' representatives.

"To the contrary, it seems to me that the employees' stock plan, if it has any effect at all on wages, will have a tendency to prevent wage cuts," was the response of Employees' Representative John Chorley. "Suppose we have 2,000 men here at Whiting who are stockholders in the company, and who are therefore devoted to the efficient operation of the plant, putting in a day's work themselves and seeing that everybody else does, preventing waste and speeding up production—what would be the result? Well, it seems to me that under those conditions the company would become so prosperous that wage reductions would be out of the question."

The March 24 meeting was entirely devoted to a discussion of the employees' stock plan. The meeting was attended by Manager R. E. Humphreys, Superintendent Cooke and Assistant Superintendents Cash and Evans, who explained various features of the

A YOUTHFUL MINER AND HIS SISTER



Introducing Marie and Buddie Dawkins of Carlinville. Their daddy is William Dawkins, Jr., employed in the electrical department at Berry Mine 1B, Standard Oil Company (Indiana), Carlinville, Ill. From the picture on the left we gather that Buddie is getting in training to be a regular miner. Does he roll his own?

plan in answer to questions put by representatives.

The discussion which followed brought to light several interesting sidelights:

Representative Trueblood said that he had taken his copy of the plan to a Chicago banker, with whom he is acquainted, and asked his advice about subscribing. The banker went over the plan carefully and then said:

"Well! The Standard Oil Company must be going to die of enlargement of the heart. This is the most liberal plan I have ever seen, and it is a perfectly sound investment."

Representative Dan Gallagher, employees' chairman of the Whiting J. G. C., in discussing the plan, said:

"It has been my ambition for a long time to own a home. Until I came to work for the Standard Oil Company at Whiting I was never sure of having a job in one locality long enough to justify me in undertaking the purchase of a home. Even now I don't feel like buying a home and trying to pay for it on the installment plan, but I've figured it out this way: I'm going to subscribe for all the stock I can and at the end of five years, with what the company has put in for me, I'll have enough money to build a comfortable home and pay for it." Taking his own wage as a basis, Gallagher gave figures showing how this would be possible.

* * *

EASY

A New Yorker had occasion to phone from one suburb to another while visiting in Philadelphia. Upon asking what the charge was he was told fifty cents.

"Fifty cents! For that distance? Great Scott. In New York you can call hell up for fifty cents."

"Possibly," coolly answered the operator, "It's in the city limits."

* * *

"Yes," said the cynical old sea captain, "when I was shipwrecked in South America, I came across a tribe of wild women who have no tongues."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the listener, "how could they talk?"

"They couldn't," was the reply; "that was what made them wild."

WE'LL BET THE LEGISLATORS ALL USE RED CROWN NOW

When our employees at Des Moines decided to have their picture taken for the Stanolind Record they marched themselves down and took possession of the entrance to the Iowa State Capitol building. The elderly person to the right—in front of the window—and the one at the extreme left are state house attaches.

THANK YOU, MR. STEWART!

We asked Mr. R. G. Stewart, assistant general manager, general sales department, whose portrait appears on the cover of this magazine, to supply us with a signed article on salesmanship. In reply we received the appended letter in which Mr. Stewart pleads inability to write a magazine article, though kindly submitting to us some ideas from which he suggests we write an editorial. We wish to thank Mr. Stewart for his suggestion, but in spite of his protestations concerning his lack of literary talent, this letter seems to the editor, who knows nothing about salesmanship, to be a Bear, so we are printing it herewith and placing Mr. Stewart's signature right above it; merely pausing to remark that though Mr. Stewart may drive a fast Cadillac and be hard to catch up with, the Stanolind Record isn't exactly inert either. Thank you, Mr. Stewart!—Editor.

By R. G. STEWART, *Assistant General Manager, General Sales Department*
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

Editor Record: This is to acknowledge receipt of your request for an article to be written and signed by myself for publication in the May number of the Stanolind Record.

Had you asked for an article to be signed by myself, I might have complied, but when you ask that I *write* the article, I must inform you that you are not only gravely misplacing your confidence, but in my opinion, you are also adding insult to injury: Remember that you obtained my photograph under protest and now arbitrarily refuse to give it back. Isn't that enough to perpetrate on an unprotected assistant general sales manager without requiring him to transform himself on a minute's notice into an Irvin Cobb or Dr. Frank Crane?

I sincerely thank you for the compliment but the second chapter of my little story will have to be that as a magazine writer I drive a fast Cadillac and unless you can travel faster than I can the justly famous Stanolind Record will have to struggle along without a contribution from me. Besides, it is my impression that your readers look to the Stanolind Record for entertainment and the only kind of entertainment that an article of mine would afford them would be of such a character as to be decidedly embarrassing to me and to my admiring friends.

You suggest that I write an article on Salesmanship! Nice little subject, that, but so limited! My dear man, there are, I don't know how many million people in this broad land engaged in selling something to someone else, and every one of them has his own pet methods of selling. To tell about them all and to explain the psychology of why this method gets results and that one fails, would be about as easy as writing an edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica. It would be an exhaustive treatise, if any one with sufficient knowledge and time could be found to compose it; and then, when completed, its author would have to confess that what he, in company with everyone engaged in the selling game, still had to learn about salesmanship, would overcrowd another treatise still more exhaustive: The idea being that everyone can every day learn something new about salesmanship, and he who ceases to learn has ceased to be, or soon will cease to be a successful salesman.

There are, I will admit, certain inherent essentials in successful salesmanship, and these, I think, might be reduced to one immanent essential with two complements: Personality, supported by Willingness to Work, and Honesty. The whole structure of successful salesmanship is builded upon personality.

Personality is a difficult thing to define. It has many attributes, such as character, manners, ability to express one's self, etc. In itself it is an intangible something which produces an impression, either favorable or unfavorable, upon the people with whom

COMPATRIOTS OF THE HON. ABE MARTIN

Agents and drivers gathered at Indianapolis March 1 and here they are, left to right: C. C. Hunt, Coatesville; A. P. Bennett, Bloomington; Ralph Jackson, Jolietville; G. Kercheval, Sheridan; C. A. Dowell, Spencer; Basil Gilpin, Westfield; E. Buchanan, Danville; E. V. Brannon, Shelbyville; O. D. Enochs, Columbus; J. D. Braddick, salesman; George E. Owens, Columbus; B. W. McClain, Greenwood; Dave Smith, Bloomington; S. R. Hine, Whitestown; H. Rafferty, Shelbyville; Carl McCarty, Broad Ripple; Voss Cox, Bloomington. Where's Abe Martin and Tipton Bud? And isn't Brown County in the Indianapolis territory or is the train from there we waited for four years ago still marked up at the Union station as "three hours overdue?" Still, Bennett got there.

one comes in contact. A person who fails to make any impression lacks personality.

There are, of course, many different kinds of personality. There are some men who have such repelling personalities that they would be far better off without any, even if the shedding of it left them colorless and ineffective; they would then at least be inhibited from clashing with everyone with whom they came in contact, and there are men to whom this would be a God-send. Stripped of their repelling personalities even to the point of ineffectiveness, their new ineffectiveness might in time make them effective.

It may be accepted as an axiom that anyone with an incorrigibly displeasing personality has no place in the ranks of any sales organization. There, he will never do any good for himself, and as for the company, it were better to have in his place a hopeless nonenity; the latter would at least never create ill will against the company among its customers and other employees.

It is therefore necessary to modify the major essential of successful salesmanship by placing before it the adjective "pleasing."

Given a personality that is unreservedly pleasing, a power of projecting this personality, a willingness to work and honesty, and a salesman can accomplish almost anything. Brains? A certain amount of them must be understood. It is not necessary to be a mental giant to be a successful salesman, but a modicum of brains is a necessity. No cerebral homunculus was ever possessed of a pleasing personality, though among men of repellent personality this type of the genus homo occurs most frequently.

Everyone, of course, is not blessed by nature either with a pleasing personality or with the power of projecting what personality he has upon the consciousness of others; but he can cultivate both the personality and the power of projecting it. He can, above all things, make it an unfailing practice to be courteous to everyone with whom he comes in contact, to be courteous not only to his customers and superiors, but to his subordinates, to the

WE'LL GAMBLE THAT THEY'LL SELL IT!

If these folks don't sell the full line and make 1921 a banner year then their looks belie their abilities. They were photographed just after a peppy meeting at Adrian, Mich. They are, left to right, top row: D. R. Driscoll, H. L. Raseley, C. M. Wellhauser and R. L. Jacob, all of Adrian; second row: W. L. Benson, Brooklyn agent; M. H. Ferguson, Tecumseh; John Hale, Hudson; E. P. Burcham, Onsted; Owen T. Myers, Blissfield; Clark Bayes, Jasper; George Heeman, Britton; Allen Terry, Clinton; third row: Frank N. Bailey, Morenci; C. H. Pruden, Deerfield; G. C. Smith, Adrian; Herman Hutzel, Saline; Charles Anglin, Milan; Lester Blinn, Addison; lower row: George Knapp, chief clerk, Detroit; F. H. Fillingham, district superintendent; M. L. Cook, general salesman; O. F. Blum, general salesman; R. H. Cochran, manager; H. H. Keating, assistant manager.

newsboy and the grocer's clerk. It costs nothing and they will appreciate it.

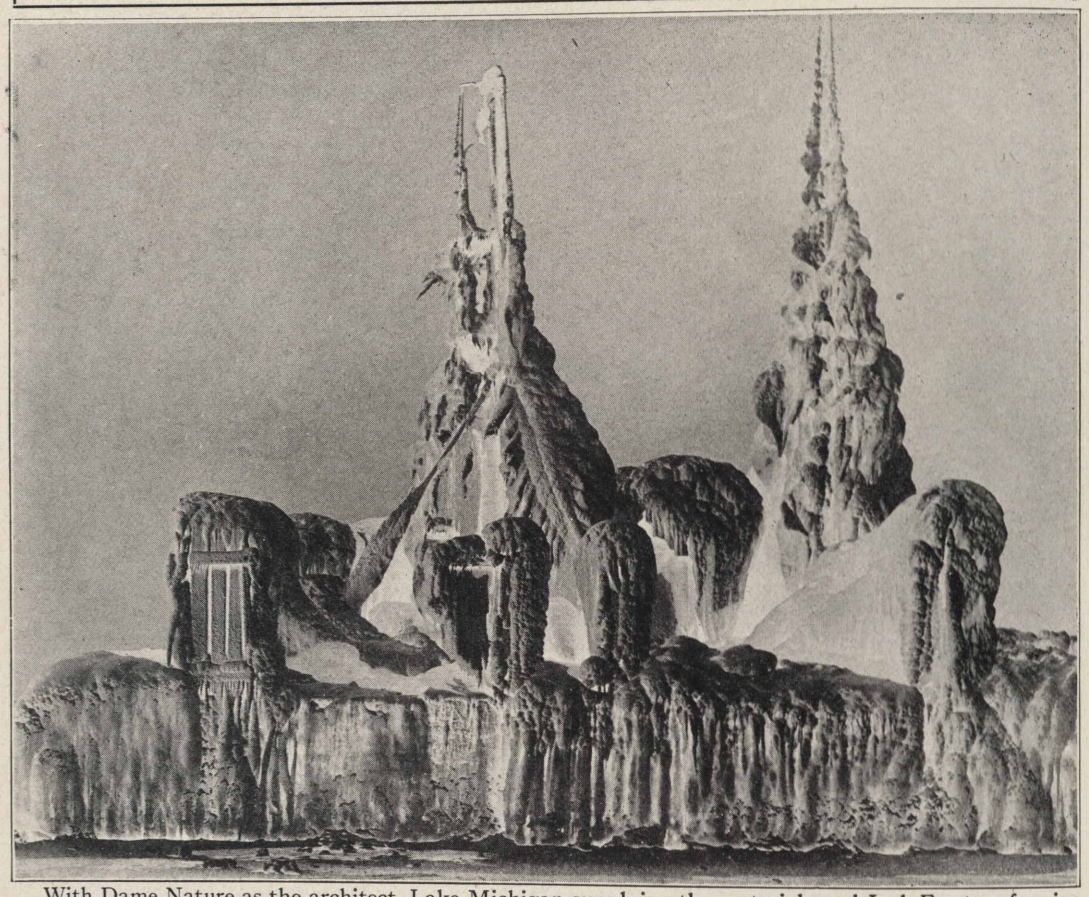
Moreover, the man who reserves his courtesy to expend only on his customers and superiors has only a veneer of courtesy that will not hold up. He has not cultivated courtesy until it has become a part of himself. He is superficial, and both his customers and his superiors will eventually discover it. Then he will come to be looked upon not as a courteous man but as a toady.

Courtesy, while in itself a component part of any pleasing personality, performs a double function in that it is also the most effective medium for projecting one's personality upon the consciousness of others.

Personality must be articulate. Eternal silence may be impressive in the Sphinx but not in a man among men possessed of the inherent volubility of our simian ancestors and more disposed to admire it than otherwise. If you are over-silent you are likely to be classed as one who has nothing worth while to say. A good salesman will therefore learn to speak well, and also to judge the lingual level of those whom he addresses, for to "talk over their heads" is as fatal as not talking at all. To impress one's self upon the minds of others one must be able to speak in the language they understand and to choose the right moment for speaking. It is not necessary to speak continuously or even often to be classed as articulate. If you are too articulate you will probably be listed as a nuisance.

Dress also expresses personality and so is another medium for projecting one's self upon the consciousness of others. It behooves every salesman to make his appearance as attractive as possible. It is true that one may be respected and even successful and still wear shabby clothes; if the man has real worth the world will in time come to recognize the qualities beneath an unprepossessing exterior. But think of the time wasted while the world is making the

A GOTHIC PALACE DONE IN ICE

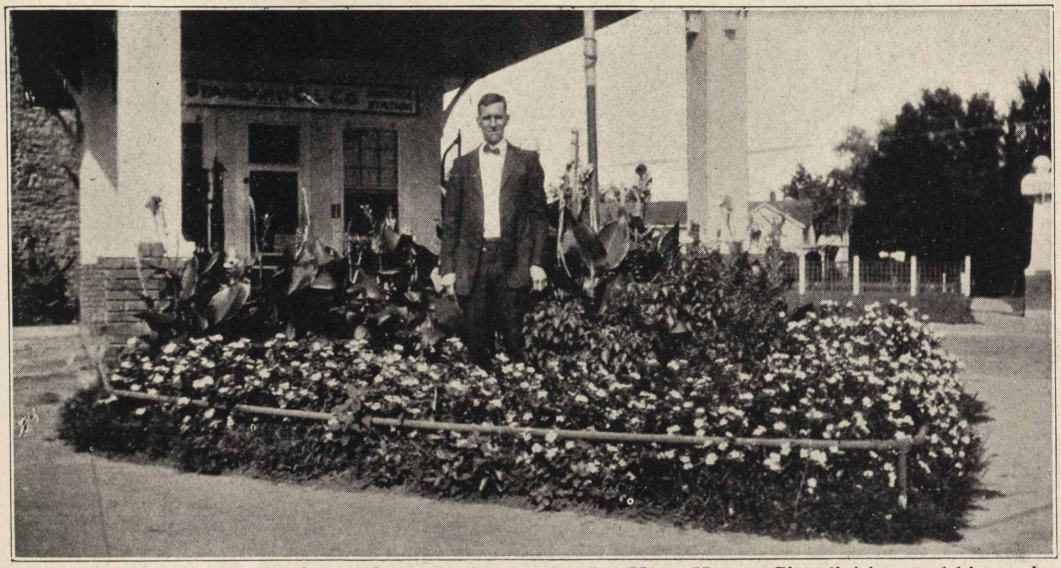


With Dame Nature as the architect, Lake Michigan supplying the materials and Jack Frost performing the labor, last winter saw a Gothic palace, done in ice, rise out of the lake off Petosky, Mich. It was builded upon the breakwater and lighthouse in that harbor. The photographer evidently "shot into the sun" in taking the above photograph so that the ice appears to be black, showing white only in the depressions. After looking it over we conclude that Michigan may be a fine place to spend the summer, but we'll take our meals elsewhere when December rolls around. "Do you wonder that we need Red Crown (WINTER) gasoline at Petosky?" writes our agent there, Mr. L. J. Leaf, who contributed the picture. After looking at this frigid monument we don't wonder at all.

discovery! A salesman can not wait upon the world, and in selling, first impression often counts for much. If a salesman fails to impress on first appearance he may never again be given an opportunity of making any impression, either good or bad. He must first make a good impression and thereafter live up to it. Taste in dress is an aid to making a good first impression; character is essential to maintaining it.

Through its artistic and attractive service stations the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) endeavors to make a good first impression on its customers. It then relies on the character, or qualities, of its products, and on the unfailing courtesy of its employes, to maintain that good impression. By making its service stations attractive this great company, after years of experience in selling, testifies that it has learned that good taste in dress is an asset to salesmanship and a medium for projecting one's personality upon the consciousness of others; for make no mistake, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), like an individual, has a personality, and through

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA, MR. NICHOLS



Here is Fred Nichols, service station attendant at Eureka, Kan., Kansas City division, and his service station flower garden. He has made his station one of the show places of Eureka.

the artistic architecture of its buildings and the courtesy of its employees, that personality is being projected upon the public consciousness in a manner which must be surprising to those who have thought of this company as some great mysterious machine.

On willingness to work and honesty it is not necessary to expatiate. Without them even a pleasing personality is ultimately ineffective, even if temporarily successful, for laziness begets dishonesty, and dishonesty is inevitably exposed. But given a pleasing personality and a power of projecting it, supported by a willingness to work and honesty, and a salesman can accomplish almost anything.

Now, Mr. Editor, the foregoing expresses in a poor way some of the things I would like to say in a genuine magazine article were I able to qualify as a writer, but since I can not qualify, may I make a suggestion: If you must fill that space in the May magazine, can you not take the ideas I have outlined and write around them, or about them or from them, an editorial which might be read with some interest? My signature would add nothing and I am sure some one who is in training could do a much better job than I. That is the best I can do for you. I am sorry to disappoint you but you really can not expect a salesman suddenly to become a magazine writer.

Very truly yours,

R. G. Stewart

TWO SCAFFOLD DEATHS

Two deaths, both resulting from falls from scaffolds, are reported this month from the Wood River works. Joseph M. Gradl died from loss of blood after he had been impaled upon a splintered timber which intercepted his body in its fall. Newspaper reports state that the scaffolding collapsed, Gradl falling with it. His death is the more tragic because he leaves a bride of only eight months to mourn him.

Edward Schmidt, a carpenter, died from injuries following a fall from a scaffolding on which he was working. Newspaper reports say he stepped backward from the scaffolding.

The Stanolind family extends its sympathy to the bereaved families of the two men.

WHY NOT PUT "WHITING" ON THE DRUM ?

The famous Whiting band. *See story on opposite page.*

WHITING BAND

The creation of the Standard Oil Company (Ind.) Concert Band, of the Whiting works, was made possible by the recommendation of the Joint General Committee on October 28, 1919, and the acceptance of this recommendation by the management, December 30, 1919.

In accord with the band constitution, Mr. F. B. Lewis, then superintendent of the Whiting works, was president of the band.

Immediate steps were taken to perfect its organization. Mr. Milton Foy was selected as conductor and due to his efforts and the support given him by Mr. Lewis, a splendid organization was created.

At the present time, there are forty-six members of the band, all of whom are employees at the Whiting works. Numerous concerts have been given by these men in Whiting and East Chicago. The employees are frequently entertained by noon day concerts.

The organization of the band consists of: T. S. Cooke, president; A. L. Meldahl, vice-president; G. E. Ceiga, secretary; Fred Leverenz, librarian.

In the accompanying picture: Top row, left to right: L. P. Molter, J. L. Swaim, J. L. Allen, H. C. Humphrey, N. H. Ranstead, W. N. Ward, Jos. G. Burke, B. E. Johnston, Wm. F. Zweig, M. D. Henrikson, F. N. Hadley and E. I. Humphrey; second row: Chas. Ferguson, Otto H. Gerke, Geo. Brunner, Earl C. Buck, Theo. Kammer, Ed. Julier, C. H. Daugherty, D. W. Stromer, H. N. Nichols, H. Breckman, A. L. Meldahl, A. Jacques, Fred Leverenz, W. N. Bercaw, assistant director of industrial relations, T. S. Cooke, superintendent and president of band, Milton W. Foy, conductor; third row: H. W. Dennison, Chas. Ewing, Geo. Girman, John Pietka, R. Carlson, G. E. Ceiga, N. W. Welch, Fred Kuehnke, D. F. Purdy, W. W. Gardner, Raymond Koch and John Holte; bottom row: G. E. Johnson, Wm. C. Smith, Chas. Groat and W. J. Reder.

On Wednesday, April 6, the band gave a delightful concert in front of the lunchroom.

HEART-BEATS

They are all for her and she seems to be counting them. Despite their apparent interest in each other, however, Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Hubbard find time to take a lot of interest in the affairs of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Mr. Hubbard is manager of S. S. 212, Huntsville, Mo., Quincy division.

PARAFFINE OFFICE

The new office building which has been erected for the paraffine department, Whiting, is the newest and most modern and complete office building at the Whiting works. The paraffine department appreciates the appointments of its new office and is very proud and appreciative of the fact that the building was constructed in its completeness by our own construction forces.

OUR HANDSOMEST TANK WAGON DRIVERS

In identifying the people in this photograph start at the right instead of at the conventional left and you discover immediately the handsomest tank wagon drivers affiliated with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), though in this case the wagon happens to a sled. The two young ladies are Miss Verla and Miss Mabel Strassburger, daughters of Mr. C. Strassburger, our agent at Seymour, Wis., Milwaukee division. Others in the picture are, still right to left: Mr. Strassburger, Mr. C. Karrow, Mr. Roy Bishop.

Mr. Strassburger has been with the company seventeen years and his sole ambition is to be with us ten years longer.

For ten years he was the only worker at this station, starting with one team and a little tank wagon. Business grew from year to year until it now maintains the present force and equipment which you see above.

Verla and Mabel Strassburger give you a good example of what benefits are derived from hard labor. They surely are a healthy pair of girls and are always ready to do their part, especially in the busy season. We are informed that they were raised on corn bread and milk.

Mr. Karrow, truck driver, has been with this ambitious force for five years and always greets you with a smile. Mr. Ray Bishop, son-in-law of Mr. Strassburger, has been working for the interests of the company for one year, coming from South Oklahoma. He has also aided greatly to increase the sales of all the products at this point.

Last, but not least, comes Mrs. Strassburger, who is seen in the background, a good hearted soul who believes it is not a good policy to work without bait, so her motto is "A full stomach will surely produce a full day's work."

PLAN W. R. CLUBHOUSE

The Wood River Woman's club has launched a campaign to get funds for the erection of a clubhouse, according to press reports from Alton, which state that while the club now has but $1,000 in its treasury the members are confident that they can carry their objective. The club hopes to obtain sufficient funds to erect a building which would house a large kitchen, dining room and dance hall. The Wood River Woman's club is the only organization in Wood River which promotes civic and philanthropic work.

* * *

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

Mr. Bilson—But you never can argue with a woman, because she takes everything you say as a personal matter.

Mrs. Bilson—I don't.

S. O. MEN WIN EVANSVILLE BOWLING HONORS

Here is the Standard Oil Company bowling team, Evansville, Ind., office. They won the championship in the Evansville Industrial League, season of 1920-21. Left to right, first row: J. L. Edmonds, H. E. Alexander, Captain, C. A. Taylor; second row: W. L. McCutcheon, H. E. Shriver and A. J. Hartlein. This is the second trophy the S. O. Co. team has romped away with, having carried away the honors in the bowling season of 1918-19. This is nothing unusual for the Evansville office; they boast the City Championship in basket ball, season of 1918-19 (we had no team in 1920), and you will recall the baseball nine in 1919 ended the season in first place in the City Industrial Baseball League. In 1920 we had no baseball team; however, it is hoped with the return of our efficient Manager, Mr. Riepe, to the Evansville office, that we will be able to get the old team together again this season. From the above record you can see the employees at Evansville are trying to keep the company well represented in sports, in accordance with the Standard quality of the goods we sell. The Standard Oil team also won the championship in indoor baseball, season of 1918.

OPEN SEASON

A tourist was just emerging from a cornfield by the roadside, bearing in his arms a dozen handsome roasting ears, says the Oakley *Graphic*. A second car approached and stopped, whereon the tourist reached for his pocket-book and asked in an embarrassed manner, ' How much?"

"One dollar," said the newcomer, and then after receiving payment, remarked, "This is a fine field of corn. Wonder who it belongs to?"

* * *

The man who buys his wife bloomers may do it to prevent her wanting to wear the trousers.

SOME IMAGINATION

Two negro soldiers were discussing the relative merits of their buglers. One of them said: "Niggah, when dat boy of ouhs plays pay call it sounds 'zackly like de Boston Symphony playing de Rosary." The other one replied: "Niggah, you ain't got no bugler a-tall. When Snowball Jones wraps his lips around dat bugle and plays mess call I looks down at mah beans and ses, "Strawberries behave! You're kickin' de whipped cream out of de plate."

* * *

Never criticise your wife for looking in a mirror, she is probably paying a tribute to your good taste.

CONVINCING US THAT JOLIET'S A WONDERFUL PLACE

For particulars, see opposite page

JOLIET PARTY

The initial party of the Joliet Standard Oil "Get Together Club," held the evening of March 4, was a great success, and the kiddies weren't left at home. The gentlemen in the picture on the opposite page don't belong there—just horned in. At the left, Assistant Manager C. M. Monson is trying to lead us to believe that holding a baby comes natural to him. The young lady is June Brehm. In the center Chief Clerk J. M. Pohl is holding Jean Waldecker, and on the right Manager E. E. Morton is exchanging confidences with LaVoone June Kirchener. All Joliet employees of the company, with their families, attended. There was dancing with music by the new Victrola purchased by the office employees. Cards and bunco were played, high score going to Mrs. Louise Brehm, and refreshments were served.

GETTING FAMOUS

A recent issue of the rotogravure section of the Peoria Journal-Transcript carried large oval portraits of Mr. John R. Coleman, manager of the Peoria division of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), and Mr. George F. Phillips, assistant manager. "Mr. Coleman is responsible for the wonderful service rendered by Standard Oil Company to motorists throughout Central Illinois," said the Journal-Transcript under Mr. Coleman's picture, while concerning Mr. Phillips it remarked: "Mr. Phillips came to Peoria from the Detroit division, where he had been located for eight years, and where he had established an enviable record."

* * *

NOT A BAD EXCUSE

"Lillian," said mother, severely, "there were two pieces of cake in the pantry this morning and now there is only one. How does that happen?"

"I don't know," replied Lillian, regretfully. "It must have been so dark that I didn't see the other piece."

* * *

ALL OF A KIND

Tourist: "My good friend, do you earn your living by simply trapping and skinning animals?"

Trapper: "Yep! It runs in the family. I got a brother in Chicago in the same business."

Tourist: "In Chicago?"

Trapper: "Yes! He owns one o' them apartment houses."

CITY OF MADISON

Huron, S. D., April 1.—Here is a birdseye view of the City of Madison as seen by Bobby Larkin and her who was Miss Otte. It might as well be captioned "Birdseye View of the Universe," so far as they are concerned, for though the wedding occurred February 13 there are still but two souls in their cosmos.

STARTING YOUNG

Duluth, Minn., April 1.—John Myre, our superintendent at the Duluth warehouse, believes in breaking them in early. His two youngsters, shown above, are going to get their start on a tank wagon some day. But John, don't forget to teach them Safety First—no smoking on the wagon, you know!

JOIN THE WHITING DIRTY FACES

Whiting Mutual Benefit Association, Which Has Made Such an Enviable Record and Has Made Itself Impregnable Financially, Is Putting on Big Campaign to Increase Its Already Large Membership

The following letter, signed by a committee composed of L. C. Moore, J. F. Eaton and N. A. Emerson, tells the story of why every employee of the Whiting plant should be a member of the Mutual Benefit Association. The association has certainly lived up to its name—it has been of mutual benefit to everybody concerned, as well as stepping out and donating $1000 to feed the starving children of Europe. Few associations of this character can boast such financial strength as this organization has built up. The letter follows:

Dear Fellow Member: At the January 9th meeting of your board of directors the question was discussed as to the advisability of a drive for membership similar to those had in the past. A committee was appointed to study this question and bring in a report.

We find our membership holding around 1,300, and finances in good healthy condition, and for these reasons believe that each member, by constituting himself or herself a committee of one, can bring better results than a publicity drive.

We, who belong, know of course that we are members of the best association of its kind; therefore, why not tell our friends and associates? If each member will propose one for membership, what better results could we ask for, and why should we not get them when we can show such results as the past year's record? Just think of the amount of benefits paid out—$4,426.00, sick; $900, funeral; also 100 lives saved by you by means of the donation for starving children. All this for the small sum of 50 cents per month plus $1.25 for initiation fee and receipt book.

We had on hand January 1, 1920, $10,460.73, and on December 31, 1920, $11,903.52, a gain of $1,442.79 for the year. You can readily see WE do not need a drive for new membership, BUT THOSE WHO ARE NOT MEMBERS MAY NEED US. So let's get busy and help them help themselves.

Here is a suggestion, too, to help our own members. Why not pay dues at least quarterly? In the past many who have intended to pay each month forgot and then found themselves in arrears when taken sick. It is much easier to remember four times a year than twelve, and we want to pay who are entitled and to make it more certain that all are so entitled.

Remember, all working for the Standard Oil Company at Whiting, no matter where they live, and all those living in Whiting and Robertsdale, no matter where they work, are eligible if in good health, and from 18 to 50 years of age.

Now, fellow member, "Let's Go!" for the benefit of the Mutual and especially for those who will join in the near future. Make it 2,000 at least in the next few months.

Members of the Board of Directors to whom you may hand application cards are located around the works as follows: Mr. Emerson, yard office; Mr. Scherer, barrel house; Mr. Fuller, pipe shop; Mr. Winslow, paraffine shop; Mr. Klieber, pattern shop; Mr. Oeffinger, fire station; Mr. Moore, pressure stills; Mr. Henrikson, president, grease works; Mr. Walker, secretary, refinery laboratory; Mr. Carpenter, vice-president, Whiting; Mr. Eaton, treasurer, tower stills. Any of these men will assist in any way possible.

HEY, STENHOUSE!

Whiting, Ind., April 1, Editor Record: Twenty-year service men at the can factory have organized a baseball TEAM and are ready to play any other team of twenty-year service men. Officers are: J. Konczal, president; A. Dimmock, secretary; J. Humphrey, manager. Our lineup: A. Stross, lf; J. Henrikson, rf; E. Broholm, cf; P. Peterson, 1b; C. Baadsgaard, ss; F. Fisher, 2b; M. Semro, 3b; J. Baadsgaard, c; J. Behrens, p. Yours truly, *P. Hamlin.*

WHITING NIGHT SCHOOL ENDS GREAT YEAR

More Than 1000 Students Take Advantage of Night Classes During Winter Just Ended, Nightly Attendance Averaging Over 400—Closing Program Held Tuesday, March 29, With Mr. Thomas S. Boyle Presiding

On Tuesday, March 29, the Whiting night school, whose students are for the most part enrolled from among Standard Oil employees and members of their families, closed the most successful year in its history. In the absence of Mr. Evans, superintendent of schools, Mr. Thomas S. Boyle, of the Standard Oil Company Whiting Joint General Committee, presided.

Starting the year with a slogan of "1,000 Enrollment This Year," the school reported an enrollment of 1,012 at the end of the term.

In its account of the closing exercises the Whiting Call said in part:

With an average nightly attendance of over 400, twenty-five teachers were kept busy, or one-half of the regular teaching force of the day schools. The total expense of conducting the evening school was shown to be but $4,500, or an average of less than five dollars per enrollment. If the value to the community of the knowledge imparted and set to work in the many minds who received the advantages of the instruction offered, could be estimated in dollars and cents, it would be found soaring far above this insignificant sum.

Mr. Vernon's class in civics was a revelation to the numerous guests of the occasion. Men of foreign birth who had been in this country but a short time, some of them only a few months, answered questions that would have posed many a supposedly well-informed American business man with a readiness and aptitude that disclosed a thorough familarity with the prominent points of American history, the basis and construction of the U. S. government, the state, county and municipal bodies.

SEVEN NEW ANNUITANTS

Seven veteran employees have been added to the company's annuity roll since March 1. They are:

Mr. W. J. Holton, 817 South Scoville avenue, Oak Park, Ill., former service station manager in the sales department, was placed on the annuity roll March 16 after 23 years and 10 months service with the company.

Mr. W. E. Harman, 76 Wilson avenue, Dubuque, Iowa, went on the annuity roll March 16 after 33 years and 10 months service with the company. Mr. Harman was formerly manager at Dubuque.

Mr. J. W. Power, 1320 Francis street, St. Joseph, Mo., went on the annuity roll March 16 after 34 years and three months service. Mr. Power was formerly manager at St. Joseph.

Mr. Martin Nelson, 1307 Myrtle avenue, Whiting, Ind., went on the annuity roll March 16 after 27 years and five months service. Mr. Nelson was formerly employed at the Whiting refinery as labor foreman and assistant fire marshall.

Mr. R. H. Cox, 124 W. 14th street, Dubuque, Iowa, went on the annuity roll March 16 after 19 years and nine months service. Mr. Cox was formerly assistant manager at Dubuque.

Mr. Luther K. Skellenger, 507 Hawkeye street, Ottumwa, Iowa, went on the annuity roll March 1 after 23 years and two months service. Mr. Skellenger was formerly service station attendant in the Keokuk division.

Mr. D. W. Vincent, Crown Point, Ind., went on the annuity roll April 1 after 18 years and six months service. Mr. Vincent was formerly agent at Crown Point.

* * *

TO THE POINT

"Best after dinner speech I ever heard."

"What did he say?"

" 'Waiter, let me have the check.' "

* * *

DOMESTIC BLISS

Husband—"I know one way of making my wife happy, and it always works."

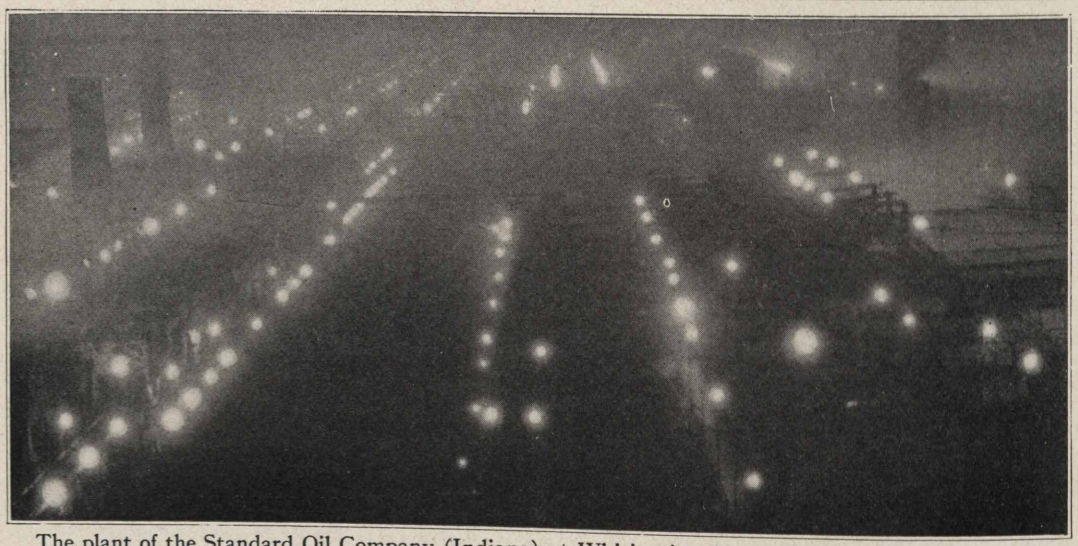
Another—"What on earth is it? Quick!"

Husband—"I just take her to the movies and let her read the titles and explain the plot to me?"

NIGHT AND DAY, THE YEAR AROUND

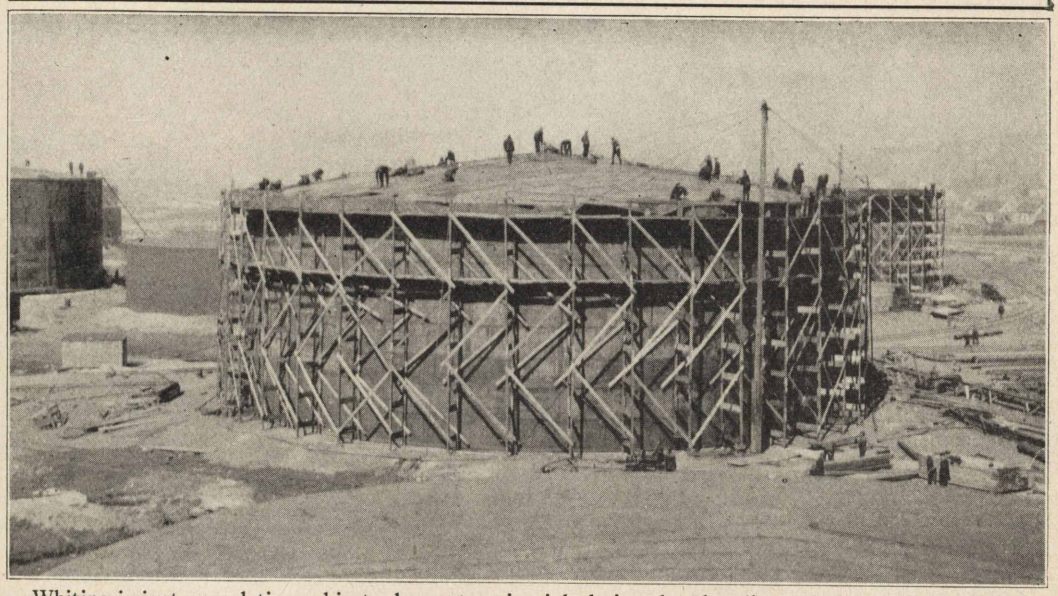
Twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year, the work of turning out gasoline goes on at the refineries of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), with the employees working in eight-hour shifts. This is a night scene at the Whiting refinery, and shows Fireman Mike Hobolich operating a "Yankee Fireman" in front of No. 22 of the 3rd and 4th batteries of re-run stills. "Yankee Firemen" are so called because labor is reduced to a minimum in firing stills. Photo by Mr. R. C. Curtis.

A REFINERY'S WORK IS NEVER DONE



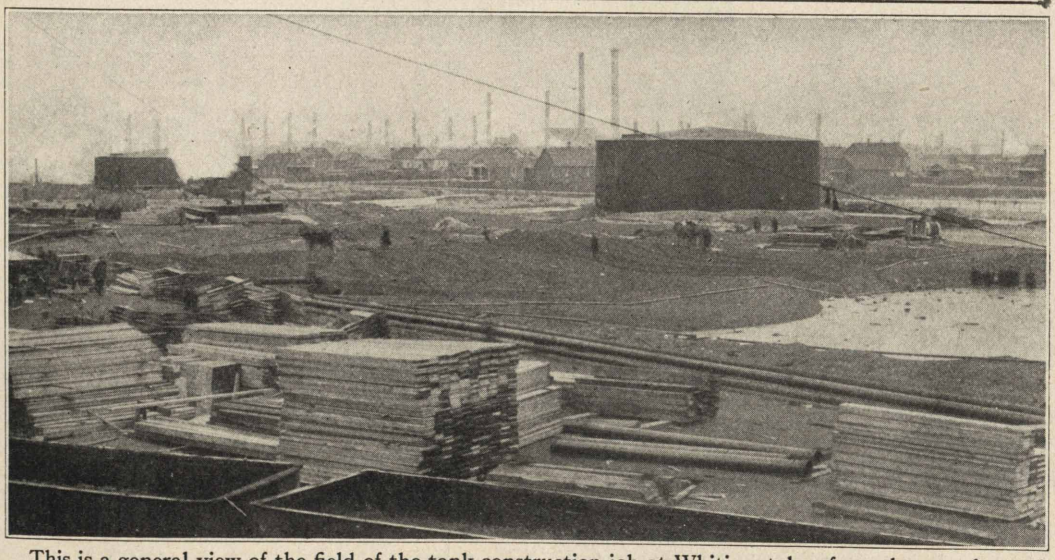
The plant of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) at Whiting is a hive of industry by night as well as by day. Powerful tungsten lamps replace the carbon lights of several years ago and their radiance gives the monster plant the appearance of the great White Way. This is a view of a small section of the plant—the tower stills from the top of No. 4 boiler house. Photograph by Mr. R. C. Curtis.

WHITING ASKS CASPER TO GIVE THIS THE O. O.



Whiting is just completing a big tank construction job designed to handle crude from the Sinclair pipe line. In the above we see the hustling Hoosiers constructing a 60,000 barrel tank in seven day's time. Note the number of men working on top: there 70 of them. Thirty air guns are used simultaneously.

CONJURING UP TANKS AT WHITING



This is a general view of the field of the tank construction job at Whiting, taken from the top of one of the old Indiana Pipe Line tanks, showing the refinery in the background. Old tanks of the I. P. line are near the center. Men and teams are shown grading for the base of a new tank which was to be laid two days after the picture was taken. Seven days after the bottom is started the tank is completed. Switch tracks had to be built from the refinery to handle cinders for filling, and supplies, before work could begin. Whiting suggests Casper look this over and learn what real speed is.

HUSKIES OF THE BOILER SHOP, SUGAR CREEK

Here are the huskies of the Sugar Creek boiler shop out for an airing. Their official chaperone is Charlie Lawless.

CLARENCE ROSS AND HANDSOME CREW

Everyone in Sugar Creek is handsome judging from our correspondence from there, but Clarence Ross, fitter, and his crew claim to be a bit handsomer. Well, at least they didn't break the camera.

Young Lady (who had just been operated on for appendicitis): "Oh, doctor! Do you think the scar will show?"

Doctor: "It ought not to."—The Lyre.

"So you graduated from a barber college? What is your college yell?"

"Cut his lip, cut his jaw, leave his face raw, raw, raw."

THEY INVENTED THE ANVIL CHORUS

Introducing the blacksmith shop force at Sugar Creek. When it comes to playing the "anvil chorus" they have even the extremely famous "Our Band" of Sugar Creek faded. They sure can make an anvil sing.

HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLEY?

Mr. Wallace Kelley is the gentleman on the extreme left but you would never know it from the picture. We don't know whether it was Kelley's face caused this or the camera: we only know the rest took pretty well. They are the yard office force under "Chief" Hancock. Left to right, standing: Mr. Kelley, Smiley Stewart, Eddie Henderson, Renick Jones, Noisy Alexander, Herbert Fraher; seated: Chief Hancock, Virgil Caldwell.

NOT ALL AT ONCE

The census taker entered a large garage in Louisville.

"How many people are working here?" he asked.

The proprietor shifted his Piper Heidsieck from starboard to port.

" 'Bout half of 'em," said he.—Motor Life.

HOW DO THEY GET THAT WAY?

"Why do railroad tracks appear to converge?" asked the professor in an examination.

Thanks to a co-ed we have this explanation.

"Railroad tracks appear to converge because the observer is standing stationary while his eyes roll down the track."

THE STOREHOUSE CREW AT SUGAR CREEK

"And a lively bunch they are, too," writes our photographer, who had an awful job keeping them still long enough to shoot 'em.

FEEDING BABY

The most loving act a mother can do is nurse her baby. When baby nurses it not only gets the best food, but it is less liable to many diseases, such as summer complaint, convulsions, and tuberculosis.

Of every 100 bottle-fed babies 25 die in the first year of life; of every 100 breast-fed babies only 6 die in the first year of life.

Nearly every mother can nurse her baby during the first 3 or 4 months of its life, and if she can nurse it for 10 months so much the better.

There may be an abundant supply of milk after the first few weeks, even if there is but little at first; the act of nursing causes the milk to come into the breasts and increases the supply. It is very important that the baby nurse regularly.

In case the baby is not getting enough milk, the quantity lacking should be made up by properly prepared safe cow's milk. Let a physician decide this. There may be only a temporary shortage on the mother's part, and with suitable care the milk will probably increase so that the breast supply will eventually become sufficient.

Peace of mind is necessary for the nursing mother; she should have no worries; she should not get overtired. She should eat freely of her customary diet. The total quantity of fluids taken by her in 24 hours should not be less than two quarts; more in hot weather. Stuffing, however, is unnecessary and undesirable.

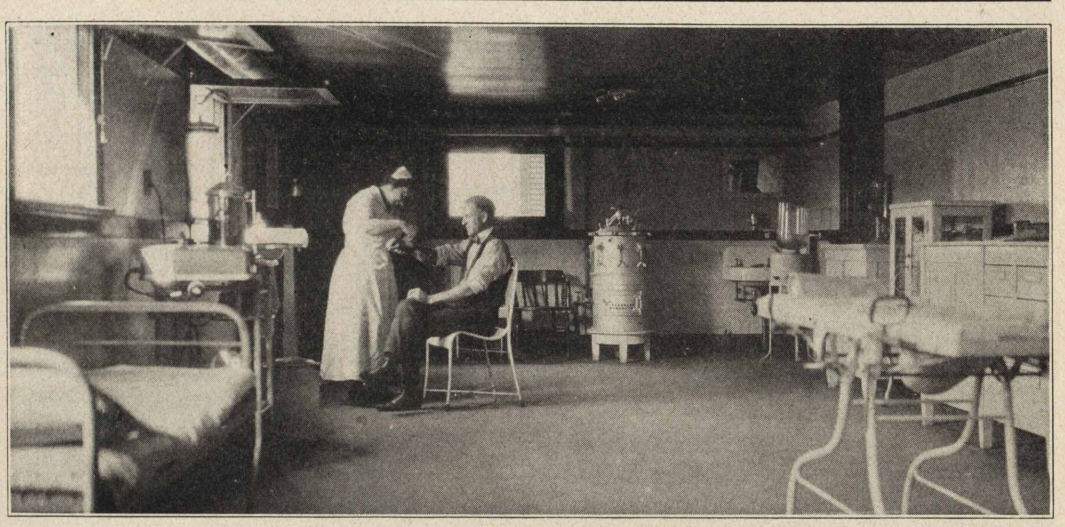
Tuberculosis in the mother is practically the only disease that always forbids nursing. Paleness, nervousness, fatigue, pain in the back and chest, or the return of the monthly sickness are not sufficient reasons for weaning, but when these symptoms are present or pregnancy ensues a physician should be consulted at once.

Shortly after birth, boiled water, without sugar, may be given to the baby at regular invervals until the mother's milk supply is established. The baby, however, should be put to the breast at stated times, as often as the mother's condition permits.

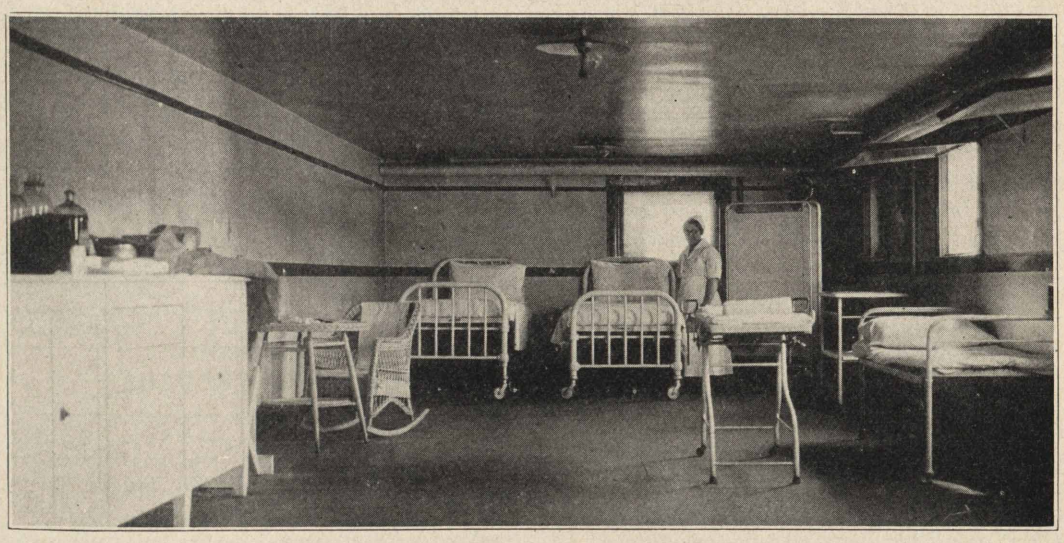
IMPORTANT TO REMEMBER

It is always wise to make nursing as easy as possible for the mother and to give her

INDUSTRIAL NURSING AT SUGAR CREEK



In the above we have Blanche Remington, R. N., in charge of the first aid station at the Sugar Creek works, Standard Oil Company (Indiana). The "victim" is C. C. Koehler, our highly valued chairman of the publications' committee, Sugar Creek. Below we have another view of the first aid station and its mistress, who is doing a fine work at Sugar Creek.



opportunities for rest. Therefore, the sooner the baby is satisfied and gaining on three-hour or even four-hour intervals the better.

Convenient hours for nursing the baby are as follows:

1. *Seven nursings in 24 hours.*—6 a. m., 9 a. m., 12 noon, 3 p. m., 6. p. m., 9 or 10 p. m., and once during the night.

2. *Six nursings in 24 hours.*—6 a. m., 9 a. m., 12 noon, 3 p. m., 6 p. m., and at the mother's bedtime; or at 6 a. m., 10 a. m., 2 p. m., 6 p. m., 10 p. m., and once during the night.

3. *Five nursings in 24 hours.*—6 a. m., 10 a. m., 2 p. m., 6 p. m., 10 p. m., or later.

The baby should be offered cooled boiled water between feedings, especially during hot weather.

The length of time for a nursing varies

LITTLE TOM

Introducing Master T. H. Kane, otherwise known as "Little Tom," nephew of the lubricating engineer for the Milwaukee division. The photo was taken at Ochauchee lake. The boat was made by his "unkie."

with the infant and with the breast. The average infant rarely nurses longer than 15 minutes. The important point is to satisfy the baby. If there is any doubt, let it nurse longer, but not more than 20 minutes. If it is not satisfied after 20 minutes, consult a physician.

It is customary to nurse only one breast at each feeding, and to use them alternately. If, however, the baby does not get enough from one breast, give it both.

It is important to keep the nipples clean; they should be washed before each nursing. Caked breasts, or cracked nipples, although they may be harmful to the mother, do not make the milk poisonous for the baby. In both instances consult a physician, for breast abscess may result if the condition is not attended to.

WEANING

The baby should usually be completely weaned at the end of the first year. Up to this time breast milk should be given to the baby as long as it thrives. It is better, when possible, to continue nursing through the summer and to wean in the fall, but if the year has not been completed in the spring, it is better to wean in the summer than in the spring.

Do not wean the baby suddenly; it should be done gradually by replacing one breast feeding at a time with a bottle feeding. Several weeks are required for weaning.

It is dangerous to wean a young baby. It should not be done for the convenience of the mother and should never be done without the advice of a physician.

MIXED FEEDING

When the mother's milk is diminishing it is advisable to make up the lack with properly modified cow's milk. This may be done either by following one or more breast feedings with enough modified milk to satisfy the baby or by giving one or more full bottle feedings in place of a like number of breast feedings.

The flow of breast milk tends to diminish when the baby nurses less than five times in 24 hours. When the baby is being nursed once every four hours and is not satisfied, it is better to give him after nursing enough modified milk to satisfy him, rather than to replace a nursing with the bottle. If, on the other hand, shorter intervals and more feedings are being used, a bottle feeding may take the place of a nursing without so much danger of decreasing the supply of breast milk. Most babies need additional food after the seventh month.—*United States Public Health Service.*

OUR BAND PREPARES

Word comes from Sugar Creek that "Our Band" has been preparing all winter for the coming of summer and is about ready to "step out" in the summer concerts in the company park, just south of the refinery, and startle the natives with a brand new repertoire. All winter they have been giving weekly concerts, one week in Independence, Mo., and the next week at Sugar Creek, with occasional concerts at Mt. Washington, Mo., and Fairmount Park. On March 24 the band gave a public performance at the new high school auditorium, Sugar Creek.

SHOWING MR. BRAGG'S PET BRAGS

The gentleman with the expansive smile is Mr. W. N. Bragg, chief clerk at Davenport, Iowa, and about him are grouped his young lady assistants who constitute his pet brag. We gather that he is justified in all the good things he may say about them. The other gentleman is unidentified but he seems to be enjoying himself.

FOR OUR COOKS

Here are some nice spring dishes:

CREAM OF SPINACH

2 quarts of spinach (cook in small amount of water uncovered),
3 cups of white stock (veal or chicken).
White sauce: 2 tablespoonfuls of butter,
4 tablespoonfuls of flour,
3 cups of milk,
Salt, pepper and onion.

Chop spinach and strain through sieve. Add stock and heat to boiling point. Make white sauce and combine with first mixture.

STRAWBERRY TAPIOCA

Put into a saucepan 3 tablespoonfuls of instant tapico, 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 1 cup of strawberry juice, juice of 1 lemon, 1 cup of boiling water. Cook slowly until all dissolves and begins to jell or thread. Remove from fire and place in mold. Set on ice and when stiff remove from mold, serve with garnish of fruit and whipped cream.

BAKED FISH

Butter a large flat earthenware dish, lay the fish, split open, upon it, and fill with the following dressing:

Melt 1 tablespoon of butter and pour it over the crumbs from 3 slices of stale bread, and a small piece of salt pork cut very fine. to this Add 1 tablespoonful of capers, ½ teaspoonful sweet marjoram and a very little warm water. Sew the fish up and bake for an hour, basting it with ½ pint white stock seasoned with lemon juice, onion and carrot.

ALMOND TORTE HEARTS

¼ pound almond paste,
⅓ cup sugar,
1 egg.

Beat all until creamy and add the yolks of 5 eggs one at a time, beating all the time. Flavor with the grated rind of ½ lemon.

Beat the whites of eggs very stiff. Add lightly to the batter, at the same time folding in ⅔ cup of sifted cake flour.

Pour about ⅔ inch deep in a deep pan. Bake in moderate oven.

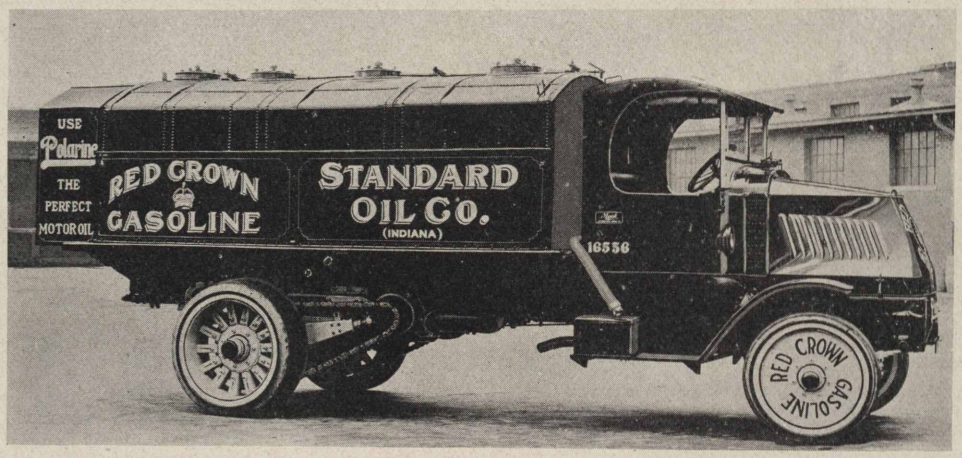
Cover with white icing and trim with cocoanut (shredded) which has been colored red.

MR. LEONARD PROMOTED

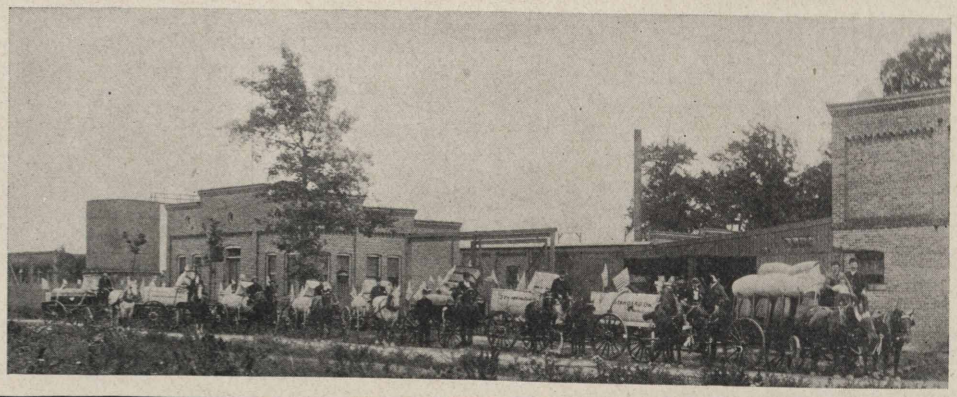
Effective April 15, Mr. B. F. Leonard, district superintendent in the northern division, became assistant manager at Sioux City, Iowa, according to an executive order issued March 28 over the signature of Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the company.

THIRTY YEARS BROUGHT THIS METAMORPHOSIS

Detroit, Mich., April 1—Thirty years ago the eight tank wagons in the lower picture constituted the Standard Oil Company representation in the Labor Day parade at Jackson, Mich. Today, in place of these, we use such Gargantuan monsters as shown in the upper picture. It is one of the Mack twins in use in Detroit and has a capacity of 2478 gallons.



The above is the finest piece of tank wagon equipment in the state of Michigan and we doubt if there is any vehicle anywhere in the United States that surpasses it.

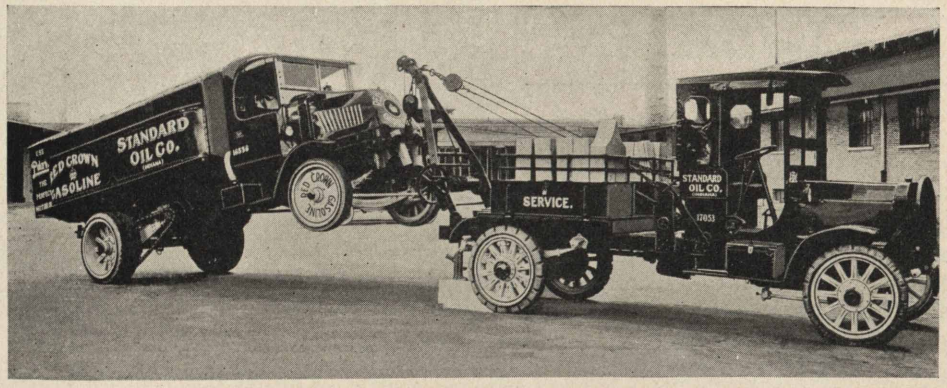


Just as the auto touring car has replaced the Prairie Schooner, so the fleet of motor tank wagons has replaced these old horse-drawn wagons.

IN 1891 THESE THINGS WOULD HAVE ASTOUNDED

Detroit, Mich., April 1—In the lower picture we have the service truck taking the gigantic Mack off its feet. In the upper one we have I. F. Roberts and his truck. On February 20, operating from our Clay avenue plant, Roberts and his truck delivered 12,230 gallons in 10 hours and 35 minutes. "Bob" claims that anyone who beats this record will have to step some. We agree with him.

This truck delivered 12,230 gallons in 10 hours and 35 minutes on February 20th, operating from our Clay avenue plant in Detroit.



Taking the "Mack" off its feet. Detroit, Mich.

WHAT'S A TANK DOING IN IOWA?

Dubuque, Iowa, April 1.—In the large photograph one of our tank wagons is shown delivering Red Crown gasoline to a government tank at the station, Dubuque. The smaller photograph shows the tank approaching one of our service stations. It has been suggested that if murders, holdups and bank robberies do not soon abate in this community, our automobiles all had better be armed like the government tanks.—*P. J. Quinlan, Manager.*

FINE, MRS. MULLIN

From Sugar Creek comes the annual report of Mrs. Grace Key Mullin, Red Cross public health nurse for the northwestern section of Jackson county, Missouri, whose territory includes Mt. Washington, Fairmount addition, Sugar Creek, McCormack addition, Gilpin school district and Cement City. The report is too long for publication in the Record but it shows that Mrs. Mullin has accomplished an enormous amount of good during the last year. Members of the Stanolind family at Sugar Creek appreciate it and congratulate her.

HE JES' SET AN' SET

In order to enlarge the children's vocabulary, a school teacher was in the habit of giving them a certain word and asking them to form a sentence in which that word occurred. One day she gave the class the word "notwithstanding." A bright-faced youngster held up his hand.

"Well, what is your sentence?" asked the teacher.

"Father wore his trousers out; but notwithstanding!"

"SELL THE FULL LINE! LET'S GO!"

Salesman R. G. Carlson, of Hancock, Mich., is out to sell the full line. Above is shown a window display he recently placed in the Pearce Hardware & Furniture Co. store at Lake Linden, Mich., Duluth division. It has attracted wide and favorable comment throughout that city. Which reminds us that here should be a good place to print a rhymed slogan recently submitted to us by Mr. H. F. Hobein, of Chicago:

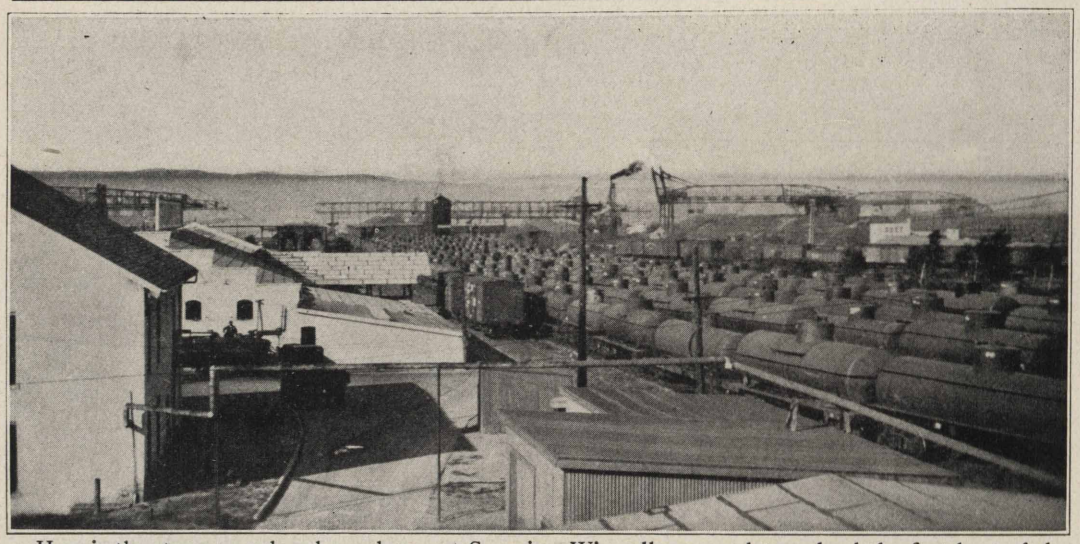
It's easy enough to sell Red Crown
And easy to sell Polarine,
Take some of your time for the rest of the line,
Its merit can plainly be seen;
So pick up your kit and get busy,
Sell the full line wherever you go,
Show what you're worth—sell the best goods on earth,
Sell the full line! Let's Go!

PENSIONED

On April 14th, 1890, Mr. Edward F. Neff went to work for the Standard Oil Co. at 5 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill., under Mr. T. H. Hawks, auditor. For more than twenty years Mr. Neff was head of the distribution department and he retired on April 15, 1921, after thirty-one years of service. Aside from being a faithful and conscientious worker in the company's vineyard, he was expert at bowling, baseball, golfing, juggling, horseracing, poker, etc., etc.

His popularity cannot be set forth in a little "obituary" like this, but can best be measured by the size of the list of contributors to the fund to buy him a suitable "Memorial." Mr. Neff will spend the rest of his years among the "Sunkist" ones of California and will live for a while, at least, at 1324 Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, Calif. May the best of everything be yours for many years, Ed!

WAITING FOR THE FIRST BOAT AT SUPERIOR



Here is the storage yard and warehouse at Superior, Wis., all prepared to unload the first boat of the year from the Whiting refinery. The company maintains a considerable tank farm at Superior, but the Record has not space in this issue to print photographs of it. The Superior plant is in the Duluth division.

A DISPLAY THAT WAS EFFECTIVE

Peoria, Ill., April 1.—This is a photograph of an exhibit at the Howard Zahn garage, Jacksonville, Ill., during the auto show, March 7 to 12. It is an exclusive Standard Oil exhibit. The week's work brought us a good total of orders, more than 25 per cent of them from new customers and several representing lost business regained.

HE WILL USE NOTHING BUT RED CROWN

Duluth, Minn., April 1.—These two machines have been pals for seven months. The aviator, Lieut. E. Fladeland insists on using nothing but Red Crown and do you know what he says?—"It works just fine." The picture was taken at Bemidji, Minn.

ROUTS HOLDUP MEN

Saginaw, Mich., April 1.—The following, taken from a newspaper clipping, tells how J. H. Weible, our "B" station agent at Standish, Mich., recently routed two gunmen who tried to hold him up on a lonely road:

"J. H. Weible was returning to Standish from the western section of his territory for oil and gasoline distribution and was about four miles straight west of Standish when two masked men attempted to gain entrance into the driver's cab to relieve 'Heine' of what ver money and valuables he may have happened to have in his possession.

"One of them jumped on the running board but Heine immediately got his revolver working and took a shot at the intruder. He also sent a second shot at them but it struck the cab. It scared the would-be robbers, however, and they made their getaway."

* * *

Money is only a promise to pay in goods. The man who hoards money and goes without the goods he needs is robbing himself.

THAT'S THE STUFF!

Fargo, N. D., April 1.—I am attaching hereto an unsolicited letter, which was received from the Bydal Mercantile Company, Grand Forks, N. D. I thought you possibly would like to make use of this.—F. I. Packard, manager, Fargo.

You bet we want to use it, Mr. Packard. Here it is, and congratulations to Mr. White:

Standard Oil Co., Gentlemen: I believe that a few words of commendation regarding your Service Station attendant, Mr. White, would be in order. I have known Mr. White since he started to work for your company about two years ago, and I have been much impressed with the quality of service he has been rendering to his customers. I feel certain that his courteous manner has caused a number of customers to come out of their way, and pass up other service stations in order to patronize Mr. White. That would at least express my personal sentiment. Yours respectfully, Bydal Mercantile Co., C. M. Bydal.

MAKING TWO GALLONS GROW WHERE ONE GREW BEFORE

The executive committee of the greatest refinery in the world—the Whiting works of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). From left to right: Dr. R. E. Humphreys, manager; Mr. Thomas S. Cooke, superintendent, Dr. G. Cash, assistant superintendent; Mr. J. E. Evans, assistant superintendent.

The executive committee of the Sugar Creek works, Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Left to right: Mr. F. W. Bruckmiller, assistant superintendent; Mr. J. W. Kelly, assistant superintendent; Mr. G. H. Moffett, manager; Mr. H. R. Boehmer, superintendent.

Executive committee of the Wood River works, left to right: Mr. A. P. McCormick, engineering department; Mr. S. A. Beach, superintendent; Mr. C. B. Manbeck, manager; Mr. Frank Gainer, assistant superintendent.

The executive committee of the Casper works, Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Left to right: Mr. W. H. Tolhurst, assistant master mechanic; Mr. A. E. Thompson (standing), superintendent; Mr. R. M. Andrus, manager; Mr. D. J. Smith, chief engineer; Mr. Emil Hirschfeld (standing) master mechanic.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT RED CROWN GASOLINE?

You Are Employed by the Greatest Gasoline Marketing Company in the World But Do You Know the History of Gasoline and the Part Which Red Crown, Manufactured By Your Company, Has Played in Making That History?

"Every Standard Oil Company Employee a Salesman!"

Since the second installment of the article on Red Crown gasoline appeared in the April number, employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) have acquired a new and powerful incentive for putting into practice the slogan: "Every Standard Oil Company Employee a Salesman!" Since that time thousands of them have taken their first step towards becoming stockholders in this company. The profits that will hereafter accrue to them, in the form of dividends and the enhanced value of the company's stock, will depend on the amount of business done by the company and the economy with which that business is conducted. It is, therefore, to the self interest of every employee-stockholder not only to aid in conducting the business economically, but to help sell Standard Oil Company (Indiana) products to his friends, neighbors and acquaintances. That does not mean taking orders. It is not necessary to take orders to be a salesman. Boosting your company's products is helping to sell them, and on that basis every Standard Oil Company employee-stockholder should be a salesman.

But whether one is a stockholder or not, it is still to the self-interest of every employee to boost the company's products and thereby help to sell them, for the more Red Crown gasoline, the more Polarine, and Semdac and Stanolax sold, the greater the demand on the whole organization, and the greater the demand, the more men will be needed in the refineries, the more clerks and stenographers in the various offices. More sales, more jobs; more opportunities for advancement.

No one can boost anything successfully if he is ignorant of the qualities of the article he is trying to boost; and no Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employee should be ignorant of the qualities of the products manufactured by this company. Besides, one can never know, in a great organization such as ours, when he may be transferred to a job where such knowledge will be essential or helpful to his success. In publishing this article on Red Crown gasoline, prepared by the advertising department and now available in booklet form, the Record has endeavored to place accurate and valuable information concerning the company's major product at the disposal of all employees. The installment which follows is the third and last. In future issues the Record hopes to be able to present similar information regarding other products manufactured by this company.

"Every Standard Oil Company Employee a Salesman!"

Just as the Standard Oil Company has established specifications for the manufacture of Red Crown gasoline, so has the United States Government established certain specifications for Federal purchases of gasoline.

Briefly stated, the Government specifications are as follows:

"*When a sample of the gasoline is distilled:*

"The first drop shall distill off at a temperature below 140° Fahrenheit.

"20% of the entire amount shall distill off at a temperature below 221° Fahrenheit.

"50% of the entire amount shall distill off at a temperature below 284°.

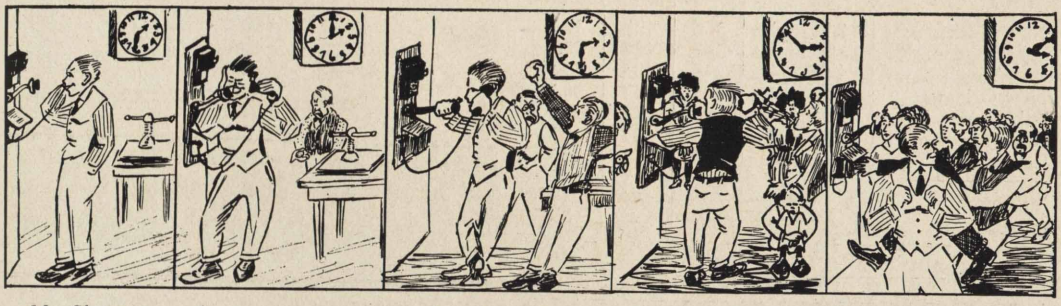
"90% of the entire amount shall distill off at a temperature below 374°.

"The entire amount shall distill off at a temperature below 437°."

You will observe that the specifications make no mention of "gravity"—no mention of "straight run"—no mention of anything except those specific things which affect the quality of gasoline as a *motor fuel*, namely, the initial boiling point, the end point, the proportion of low boiling point fractions, the proportion of high boiling point fractions, and the proportion of fractions having boiling points between the low and the high.

As previously stated, and as shown on the table, Red Crown more than measures up

WHEN HE GETS "ROSIE" ON THE LINE



Mr. Slater, one of our star cartoonists, has here pictured the lady killer and phone fiend of the purchasing department making his daily call over the public phone in the manufacturing department, sixth floor, Chicago office.

to the Government Specifications for Federal purposes. While Red Crown specifications include a slightly higher proportion of the fractions boiling off between 374 degrees and 383 degrees, the end point of Red Crown is shown to be *10 degrees below Government specifications.*

As a further demonstration of the quality of Red Crown (especially as compared to other gasolines which are offered to the public as motor fuel), compare the results of distillation tests of all the Red Crown shipped in July, 1920, with distillation tests made by the Bureau of Mines of 82 samples collected in seven cities in that same month of July, 1920. In the following table the figures pertaining to the Government tests are taken from the Report of Investigation, Motor Gasoline Survey, Serial No. 2149. The figures pertaining to Red Crown are taken from the records of our Chemical Laboratories.

Highest, lowest, and average distillation points of motor fuel marketed in seven cities during July, 1920, compared with Government specification for Federal purchases of motor fuel, and with average distilation tests of Red Crown gasoline shipped during July, 1920.

CITY	SAMPLES	20% of the Samples had Distilled Off at		
		Lowest Of All Samples	Highest Of all Samples	Average Of All Samples
New York	11 Samples.	192	226	210
Washington	13 Samples.	149	232	200
Pittsburgh	14 Samples.	149	230	196
New Orleans	8 Samples.	203	241	223
Salt Lake City	12 Samples.	165	230	21[illegible]
San Francisco	15 Samples.	192	228	214
Chicago	9 Samples.	169	228	203
Summary	82 Samples.	149	241	208
Government Specifications		.....	221	.....
Red Crown		.....	210	.....

CITY	SAMPLES	First Drop Distilled Off at		
		Lowest Of All Samples	Highest Of All Samples	Average Of All Samples
New York	11 Samples.	108	149	132
Washington	13 Samples.	99	149	131
Pittsburgh	14 Samples.	106	147	128
New Orleans	8 Samples.	118	151	138
Salt Lake City	12 Samples.	113	140	126
San Francisco	15 Samples.	109	144	124
Chicago	9 Samples.	95	176	142
Summary	82 Samples.	95	176	130
Government Specifications		.....	140	.....
Red Crown		.....	102	.....

CITY	SAMPLES	50% of the Samples had Distilled Off at		
		Lowest Of All Samples	Highest Of All Samples	Average Of All Samples
New York	11 Samples.	244	288	263
Washington	13 Samples.	162	298	273
Pittsburgh	14 Samples.	210	336	263
New Orleans	8 Samples.	257	297	280
Salt Lake City	12 Samples.	221	298	279
San Francisco	15 Samples.	243	289	264
Chicago	9 Samples.	203	288	259
Summary	82 Samples.	162	336	268
Government Specifications		.....	284	.....
Red Crown		.....	281	.....

CITY	SAMPLES	90% of the Samples had Distilled Off at		
		Lowest Of All Samples	Highest Of All Samples	Average Of All Samples
New York	11 Samples.	356	408	373
Washington	13 Samples.	367	423	396
Pittsburgh	14 Samples.	338	493	400
New Orleans	8 Samples.	361	442	383
Salt Lake City	12 Samples.	385	414	406
San Francisco	15 Samples.	333	392	362
Chicago	9 Samples.	352	441	399
Summary	82 Samples.	333	493	388
Government Specifications		.....	374	.....
Red Crown		.....	383	.....

CITY	SAMPLES	All Distilled Off or Dry Point at		
		Lowest Of All Samples	Highest Of All Samples	Average Of All Samples
New York	11 Samples.	414	460	432
Washington	13 Samples.	424	498	449
Pittsburgh	14 Samples.	392	518	454
New Orleans	8 Samples.	412	509	445
Salt Lake City	12 Samples.	450	471	456
San Francisco	15 Samples.	403	446	428
Chicago	9 Samples.	428	466	455
Summary	82 Samples.	592	578	456
Government Specifications		.....	437	.....
Red Crown		.....	427	.....

Examine the figures in the foregoing table carefully; note the wide variation in the range of boiling point fractions going to make up the gasoline sold throughout the country, and it will be apparent that switching from one gasoline to another—buying one kind of gasoline today, and another tomorrow— is an unwise practice.

No carburetor known will handle with uniform efficiency fuels having so wide a range in their boiling point fractions as this table shows, without constant re-adjustment, and frequent changes in your carburetor are not desirable.

If the hydrometer readings be considered in relation to the adjustment of boiling point fractions the problem, apparently, will be even more complex.

However, a careful examination of the facts is sufficient to convince anyone that gravity is valueless in measuring the efficiency of gasoline as a motor fuel, and may be disregarded.

There is but one way to get greatest efficiency and economy from your engine.

LOBDELL, HIMSELF

Introducing Mr. Don M. (Slingy) Lobdell, monarch of all he surveys and then some, director of Industrial Relations at the Casper works, G. O. P. politician, settler of domestic disputes, a hound on fair prices, a friend of the sheriff, and an industrious spinner of the festive top with a predilection for turning up a star. Anything in Wyoming which comes under Slingy's eye immediately becomes part of his domain—here we have him in undisputed possession of an empire of rock. The formation is said to be one of the most interesting in Wyoming, but it hasn't got anything on Slingy.

Adopt for continuous use a gasoline made by an organization of known responsibility, having so complete a distribution of their product as to make it available wherever you may chance to be.

Have your carburetor adjusted to this gasoline, and use no other. Red Crown, the high grade motor gasoline made by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) exactly meets the needs of the modern automobile engine; it is uniform in quality and it may be bought anywhere.

As a matter of operating economy, make Red Crown your standard fuel, stick to it and you will get the utmost of service from your car. Red Crown starts easily even in the coldest weather, it picks up quickly and it enables your engine to deliver to the wheels every ounce of power the machine can develop.

* * *

Stagnant water breeds disease. Stagnant money in hoards breeds business failure.

HOP TO IT, KID! YOU'RE THE BERRIES!

"This is the Stanolind Record reporter gathering news at Greybull," writes "T. M.", of that plant. We'll say he is a speedy reporter and that's the kind we like. Just get the action in the above! And then turn to the gossip from Greybull, a baby refinery, and compare it with the amount from Whiting, the greatest refinery in the world!

"LET'S GO", GIRLS!

Dubuque, Iowa, April 1.—Our lady clerks in the office have been holding a very successful campaign on sales of coupon books. Every girl in the office has sold some, and a great many have done well, selling quite a number. At a later date we will announce the names of the winners and give a record of the books sold. At present it seems to be quite a secret. A prize is to be given to the lady who sells the most books and another prize to the lady who secures the greatest number of new customers. We can assure you that there is great rivalry and from all we can hear the girls are making a record which will make the men in the office and the salesmen hustle to equal. When it comes to sales-ladies the Dubuque office certainly can hold its own.

* * *

True Thrift is wise investment and judicious spending.

IT SURE DOES

Kansas City, April 1.—A gentleman at Carrollton, Mo., was called upon to make a trip to neighboring town at 2. a. m., but when he started found he had no gasoline. He telephoned to Mr. A. Ward, our service station attendant at that point and explained his trouble. Mr. Ward immediately went to the service station with him and gave service. The gentleman wanted to pay Mr. Ward for his trouble, but Mr. Ward refused to take any more than the price of the gasoline, stating all he wanted was the business and good-will of party in question. We claim this is service and deserves mention.—H. C. Griffin, manager, Kansas City division.

* * *

The *A. W. Booster* says: "If you would have the wage earners who are foreign born look up to you, don't make a practice of looking down on them."

FATHER AND SON RED CROWN BOOSTERS

August C. Schonrock, S. O. agent at Cambridge, Minn., Minneapolis division, and his son, are not only chums but are both live Red Crown boosters. Here they are, right on the job.

FATHER AND SON

Be more than his dad,
Be a chum to the lad;
Be a part of his life
  Every hour of the day;
Find time to talk with him
Share in his studies
  And share in his play;
Take him to places
To ball games and races.
Teach him the things
  That you want him to know;
Don't live apart from him;
Don't keep your heart from him,
Be his best comrade,
  He's needing you so!

—*Edgar Guest.*

* * *

The Judge postponed the case for a week, but one of the attorneys insisted on having it heard at once.

"What is it about?" asked the Judge.

"Your Honor, it is about a case of two dozen bottles of wine."

"Oh, if that is all," returned the Judge, "the court can easily dispose of the case at once."

GOLDEN WEDDING

The Stanolind family extends its felicitations to Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Rigney, of Manhattan, Kan., who recently celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Mr. Rigney is the Standard Oil company agent at Manhattan and has been in the company service for twenty-four years. Clippings from the Manhattan papers indicate that the celebration was one of the most beautiful and elaborate affairs in the social history of that place, about 400 guests, many of whom came from out of town, attending.

MR. KOEGEL RETIRES

Valentine Koegel, 10522 Avenue H, Chicago, was placed on the company's annuity roll effective April 1. Mr. Koegel was formerly still foreman at the Whiting refinery and was in the employ of the company thirty years and ten months.

SEMDAC!

Here is Salesman W. Peterson of Minneapolis showing 'em how to use Semdac Liquid Gloss in cleaning street car windows. Yes, Semdac is part of The Full Line.

GUMMY

The following bulletin letter, recently issued at our Des Moines office, will probably be greeted by heartfelt Amens in other divisions:

"Please instruct the people in your department to stop throwing chewing gum in the waste paper basket, as it has gummed up the paper macerator in the basement so that it will hardly run. Yours truly, O. J. P."

(Note: Judging from the appearance of our new tan shoes we gather that the chicle chewers of the Chicago office don't throw their gum in the waste basket. They leave it on the floor.)

* * *

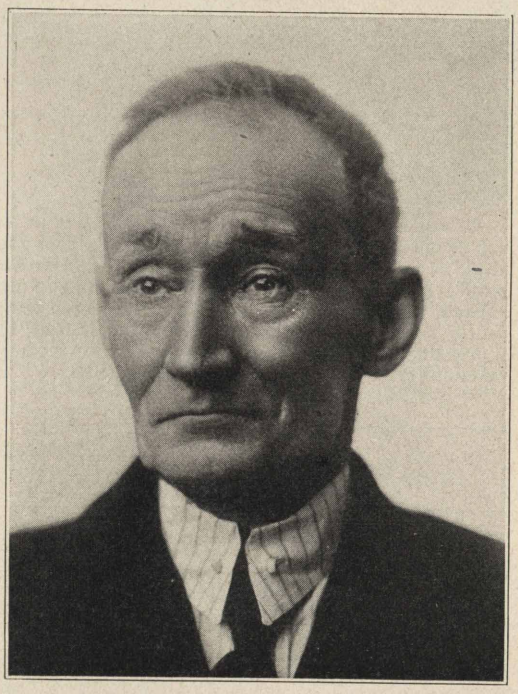
There was a young rounder named Lou,
Who made a batch of home brew,
He took a wee nip,
Just a moderate sip,
Funeral—Tuesday at two.

CHANGES IN J. G. C.

Henry Behrens has been selected as a member of the Whiting Joint General Committee to succeed Frank McCoy, whose transfer to the private payroll placed him in Division 11, making him ineligible as a representative of Division 10.

At Sugar Creek Claud Burson has succeeded Representative Romie Urban who has left the service of the company.

SO LONG, JOHN!



John R. Jackson, placed on the annuity payroll on April 1, holds the distinction of being the first laborer hired by W. A. Eaton, former labor superintendent at the Wood River works. While Mr. Jackson has but 14 years of service to his credit, that service has been so honest and well rendered that the company deemed he had, at his present advanced age, earned a place on the annuity payroll. Mr. Jackson is 71 years of age, having been born in England, April 27, 1850. He entered the service of the Standard Oil Company December 13, 1907. Residing in a comfortable home in Alton, which he acquired with savings from his earnings, Mr. Jackson and his wife will devote their leisure time to the chicken business, besides raising garden truck during the summer. John, as he is known among the boys of the refinery, has our heartiest and sincerest good wishes. So long, John, and good luck!

BETTER DILUTE IT FOR THIS LADY

Grand Rapids, Mich., April 1.—Here is what a lady, a Studebaker and a gallon of Red Crown did to one of our service stations. As one of the local papers remarked, she came after gasoline and almost took away the service station. The driver was Miss Emma Lindquist, matron of the Blodgett Memorial Hospital. Running out of gas near the station, she pedometered over and got a gallon of Red Crown, carried it back, put in the tank, stepped on the accelerator and started to drive in to have the tank filled. Evidently she hadn't counted on the power of Red Crown for the car refused to stop until it met up with a supporting column of the canopy. We were compelled to borrow the Studebaker for a few hours until we could erect temporary columns, the "Studey" supporting the canopy until that could be done.

SOME DES MOINES MEMBERS OF S. O. FAMILY

Here is the warehouse gang at Des Moines, Iowa

GOSSIP FROM REFINERIES AND FIELD

WHITING, IND.

Several men of the filtering oils department have taken unto themselves new cars this spring, and they are also purchasing Standard Oil Company stock, by the new method. At times during winter the dark clouds hovered close, but behind them the sun always shines brightly; and the men who bought that stock will soon find that the clouds not only have the proverbial silver lining but a golden one as well. In No. 3 House George Zerwer bought a new Paige; in No. 4 House Ben Jones bought a new Overland; in the FF Plant Bill Brown purchased a new Paige Sedan; in No. 5 House Jack Westfall purchased a new Nash. Now with Red Crown and Polarine a gas and oil combination not to be beat, the motor cycle cops will soon be after them, but it will be a case of "no catchee, no pinchee."

William Walko was married on Easter Sunday. We have not been able to find the young lady's name as yet, but hope to land it soon.

Mr. Charles Frantz and Miss Anna Salem are soon to be married. We all wish them good luck and lots of it.

Miss Josephine McDermott, our charming little typist of the filtering oils department, is to leave the company May 1. She is going to marry George Lohneis, formerly of Milwaukee, but appraisal engineer now for Lloyd Thomas Company. We shall miss "Jo" very much, and wish her the best of luck and happiness.

Mrs. Grace Whitmire, formerly of the white oil room, gave a party to her former companions on Monday evening, March 28. Delicious refreshments were served and the girls declare they had a fine time. They played bunco and Miss Sadie Burke, formerly an employee captured the first prize, and Helen Hynes took the second.

Two new girls have come to the FFF plant from the grease works. They are Miss Anna Haluska and Miss Susanne Skrobala. Miss Mary Gima spent the Easter week end with her parents in Stevensville, Mich. She had a splendid time on the farm and said she recalled the old song about "Back to Michigan" particularly "the rooster, the one that uster wake her up at 4:00 a. m." This was not quite so pleasing.

Miss Tillie Berkowitz of the white oil room attended a social affair of the Tri-City Triangle Club, on March 31 at K. of P. Hall, Hammond. She reported a very enjoyable time.

The can factory employees extend their sincere sympathy to their fellow workers, Anna Podobinski and Minnie Jones, the former in the death of her brother, and the latter in the death of her father.

Paul Mehalso passed the cigars to the boys of the can factory to celebrate his marriage of March 13.

Cecelia Mordus has left the can factory. She is to be an April bride. Good luck, Cecelia.

Mr. Walter Campbell, round house foreman, was absent several days on account of a severe cold.

Mr. Andrew Scrbascic, car repairer, is wearing a broad smile. Do you know the reason? His wife has just arrived from the "Old Country" March 6.

Mr. Vincent Grogan has returned to work after several days' illness.

Have you seen Mr. John McLeans' new goggles and driving gloves? What's the reason, John? Wait till you see him in his new Buick Six.

Miss Margaret Wood, stenographer of the yard office, resigned her position on February 2, in order to resume her high school studies. Miss Marie Gerlach is filling the vacancy.

The Standard Oil Band gave a concert at the round house on March 9, which was very much enjoyed by all.

Gordon Hildreth of the 7th and 8th Batteries Tower Stills is the father of a new baby boy born March 12. The youngster gives every indication of being a natural born orator and may soon announce his candidacy for political office.

Harry Etter of the new Bubble Tower Treating plant is happy over the arrival of a baby girl. Both mother and little Miss Etter are doing fine.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

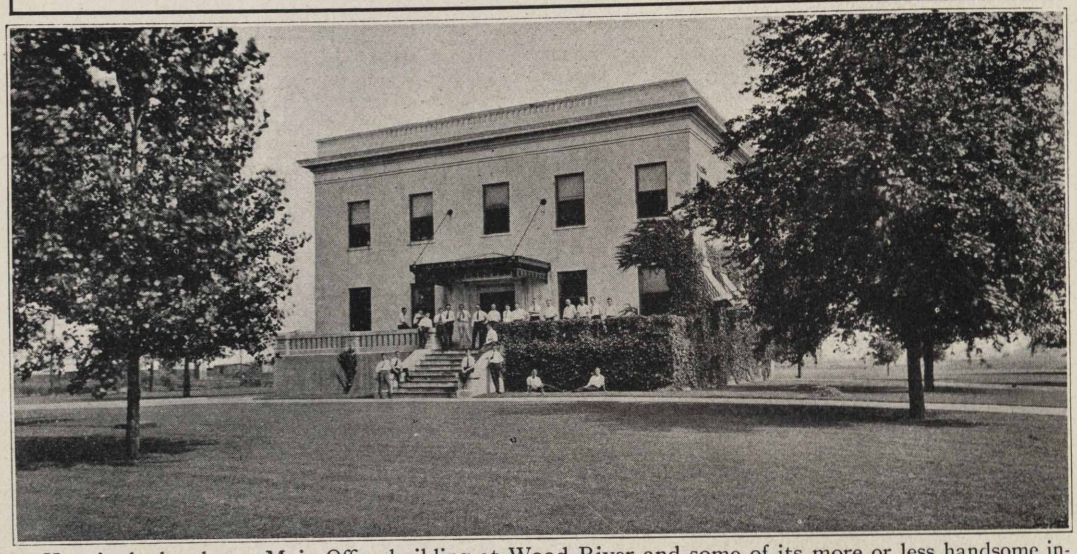
Lucien J. Kremer of the main office has left the service of the company to play baseball this season. "Lou" has gone to Ft. Smith for a tryout with the Western Association. Kremer will be remembered as one of the "Handsome" (?) Polarines. "Lou" was chief gardener in left field.

It seems that the hopes of our tennis lovers are materializing. The construction of the two courts, begun last year and discontinued for various reasons, has again been taken up and is showing progress. The backstops are completed and are, with due credit to those in charge of constructing them, a fine piece of work. If the rest of the details in completing the courts are attended to in like mannar, Wood River will certainly have SOME tennis courts. It may be mentioned here that these courts cannot be finished any too soon to suit the "forty love" boys, who are eager to begin practicing, as they are living in hopes that the management will kindly permit them to make good the challenge offered Whiting last year. By the way, ye editor of the Stanolind Record, alias "Our Hero," will please remember that he and his staff entertained an "invasion bee" in their bonnet last year. The editor announced that he would relieve both the Wood River and Whiting champions of their laurels. That "invasion bee," our hero, is better dead than alive. With our "cutstroke," Lawford and Renshaw experts on guard, Wood River has no fear of Whiting or the Record Staff, who, it is said, "serve nothing but aces." (We'll be down.—Ed.)

Rumor has it that the main office was to lose its chief interlocutor and president of the Hot Stove League, Mr. E. E. Walker. At the present writing, Mr. Walker is still holding regular sessions.

What has become of the Timekeepers' baseball team? Spring is here, the birds are returning, but this victorious aggregation of would-be ball players has not yet put in its appearance on the diamond. The many admirers of this gang of "shrinking violets" are anxiously awaiting the time when they can spend the leisure hours watching their heroes perform. This "modestly yours" stuff is great, and it goes well with the timekeepers who had the nerve to get themselves mugged and plastered broadside on the pages of the Stanolind Record of October, 1920, together with a "modest account of their career." This account is a drawn out eulogy of the accomplishments of "this victorious aggregation," of the "many admirers," etc. It may seem strange,

HO, HUM! IT'S A HARD LIFE AT WOOD RIVER



Here is the handsome Main Office building at Wood River and some of its more or less handsome inhabitants. Don't they look as if they took life hard? We suspect it is the noon hour and that they are forming a gallery for the horseshoe experts (?) who have their court near the place where the photographer must have stood. Somewhere back of the building are some tennis courts, begun in the spring of 1920 and to be finished, maybe, someday: we hope soon enough to give the Wood Riverites time to learn the game before any Whiting stars or members of the Record staff happen to drop in at Wood River.

but it is a fact that, outside of the players themselves, old Bill Penrose, a few boys and some stray pups, hardly anyone witnessed the glorious "achievements" of the timekeepers' team. What, after all was there to see? Certainly no ball players! As to the victories of which the timekeepers are so boastful, let us pause and cast a retrospective glance into the past and consider. In the first place, the timekeepers took very good care to challenge only such teams that were easy to overcome. The only good team the timekeepers ever went up against was a "pickup" nine from the main office. How long this game lasted is well known. At the end of the fourth inning the timekeepers paraded off the diamond with their "lunch hooks" elevated. The score of that game was 11 to 3, main office leading. This game was no "pre-season" affair either. Referring to the assertion that the main office would not play the timekeepers a return game during the season, surely the main office would not be so uncharitable. The main office refused for very good reasons, for it well knew that it would not take pity on the timekeepers in another game. The main office boys are real ball players, and will be glad to wait on the timekeepers, but the timekeepers must first really accomplish something in the line of baseball.

P. J. Eckman, of the shipping department, has again resigned his position with the Standard Oil Co. Last October, Joe left the service to engage in the real estate business. Some months later, Eckman was back at his old post in the shipping department. We wonder if the "prodigal son" stunt can be worked a second time.

They say that Joe "Snowie" Lamm will pitch for the timekeepers ball team this year. There is talk afloat that "Snowie's" twirling ability has improved wonderfully. Atta boy, "Snowie," maybe the main office boys won't ram the first ball you pitch to them this year. You know, Joe, how Lester Geltz clouted your first offering last year for a "Sasshay" around the diamond.

Thomas Slaten, of the main pump house, reports the arrival of a 7¾-pound baby boy. This is the first, but we hope it won't be the last. Congratulations.

While attending a St. Patrick's dance in Wood River on March 17, Joe Ash of the bricklayers had the misfortune of losing his Reo runabout. How it got up to the Illini Hotel is a mystery, but the next morning, Joe's female friend of the night before recognized the machine and reported the theft to the police. Outside of a few minor details, Joe says the car is as good as ever.

The engagement of Miss Alice Lenacher to Millard Ash was announced Easter Sunday at an informal dinner party at the home of her mother. Time of the wedding was not given out, but it is supposed that it will take place some time in the near future. The groom is one of our bricklayers and a very likable young man. Let us know the time, "Millie," so that we can prepare for the smokes. Congratulations.

Sidney Abbott, who fires at No. 5 crude house, reports the sad death of their thirteen months old baby boy, occurring Easter Sunday morning. The little one had been sick for several days with pneumonia. We extend our heartfelt sympathies to the parents.

Mrs. R. C. Farrow, wife of Stillman Farrow at No. 2 crude still receiving house, has left for Fieldon, Ill., to spend a few days with her mother.

C. Mayford, stillman at No. 3 pressure, has left

the service of the company to take up poultry raising on a farm in Missouri.

Carl Volz, stillman at No. 4 pressure, will give up his position with the company about the 14th of April, and will start in business for himself at Highland, Ill.

Thomas Gildersleve, stillman at No. 5 pressure, has been absent from duty the past week on account of sickness. We all hope to see Tom back on the job soon.

Howard Gilson, helper at No. 1 pressure, has his gasoline launch almost overhauled and is nearly ready to place it in the river. Howard says that he will supply us with fish this summer.

Jess Cole and Orville Earl, firemen on the pressure stills, are sporting new Ford cars. A. Werner also has the gasoline fever and has placed his order for one.

Don't forget to vote for our night superintendent for assistant supervisor. Al has no opposition, but nevertheless, your vote will be appreciated.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schnaufer spent Easter Sunday in St. Louis with Mrs. Schnaufer's mother.

Wm. Grove is building a new home next to his residence on Madison avenue.

Pressure Still Foreman M. M. Doil, is back on the job after being confined to his home several days with rheumatism.

Henry Johnson, stillman at No. 2 crude, who recently suffered a nervous breakdown, is reported to be doing nicely at the home of his parents in the country.

Gustave Bangert, helper at No. 4 pressure, reports the arrival of a 7¾-pound baby boy.

Robert Lovell, of the brass foundry, is a happy father, due to the fact that a 9-pound baby boy arrived on the 20th of March. Mother and son are reported as doing nicely.

H. Pilgrim of the tube blowers reports the arrival of a baby boy at his home on March 19.

Wm. Whitthofft, our congenial crane foreman, is wearing a broader grin than usual these days, the event being the arrival of a baby girl.

We extend our sympathies to Geo. Dillender of the labor department, who had the misfortune of striking his instep with a pick while making track repairs. Recent reports from the hospital show that George is progressing nicely and will be back on the job before long.

Jas. Green, of the acid works, who received a telegram from Denver, Colo., on the 22nd of this month, informing him of the serious illness of his mother, is glad to report a later one, announcing her improvement.

Clifford Manlove, of the pressure stills, reports that his wife and little son have departed for Bingham, Ill., to visit her sister, Mrs. Nora Seaton.

Cecil Scherer, formerly of Wood River and now located in Denver, Colo., reports that he is improving daily and speaks very well of the Fitzsimmons hospital where he is staying.

We regret to report the death of Mr. Henry Lemkmeyer, brother-in-law of Mr. Flannagan, our first aid man.

Martin Pekaric reports the arrival at his home, Friday, March 31, of a fine baby girl. Congratulations, Martin!

O. Hemphill, of the welding department, was called to Springfield, Ill., to serve as Grand Juror in the U. S. Court, March 22-23-24.

"Red" Hamer, foreman of the welding department, is now piloting a Nash-Six to and from Alton.

C. Batchelor, tin shop foreman, is again on the job after a severe spell of grip.

L. Fehr, of the tin shop, has left the employ of this company and is seeking his fortune elsewhere. Sorry to lose him, but wish him the best of luck in his new fields of endeavor.

The first anniversary of the Wood River Refinery Band was celebrated the night of March 30. An elegant spread was given at the S. O. Co. lunch room for the members of the band and their families. I. L. Stocker, director, acted as toastmaster. Short talks by Dr. A. Don Stocker of Alton and by Tony Ehrhardt were quite interesting. Director Stocker gave a resume of the work done by this organization in the past year, which certainly shows that this organization has a very bright future and that much praise is due Mr. Stocker for his able leadership. From a purely amateur organization one year ago, they have grown in number and increased in ability, until now they are on the high road to success. The dance given after the banquet at Schillinger's Hall was a most enjoyable affair. There was an excellent attendance and all enjoyed the music furnished by Colling's orchestra. Here is to this growing organization. May you live long and prosperously.

F. J. Gainer, assistant superintendent, who left for Whiting Easter Sunday evening on business, expects to be away three or four days. He was accompanied by his wife.

Mrs. Geo. Gunnison was informed on March 10 of the death of her sister in the state of Washington. We all join in extending our sympathies.

Mrs. Wm. Chalk, wife of "Bill" Chalk of the paraffine department, left on the 29th, for Toronto, Canada, to visit for a short time with her sisters.

Several members of the Odd Fellow lodge received their third degree on the evening of the 29th. There was a large attendance and several of the grand officers were present. After the degree work lunch was served and a general good time enjoyed by everyone.

Willard Duggar has been transferred from the main office to the storehouse.

Wilbur Halsey has been transferred from the storehouse to the filling racks.

Louis Burns of the storehouse entertained his lady friend from Louisville, Ky., during the week before Easter. It is needless to say that the State hospital lost one of its regular visitors during the Holy week, although we doubt whether it was much of a sacrifice to Louis.

Steve Mikolia is planning to build a seven room house in Maplewood.

Mrs. Cecil King, who will be remembered as Miss Ether Gifford, a former telephone operator, is the proud mother of a bouncing boy, who has been named Cecil Gifford King.

The bond issue for a new school building on Wood River avenue, passed by a majority of about seven to one. Wood River can justly be proud of her school buildings.

The S. O. Bowling League of the Wood River refinery ended its season March 25, with Kocher's Perfections on top, with Wuestenfeld's V. M. & P.'s, Maloney's Solar Reds and Haller's Fortnites following in the order named. On April 8 and 9, the various teams, their wives and lady friends will go to St. Louis for dinner and a show, thus making a fitting end to the winter's sport. Sleepy Burris shot high score of 255, while Maloney shot high average with a score of 155.

Wheels of industry at the new plant have been getting hot; therefore we had two nights of frost in order to cool the workmen off. However, that does

not chill the ardor of Mr. Gladden, manager of the lubricating department.

Safety First: Curly Andrews, recently married, is building a ten-room house on Whitelaw avenue. Was it Methusaleh, Micawber or Abraham or some one else who had great expectations?

Tim Van Camp, stillman at No. 2 crude house, celebrated his fifty-fourth birthday with a big party. All reported a good time.

The stork visited the house of Geo. Oetkens and left a baby boy, March 3.

Roy Bartlow, helper at No. 5 house, had his Ford car stolen while he was at the Hippodrome in Alton. Later he found the car abandoned on the state road.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnson are improving and getting along nicely.

The stork visited the home of Harry Cleveland and left a nice baby boy. Harry says he looks just like his dad. 'Nuf said.

Jack Stoneham's brother who hails from Cleveland visited Jack and family for several days.

Henry Shewie is raffling off his auto. He says he is going to get a good bicycle.

Geo. Searcy handles more dirt than any other individual in Wood River. After each rain, George gets out the old wheelbarrow and moves his yard off the street.

Walter Shampine has purchased a 1912 model Ford from a person named Rubenstein at Alton.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Verner of E. St. Louis, spent Easter Sunday with their brothers, Harold and Oliver. Their father, D. H. Verner, was also there.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Snodgrass, accompanied by their little daughter, spent Easter Sunday with Mr. Snodgrass' parents in St. Louis.

Francis Manning, of St. Louis university, and Kenneth Beach, of Illinois university, returned to their respective schools, after spending the Easter holidays with their parents.

George Redman, helper at No. 6 pressure house, through the departure of Chris. Mayford, has been promoted to stillman at No. 3 pressure house, to fill the vacancy made by Mr. Mayford.

Jack Hanson and Bert Adams, of the boilermaking department, two well known boys, staged the cleverest battle ever witnessed in Alton, on the night of March 22. The bout went six rounds, and while there was no K. O., the boys were both well batered up. This might be of interest to Whiting. Hanson got the newspaper decision.

Simon Halloran reports that the traffic cop of Wood River had the busiest night of the year on the 17th of March. It was on this night that Simon held his famous St. Patrick's dance, which was very well attended.

Fred Simms, tracing clerk in the draughting department, left the employ of the company on the 15th. "Ted" Ohnsorg of the carpenter department has been transferred to the draughting room to fill the vacancy.

John White, one of our lead burners, wishes to announce that he is a candidate for alderman in his ward. John lives in Alton, and resides in the sixth ward. He is making an active campaign.

Geo. Redman, who has been touring California and the West in general, is expected back within the next few days. Hurry up, George, we're getting lonesome for some of that wonderful "bull" you put out.

C. S. ("Pinky") Hausner, of the main office, will, with the first signs of warm weather, proceed to perform some of his various athletic feats for the benefit of his fellow employees. Chris, who is by force of circumstance a pen pusher in the day time and an organist at night, shines on the athletic field. In fact, in the eyes of the writer, he is, next to Jim Thorpe, the greatest all-round athlete in the country. Along with his various accomplishments at tennis, horseshoes, etc., he is also the inventor of the 4-M ball, now used by nearly all major league pitchers.

Mr. W. H. ("Shanty") Garde, late of the accounting department, and still later of the cashier's office, has accepted a position as assistant in the stationery department.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

"Canary" (J. W.) Edson is missing from his perch over the bunkers in the new boiler house and we are sorry to learn that he had to go to the Independence sanitarium for treatment.

"Cinderella" Galvin is also absent from his accustomed place in the "Cinder Alley" and the boys are hoping to see him back on the job soon.

C. Emmett Ewin, otherwise known as "Rub-a-dub," our snare drum artist, claims an offer from "Susies" band. We didn't know she had one.

Alex Nylund, tin shop foreman, is "*out*" again. Claims he was serving on the jury in Kansas City, but we have reliable information that Alex had a "breezy" time while there; at least, he was seen coming home bareheaded one evening and was quite profuse in his explanation; in fact, so much so, that we have decided to go along the next time as we haven't lost a hat since long before July 1, 1919.

Earl Cox, our genial band master, has purchased a new (?) car. He said it is a "rattling" good car; we'll say so, too, because it was the "rattle" we heard before we ever saw the car.

At the concert given in the new Sugar Creek Auditorium, March 24, 1921. Director Earl Jackson Cox sang, "My Home Town Is a One Horse Town." It was a very popular song with the citizens of Sugar Creek. Director Cox lives in Independence, a suburb of Sugar Creek.

Bert Wesner of the pipe department has purchased a new Chevrolet touring car.

Renick Jones, one of the outside timekeepers, traded his Scripps-Booth for a new Dodge roadster. The Dodge roadster is certainly a popular car in this locality.

Matt Butler and S. C. Chapman of the main office crew, will not speak to the rest of the bunch since they were presented with a plate glass top for their desk.

Emison Score and Elmer Wyatt of the yard office have rented Byam's Hall at Fairmount and will give a select dance every Wednesday night. Under such capable management there is no doubt as to the success of the dances.

After selling his "antique," mentioned in one of the previous "Records," C. A. Galloway of the shipping department, has purchased a very classy looking Buick.

C. A. Rhodes of the pipe department has opened up a new confectionery store in Sugar Creek. We have quite an abundance of them now; the trade must be pretty good here. What is your side line, Dusty? And how healthy is its kick?

Robert A. Johnson, one of the most popular men in the common labor department, was injured a few days ago by having a falling timber strike him on the head. He was taken to the Independence sanitarium and we are very glad to report that he is doing nicely.

Alfred Hobbs, of the boiler department, has purchased an Indian motorcycle. We saw him riding the first day. Until we recognized him we thought that he was an expert doing daredevil stunts.

"Pee-wee" Pavola, the fighting rivet heater, says that he is going to start swinging his dukes again within a few months. His "tin-ear" is getting better.

"Bill" Foster, of the laboratory, has been having considerable trouble with his eyes. He claims that some oil splashed into them. We think that they will get better as soons as skirts are longer.

Alvis Smith, boilermaker helper, the "woman-hater" of Sugar Creek, has just been married. At the present writing we are unable to give any of the particulars, only that the cigars were excellent. The bunch heard rumors of a "gallon" and we followed him all over town, but—well, we have all heard of Mr. Volstead. (Later: The bride was Miss Margarette Tonlinson. They are living in Mt. Washington, Mo.).

FOUND:—One man's gold signet ring on the streets of Sugar Creek. For particulars, see A. A. Yates.

Mr. H. B. Webb, retired on annuity after 44 years with the Standard Oil Co., has become so attached to the firm during his service that he has moved in close proximity to the establishment where he is keeping in touch with the various activities.

"Hizzoner," Mayor H. R. Beohmer, is carrying his head high these days. There is no more public spirited citizen in Sugar Creek than the mayor and his campaign for civic betterment and enlargement, having been heard by the "Stork" family, resulted in them inducing a new citizen to locate at his residence.

It is claimed by those who are in a position to know that the Stork family has registered strenuous objections to delivering any more off-spring to families of employees of the Standard Oil Company of Sugar Creek, the last places visited by them being the homes of Harry Rice of the pipe department, and Matt Mansfield, pressure still helper. To these should be added the names of some twenty-five or thirty more employees whose families have been increased by *one* the past few months.

Edward L. Koenig, tinners' helper, married March 11, 1921, to Miss Clara Wagner of Independence, Mo. His many friends wish them much success and hope all their troubles are little ones.

S. R. Fisher, of the paraffine works, has bought a new "hearse" and every one is just dying to ride in it.

Frank Millspaugh will tell you the "bright lights of Broadway" are "dim" compared to those around the square at Independence.

What we want to know is—where does Sally Starks get all his automobiles? He has one that he uses for Sunday only, and two Fords that he uses for his week day rides. We would not be selfish, Sal; let us in on the secret.

Who is it that always gives the Nurse a seat on the jitney every morning—Ask Lyle.

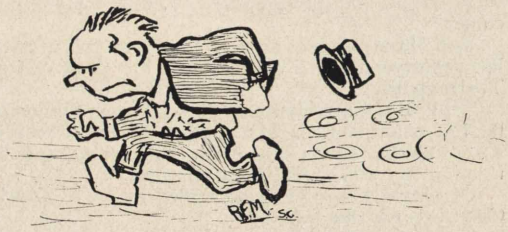
We are still waiting for Mr. Hodges to come out in that new Studebaker Light Six. How long do we have to wait, Mr. Hodges?

What is that noise we hear about Chas. P. Johnson going to get tied in the bonds of matrimony? "Go to it," Chas. It will make a man out of you; look at Fred Miller, John Shipley, Cupie Koenig, Albert Akers and numerous others who have made a wonderful success at it.

Ask Mr. Kiersted who spilled the soup.

Ask Chas. Fraher about the sentence that he can use the same word five times and use it correctly—

LUNCH ROOM GLIDE



The shimmy and the toddle never attained such popularity as the "Lunch Room Glide" has at Sugar Creek, with Matt Butler, main office, as its leading exponent. Here is Matt giving a demonstration. It is said he can do the 100 yards between the office and the lunch room in time that would make the highly animated Mr. Paddock of California green with envy. However, if you've ever eaten at the Sugar Creek lunch room you will understand the reason for Mr. Butler's ardor.

That—That—That—That—That— Some say it can't be done. Repeat the sentence, please, Charley, and say it slowly so we can count the "THATS."

Tom Chandler wants to know if anyone has some non-skid chains they will loan him when he brings the Crippled Still Report in the drafting room. Tom has surely cut some monkey-shines trying to get off of that slick floor.

Renick Jones is back on the job after six weeks of serious illness. We are sure glad to see his smiling face at the lunch room once more, even if he does splash the gravy.

R. R. Gardner, estimator in drafting room office, is wearing a broad smile. It was a 10-pound boy. Both mother and baby are getting along fine. Here's hoping we get another one of those good cigars next year.

Bert Wesner, of the pipe department, has purchased him a Chevrolet. All speed records in Sugar Creek will be broken now.

Mr. Renick Jones who has been away from work several weeks on account of sickness, says it pays to be sick once in a while, especially when you have a new Dodge roadster. Renick gets him a new car every change of the moon.

On Saturday, March 26, a little male visitor from the "unknown realms" wandered into the home of Representative John Dickey, pressure still helper, and upon investigation found the surroundings and environment so congenial that he decided to make it his home. He hasn't been named yet.

Buck Baker was so overjoyed at the loan of part of Jim Hellberg's garden that he immediately bought all the onion sets in town and planted them. Success to your onion patch, Silas. We eat 'em.

GREYBULL, WYO.

O. J. Bentley, fireman on No. 1 and No. 2 battery, is on the sick list, suffering from a severe cold.

W. I. Baker, fireman on No. 1 and No. 2 batteries, who was operated on at Thermopolis for ulcers of the stomach, is much improved and we hope to have him back with us soon.

L. F. Smith has resigned and left recently for his old home in Missouri.

T. J. Carnell, a former sparring partner of James J. Jefferies, attended the Ketchel-Young bout the other night and pronounced "Young Ketchel" a comer.

Bob Hasar, cleaner on No. 2 and No. 3 batteries, has reported back to work after a few days rest at Thermopolis.

Troy Majors, stillman at No. 2 house, claims to be the champion chicken grower of the country. Troy says that if his hens don't start laying eggs he is going to trade them all for roosters.

Otis Bently won the rifle raffled by L. F. Smith. Good bye elk this fall.

There is quite a bit of competition here as to who can clean the most brick. No medals have been awarded, as yet, however.

Mr. Andrus of Casper, accompanied by Vice-President B. Parks, inspected our plant recently.

The boiler makers are busily engaged at putting in new still bottoms and the plant sounds like an honest to goodness boiler shop.

Mr. Cox, of the boiler makers, has gone to Casper on business.

Geo. Haddenhorst is digging a new cistern on his place. If you don't believe it, look at the blisters on his hands.

The fishing season opens April 1, and all the boys are getting their fishing tackle in order. It surely looks bad for Mr. Trout.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

With deep regret we announce the death of Mr. Embach's baby boy. Mr. Embach is our collector on the south side territory and is connected with the credit department.

Mr. C. Schwander, formerly connected with the bookkeeping department paid us a visit recently. He is the same old Charlie.

Miss Helen Brown, stenographer in the credit department, was sick for two weeks.

Messrs. Schellenberg and Hammell paid us a visit recently. Mr. Schellenberg is selling automobiles and Mr. Hammell is connected with the Sanitary District of Chicago.

The credit department would like to know where Mr. Selby buys his neckties. We have not heard of a recent fire sale, but we notice that he wears a new one each day.

Miss Sena Anderson, of the sales auditing department, has been spending some weeks at St. Luke's hospital convalescing from quite serious injuries received when an automobile threw her to the pavement while she hurried across Michigan avenue at Van Buren street after the theater. It seems the driver disregarded the traffic signal and the accident was the result. Latest bulletins report the patient feeling pretty fine and anticipating leaving the hospital in about a week. We will surely be glad to have "Sene" back in the old haunts!

At present Betty Craine is preparing to leave for Philadelphia to attend the funeral of her grandmother.

During the past month we were sorry to hear of the deaths of Mr. Gates' mother and Mr. Gorvett's father. Our expressions of sympathy are extended to Mr. Gates and Mr. Gorvett in their bereavement.

Let the wedding bells ring out!! They've been clanging since January 22 last but "Cady" kept us in the dark 'most two months. Mrs. La Rue Miller is receiving many a hand-clasp these days and we are all anxious to meet the man in the case to tell him what a lucky fellow he really is.

We were beginning to think that Bill Barrett had forgotten us. But the other night he was discovered sauntering along Wabash avenue, on the homeward trail. It seems Bill bowls with the boys and calls after hours.

'Tis time for Golf!! Do you hear the golf bees buzzing?

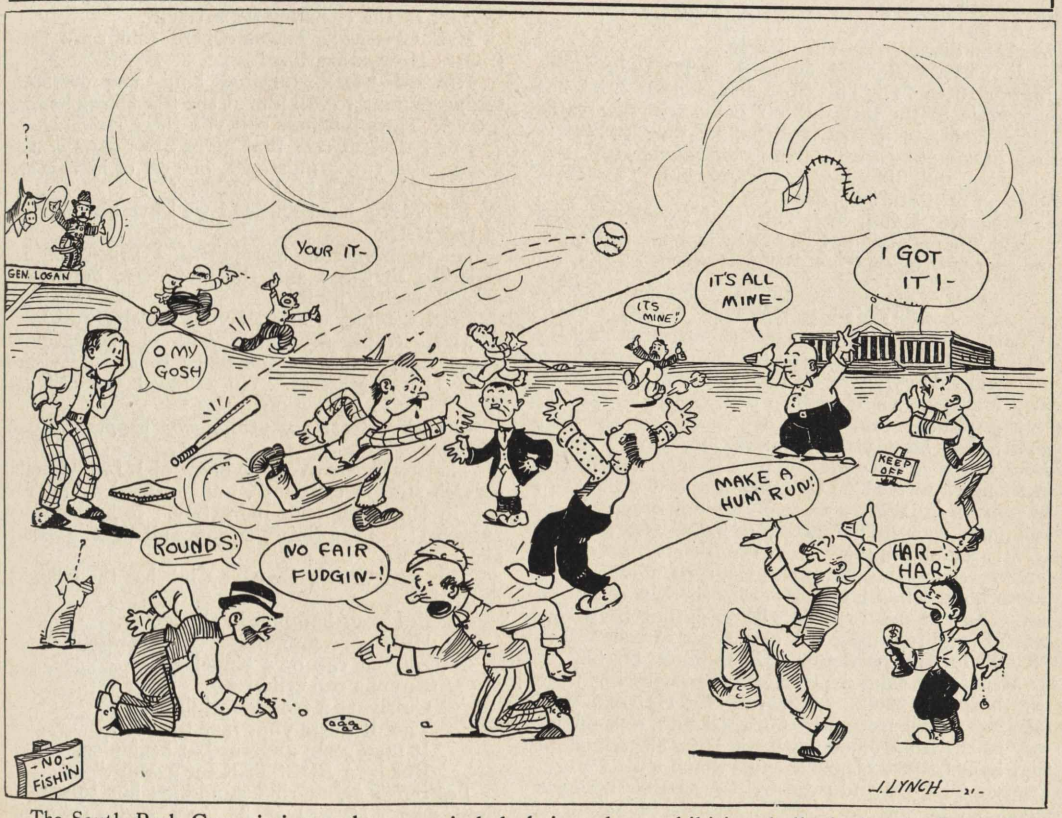
Mr. Joe Williams has been promoted to assistant credit man. He appears to be quite keen with his stenographer. Good luck to you, Joe.

Messrs. Manson and Brandt participated in a bowling match game with Messrs. Otth and Ed. Freedmann. As expected, Messrs. Manson and Brandt won with ease. Mr. Otth took on Mr. Brandt for a special match for total of three games

CHIEF WASHAKIE

Through the courtesy of Mr. J. W. Horrigan, of Casper works, the accompanying picture and brief glimpse of the life of one of Wyoming's real pioneers is handed to the readers of the Record. Mr. Horrigan, having been a personal friend of Chief Washakie of the Shoshones, was in a position to know this scion of a great tribe, who was a crafty hunter and warrior feared by all the tribes encroaching on the domain of his people. He was a man of great wisdom, firm friendship and infinite kindness. At a post trader's store Chief Washakie picked up a pocketbook which he turned over to the cashier. The cashier, not knowing to whom it belonged, told the chief to keep it. "Some poor white man lose; maybe no eat," was the chief's reply, an outward indication of the inner man whose friends and enemies alike demanded a burial with military honors when his body was laid at rest within the grounds of Fort Washakie.

HURRAH FOR SOUTH PARK COMMISSIONERS!



The South Park Commissioners have rescinded their order prohibiting ball playing in Grant Park west of the I. C. tracks.

and after the pin boy had been paid for his services, Mr. Otth won the match. We expect other matches will follow.

Miss Cote has returned from a two weeks' vacation. She believes in taking it early.

We have noticed Al Burns walking around the office with a stiff neck which he explains is caused from cranking his Ford, but we know different. Sometimes people get this from looking them over. Be careful Al, stiff necks sometimes develop into something more serious.

This is to announce that Mr. Fisk has taken a fatal step March 17. He was successful in keeping it a secret from the boys and girls. We wondered why he refused to work nights before he was married, but we can well understand the reason now. He was presented with a silver percolator by the employees of the credit department.

We all hope that Miss Schwittag, who has taken a three months' leave of absence, will return in the best of health fully recovered from her illness. We all wish you good luck and pleasant days while away.

On the 29th day of March, Harvey Schuette celebrated his 25th birthday. He sure was overjoyed with the chocolate rabbit.

Boys of the other departments, take notice of the girls in the credit department! If they seem to wear their dresses longer, don't think they are old fashioned: it is due to the fact that our boss, Mr. Manson, does not approve of short skirts.

On the 29th day of March, Jimmie Brandt was elected "he vamp" of the accounting department. The file clerk, Miss Seatsema, has wonderful dreams of a sparkler set in white gold for Jimmie sure has her going some. Be careful, Jimmie, or the undertaker will get you.

Poor little Mildred has had so many disappointments lately and has shed so many tears. Of course we all know she has lost her boss, Mr. Strohman, but we feel sure she will soon be more cheerful for Mr. Williams has succeeded Mr. Strohman and we know he will understand Mildred's disposition.

Upon her arrival at the office after a vacation spent at Belle Plaine, Iowa, Ruth Blader complains of sore feet. That was some hike, Ruthie, but why didn't you wire in for carfare?

George Nelson is still looking for the mean person who sewed up his coat sleeves April 1. He says he has an idea who did it, owing to the poor quality of the sewing.

Why do you suppose John C. Smith spent his vacation in Kentucky?

Art Nelson has decided not to purchase a 1921 model, but is rejuvenating the old baby carriage for the new arrival.

Billy Moan's old bus is at again. He has just about decided to sell it and buy a mule.

"Hank" Bonniwell spent his vacation at home in Evanston, but he says he had a wild time, just the same. He stayed out till nine o'clock one night.

Lincoln Reichert is back on the casuality list. One tooth missing.

At last the secret of Miss Bolla's pleasant smile has been discovered—the dimple.

J. Chester Tyrrell enjoyed a brief vacation, March 16 to 21. The time was neither brief nor enjoyable to the girls he left behind in the traffic department, as it was reported he was frequently seen in company with a handsome young lady.

"Sure, and' did ye see the grand tie Mr. McElroy wore on St. Pathrick's day?"

Adelaide Kuhn lost her heel recently. The accident happened in church, to which circumstance she ascribes the fact her sole was saved.

CHICAGO DIVISION

Miss Babe Buckley, telephone operator at 14th Street stationery department, is now flashing a diamond ring. Let us know when it is coming off, Roy Wagner. Good luck to you.

Mr. Rohner, real estate dept., who for the past month has been visiting nearly every real estate office in the city trying to rent a flat for the coming year, has informed us that his landlord decided to let him stay. We saw the worried look on your face, John, and we were about to purchase a tent for you.

Mr. Rudolphi, sales dept. (another victim of the landlords) had made preparations to move into a house boat, when he finally succeeded in renting a flat. Any of our readers who have not been successful in obtaining a flat might get in touch with "Rudi" for full particulars about house boats.

Mr. Hecht, sales dept., had a narrow escape from the hospital Monday, March 7. He had just received a call from Mr. Gutgsell and was on his way to the front office when the large electric globe that hangs above his chair came down with a crash. Everyone looked and expected to see Joe "knocked out," but he was not there. Mr. Hecht now feels greatly indebted to Mr. Gutgsell.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

The employees held a mass meeting after work March 10 and elected the following officers for their social club: President, Harry Kroy; Vice-President, Crissie Rohwer; Secretary, A. C. Koch and Treasurer, Louise Fleishkorn. The by-laws of the club are now being made up and the name selected.

H. L. Moore, traveling auditor, is looking for a house in Davenport so he can move his wife and little ones here. Any help will be appreciated by him.

We ought to watch Briceland, Holtz and Welzenbach. The other morning they came to work with boils on their chins. We drink, too, boys.

The tank wagon salesmen, bulk station agents and service station attendants are keeping R. R. Kibler of the tank car order department busy keeping gasoline in stock.

The following changes were made in the Davenport office: Harvey Whistler from assistant cashier to bookkeeper; Dewey Williams, record clerk, succeeded Louis Ziffren who is leaving for St. Louis to enter the cap business. Leo Reiss was changed from commission desk to assistant cashier, and Mr. A. Damp from sales desk to commission desk; Oscar Peterson succeeded F. Ovens as purchasing agent, Mr. Ray Welzenbach succeeding Peterson as barrel man. The following were employed and we wish them success as part of the Standard Oil family: Mrs. Pennock, record department; Mrs. Davidson, barrel department; Miss Lischer, file clerk; Mr. Ray and Mr. Niemand, sales department; "Red" Cascade, the kid tenor, warehouseman (Girls, he's the boy with the golden voice) and Mr. Verkler in the checking department.

Eva Greenside knows where cold sores come from. How come, Eve?

Howard Clark, bowling king, was overheard telling Lenona to call him at the Blackhawk bowling alleys. Does business call you there Howard?

For Sale:—A cow that gives five quarts of milk a day, also two grindstones, one set of harness and a hay rake. Call H. P. Black.

Bill Young has requested we leave his name out of this issue.

Harry Fabricius has joined a suit club. He expected to win a suit the first week, but we bet he will pay the limit.

Fred Ritchie, who does your laundry work?

Mrs. Frank McMains, wife of the agent at Muscatine, called at the office today and visited with the employees. We enjoyed the call and would like to have more visits.

Dorothy, doesn't anything ever happen in Cedar Rapids?

The stork flew over the home of J. L. Fitzgerald, service station examiner, and dropped a bunch of joy in the form of a baby boy. It happened on March 11. John claims he raves all night: "Short, short, short."

The Red Crown Booster Club has the following motto:—

"Put your hammer in the locker,
Hide your sounding board likewise.
Anyone can be a Knocker,
Anyone can criticise.
Cultivate a manner willing
Tho' it hurts your face to smile.
It may seem awkward at beginning,
But be a BOOSTER for a while."

LaFrenz's submarine should get him to work on time now. It will if he uses Red Crown and Polarine.

L. Beresford is now agent instructor and should prove a success as he was a world beater at Vinton.

Archie Kavensky of the record department is also a new reader of the Record.

Wm. Schnoor, F. C. Gosch, R. J. Ives, and wives journeyed to Buffalo, Iowa, Saturday evening and had a wonderful time at a hard time dance. They report it is a wonderful way to get acquainted with their customers.

Cecil Bartles has been elected reporter for the Rock Island, Ill., district.

We are glad to note that F. C. Lauritzen, driver of the Wild Cat truck, has returned to work after his illness.

We welcome two new tank wagon salesmen to our family. They are W. P. Lorenzen and Earl McIntire. W. P. Lorenzen, known as "Lefty," is none other than the great twirler. This will mean a dandy ball team this summer, as Lefty has played Three-I league ball, and has also tried out with the Detroit American league team.

Mr. Ostrom, tank wagon salesman, took unto himself a wife. However, we haven't smoked yet.

Mr. Ed Allen, at S. S. 26, Moline, Ill., has built a chicken coop and he is planning to be on easy street soon. Be sure you keep the right kind of chickens, Ed.

Mr. Wm. Reynolds, it is reported, has a new Dodge car, and we are all waiting for a ride, especially Jack.

H. E. Young, tank wagon salesman, has returned to work. He was laid up with his arm. (Joke.)

Dewey Exner had a narrow escape from injury the other evening at 5:30, as he was mixed up in his dates. We know quite a few of the boys in the accounting department who would like to help you out Dewey.

DECATUR, ILL.

Saturday evening March 12 saw another one of those enjoyable social evenings put on by the Stanolind Fellowship Club, in Marquette hall. Due to the fact that the previous entertainment put on by the Fellowship Club was a sort of mixed party for young and old, our chairman of the entertainment committee decided to make the evening of March 12 a dancing party. The first part of the evening was spent in playing a few games. Refreshments consisted of brick ice cream and home-made cake. This cake was made by the dainty hands of the fair sex of the office which, of course, accounts for the many favorable comments from the young men of the office. The outstanding feature of this party was the great number of different couples from the office. We think that Cupid is pretty busy on the three floors of the Decatur office. However, we will have to wait for further developments along this line. We think that a vote of thanks should be extended the entertainment committee as a whole, for the good time which everyone enjoyed, and for the wonderful entertainments which they have put on previously.

On Monday afternoon, March 14, there was a lot of shuffling around out in the front office, and a suction of air which threatened to cause damage, and after inquiry was made it was found that the whole trouble was W. F. Launtz; he had just gotten a telephone call from the Decatur & Macon County Hospital that there was a young lady out there waiting to see him. From last reports, both mother and baby are getting along nicely, and it goes without saying that Bill is wearing a smile all over his face.

We just heard the other day that the office boy made the remark that he was in love. Of course, that sets us to wondering as to whether or not it is the chic young black-haired girl he has been taking to the dances lately. How about it, Claire?

It has just come to our attention during the last few days that one of the young ladies on the third floor, Miss Bessie Delaney, seems to be attracted to the southeast corner of the second floor. Latest reports have it that the attraction is that tall bookkeeper whom they call Duke. Quite recently it was learned, from a reliable source, that Bessie had begun practicing the art of extracting money out of this tall young man's pockets. Well, there is nothing like a good start, Bess.

W. J. Pierce, salesman at Effingham, Ill., we hear is very backward in reporting Stanolind Record "dope." At that, W. J., we have got one on you. Report comes to this office that while you were trying to borrow some gasoline from a farmer (think of it—a Standard Oil salesman borrowing gasoline) his dog took a special liking to you, and as a result you were forced to do some acrobatic stunts and lose a part of your trousers. How about it, W. J., is it true?

I. L. Mathias has been checked in as a gent at Bethany, Ill. He has purchased a new Reo truck and is sure stepping on it. LET'S GO, I. L.

Jane, the little daughter of Agent Foster and wife, of Sullivan, Ill., while on a visit to her grandmother, contracted the chickenpox. Last reports have it that she is now at home, fully recovered.

Another good man gone wrong—Mr. Grant Windsor and Miss Beatrice Young were married Wednesday morning, March 23, at 9 o'clock, at the home of the bride's parents. Immediately afterwards they departed for a short wedding trip to Chicago. The bride was formerly employed at the Millikin National Bank; but, after being persuaded by Grant, decided to change positions. Here's wishing you the very best of luck, Grant and Beatrice; and listen, Grant, even if you are caged up at work, we know you will be free at home. (?)

Here's a hot one, just off the press! Imagine Claire Horan not making a mistake. Latest reports have it that, misunderstanding Roy Pensinger for saying olive oil when he really said Auto Oil, Claire said: "let me have some of that in my hand—I use it on my hair." Roy complied with his request, whereupon Claire placed same on his hair and seemed to receive entire satisfaction, for he took a sample home and came back with the request that Roy fix him up a gallon can. That's just one of the many uses of Auto Oil.

Say! R. W. Lee, one of our agents wants you to advise him which works the best in a flivver—Perfection or Red Crown.

The East St. Louis office sent in the following: "Things they would like to see": Rode without his pipe; Deem in a suit without pockets; Shipley in a Ford without so many rattles; Kirby dressed up in overalls; Walter go three days without talking to "Marg"; Peters without a match for seven days; Reiniger in a hurry; Sharpe pushing a baby buggy; Adams when he wasn't eating; Dieterich in evening clothes; Morton in a truck that could not get stuck in the mud; Hanson beat out of his favorite place at Little Mary's table; Friday take lessons in dodging; Steve without his mustache; Hams with a new funny story; Wiggins with a clean shave; Caughlin with his hat off; Fullerton with a broad Republican smile; Davis in a boxing bout with Jack Dempsey; Burrier at the plant before 7:30; Schrieber bring the mail on time; Goldie without little Joe.

We are just in receipt of information that a baby girl arrived at the home of D. J. Field, agent at Dieterich, Ill., on January 14, 1921, weight 8 lbs. She has been named Mary Marie. We all join in congratulating both mother and father.

It is said that John Weber used to open a bottle of beer with an opener, but now he opens a bottle of home brew with a prayer.

Has anyone discovered what Carrie has in the left-hand drawer of her desk?

As a result of a little work by a dentist, Mr. L. E. Barnhart, lubricating correspondent, for a few days looked like a Climax Tobacco advertising sign.

If any of the fellows in the office have gum, it would be a wise plan to stay off of the second floor, for Florence will drop her work for one stick of chewing gum.

Messrs. M. V. Bushman, C. O. Spangler and R. F. Gones sure ought to talk someone into something at Danville. R. F. was particular not to leave his supply of bottles at Decatur on his last visit. Of course, they were just for samples to "flash"; but at that, we believe that M. V. and R. F., with the help of C. O., have a secret hiding place.

We take this time to welcome into our fold our new district superintendent, Mr. E. L. Kachelhoffer, he having come to this office from the St. Louis, Mo. office. All we can say Mr. Kachelhoffer, is to "Watch Your Step" or your name will be in the Record.

THE DADDY OF 'EM ALL, SAYS DECATUR

Decatur, Ill., April 1.—H. P. Houston, the daddy of them all, presents his favorite "Mica." We have no reason to wonder at the number of orders which come in from H. P. for that particular brand after gazing at this masterpiece. The two in the background seem to have the same smile of satisfaction that H. P. has. That's the way to make your customers feel!

Since the last issue of the Record we have lost two members of our family: Mr. M. V. Bushman and Mr. W. F. Launtz; Mr. Bushman going to Danville as district superintendent, and Mr. W. F. Launtz going to E. St. Louis, Ill., in the same capacity. We all join in wishing them the very best success in their new positions, and hope that they will pay us visits as often as possible.

Not very long ago the correspondent overheard the following, between two very well known members of the Decatur office, Bessie and Mary. The conversation started something like this: "I don't believe I have any chance of ever getting married," said Bess Mary came back with the following: "Well, if there is no chance for you, I am going to commit suicide."

Why doesn't someone let the correspondent have something good on our manager or assistant manager? We know that either of them would appreciate a good one once in a while. Keep them under close scrutiny, reporters—and hand something in.

If one could just see our assistant manager at a basket ball game, he would be tempted to say "W. A., why all the pep?"

We wonder who Audrey's steady is?

R. F. Gones will sure miss his country store crowds in his new position as special gasoline salesman at Danville. Go to it, R. F., you sure have the "gas" and "Perfection."

Our Bondville agent writes in stating that last summer while on a visit to an uncle, who is a doctor in the south part of the state, a very funny experience took place. Mr. Sturts was lounging in his uncle's office, when in came a young negro with a badly sprained arm and asked for some ointment or salve to relieve the pain and stiffness. The doctor, not having anything at the office to help this patient, took a small jar, went to the garage and filled it with Polarine Cup Grease, came back and told the negro to use it three times a day, rubbing briskly on the arms. This young negro happened to be a baseball pitcher and the very next day after rubbing this arm, he pitched a "No-Hit" game.

It simply goes to show another of the many uses of Standard Oil products. A week later this same negro came in to the doctor and wanted 10 pounds of that same medicine, saying he was going to Evansville to play. This may seem fishy, but Mr. Sturts says he will swear to it.

Some girls aren't satisfied with one fellow in an evening, so they have three or four. Mary says that's the way she does, and by the way, Mary, we haven't heard anything about Jimmy lately.

F. W. Sturts, the Bondville agent, has a smile that won't come off. There is a reason—he has a new 600 gallon International truck and is now serving all of the oldtimers, and quite a number of new ones besides. LET'S GO! F. W.

The following might be a good plan for some people to collect money—one of our agents reports that he had an account against a customer whose debts seemed to be the least of his worries. Knowing that one night this individual won quite a little money in a poker game, our agent was first on hand and got the account paid in full. Some system, we say! Some one refer this "System" to "Pete" Contoni.

There is a deep mystery surrounding the office. What did your mother say that night, Mary?

Herb. Hartman, of the iron barrel department, left the office the other night at the usual time, and about a quarter after five came strolling back.

Asked what was the reason, if he thought it was morning, he said: "No, I came back to kiss Claire good night."

Each month we solve some mystery. We know who Helen Herbert's man is.

Have any of you noticed the display of clothes and shoes on Water street, in the store next to Petard's? If not, get in touch with Art Foster, he will explain the matter.

At the party and dance given by the Fellowship Club on March 12, it was a good evening's entertainment to watch F. S. Larimore grabbing chairs, and, by the way, F. S. sure knows good angel food cake.

Can any of you imagine Henry Bush getting to work on time? And, by the way, Henry was seen strolling eastward with a fair one just today. We will excuse you for being late this time, Henry.

Imagine F. S. Larimore eating a square meal for dinner.

Zerola Patterson seems to be troubled with enlargement of the heart, and the only thing that seems to help her is that letter that she gets every other day from Detroit. We understand that Doc is looking forward to her vacation and wondering what is going to happen. Well, we'll be good losers, Doc.

We regret very much to report that Mr. M. V. Bushman, district superintendent, at Danville, is in the St. Mary's Hospital at Decatur, Ill., with a slight defect in that system of energy. Here's hoping, M. V., that your illness will be short and that you will soon be back on your Danville territory running the competitor ragged.

Dame rumor has it that Mr. J. H. Shipley has been looking at furniture in different show windows along the street in E. St. Louis. This looks bad, J. H., but we will sure welcome the cigars and candy.

Roy Johnson came strolling into the office about 2 or 3 minutes late one noon hour, and as he is very seldom late to work, we got curious and found out that he was up in front of Weilepp & Stuckey's watching the shimmy dancer. Learn anything new, Pat?

DETROIT, MICH.

E. F. Patterson, one of our new district superintendents, was pleasantly surprised at his desk in Jackson when he found thereon a box of cigars which had been given him with the best wishes of his brother members of the Kiwanis Club, when they learned of his new duties and promotion.

Mr. S. J. Frisbee, a "gold button" employe, while on some business in a certain town, found himself confronted at all angles by women with whom he had to negotiate. There were women in the Register of Deeds' office; women in the bank; women operating the stores and women running the hotel. Upon inquiring if they had women police, he was informed: "Oh, we don't need any here." We feel as Mr. Frisbee felt, that a mere man is wise who keeps clear of this community.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bailey of Jackson and Lee Allyn of Detroit spent a very pleasant Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Leo Mattson of Pontiac, a few weeks ago.

Harry Rodgers, cashier at Hillsdale, was never happier in his life. On the 28th of February his wife presented him with a dainty bundle of feminine charm, Jane Marie. Both mother and daughter are doing nicely.

Miss Ruggles, in the record department, was away from the office on account of sickness for a week and we were all glad to see her back. If you want to see how popular you are, just stay away for a while and see how glad everybody is to see you back.

L. E. Short, formerly station examiner, is now hitting the highways as general salesman. Best of luck, Leonard. "Sell the full line."

F. M. Busby, Service Station 301 is busier than ever before. Why? On March 22nd he became the daddy of a bouncing baby.

Fred Camburn, a "gold button" man, was recently injured by a kick from a horse while grooming. We are all glad to know that the arm is nearly healed and Mr. Camburn will shortly be back on the job.

Walter Wallington, warehouse clerk, was married March 19th to Miss Helen Winters. The tank wagon and warehouse men presented the newlyweds with a chest of silver. Keep up the good start, "Wallie."

We are all united in sympathy for Chas. Munden, who suffered the loss of his beloved wife on March 16. Mr. L. J. Anteau, assistant service station superintendent, attended the funeral at Dayton, Ohio, as the company's representative.

Dan Johnston, our heavyweight tank wagon driver at Clay avenue, recently attended a boxing match. There was such a large crowd clamoring to reach the box office that he lost ten pounds trying to secure a ticket. Why worry, Dave? Summer is coming and there is nothing like getting down to form.

Mr. Pelton, the "B" station agent at St. Clair, says the roads are so muddy in his locality that even the chickens get stuck in the mud.

"Who says I am scared?" A. E. Lundy then crouched behind his bodyguard, who stands 6 feet, 3 inches, weighs 240 pounds, and spells his name "H-a-m-m."

Miss Anna Lendzen, stenographer, refined oil department, has been ordered by her physician to take a complete rest. We all hate to think of her leaving, but hope she is successful in recovering the best of health.

N. C. Isley, S. S. 29, was recently married. He tried to keep it secret. Is the Ford sedan now "For Sale?"

Harvey Lloyd at main office, was at Middle Straits Lake recently looking up a site for his camping grounds this summer. He says he is going to find some eight year old bait (?). Here's hoping you pull 'em in, Harvey.

Carl Clark, specialty salesman, who has been suffering from blood poisoning in his arm, as well as having a case of scarlet fever, is now back with his same old pleasant expression and it surely does seem good to see him again. For a while, when he was suffering so much and had his arm in a sling we were afraid his smile was permanently gone, but we are glad we were mistaken.

We were all shocked to learn that Robert Hunt, late of S. S. 12, died March 23. He was 54 years old. His many friends and patrons will miss his fatherly and courteous presence. We offer our heartfelt sympathy to his family in their bereavement.

Tom Lannin, stock clerk, is now traveling to and from the office in a new Ford sedan. Is it insured, Tom?

The other day our agent at Warren got stuck in the mud and the farmer who pulled him out charged him $10.00. The agent then demonstrated the usual Standard Oil efficiency by selling the farmer a coupon book for the $10.00.

SOMETHING MICHIGAN SHOULD BE PROUD OF

Here are some of the girls in the main office of the Standard Oil Company, Detroit division. If Michigan isn't proud of them it ought to be. We are.

F. L. Chipman, S. S. 25, recently cut his hand while removing a gasoline tank filler cap. Now he is devoting his spare time to inventing a less dangerous cap.

We were very sorry that Ed Fallon could not attend the general meeting at Detroit on March 31, but it was "moving day" with him; he just getting established in Jackson. All of the married men sympathized with him.

Chas. Kraft, S. S. 311, is back at work, fully recovered from a recent operation. We are glad to see you again and trust your good health will continue.

A few days ago Mr. Henry Stevens, S. S. 14, returned from a three months' sojourn in the land of Everglades and alligators. He remarks that Florida is a great state but he is glad to be back in Michigan.

We wonder how many salesmen there are in the employ of this company who have had their customers say of them: "This man takes care of all of our needs and if he so desired could sell me roller skates for my grandmother." This was the notation returned on a communication addressed to one of genial Charlie Boyd's customers.

We are all sorry to learn of the death of the infant daughter of Jack Whitehead of the order department. Our deepest sympathy is extended to the family.

Emil Grandt, the friend of everybody, who banishes all our worries from pleading for the boys and getting them excused for "speeding" to "fixing it" when a girl has had a quarrel with her best beau, is again planning on keeping down the high cost of living by raising the best and earliest vegetables in Michigan on his farm near Milford. He says he feels like leaving the city permanently when he goes out there these nice balmy spring days and listens to the birds, hears the frogs croaking, sees the fish flopping and the grass and bushes getting green. We hope he doesn't, however, for we need him too much here.

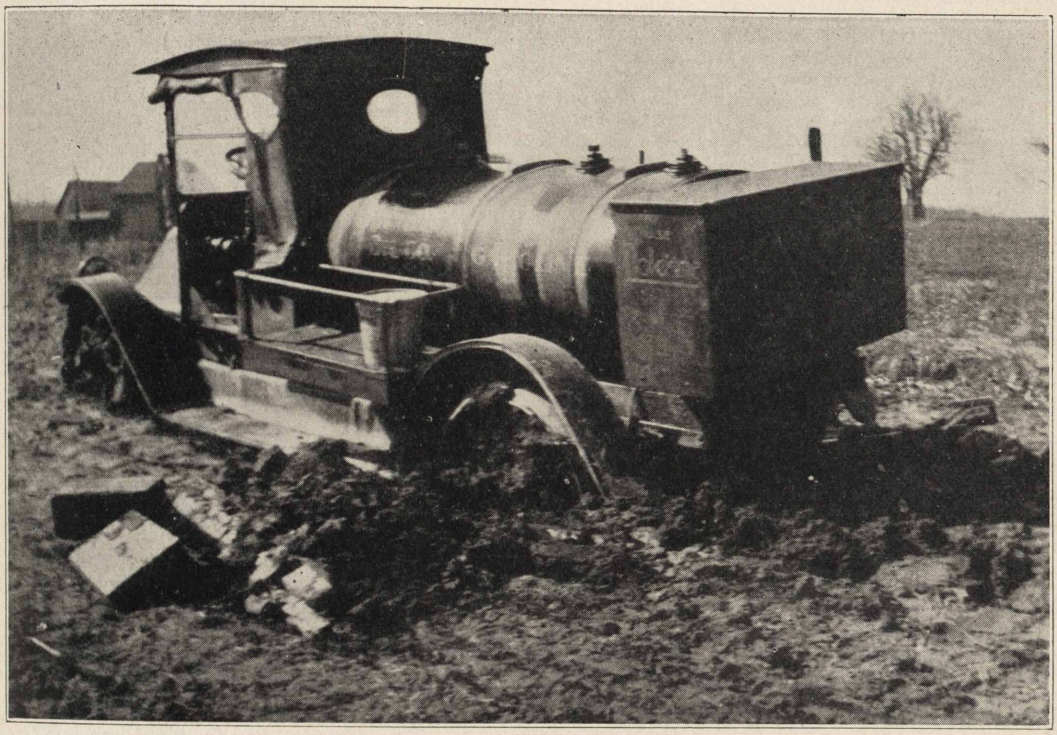
We have some real high class salesmen at Jackson. To prove that they are on the job and not passing up any prospects, our division superintendent, Mr. Patterson, ran across Leo Mattson, lubricating salesman, talking his arm off endeavoring to sell a deaf and dumb merchant a five gallon can of Semdac. Keep coming, Leo. You have the right idea.

On the evening of March 14, Mr. E. F. Patterson, division superintendent, former agent at Jackson, invited the city salesmen, general salesmen and office force at that point to his home. Mrs. Patterson demonstrated her ability as a cook, as the dinner she served was delicious; and Miss Louise Patterson showed her talent in a musical way. All present declared thay had a splendid time.

"Tiny" Henderson, lubricating salesman, lumbered into the office one Monday morning staggering under the burden of a tale of the number of fish he caught the day before. Upon escorting the editor to the window to view his catch, we beheld two glittering pickerel weighing about 1½ lbs. each. With this imposing evidence there was nothing else for us but to believe his fish story.

A meeting of the general salesmen was held in the main office Thursday, March 31, and while coming to the office in the street car, some of them saw a young lady reading a magazine and they thought she was Miss Schlunt, the telephone operator. Thinking she was too much engrossed in her story, and knowing how Miss Schlunt always joked with them, they stood beside her, making such remarks as "My, she's awfully interested," "Doesn't believe in speaking to her fellow-workers, does she?" "Awfully stuck-up this morning, don't you think so?" and so on but still she kept her nose in her book. Finally they came to Scotten Ave. and all got off the car but after they had been in the office about ten minutes and Miss Schlunt walked in with her usual "Good Morning" and began to talk to them, they realized their mistake. These country salesmen get too fresh when they are in the big city.

SOMETHING MICHIGAN ISN'T PROUD OF



Detroit, April 1.—Contrary to general belief Michigan still has some bad roads. This is what our Adrian truck has to plow through to get to Palmyra.

Patience brings its own reward. The faithful and meritorious service of F. H. Fillingham in the Detroit office has been recognized by his appointment as district superintendent. In his new tasks he carries with him the hearty support and cooperation of all agents, salesmen and other employes that are working with him in his field.

CLAY AVE.

H. W. Tait, route foreman, recently from a suburban town in Ohio, had a few days off and he reported back to the plant with the roof of his mouth sunburned. "We allow that Tate was down town looking at the tall buildings."

W. Covers' father is visiting here from the wilds of Indiana. How do you like the city, Mr. Covers?

George Pollock, who formerly sailed the Great Lakes aboard the S. O. Company steamer "Renown," and now is warehouseman here, is temporarily confined to the hospital with a severe attack of rheumatism.

R. G. Dennis, cashier, recently staggered the force when he breezed in with a brand new suit of clothes. How come, R. G.? How come?

George Bailey is back again as assistant superintendent. He takes Charlie Rahn's place. We are all with you, George.

Joe Thomas, formerly at West Detroit, is now at Clay. He is also perambulating to and from work in a "Lizzie." Same is also in use during evenings we understand.

Miss Marian Hoffend, tank wagon sales clerk, slipped on the steps leading to the office and skidded across the driveway. Our official photographer was not around when this happened (as usual) or we would have a real action picture for this number. Skid chains will avoid these accidents.

DUBUQUE, IOWA

Mr. P. J. Quinlan, our new manager, made a week end visit with his family in Peoria, Ill.

Mr. A. McArthur has severed his connections with the Standard Oil Co., being succeeded by Mr. S. P. Fein, who has been transferred to the Dubuque division from Evansville, Ind., and is comfortably located in the Colonial Apartments. We understand Mr. McArthur is associating himself with a bonding company of Chicago. Mac has a host of friends in the Standard Oil Co., who wish him a very prosperous future.

We have finished our annual agents' meetings, the most recent one being held at Dubuque.

At our recent agents' meeting held in Waterloo, Mr. R. G. Stewart and Mr. Allan Jackson of the home office were present for a short time.

H. A. Caroon, of the examiners force, has been transferred to the sales force. His new territory is in the vicinity of Waterloo. We wish him success.

Mr. C. H. Gillespie, formerly of Janesville, Wis., has been added to the sales force of the Dubuque

division. It gives us pleasure to welcome the new addition.

Mr. M. Mildenberg of the cooperage department was a recent caller at our Dubuque office. Mr. Mildenberg is as enthusiastic as ever when it comes to hunting iron barrels.

Miss Ida Cameron of the office force has returned home after a pleasant vacation in Kansas City and Chicago. We are glad you had such a nice time.

Katherine Kearns, stenographer in the order department, is now spending her vacation in Chicago. Miss Ethel Schlung has departed for parts unknown, to spend her two weeks' vacation. Mr. Frank Kepler and Mr. Henry Baier, are away on their vacations, but likely as not they are at home helping do the spring house cleaning. We have *model husbands* among the Standard Oil family.

No indeed, we didn't forget you Gertrude, for we miss your pretty smile, among the row of ledgerites.

Mr. Babbitt has recently accepted the position of agent at our Lancaster, Wis., station. We hope for big things from Mr. Babbitt.

Miss Marie Most, the chief clerk's stenographer, recently suffered a sprained ankle, and will be laid up for some time.

Carl J. Junker, our credit man, seems to be putting in considerable time with his pencil these days trying to figure out how and what kind of a car he shall buy. We believe Carl has his eye on a special reason for wanting a car at this time in the year. It is alright Carl, go ahead—if one girl isn't enough to make a load we know where you can get more.

The Standard Oil Social Club recently gave a very elaborate dance in the Eagles' hall, but we understand that a new project is under way whereby the next dance is to be given in the GOLD ROOM of the JULIEN DUBUQUE HOTEL. The dances and entertainments given by the Standard Oil Social Club have become quite popular. We hope the next one will be well attended and the usual good time enjoyed.

The big question around the office at the present time is, when is Dave Laury going to get his newly painted Oakland car out? Several of the girls are asking the question but as yet no one has been able to find out. It has been hinted to us that there is only one girl in the office who would be able to answer the question. If Dave doesn't tell us we are going to ask Agnes.

We are just in receipt of a letter from our agent at Bellevue, which would indicate very much that this gentleman is able to read lips. He explains that he recently called at a Ford garage where a gentleman had just bought a new Ford, and when the gentleman was ready to take the car away he asked the salesman if the car was filled with Red Crown Gasoline and Polarine. He is positive that that is what the buyer said, because he saw his lips move.

Our good-natured cashier Mr. F. J. Tutsch, can surely pass for being a "Jack of all trades." All you need to do to be convinced would be to catch him in the act of repairing his office chair. Frank says he can change the castors on the chair without the aid of any tools, excepting a hammer, a screw driver, pliers, nail pullers and a railroad spike, also two or three assistants.

Mr. Rudolph Zapf, stock clerk, is a victim of the smallpox. We are sorry, Rudolph, and hope you will escape without being all marked up.

Last but not least we want to mention that Mr. J. N. Elkert, our new and much loved assistant manager, was just a little peeved because no mention was made of Dubuque, or the good people we have here, in the March Record. Mr. Elkert is finding plenty to do.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

Mr. Walter Glesige, one of our efficient stock department members, is the proud father of a big baby boy, "Walter, Junior," born March 9, 1921; Walter has been treading on air until his feet are sore.

It has long been a slogan on the lips of the family in the Evansville office, upon any indication of mutual admiration or infatuation, one sex for the other, "ROMANCE BREWING." However, we were forced to change the wording slightly, Monday, March 7, to "ROMANCE BREWED." Our city salesman, Mr. Ralph Dannattell, handsome and shy, after sidestepping all the cunningness, escaping all the pitfalls, withstanding the efforts of the most vampishest vamps, weathering the tempests of infatuation hurled at him for the 37 years of his young life by members of the fair sex, both experts and amateurs, social and professional, in the art of luring the gallant, chivalrous and noble knight, had at last capitulated to the constant smile and winning ways of our pretty switchboard operator, Miss Julia Covert, and on Monday, March 7, they journied together to St. Louis, where they joined hands in launching their matrimonial canoe on the Great Sea of Life, all of which goes to prove and substantiate the old saying, "THEY ALL FLOP SOONER OR LATER."

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

We were wondering what the excitement was that kept Mr. Jerry Hyerdall so restless at the agent's meeting held at St. Joseph, Mich., recently. The secret has leaked out—Jerry married Miss Emily Kendall of Chicago a short time previous, and Jerry was "so nervous" fearing he would not be at the depot in time to meet wifey with a smile, etc., when she arrived from Chicago. Congratulations, folks! Mr. Hyerdall is agent at Bridgeman, Mich.

We are convinced that a smile will not wear off with age. Mr. J. B. Kirby our agent at Boyne City, who is rounding his 66th year, visited us a short time ago and he still wore the same smile he wore a decade ago.

We missed W. H. Gay, our Three Rivers agent, at the annual agent's meeting at Sturgis, Mich. Mr. Gay was confined to his home by a slight illness and we hope for a speedy recovery.

Even correspondents have to think twice—When our correspondent returned from the agents' meetings, he was informed that there was "a new Black baby in the SOCO family," "Oh!" exclaimed the correspondent, "is it the janitor?" He found out the facts in the case when he saw James Black of the equipment department wearing a broad smile and with his chest "at attention." He announced the arrival of James Jr., weighing 9½ pounds, and proudly announced that he was daddy's boy.

Mr. Jos. Brown, lubricating engineer, is suffering from complications which set in after having his tonsils removed. At this time Mr. Brown is in a serious condition, and we all hope for a speedy recovery.

If the gentlemen from the Grand Rapids office who conducted the spring agents' meetings, receive all of the fish that have been promised them by the various agents, they will have to arrange for a lake

or ice house, in which to preserve them until they are consumed. This is no fish story either.

In the last issue of the Stanolind Record we reported that the SOCO bowling team, which participated in the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company Industrial International Telegraphic Bowling Tournament, undoubtedly would capture a package of Spearmint Chewing Gum. But when the finals were received it was discovered that they had to content themselves with 35th place. However, listen to this—Practically the same team under the name of the "Antlers" knocked down the maples for a count of 2,866, winning first place in the Elks' Annual State Bowling Tournament. This team was composed of Hugo Pierson, Acel Hanna, John Mieras, Leon Heyer and G. Vanderberg. The boys say that the pins groaned so they sounded more like "weeping willows" than maples.

If a stranger would come into the office any time close to Friday, he would think a lot of slang is being used in the office, as it is nothing to hear "Beany Friday." But Mrs. Johnson, the cook and we all, know why it is called that. As sure as Friday rolls around, so do the beans. 'Nuff said.

These agents have joined the happy SOCO throng: Harry F. Benjamin at Allegan; Dudley Washburn at Ada; Leon Rogers at Alto; Wade Town at Delton; Roy Seber at Freeport; James Jepson at Saranac; Leo Parker at Vandalia. Come on join us, fellows: Sell the Full Line! Let's Go!

If names were sold like some things are, we would be sure that there was a sale somewhere of the name of "Roy." Just come around the office and listen—there's Roy McConnell, Roy Fonger, Roy Richardson, Roy Hill, Roy Pease, Roy Chard, Roy Elkins, Roy Seber, Roy Sipple—oh joy! it's all Roy.

The news is coming in so fast, that before sending same to the editor, the correspondent looked it over with a microscope.

Salesman H. M. Koch, of the Grand Rapids field, recently was aroused from his slumbers at 2:30 A. M., by the cry: "Burglar in daughter's bedroom, down-stairs!" The alarm was issued by the "Missus," in the broken syllable language. Clad in his pajamas, and armed with a sauer-kraut smasher, he proceeded to dislodge the burglar. Unable to locate the ruffian, he ventured out of doors, to see if the money-grabber was hanging around somewhere in the back yard. After placing one of his bare toes against a brick and stepping into a pail of ice water, he discovered that the "robber" was a small kitten, which had crawled into the open window of his daughter's bedroom, and which was purring contentedly, when taken into custody. Koch is none the worse for his experience, outside of the few oaths which he uttered, and he seems to be elated over the fact that he captured a burglar even in miniature form.

HURON, S. D.

Lutgen said if it's not one thing, it's two. One night he got into a fight with a bull dog, and a couple of nights later got his nose scratched by a cat. Too bad, Heinie, but think of the pretty flowers you received while you were in bed.

The Model Steam Laundry called and wanted to talk to someone with authority. So Julia, the operator, connected them with the chief clerk saying "Mr. Miller, the laundry is on the line."

Will some one tell us why Bertha Feenan cashed Traver's pay check about a month ago. We would also like to have some one tell us why Traver cashed Bertha's check a short time ago.

Don't get excited, it isn't a fire nor is it a tornado, just merely our friend Mahoney trying out his new Ford, which he recently purchased.

LaRue Barnett, agent at Hitchcock, attended the Elk's Ceremonial at Huron last month. He likewise sold a few newspapers by request. We will say "Barnie" is some newsboy.

Talk about equality and all that sort of thing! There ain't nothin' to that. When any one gets married out of this office, it is a sure cinch that the men go around with a big fifteen center stuck in their mouths, but have you ever had the chance of seeing the girls scramble for that wonderful, etherial candy that is always (?????) given.—Etherial is right, meaning "airy."—There ain't nothin' to it!!!

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Introducing for your approval or disapproval, the new "lid" (Katie variety) acquired by John McCallian. Mac plays it safe by anchoring the "critter" in the lobby on each visit to the office, using the customary wind defying cord which comes with this particular variety. It's all right, Mac, so long as you do not teach it to bark!

Harvey Huntsinger has forsaken the big 5-ton Packard tank to become a regular huckster at Freeport, Ind. Leave it to Harvey when it comes to picking out "chickens."

St. Patrick's Day passed with a bang in SS circles; Ralph Fender's house burned down and Clem Thuneman, SS 72, had occasion to be relieved of $19.71, accompanied by the mournful dirge:—"Stick up your hands and make it snappy."

Much speculation surrounds that scratched "proboscis" of Joe Neal's, as Joe won't tell how,—it must have been a thrilling encounter with a bobcat in the wilds of Brown County, as they don't look like rolling-pin marks.

The new piscatorial law, making it a misdemeanor to possess anything wilder than a ½-lb. sucker between April 15 and June 15, has our colony of "bait drowners" sad and forlorn.

Quite a coincidence—the first warm day (fine for golf), Bill Reed sprung an ulcerated tooth.

L. Albright, better known as "Handsome, of the stock department," willingly posed for a possible Stanolind Record insert—then the photographer lost the film. Tough luck, Lew.

Political issues of the day discussed by one who knows—L. W. Shewalter, second floor, right. Dewdrop up, some noon.—ADV.

It was almost "Good Morning, Judge" for Walter Stewart, "A" to "C" bookkeeper, when he flivvered over a section of fire hose in his usual mad rush to establish a "rep" as a speed demon. Political influences adjusted the incident out of court.

FAMOUS SAYINGS

Fred Osterbrink—"Give me a match."
John Stoner—"Thank You."
Jake Walters—"How ye, Josh."

True to previous prediction William (Fat) Haverkamp finally strayed from the old home base-burner and entered the "blissful state." Forsook mother's cooking for the more or less untried products of his own beanery. We almost forgot to state the new cook was formerly Miss Elsie Frantzreb.

Any one in a position to quote Sloan's Liniment in barrel lots, please communicate with James Hereth.

Charles Hall, agent at Connersville, has been granted a leave of absence owing to a general breakdown. Pending his recovery, Charley French is acting agent.

Addison Dunn, SS 126, Indianapolis, was gazing contentedly out of the window at the end of a perfect

day, but not for long. A speeding roadster broke an axle, the 34 x 4 wheel headed straight for Mr. Dunn's lookout. Aided by the 80 pounds pressure the outfit found little difficulty in bouncing through the service station window where it did more damage in two seconds than the proverbial bull in the china shop—for repairs are estimated at $150.00. We have it from Addison that he dodged in time and that's about all.

O. P. tobacco appears to be a popular brand with the stock desk ensemble and environs.

K. A. Kirchefer, flash box demonstrator, assures this news bureau he is not really wild, but only acts that way. Making it as clear as mud, Kirch.

In line with the new sales policy the following changes were effected April 1: Mr. A. C. Mathias becomes superintendent of District No. 1; Mr. G. E. Whitesell, District No. 2; Mr. P. S. Craig, District No. 3 and Mr. R. M. Gant, District No. 4. Mr. Robert E. Lee succeeds Mr. P. S. Craig as Lubricating Salesman, Mr. R. R. Tolliver becomes agent at Terre Haute, succeeding Mr. Craig; Mr. Frank Swindell succeeds Mr. Robert E. Lee as general salesman; Mr. Lester J. Swank succeeds Mr. G. E. Whitesell as general salesman; Mr. Frank Wynn was appointed agent at Muncie and Mr. L. S. Hope, former agent becomes general salesman and Mr. John Williams becomes agent at Anderson, replacing Mr. E. M. Sanders who becomes general salesman.

The Town Board of Lawrence, Ind., evidently has a kindly feeling for H. E. Bruce and M. W. Phipps of the Indianapolis office who so very kindly spread cinders over a block of avenue (?) while on tour through the municipality in question. Now for the reason: Mr. Bruce's trusty Dodge became so badly mired that the duo of tourists borrowed a shovel of a little boy playing in the sand nearby and with more or less patience they located a pile of cinders and (taking turns) the parade back and forth began. By dark they had a path for the car. The grateful Town Board invites our road-makers to return when convenient—there being other patches in need of filling in. The reporter responsible for this true story intimates the air was blue, and not with smoke, either, naturally, as half of the shift "orated" while the other proportion toted the cooled off embers.

Harriett Ehrenstein anticipates no serious toothaches (no, never)—there's a dentist in the case.

On with the dance! Helen Benner knows all the latest steps, no one disagrees.

With two engagement rings scintillating on the first floor—it's your guess who will be the first to take the fatal leap.

Pearl Holiday certainly started a plenty with the organdy flowers.

The carefully guarded secret involving a wrist watch was unearthed by Ruth Wolf, thereby bringing to notice another romance.

It is strictly up to Wallace Revel to explain his latest travesty on the Queen's English, namely—"oral conversation."

V. J. Gasper, executer of blue prints, in searching for a hair restorer, evidently overlooked the best ever—Superla White Variety (guaranteed).

Muriel Falender says (says she): "I might be tiny but I am powerfully mighty—at keeping the iron barrel department from jamming."

John Stoner's bus enroute down town at noon (for girls only) is about as regular and reliable as the procession of the equinox. Think not so?

JOLIET, ILL.

It is with deepest regret we report the death of Mrs. B. G. Schermerhorn, wife of Superintendent Schermerhorn of the northern division of the Joliet field. Mrs. Schermerhorn died at Rockford, March 4, after several months' sickness. Funeral services were held Monday, March 7, and were attended by all the employes of the Rockford office, as well as by District Superintendents E. B. Gray, J. S. Connell, R. L. Prussing, J. M. Pohl, Chief Clerk, C. M. Monson, assistant manager and E. E. Morton, manager. The sympathies of the entire organization go out to Mr. Schermerhorn in his great loss.

Bob Anderson wishes to announce that he is sole agent for Comer Mfg. Co. Anyone in need of a raincoat please consult Bob. He claims a coat is guaranteed to last ten years. Sounds like old times, Bob.

Miss Eva Corp occupied a box seat at the Orpheum Tuesday afternoon, February 22, without an escort. Some girls are not afraid to go out alone. (Proven—Joliet men are slow?—*Ed.*)

Ray Burns, the popular young man of the sales department, who is director of the Joliet Fiske O'Hara Dramatic Club, contemplates giving a play in the near future with a cast composed of Standard Oil Company employes of Joliet. Chuck Kniep suggests he have the girls that gave the Chicago pajama party for his chorus.

Walter Jacobs, tankwagon driver at Kewanee, was off duty a week or two ago, attending a wedding at Rock Island. He tells us he was unusually interested in the affair, which is quite reasonable, considering that he bought the wedding license. Well, here's wishing you joy, Walter!

We wonder why Elsie Fritz blushes so much. One thing, she need not worry about her ability to make good coffee. Although we don't know much about any of her cooking, we are willing to try some of the pies she has learned to bake.

Won't some one help us fathom the reason for Katherine Fay's frequent dreaming, of late? She evidently is not with us in spirit.

The girls of the Standard Oil Company, Joliet, may be a little slow when it comes to giving pajama parties, etc., but Chuck and Ed of the stock department both agree that when it comes to making coffee, these girls are "unsurpassed," judging from the odor that fills the office about noon. Chuck and Ed look at things from the practical side of life. It takes more than an eye brow pencil and rouge box to vamp these boys. (But our pajama girls can cook, too.—Ed.)

Two nights in Chicago proved to be too much for Eddie Cordon's nerves. Too much banquet and cabaret. We wonder how six months of Paris life would agree with him.

Mr. F. E. Anderson entertained the members of the stock department Saturday evening, February 19, at his home. After a bountiful supper, WELL, we can't tell all that happened, but every body went away singing praises for Mr. and Mrs. Anderson as royal entertainers.

Miss Lillian Olander has decided to discontinue attending the cooking and baking school. Perhaps she is planning on taking up a course to become a nurse.

KEOKUK, IOWA

J. R. Drake, Chariton, is again made agent at that point after a siege at the service station. "Dick" is the old boy that makes them all sit up and take notice when he grabs the pails. He was relieved at service station by V. G. Jennings.

R. I. Lowenberg is the new agent at Corydon relieving Mr. E. E. Williams resigned. Watch Corydon sales grow.

New stations opened are Gravity, Mr. G. R. Depew, agent; Mt. Sterling, Mr. W. D. Roberts, agent; Tingley, Mr. O. M. DeWitt, agent.

Mr. Storer and Mr. Cresap are busy selling coupon books now for the benefit of their new service stations. This makes three service stations for each—Burlington and Ottumwa.

Mr. Chas. Roe is the new agent at Humeston, relieving Mr. Carl Stripe, resigned. Other changes: Mr. O. F. Bryan, Kahoka, Mo., relieving H. E. Wilsey, resigned; S. M. Porter, Lineville, Iowa, relieving J. C. Laughlin, resigned; F. Goodridge, Lorimor, Iowa, relieving C. L. Reid, resigned; C. R. Edwards, Osceola, Iowa, relieving R. M. Stephenson, resigned.

"Mike" Radasch, our pretty little telephone operator, fell in love with the assistant cashier. She spends an extra half hour every morning fixing up her hair and complexion, consequently she has to run all the way to work. The other morning she was running as usual and stumbled, scraping the toe of her new $17.50 slippers. After Mike got her breath she looked at the slipper and then at the assistant cashier and said "Shucks, I don't believe he's worth it."

Overheard on the street during lunch hour:

Miss Whitehead, "Hurry up, or we'll be late."

Miss Brerton, "Oh gee, don't go too fast, I'm too fat."

Alberta M. Jester, chief clerk's stenographer, who has been visiting her sister in Detroit on a leave of absence account poor health called at the office the other day looking fine and feeling much better. She says she gained fifteen pounds. She is now eligible to the "Fat Ladies' Club."

LA CROSSE, WIS.

On March 17, eight of the girls from the office enjoyed a St. Patrick's Day dinner at the "Y." We might take this opportunity to warn Hattie and Gladice that hereafter to be absolutely sure they have the "garbage can" before disposing of the garbage. It makes less work.

Lottie, we would like to know the reason for all those ink spots on your pongee waist. Is it just a sign of your ambition or did his presence annoy you?

Bernard Volz recently spent several days in Milwaukee, where he accompanied his sister, who is to take up "voice" in that city.

Ask Marion why the broad smile of April 1.

Mr. U. Lambert is now at Service Station 36. He says he likes to be out doors much better than in the office.

Jack Ruben is spending nine days at home. Why??? Just mumps. Evidently Jack hasn't gotten over his kid days yet.

Margaret Gene came to the home of Fred Klicks, one of the mechanics, on March 21. Congratulations.

We are all very glad to hear that Mary Rohr, who has been home ill for the past two weeks, is able to be about again.

There has been a mystery in our billing department. A diamond has been missing for a couple of weeks, but it is being worn again, so we feel much better.

Harold Pardis has invested his savings in a new Dayton bicycle in order to save car fare.

The employee Stock Purchasing Plan is going over big in the La Crosse division with 99 9-10 of the employees going the limit.

On Tuesday, March 22, employees of the Standard Oil Co. surprised Mr. W. W. Holcomb at his home, 909 Main street, and presented him with a Patek-Philippe watch. Accompanying this was a photograph of the signatures of those employees contributing to the gift. Music and singing added to the entertainment of the evening. Light refreshments were served. Prior to his retirement January 1, 1921, Mr. Holcomb was manager of the Ls Crosse division for some thirty years. He and Mrs. Holcomb recently returned from a trip to California.

Blanche Gayman is at one of the local hospitals recovering from the effects of an operation. The latest reports are very favorable.

BANG! ! ! Cupid's arrows fly again. The victim, Mary Rohr. She is wearing a beautiful diamond, platinum setting. Congratulations, Mary! ! How long before the wedding bells ring?

The little "dark cloud" has disappeared. Art McMann says it's a "sign of spring." We never did have any faith in his weather predictions, but seeing it is almost March 21, we accept the prophecy.

Miss Charlotte Kohlhaus joined our force March 1, as mailing clerk.

We are still wondering where Edna Greenawalt's thoughts were on a certain day when she had about five of the office force up on step-ladders and down on their knees looking for an imaginary lost screw for the Burroughs adding machine.

Our bookkeeping department is working harder than ever just now transferring its accounts to the new ledgers.

MANKATO, MINN.

Jane Monson, daughter of our manager, H. A. Monson, died on March 12.

February 28 and March 1 were coupon book days for the Mankato office force and on those two days the office people turned out to sell coupon books in the City of Mankato, Minn. The event was a great success, both for selling coupon books, and demonstrating that there are some real salesmen and saleswomen among the office employees. Sixty-eight books were sold by the hustlers on these days and they only solicited after regular working hours. Just think what such a bunch could do if they were turned loose! And on top of the coupon book sales they secured *twelve* new customers for Red Crown Gasoline—people who had never used Red Crown before. The girls say that it's easy to sell coupon books—"Just tell him to burn Red Crown or ride alone, gets the money," so they say. The warehouse crew wouldn't be left out on this coupon book celebration so they procured twenty books from the cashier and sold them in twenty minutes—more or less. After this success the entire force has decided to make *every day* coupon book day in Mankato, until further notice, so they intend to keep it up until notified by the Board of Directors to discontinue this practice.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Owing to the reorganization in the district superintendent's fields, we are pleased to welcome back Miss Jean St. Pierre, who has been stenographer in Mr. W. J. Duncan's office at Fond du Lac.

Have you heard about the difficulty our newest office boy has had in finding a place to park his car? Some class to the 20th Century Office Boy.

HE'LL BACK THIS BUNCH AGIN' THE FIELD

C. A. Lewers, district superintendent, Quincy division (the gentleman roosting on the pile of Mica), states he will back his bunch of live-wire agents from Illinois against the field when it comes to selling Mica. The Illinois tank wagon salesman, Quincy division, held their annual meeting at the head office, Quincy, March 11.

"Strange Things Do Happen."—Outside party calling H. H. B.:—"Is the manager in?"

H. H. B.:—"Yes he's in, but he's out."

On February 28, 1921, a farewell party was given at the home of Miss C. Liederback in honor of Ralph J. Luecke who resigned on that day. Those who attended the party were the Misses Alma Sandbo, C. Liederback, P. Lett, F. Flader, I. Hayes, Messrs. A. R. Davis, P. F. Driscoll, E. Neldner, L. Goebel, R. Luecke and P. N. Herr. Mr. and Mrs. Swanson acted as chaperons and they surely are some chaperones—more power to them. Everybody was on the job early and things were started when Mrs. Swanson gave a short vocal selection while F. Flader tickled the ivories. When it comes to dancing and singing, you can't beat this bunch for they are all past masters. An exhibition of the Buck and Wing dance was given by P. F. D. with Goebel and Neldner keeping time. A few of the latest steps were given by Swanie and Sammy and they surely surprised us all. The kitchen quartet composed of Luecke, Davis, Goebel and Herr brought forth something new in the line of chords. Then came the "eats." You should have seen Ralph and Irene—they take the cake in their respective classes. (Irene brought some home for lunch the next day.) Eddie Neldner, who brought the ice cream, sure had his share. After the lunch had been devoured, he finished on *straight ice cream.* At this time Ralph got up and started his farewell address and it was good too—with one fault—that no one listened to him. Table decorations were furnished by Carrie and Pearl and they surely do know how to put it on but Pearl had the olive dish too close to her place and so a few of the other munchers in this contest didn't fare as well as she. Last but not least *Famous Amos Davis* copped first prize playing "500."

The Strong Men from the warehouse had always been looking for a challenge, so on February 26, the Office Crew consented to give them a match. No wonder the warehouse lost with Radtke, Berkenkotter and Mahegan in the office line-up. How could this trio be beaten? (Averages too poor to print.—Ed.)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Mr. A. C. McClusky was presented with a 20-year service button by Mr. J. C. Vincent, chairman of the presentation committee. When J. C. was all set to present the button to Mr. McClusky, the button could not be found. Finally, after pulling out a cigarette, a pencil, some paper clips, matches, and a sample of gingham, he produced the button. While J. C. was fumbling for the button McClusky stood there like a blushing bride, who was waiting for her ring. The presentation was delayed on account of Mr. McClusky having smallpox.

Mr. A. E. Hoskins, director general of the barrel department, has returned to work after a wicked siege of smallpox.

Matt, the janitor, has left the service of the company. His place is taken by Harold Hall, a veteran of the English army in the World War.

The painters and decorators have made our office look 100 per cent better.

Mr. Geo. L. McGrath, the warehouse superintendent, was on the sick list for about a week. Somebody said it was the gripp. It takes more than gripp to knock out "Big" Mac.

Miss Frindel wants to thank the Chicago office for sending Mr. E. J. McAvoy to Minneapolis.

BUT MAC SAYS THIS BUNCH IS BETTER

Mr. W. C. McAdams, district superintendent, Quincy (the large gentleman second from the right) challenges the statement of Mr. Lewers on Mica sales and claims that this bunch of agents from the "Show-Me" state are in a position to demonstrate how Mica can be sold. The Missouri men met at Quincy, May 10. On the extreme right is Manager A. L. Martin, Quincy division.

When McAvoy was confined to the hospital for an operation, the Standard Oil girls were admitted in squads. How do you get that way, McAvoy?

Henry, the office boy, says St. Paul has the most picturesque alleys in the U. S. Correct, Henry. "I'll tell the world Henry's right," says E. H. Meiers.

Connolly, can you tell us why the girls persistently try to "write you up." We'll have to get a D. T. on this. Let's speed up on collections and help Connolly.

Mr. Dickey, equipment department, and Mr. Eckman, assistant chief clerk, went to the rescue of one of our trucks that was stuck in the mud a few miles out of Minneapolis. They left at 7 p. m. and did not return until 12:30 a. m. Eckman said he never worked so hard in his life. The effort Dickey and Eckman put forth enabled the truck to be on the job early the next day. As Dickey puts it "We're stock holders and we would be the losers if that truck had been permitted to remain there all night." Atta boy. That's the kind of loyalty Minneapolis displays.

Mr. Cochran, our manager, and Mr. Walton, professor of lubrication, went to Stillwater recently on business. As they were walking through the corridor Mr. Cochran started whistling a tune he learned in Saginaw. He did not know that it was contrary to the prison rules and in less time that it would take R. F. Conners to sell a gallon of Semdac Liquid Gloss three guards had surrounded Messrs. Cochran and Walton. The guards were under the impression that a signal was being given to all prisoners for a wholesale escape. After considerable persuasion on the part of Mr. Walton, Mr. Cochran was released from custody and returned to Minneapolis a free man. It is a hundred to one shot if these gentlemen visit Stillwater again they will do their whistling before they go in.

Jerry Clark, the tank wagon superintendent, is not only supervising the work of the tank wagon drivers, but he is also getting new business and putting Red Crown where it ought to be. We knew it was in you, Jerry.

Now that we are all stock holders, let's say Red Crown instead of gasoline and Polarine instead of lubricating oil.

All of our horses have been sold, and the stable man is mourning the loss of his pets.

R. A. Kilty, agent at Stillwater, would wear a Kilty if Stillwater were in Scotland. Mr. Kilty's great-grandfather, who was a noted Scotchman, designed the Kilty, hence the name.

Mr. Albert Haskell, our new "business getter," was an aviator in the American army in the world war. Haskell was struck in the forehead by a German bullet, but it only resulted in a scalp wound. Lucky for Haskell it didn't hit him in a vital spot.

PEORIA, ILL.

Julius V. Serkowich calls on the garages in Peoria, Ill. A few days ago he called at a certain garage here and while closing the door behind him, he was espied by a large bull dog which was basking in the warmth of a big coal stove. Quietly and without warning the aforesaid bull dog pounced upon the unsuspecting Julius and did there and then, forthwith and immediately proceed to remove the west side of the trousers worn by the said unsuspecting Julius. All might have gone well with Mr. Bull Dog had he been as quick on the get-a-way as he was on the attack, but unfortunately for him this was not the case. The then soiled and slightly peeved Julius pounced upon Mr. Bull Dog and grabbing him by the throat, they went to the mat together. The tussle was short and snappy and it did not take Mr. Bull Dog long to realize he had attacked the enemy on the wrong flank, and with eyes rolling and tongue extended he was forced to give up the fight. As Julius said in relating the incident: "I went down there to sell that man some oil and did not propose to be interferred with by a darn bull dog."

QUINCY, ILL.

The cashiers have such a dee-lightful little cage on the south side and although our instructions are that no one enter this "sanctuary," two strays were found in there one forenoon. After these two were let out of captivity and the role of civilization was assumed they were found to occupy desks in the check and equipment departments. Cheer up, we won't mention your names.

One of our officials was in a hurry to make a trip to some point in the field and was greatly in need of cash. After being advised there was no cash available at the cashier's desk, he visited several desks in the office without results. Approaching the office boy he said, "Aldo, can you cash a check?" Aldo, pulling out a wad of cash that would choke a calf, remarked, "Sure, Mike, how much do you want, three $10s or four $5s?" Office boys are certainly conservative.

Miss Alma Bradshaw, formerly employed at the Monroe Drug Co., is a new addition to the sales writers' department.

Mr. W. C. Bradley spent a few days in Springfield, Ill., seeing the sights of the capital.

The bookkeepers have a big "Light" in their department, so there will be no complaint about having to work in the dark.

The stock men are back to the much coveted position by the east window. We understand they were moved there because they never look out. Some of them feel quite elated over the fact. Later —George Sohm of this department has moved back about three feet from the window. On inquiry we find that George was afraid the squirrels would get him.

Mr. Rupp was giving one of his eloquent speeches on efficiency and salesmanship and one of the boys asked John O'Donnell what he fed Rupp during the day. John said "lots of work." Rupp is a new addition to the record department and says he can do anything from being a clothing model to record clerk.

One day at noon we had no elevator service and the office force was compelled to walk four flights of stairs to get to the top. George Beil said he didn't mind the walk, but his "breath came in short pants."

Aldo Schwagmeyer has succeeded Wm. Rupp as stationery clerk. Aldo says he likes this position because he can see all the excursions come up the river this summer.

Miss Alice Dapper is taking the balance of her vacation, and is enjoying a much needed rest at home.

Miss Margaret Ernst, general stenographer, tells us her family is just as eager to read the Stanolind Record as she and she believes she will have to put in an order for some extra copies each month.

Mr. W. M. Cook is with us again in the office as head station examiner.

SAGINAW, MICH.

As a farewell tribute to Morris Robinson, rural driver, who was recently appointed agent at Mt. Morris, employees of the warehouse, and tank wagon drivers surprised him at his home on Durand street, January 28, with a stew (oyster) party. Cards were played and an enjoyable time was had by all, especially by those "who won." Added to the evening's pleasure was the fine farewell poem written and read by Mr. Earl Goodrich.

Mr. Merlin Suhr, general cashier at the warehouse, has been promoted to other duties in the main office.

Mr. Otto Patengee, formerly of the main office, has assumed duties at the warehouse.

Herman Weidenmiller, who had the misfortune to crush one finger, and Jimmie Baird, who likewise suffered a broken arm early in December, are again on the job all fixed up and just as good as ever.

Our garage force and painters have moved into their fine new quarters and the work of placing the new tanks is progressing rapidly. We hope soon to send in some photos.

Mr. Elmer Kressley has re-entered the employ, as garage superintendent succeeding Mr. Harold Hawley, resigned.

Harry Joseph, one of our star salesmen, relates the following adventure: "This time of the year the roads get pretty muddy out in my territory. The other day while driving along I happened to notice a man's hat in the road. I got out, picked it up, and found there was a man's head under it. I grabbed him by the hair and started to pull him out. He looked up at me and said, 'Hey you—let me alone. I'm trying to get my horse out of here.' Yes, it's pretty muddy."

M. M. Mildenberg claims to be somewhat of a transportation expert when it comes to moving iron barrels. However, on his last visit to Saginaw he encountered a problem which he admits has him puzzled. Here 'tiz. The distance from Saginaw to Flint is thirty miles. E. R. Soop, Bruce MacDonald, and other eminent authorities claim that it takes one hour to go from Saginaw to Flint. Now what puzzles Mildie is how you can get to Flint in one hour when it takes four hours to go the first fourteen miles. He seems to forget that there are other things in the world besides women that you can't depend on, and an automobile is one of them.

NORTHERN DIVISION

We are very sorry to receive the resignation of Mr. C. L. Adams as agent and salesman for Cheboygan and vicinity. He leaves our happy family to engage in the hardware business at Cheboygan. We hate to see you go, Clyde, but wish you all the success in the owrld in the new venture.

It takes two men to fill Clyde's shoes, so Mr. Walter Peppler will succeed him as agent at Cheboygan and Mr. W. H. Reid as general salesman.

"Smiling Bill" Reid is leaving West Branch, Mich., as our agent, to take up his new duties as general salesman, with the good wishes of everyone in Ogemaw county. Our West Branch friends, while hating to lose "Bill," are pleased at the appointment of Mr. Edward Fitzpatrick as agent to succeed Bill Reid.

We know now why "Polie" Serre is getting the business in the wilderness of northeastern Michigan. He has *some* Ford. It will go through or climb over anything in the shape of a road or hill. It goes without saying, however, that there is a "salesman" with the Ford all the time.

Mark Theobald, salesman, was taken sick in Roscommon last week and had to go home. We did not think you could find anything to make you sick in Roscommon, Mark. What was it?

"Bill" Aiken, rural tankwagon driver at Alpena, is all "pepped" up on the Eureka campaign. He stuck the district superintendent for a good cigar on the number of cans he could sell.

CHEBOYGAN

Mr. A. A. Merritt, former city driver, was trans-

ferred to rural driver. Mr. E. G. Schmidt succeeds him as city driver.

Our rural tankwagon has been equipped with over size pneumatics, making a very satisfactory truck for country deliveries. We are hoping this will stimulate the necessity of having teams to extricate the "Lizzie" from mud holes.

A. A. Merritt and W. F. Merritt, tank truck driver and warehouse man respectively, took a load of gasoline and perfection to Black River last week. The two-ton G. M. C. went through an icy spot in the road and the boys were stuck four hours and finally had to hire a team to pull them out. They claim ten hours is a long time this cold weather to go without food.

Salesman C. L. Adams is calling on his customers at Indian River and Wolverine. Some snow there.

The engagement of Mr. F. Smith was announced at a quilt shower for the unlucky maid last week. Finally hooked.

W. A. Peppler celebrated Washington's birthday skating on the lake front. He reports the ice hard and weather ideal.

We are at present enjoying (?) a blizzard from the northeast. Some weather.

ALPENA

Messrs. Aikens, Lee, Monaghan, Serre, and Campbell attended the meeting at Cheboygan, March 17.

Louis La Flure, service station attendant, was seen at the theatre the other night with a lady friend. Was that a new one "Louie," or the old one re-decorated?

Oscar Riley, stake truck driver, has turned in part a "quack doctor." Ask him about those pink pills he made.

"Uncle George" Monaghan, agent at Alpena, and Napoleon Serre, traveling salesman, left Wednesday to attend the meeting at Saginaw, Mich.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

The girls of the office and their girl friends had a very nice time at a St. Patrick's party. Luncheon was served in the Mistle Dome room at the Busy Bee Tearoom. The table decorations and favors were in harmony with the day. Everyone enjoyed the candy sent by our co-worker, Mr. E. J. Wiehen. Prizes were won by Katharine Armstrong, Emma Beckman and Florence Warren in the guessing contest (bet they had been studying up). Then came the surprise of the day, an automobile party which was arranged by Jane Denehey with the assistance of Messrs. Ralston, Berger and Dieckmann, who kindly furnished and drove their machines. The rest of the afternoon was spent joy-riding, with a stop for refreshments at the Sappington Inn, St. Louis county. We presume some of the other guests thought Messrs. Ralston, Berger and Dieckmann were Mormons with the crowd they had with them. They were game though and stayed with us. It was a delightful day for a ride and everyone thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it, and we desire to express our sincere thanks to the gentlemen who made the ride possible. Talking it over the girls decided that each party is more enjoyable than the previous one, so we are going to see that they continue. Misses Armstrong, Warren and Denehey deserve much credit and are to be thanked for the perfect arrangements for the party and joy-ride. We all missed Dallas Felts and were sorry that her illness that week prevented her being with us. Those in the party were: Katharine Armstrong, Emma Beckman, Sadie Gallagher, Katharine Harper, Elsa Hamburger, Ruth Berger, Margaret McCarthy, Florence Warren, Jonquil Schell, Eleanor Sheehan, Julia Shaffer, Julia Thornhill and Jane Denehey.

Tom Long, of the construction department, St. Louis office, has gone on the stage. We understand the show was not very much of a success until Tom offered a vocal selection. It was a howling (?) success.

Shally is now driving a Lizzie. While driving home the other evening he almost ran over a man. We cannot repeat what the man said, but we know Shally has beautiful manners, because he humbly apologized and politely tipped his hat even tho' there were no ladies present. How big was the man, Shally?

After two months search we are glad to report John Long, assistant chief clerk, St. Louis office, found a place which he can live in at least temporarily. We don't know, but we believe it would be a good idea to sell your chickens.

It was noticed quite a few of the boys spend their lunch hour on the corner of 9th and Olive. We don't know why this particular corner was picked out unless it is that the female traffic wears shorter skirts at this corner than at others.

We wish to congratulate Mr. Foley, checking department. He sure is sone grand-daddy.

The monotony of the same girl is telling on Beau Brummel Zepp. He is looking for variety. Cheer up, Bill, the worst is yet to come.

If ears are worth their weight in gold, Vic Seeger would be a millionaire. Don't let them kid you, big boy.

Mr. Richart Steumetz, of the credit department, just returned to this office after an absence of ten days on account of having a minor operation performed. Richard says he will have to work six months to pay the doctor's bill.

J. J. Drury, of the credit department, says he would like to get in the bowling tournament but he could not raise the admission fee.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

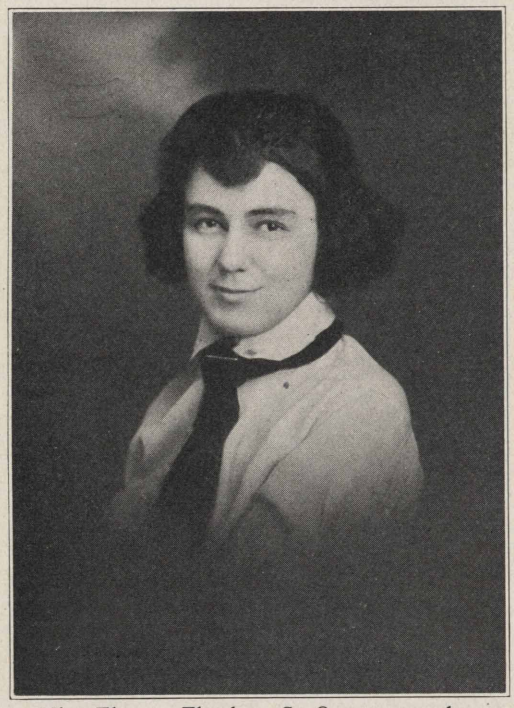
Isn't that F. J. Hagy the worst ever? Wasn't a steno in Sioux Falls. Oh, it's all right, Mister Hagy, you only took one of our nicest girls, Miss Bonnie McDermott who had been with us almost four years. She was pleasantly surprised at a dinner given by the young ladies of the office at the Mandarin. And the way those girls did eat! Ordered everything from soup to nuts, till you'd thought they owned the Standard Oil Company. They had a good time though, and after the dinner all went to the Princess, thus bringing to a close a very pleasant evening.

Paul Gooch is one of the good fellows to get a nice hand-out from Uncle Sam. We're glad with you, Paul. Don't know of another fellow more entitled to it. One of the first to join the Seventh Engineers of the Fifth Division, went over the top—and returned to be captured so easily by a Sioux City miss.

Talk about Easter eggs; there was Mabel Kelley all dolled up in a brand new bonnet and goodness knows every flower in the garden on it. For the l-o-v-e of Mike! That's it, the blond young man that takes her to the movies. How about it, Mabel?

Mr. Chilson's family, at the present writing, is having rather a hard time of it. His daughter is very ill at the hospital and his wife suffering with a severe cold. We trust they will both have a speedy recovery.

GOING SOME



Miss Elmaza Fletcher, S. O. stenographer at Quincy, set a new local high record for rapid work on the typewriter. On an Underwood machine she wrote 1,035 words in ten minutes, in an official test, with only twelve errors. After deducting the ten words for each error as required in these tests, her record stands at 92 words per minute, entitling her to the Underwood gold medal. Miss Fletcher's many friends, both in and out of the office, are proud of her records.

Pearl White better not tell Joe Gordon when her birthday is because he and George Swanson still have the paddle they didn't break on Vera Weed's birthday. Bet if Herman Porpp had been there he would have iron barreled those guys.

Buelah Erickson says she's tired putting nickles in the swear box, 5 cents a "darn." It's hard, Buelah, to keep track of the runners in silk hose nowadays.

The following new faces have recently appeared in the dinner line: Miss Edna Morrison, who handles the piano so efficiently, and Henry Johnson (hands off girls. He's spoken for).

Robt. R. Kerrin, Vera McCuddin and Alice Wren have joined our ranks, their names again appearing on the payroll.

And, Oh Girls, did you hear about the big weep on the day Iona left? Mildred Page's pretty black eyes flooded with tears, Florence Krage's face nearly washed away and the bridge on Marie Tinder's nose almost wiped off. Bill Young rushed to the downpour with mop and pail, and could Susie have seen the graceful flourish of that mop stick,—Susie? Oh Yes!!! Just ask him about her.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

We don't think much of Frank Tschida as a lifter. He couldn't lift-her (Martha Stoudt—but please understand she is NOT STOUT) over a low iron fence and Martha had to walk around about a half-a-block. Next time, Martha, you just ask Cora Ingraham to walk home with you—we understand she can climb any fence.

C. P. Delcamp, city collector, spent Sunday and a lot of jack in Chicago. Del took in all there was of the Follies.

Mary Alice Gibbons rides back and forth to work these days in a Ford coupe. "Pretty soft," says MAG, and we all agree with her.

Donald Neff, clerk at Goshen station, is back on the job after being off duty for three weeks on account of an injured ankle. Although still on crutches he is able to push a pencil.

C. J. Harris, the bright-eyed, red-haired rural tankwagon man at Goshen, is feeling all "puffed up" these days. The doctor calls it mumps but the boys at Goshen say it is caused by overworking his jaws trying to head the list on Harness Oil and Semdac. Anyway, we sympathize with him—we had 'em once ourselves.

Albert Place, the "Go Get 'Em" service station attendant at Goshen, has resigned to go into the grocery business for himself. But he is still a S. O. booster and will continue to sell Red Crown, Semdac, Mica, etc.

C. A. Roush, clerk at Ft. Wayne, Ind., has gone to his home in Ohio for a good rest, on the advice of his physician. We hope he will soon be back on the job, feeling as good as new.

E. D. Johnson, agent at Ft. Wayne, is not noticing common people these days. Reason—"New Dodge."

We all extend our sympathy to Frank Benjeman, servie station attendant at Monticello, whose wife passed away recently, after a short illness.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Baum, Monticello, Ind., on the arrival of a daughter March 1. George is service station attendant at No. 792, Monticello.

Wm. J. Kuhnle, clerk at LaFayette, Ind., is the proud father of a 10-pound boy. The new arrival has been named William J., Jr. Congratulations!

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Blocker, Ft.Wayne, Ind.,are rejoicing in the arrival of a new daughter. May she live long and be a source of much pleasure to her parents!

F. D. Turpie, newly employed clerk at Peru, commenced work with this company February 22, Washington's birthday, and he says he can wield a pencil as well as George did the hatchet.

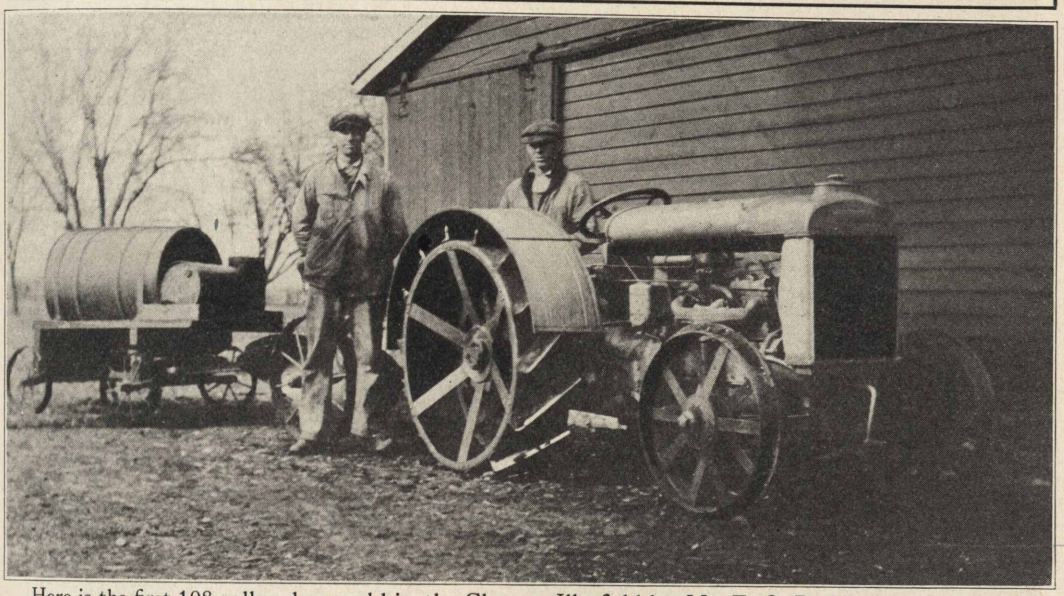
M. M. Barnhill, the new drayman at Peru, says he is going to pick up more barrels than any other drayman in the South Bend division. Hop to it, Barney, you've got the right idea, alright!

H. Jackson, rural driver at Peru, sure must be popular with his trade; he not only succeeds in selling them Standard Oil products but gets good samples of those "home grown" hams. Tell us how you do it, Jack!

S. C. Keyes, Peru, Ind., is enjoying his meals these days—he's invested in some new teeth. Bet he looks lovely when he smiles.

M. R. Staples, of the main office, recently moved into his new home and a number of the office force gave him a "house warming," on April 1. We'll admit that some of us were rather dubious about going to a party on April Fool's day, but we plucked up our courage and ran the risk of getting fooled—and we'll tell the world we are glad we took that

THE FIRST 108 GALLON DRUM IN CHENOA



Here is the first 108 gallon drum sold in the Chenoa, Ill., field by Mr. E. O. Parker, our agent at that point. It was sold to Mr. Russell Shoop, tractor farmer, and is here shown coupled up to the tractor all ready to take the field. Mr. Parker is on the left; Mr. Russell Shoop on the right. Photo was taken by Salesman Joseph A. Wachinski. Chenoa is in the Peoria division.

chance—'cause we sure did have a wonderful time. Eats, music, and everything that goes with a real party. And nobody who was there will ever tell anybody else what time we went home—but we will say that we did NOT go home April 1.

Frank Wisnienski is again with us, this time in the sales department. "No Place Like Home" softly sings Frankie. We are all glad to see him back again.

Karl MacCormick, having had no publicity since his gum drop escapade, again jumps into the limelight. Mac openly challenges any member of this office for honors of "Pool Shark." His last victim was Herb Inks who on Washington's birthday went down in gross defeat.

Lucy Marshall, on a recent visit to the Windy City, says she saw the Follies. The costumes, she states, were very wonderful. Perhaps we are misinformed, but we were under the impression that the Follies management never has, nor hopes to, feature any costumes in their performances. We are further led to believe that Miss Marshall lost the real intent of the show.

Far be it from us to doubt the word of a lady—but Mabel Miller's statement that she will be here for two or three years doesn't seem to "dovetail" with the fact that she's wearing one of those—oh, you know what—on her left hand.

And Clara Turczynski also has a lovely "rock" on the fourth digit of her left hand; for further details ask Harold Hensel of the iron barrel department.

The employees of the LaFayette station recently held a meeting during which District Superintendent E. P. Warren outlined carefully the new stock selling plan. Every one was much elated with the opportunity offered them to purchase stock.

District Superintendent Hatch received a telephone call one Sunday afternoon about 5:30 from our service station to the effect that there were only 70 gallons of Red Crown in the tank, agent ill and drivers could not be located. Needless to say, Red Crown was being poured into the tank before the 70 gallons had been run out. But the driver who delivered the goods did not wear a uniform and his derby hat bumped the ceiling of the cab. Hatch's middle name should be "Service."

WICHITA, KAS.

Mr. E. E. Wade, bookkeeper, has just passed through a season of sickness and sorrow. He, himself, had been in the hospital and under the physician's care and was just recovering when his little three-year-old daughter, Ruth Wilma, was taken ill with pneumonia and died. The Standard Oil family of employees extend their sympathy.

Avis Bowdre, cashier's cage, came to work recently with a beautifully skinned nose. Explanation: Two cars trying to occupy the same place at the same time on a narrow culvert. It can't be done, Avis, and it is more or less painful to the experimenters to try it.

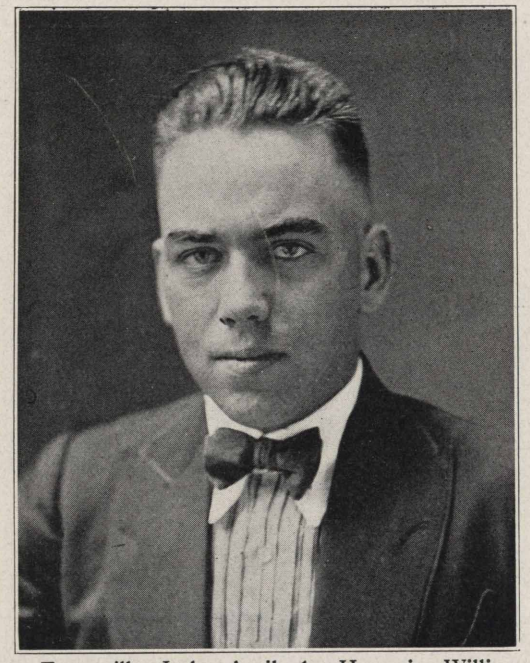
Paul Baker, order department, informs us that his wife has practically recovered from injuries received recently when she was run over by an auto.

Raymond Roach is the new steno in the construction department.

Clyde Faris, district superintendent, tells us that his wife, who had diphtheria, has recovered.

Sixty couples enjoyed the dance given by the Standard Oil employees recently. The affair was a carnival with serpentine and confetti in abundance. Punch was served. Employees present were: Amy Jewett, Hazel Bledsoe, Ruth Vance, Ann Pettigrew, Gladys McCormick, Leta Root; Mesdames B. D.

ATTA BOY, CHUBBY!



Evansville, Ind., April 1.—Here is William (Chubby) Pierce, of Duquoin, Ill., concerning whom the following article, under the caption of "Basketball Star Scores Again Today," appeared recently in the Duquoin Evening Call:

"Besides having much honor bestowed upon him for his basketball ability, William (Chubby) Pierce added another laurel to his already large collection this morning. Will is an employee of the Standard Oil Company, and drives a truck about the city. While driving on Park Street this morning he noticed a blaze just starting at the Adam Heberer home. Taking matters into his own hands, he soon had the blaze out. His actions made unnecessary the work of the fire department." Mr. Pierce entered the service of the Company July 16, 1920; his active services in the interests of the company, and courteous and thoughtful attitude toward the public is greatly appreciated.

Dumbauld, Leslie Chism; V. E. Bonham, R. L. Johnson, A. A. Alexander, J. Carter, J. S. Burnett, Roy Wiley, Glenn Brannaman, Wendall Workman, Don Whitmore, Bob Steele, R. E. Morris, F. Cooper, Harry Lemon, L. J. Black, Virgil Sherwood, Neil Harrison.

On March 12 a burglar forced an entrance into the home of Elsie Dumbauld (cartage department) by breaking the glass in a rear door. The thief got a pair of field glasses and Mr. Dumbauld's watch, but he dropped the watch, which was found in the yard near the back door.

Earl Talbot, check department, while repairing his eave trough fell backwards about twelve feet when the ladder slipped. The rest of the particulars we will not print.

The painters are out in the field brightening up the stations.

D. R. Hayden, general clerk, announces the arrival on Sunday, March 6, at 1:40 p. m., of a son. His name is Sammy after "Uncle Sam," the distinguished governmental personage with the tall hat and striped trousers. Dave, the stork played unfair as you lost no time from the office. Suggest that you and Dr. Stork get together on dates after this.

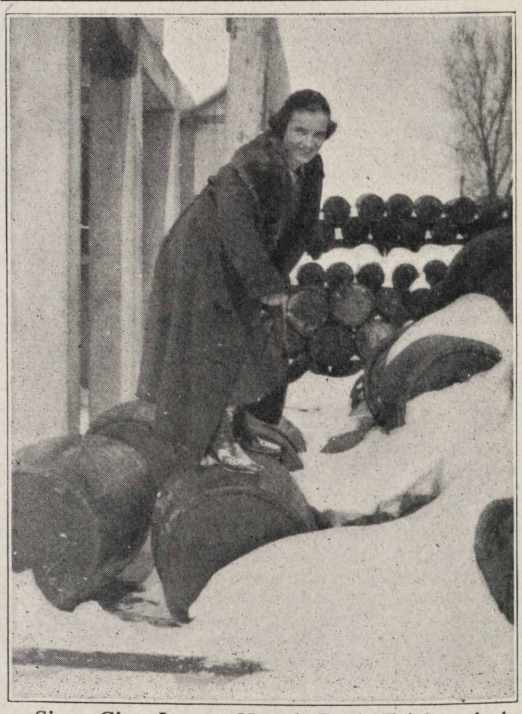
Neil Harrison, station examiner, is home from the hospital at Halsted where he underwent an operation.

Wednesday, March 23, being rainy and cold, the S. O. Co. girls decided to have a taffy pull during the noon hour to brighten up the day. They had some time—the candy turned to sugar, but as they are not the kind that give up in vain, they added some syrup and vinegar, and cooked it again. Say, it was fine. The candymakers were: Hallie Caldwell, Elsie Dumbauld, Mae Smith, Miriam Stokely, Ruth Vance, Mary Short, Erla Pryor, Ann Pettigrew, Lulu Shriver, Avis Bowdre, Hazel Bledsoe, Leta Root, Fanne Goodman, Estella George, Coraw Westfall, Amy Jewett. P. S.—Rumor says that Mary Short had another taffy pull when she went to comb her pretty red hair that evening.

Mr. T. L. VanAntwerp, truck driver at Scott City, has jumped into the matrimonial sea. Miss Bernice Dalrymple, of Boston, Mass., is the charming young lady who consented to swim with him. They are spending their honeymoon in Colorado Springs, Colo.

Roy Wiley, check department, recently left for Wyoming where he will take up a claim. The employees gave him a farwell party at the home of Glayds McCormick. Let us hear from you. Roy.

THOROUGH



Sioux City, Iowa.—Here is Buela Erickson looking for a correct barrel number. She says they are hard to find in the snow but you just have to get them.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

H. S. MORTON, *Vice-President*

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

General Manager

T. J. THOMPSON

Assistant General Managers

JOHN L. CARTER, Northern Division

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Eastern Division

R. G. STEWART, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. LEWIS, *Manager*
C. F. HATMAKER, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
R. A. THOMSON, *Manager*
C. W. FLANAGAN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
H. F. WARREN, *Manager*
W. A. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
M. STORER, *Manager*
AMOS BALL, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. COCHRAN, *Manager*
H. H. KEATING, *Assistant Manager*

DUBUQUE, IOWA
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
H. E. BRUCE, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. MORTON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

KEOKUK, IOWA
M. F. KING, JR., *Manager*
C. M. VOGLER, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. H. LAMBERT, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
W. H. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. D. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
L. W. CAMERON, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
M. L. WIRSING, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
M. F. VAN KEUREN, *Manager*
MARTIN KELLY, JR., *Assistant Manager*

Small Profits Per Sale

THE last link in the chain between the oil well and your car is the filling station where you buy your gasoline or the tank wagon which delivers it to your home.

From refinery, to tank wagon or filling station, to consumer, the business of manufacturing and marketing gasoline is conducted on a basis of selling many gallons at a price which gives only a small profit per gallon.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) applies this principle in the conduct of its business.

The ideal of this Company is to manufacture a gasoline of uniformly high quality, to sell it at a price which will permit of universal use, and to maintain a system of distribution so comprehensive as to make it available everywhere.

Only an organization great in ability, and great in size, can give such a service as that provided by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). The tremendous volume of business it enjoys has been won through efficiency plus the economy of large-scale operation.

When bigness, efficiency and economy all work together, the result is low manufacturing cost, and low product prices.

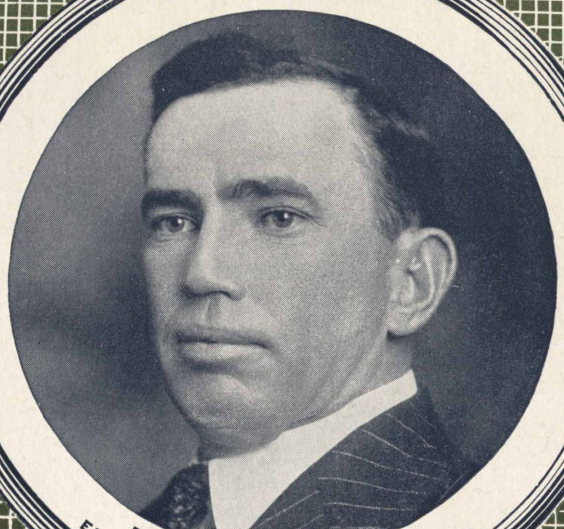
Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

2395 **910 So. Michigan Ave.** **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 2 JUNE 1921 No. 8



DANIEL J. GALLAGHER
EMPLOYEE'S CHAIRMAN, WHITING J.G.C.

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

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W. E. Warwick, *2nd Vice-President, Gen'l Mgr., Mfg.*
B. Parks, *3d Vice-President, Ass't Gen'l Mgr., Mfg.*
E. G. Seubert, *4th Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer*
Allan Jackson, *5th Vice-President*

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J. E. Evans, *Assistant Superintendent*

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J. W. Kelly, *Assistant Superintendent*

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CASPER

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A. E. Thompson, *Superintendent*

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Div. 5—Nick Scholl
George Hulatt
Div. 6—Frank Eaton
Div. 6—T. McFadden
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John S. Dickey, *Vice-Secretary*
Div. 1—O. Westwood
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Rex Fanning, *Vice-Chairman*

STANOLIND
RECORD

Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
Publication office; 610 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 2 JUNE No. 8

NUMBER OF EMPLOYEE-STOCKHOLDERS GROWS FAST

Increase of 646 Is Reported Since the May Issue of the Stanolind Record, When the Number Was 6,100 As Against 6,746 Now Shown on the Books of Secretary-Treasurer E. G. Seubert

An increase of 646 in the number of employee purchasers of company stock under the Employees' Stock Purchase Plan, whereby the company adds fifty cents to every dollar paid by the employee, has been reported since the May issue of the Stanolind Record. On May 1 the total number of employee-subscribers on the books of Secretary-Treasurer E. G. Seubert, was 6,746 as against 6,100 reported in the May issue.

The only units which failed to report an increase were, in most instances, places where there are but a very small number of employees, or where the original subscriptions were so many that an increase could hardly be looked for.

Further increases are anticipated as the number of those eligible to subscribe increases, and as more of those who are eligible so arrange their affairs as to be able to buy. Subscriptions on May 1 were as follows:

REFINERIES, ETC.

Chicago, Home Office	564
Whiting	1496
Wood River	353
Sugar Creek	336
Casper	64
Drumright	52
Florence	3
Greybull	2
Superior	3
River Rouge	6
Coal Mining	49
Producing	4

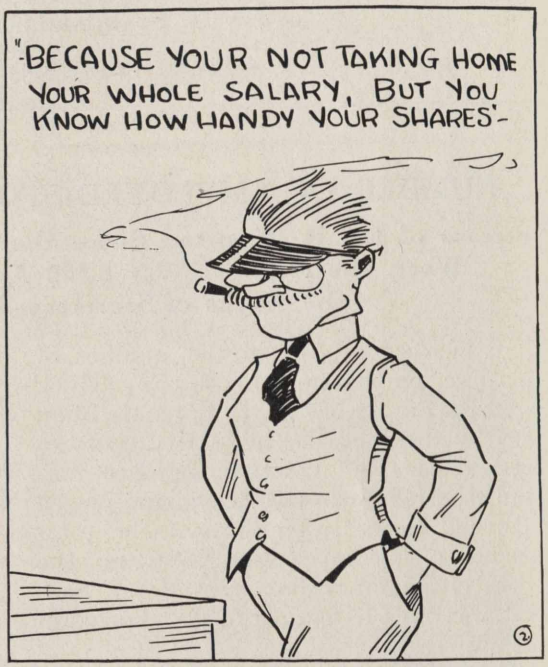
SALES DEPARTMENT FIELD STATIONS

Chicago	523
Davenport	86
Des Moines	121
Dubuque	96
Kansas City	202
Keokuk	49
St. Joseph	54
St. Louis	105
Wichita	58
Duluth	170
Fargo	235
Huron	67
La Crosse	89
Mankato	91
Milwaukee	222
Minneapolis	135
Sioux City	35
Decatur	77
Detroit	255
Evansville	140
Grand Rapids	179
Indianapolis	216
Joliet	152
Peoria	120
Quincy	74
Saginaw	110
South Bend	153
TOTAL	6746

WARNING!

May 1 was the deadline for this issue of the Record but about one-half the marketing divisions failed to get material in by that date, it drifting in as late as the eighth of the month. We are able to use some of it this month because of the printers' strike which was on during the first week of May. In the future, however, the deadline MUST be observed if you expect to have your matter printed. The deadline for every issue is the FIRST day of the month preceding the month of issue, as, for instance, June 1 will be the deadline for the July issue, and July 1 for the August issue.

WON'T IT BE A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING!



NO SUCH EPITAPH

"Just bear this in mind, my boy."
"What, dad?"
"You don't find any epitaph in any cemetery reading, 'Here lies a cracker-jack pool player,' "—M. V. H.

SHOWING THE BRIDES-TO-BE HOW IT'S DONE

Keokuk, Iowa, May 1.—In the above we have Parson Jewel Schmidt, of the checking department, in the act of uniting in the holy bonds of matrimony, Miss "Myke" Radasch and Miss Helen Fegers. The ringbearer at the left is Miss Catherine Whitehead, who is taking lessons for the time not far off, when she will have a real ceremony all her own. By way of explanation we would like to say that Miss Schmidt is not reading out of the Good Book, but from a "Favorite Recipe Book" which was presented to Miss Whitehead at a shower given for her recently. (Probably Miss Schmidt is a better student of the Cook Book than the Good Book. Also, if one looks closely, one may see the glitter of the ring upon the pillow.)

We might call the picture on the right "Romeo and Juliet," only Romeo didn't wear his trousers rolled up, if we remember rightly. "Myke," our telephone operator, seen here in male attire, and Miss Helen Fegers, of the checking department, are demonstrating to the Misses Whitehead and Hanson, the proper way to keep a husband at home. This picture was taken at a shower given for the bride, Miss Pearl Hanson. By the way, quite a number of the fellows of the Standard Oil office are envious of "Myke's" place in this picture.

IF YOU WERE THE BOSS

If you applied to yourself for a job, would you get it?

Think it over.

Just be a boss for a few minutes; then check up your record for the past month as an employe. Remember, now it's your money to meet the pay roll.

Have you, as an employe, filled your hours with productive, conscientious labor, or have you been busy watching the clock? Have you produced enough in that month to make you a profitable investment?

Have you put your shoulder to the wheel, forgotten petty differences and difficulties or have you put sand in your bearings? Have you asked questions and improved, or have you been too wise to learn?

Have you analyzed what you are doing and why, or used instinct instead of reason and got an indifferent and methodless result? Have you allowed your mind to become poisoned with anger, worry, or envy, and by so doing contaminated and reduced the efficiency of others?

Have you gone through the month, a vision of payday the oasis in your desert of work, and have you let this vision shut out from view all else in the day's work that would build you to size where you would give yourself a job?

Or have you put heart and soul in the work, on the job every minute with a breadth of vision that made the desert of work an oasis of opportunity?

Check up. Be truthful. Would you give yourself a job?—*Moonbeams.*

$1,000 REWARD

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) will give a reward of $1,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of anyone who, in connection with robbing or attempting to rob the company, kills an employee of the company while in discharge of his duties as such employee.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

The offer of a reward of $1,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who on April 10 shot and killed John A. Keating, attendant at the company service station at Grand and Bell Avenues, St. Louis, has been followed by a decision of the Board of Directors to offer a standing reward of $1,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of anyone who, in connection with robbing or attempting to rob the company, kills an employee of the company while in discharge of his duties as such employee.

In addition to the $1,000 reward offered by this company for the slayers of Keating, a reward of $100 was offered personally by Phillip H. Brockman, president of the DeLuxe Automobile Co., and a member of the Board of Police Commissioners.

The sympathy of all of the employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is extended to the bereaved family of Mr. Keating, a fine, clean-cut young man who was paying his way through Washington University by working nights for this company. The Record concurs in the sentiment expressed in the following editorial which appeared in the St. Louis Globe Democrat on April 12, under the caption of "A Student's Wanton Murder:"

John A. Keating, a student at Washington University, was working his way through college by selling gasoline nights at a Standard Oil Company filling station on North Grand avenue. Robbers who made a descent on the station at a late hour and stole such of the receipts of the day as they could lay hands on shot him dead. Desperadoes who commit crimes on a scale of unusual effrontery have had many victims in recent months, but there have been few cases appealing so strongly to general sympathy. Students like Keating who defy limitations in resources and refuse to recognize that a disadvantage in means as compared with most others is a barrier to their desire for an education, belong to the best type of students at all institutions of higher learning. The public has a very earnest desire that those who by the wanton, wholly unnecessary murder of this unresisting student, cut short an undoubtedly useful, perhaps even brilliant, life may be brought speedily to justice.

A CRATE YARN

St. Louis, May 1.—The official crate builder of St. Louis is one Clarence Bender of the South Broadway plant. When it comes to all the minor details, Clarence has Mr. Doll backed off the map. He builds crates for Perfection Faucet Tanks anywhere and everywhere, even in his dreams and in coal sheds. His latest episode was to build a crate in the shed—a good staunch crate well made, strongly nailed and with the tank securely enclosed so that nothing could harm it. Nothing was overlooked except the fourth dimension. At this critical moment, with stage all set, the form 083 made out, the driver ready to receive the erstwhile said tank so securely crated—behold! Fate had decreed that this beautiful work of art had to be demolished simply because it would not pass thru the door. In the future Clarence will build his crates right on the truck.

DAN GALLAGHER

On the outside cover of this magazine appears the photograph of Daniel J. Gallagher, switchman at the Whiting plant, now serving his second term as employees' chairman of the Whiting Joint General Committee, and his third term as an employees' representative in that body.

Gallagher, reared in the home town of the "Mollie Maguires" and a railroad man of many years experience with labor difficulties, including the great Pullman strike, entered the employ of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) in 1918, about a year before the Industrial Relations Plan went into effect. When the details of that plan were announced, Gallagher said:

"I've believed all my life there should be some plan whereby employees and employers could get together without all these strikes and lockouts and boycotts which never get anything for either side, which never settle anything and which only lead to more conflict and suffering. I've never known just what sort of a plan I wanted but I think this is it. I believe it is the dream of my life coming true."

Gallagher became a candidate for employees' representative and was elected. He proved to be a fearless member of the committee, holding his own to the last ditch when convinced that he was right, but always ready to hear the other fellow's side and to be guided in his final judgment by his reason and sense of justice. He has not always agreed with the management, and at such times has been fearless in his disagreement, but he has been just as courageous in advising his constituents when he thought they were in the wrong. His frankness in stating his convictions and his willingness to hear the other fellow's side and to make a decision founded on justice and not on prejudice has won him the respect of everyone, including those whom he has at times opposed. In the opinion of the Stanolind Record it is men like Gallagher, on the side of the employees, and like Col. R. W. Stewart, on the side of the management, both determined to settle every problem on a permanent foundation of justice and equity, who are bringing nearer the day when strikes, lockouts and boycotts will be unknown in this country.

In conclusion we wish to advise Dan that while we have made him out to be a pretty shrewd individual, he needn't think he is the shrewdest member of the Gallagher family, as he will probably have to admit when he sees his picture on the cover of this magazine and wonders how and where on earth the editor got it without his knowledge. You may tell him now, Mrs. Gallagher.

MANAGEMENT APPROVES 290 PETITIONS IN 1920

Of All Recommendations Made to Management By Joint General Committees in Four Major Refineries of Standard Oil Company (Indiana) 93.6 Per Cent Are Approved and Only 6.4 Per Cent Disapproved

How equitable have been the decisions of the Joint General Committees in the four major refineries of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), and how sincere has been the desire of the local and company managements to go more than half way in cooperating with the employees, is shown in a report just issued by Mr. J. W. Curry, director of industrial relations, summarizing the operation of the Industrial Relations Plan in the four refineries during 1920.

The report discloses the startling fact that of 310 recommendations made to the management during 1920 by the Joint General Committees, 290, or 93.6 per cent, were approved and only 20, or 6.4 per cent, were disapproved.

The record by plant was as follows: Casper, 100 per cent approved; Sugar Creek, 92.2 per cent; Whiting, 92.4 per cent; Wood River, 95.8 per cent.

"When the management approves 290 out of 310 recommendations it is proof to me that the Joint General Committees are applying the principles of justice and equity to the consideration of matters of business which come before them," said Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the company. "It means that they are recognizing unjust petitions to be unjust and are refusing to pass them on to the management. On the other hand, the fact that we approved 93.6 per cent of the recommendations they did make to us, demonstrates, I think, how far the management is willing to go in its desire to cooperate with the employees. In the matter of the 6.4 per cent we were compelled to disapprove, it was not so much a case of their being unfair recommendations as it was a matter of their untimeliness or their potentiality, in the opinion of the management, for creating a situation unfavorable to the proper conduct of the company's business. I think the report shows that management and men are cooperating, and if the employees will look about them at the conditions obtaining in many other industries, and the plight of their employees, I believe they will agree with me that we are cooperating to our mutual advantage."

Of the 412 matters of business which came before the Joint General Committees, the committees approved 220, or 50.9 per cent; 58, or 13.4 per cent were approved in part, and 134, or 31 per cent were disapproved. The Casper committee approved 60 per cent of petitions presented to it; the Sugar Creek committee 53.9 per cent; Whiting, 44.8 per cent; Wood River, 49.6 per cent. Of petitions disapproved, the Casper committee disapproved 33.3 per cent; Sugar Creek, 21.4 per cent; Whiting, 34.3 per cent; Wood River, 42 per cent.

At Sugar Creek 14 matters of business, or 7.9 per cent of those considered, were deadlocked in committee so that no recommendation was made. One matter of business was tied up in a similar manner at Wood River.

Of all matters of business considered by the four committees, they were divided as to subjects as follows: Wages and Hours, 45.1 per cent; Working Conditions, 12.3 per cent; Sanitation and Health, 9.3 per cent; Seniority, 5.2 per cent; Safety, 4.5 per cent; Conciliation, 4.5 per cent; Miscellaneous, 4.1 per cent; Recreation, 3.6 per cent; Rules and Procedure, 3.4 per cent; Transportation, 2.3 per cent; Publications, 2.3 per cent; Annuities and Benefits, 1.6 per cent; Education, 1.1 per cent; Housing, 0.7 per cent.

* * *

He took her rowing on the lake,
She vowed she'd go no more,
He asked her why—her answer was,
"You only hugged the shore."

* * *

An employee was being examined for a compound depressed fracture of the skull. The nurse placed her finger in the healed depression, and while doing so asked the man numerous questions. Finally she asked, "Are you married?". "No, mam," was the reply, "I was hit there with a pair of tongs."

SIX OR MORE S. O. PRODUCTS TO THE STORE

South Bend, Ind., May 1.—One of our district superintendents has a slogan "Six or more Standard Oil products to the store" and here is the slogan being put into practice. It is a grocery store owned by Mr. Gerke, shown on the right. On the left is our tankwagon driver, A. R. Smith, of La Porte, Ind. Six products to the store? Here you are: Semdac, Household Lubricant and Parowax in the window, and Red Crown, Polarine and Polarine Cup in Mr. Gerke's car. We gather that both Gerke and Smith are live ones.

GOLF ! JUNE 21 !

The Stanolind Golf Association expects to hold its annual spring tournament at the Chicago Golf Club, near Wheaton, on Tuesday, June 21, contingent upon the approval of the Board of Directors. Everyone in the employ of the company is eligible to membership in the association and to compete in the tournament. Application for membership will be received by the Hon. Bruce Smeed, Room 300, Main Office, Chicago.

FOXY GRANDPA NOW

In another column you will note that Mr. F. P. (Hank) Allen, slipped into New York and got himself elected vice-president of the Asphalt Association, but that isn't the reason for the smile he is toting around just now. It develops that on May 3, Mr. Allen became the grandfather of a 10-pound boy, of whom Mr. and Mrs. Vernis Hoffman are the proud parents. The father is tank wagon driver at the Kensington station.

STYLES IN OFFICES AND HAIRCUTS CHANGE

From the above we gather that styles in haircuts, even as styles in offices, do change, and change for the better. This photograph was taken in 1902 at the company offices at 5 South Wabash avenue, Chicago, and the gentlemen depicted are members of the accounting division, manufacturing department. If you will take the trouble to visit them today in their palatial apartment on the Sixth floor, 910 South Michigan avenue, you will see what a change nineteen years has wrought. Left to right: Office Boy, Robert Meinke, Austin R. Smith, R. Florian, Bert Hawkins, Allan McLean, Elmer Hoaglund, Office Boys Pat Mulvey (deceased), Office Boys, Harry Clark, Walter Bassett, Herman Waseman, Walter Lasher, and E. G. Seubert, now secretary-treasurer and fourth vice-president of the company. Seeing the 1902 likeness of Herman Waseman reminds us of a story we heard about him the other day. Herman is no longer in the office but sells the full line around Palatine, Ill. Recently a customer entered the store of Druggist Zinn at Palatine and asked for Blank's Mineral Oil. "Haven't any," said the druggist, "but I have Stanolax," and sold a bottle. "Don't you ever carry Blank's Oil?" queried the customer. "I should say not," said the druggist. "If I carried anything but Stanolax and Herman Waseman heard about it my life wouldn't be worth a nickel!" That's the stuff, Herman, be firm with 'em.

YOU'RE THERE, JACK!

Wichita, Kan., May 1.—It is an ill wind that keeps a good man from doing business. Recently Jack Wright, salesman, was at Galva helping the truck driver. They had just driven into town and a high wind was blowing. When Jack alighted from the truck his hat soared away. Jack gave chase. The hat rolled merrily ahead of him for a block and then turned up a side street in front of a building where two men stood laughing at him. Recovering his hat and his equilibrium, Jack said, pointing to two barrels: "What are those two containers there for?"

"One is for gas, and the other, for kerosene," explained one of the merry-makers.

"Well, I just came down to fill them; how about it?"

"Go ahead, you have earned it, old boy!"

It was a new customer, too.

ATHLETICS BOOM AT WOOD RIVER REFINERY

Athletic Association Has Been Formed, Employees Subscribing $658.25 to Its Support, and Four Team Inter-Department Baseball League Is Launched With an Eighteen Game Schedule, Starting May 3

Wood River, Ill., May 1.—Spring has more than one way of asserting itself, and when the annual yearning for the great outdoors and the renewal of athletic activities comes upon us, we do not have to consult the progress of mother nature—we know it's spring.

So it was with the dawning of the 1921 season at the Wood River refinery. Before even the sporting column had imbibed the spirit we were longing for the crack of the bat and the yell of the umpire.

Reminiscing did not get us very far so we began to check up our prospects for the ensuing year. To begin with, owing to the industrial crisis prevailing in this district, the Alton Industrial Baseball League, which functioned so successfully the past two years, was not reorganized. The magnitude of our plant furnished ample material for the organization of a league composed of four teams, and we were not long in realizing the advantages of forming an Inter-Department League.

With this end in view, the Recreations and Athletics Committee, through the Joint General Committee, submitted the following plan to the management, which was approved:

> That, an Athletic Association be formed of all the employees, by all the employees, and for all the employees.
>
> That, the different departments of the plant be combined and then sub-divided into four divisions.
>
> That, a special election be held whereby each division shall elect three representatives.
>
> That, the representatives elected shall appoint the officers of the Association, and by joint cooperation perfect the organization.

Following the above outlined plan, the election was held on Tuesday, March 29, and the following representatives were elected:

DIVISION NO. 1

C. Burris	R. Parker	E. Walker

DIVISION NO. 2

J. Lamm	F. Fortschneider	H. Fredeking

DIVISION NO. 3

W. McDonald	E. Bennett	C. Trimmer

DIVISION NO. 4

H. Ash	F. Emmel	A. Coulter

At a meeting of the newly elected representatives on Friday, April 1, which was called by the Recreations and Athletic Committee, through the Joint General Committee, the following officers were appointed:

President.....C. L. Manbeck
Vice-President.....F. N. Brett
Secretary and Treasurer.....F. E. Graham

The officers and representatives lost no time in the adoption of an eighteen game schedule, covering the period from May 3 to September 3; games to be played on Tuesdays and Saturdays of each week. The adoption of the Daylight Saving Plan will enable all employees to witness these games.

In order that all employees may take advantage of the athletic field, each division has been apportioned one night per week for practice. For those not interested in the national pastime, tennis courts have been provided, and further advantages will be added in the near future.

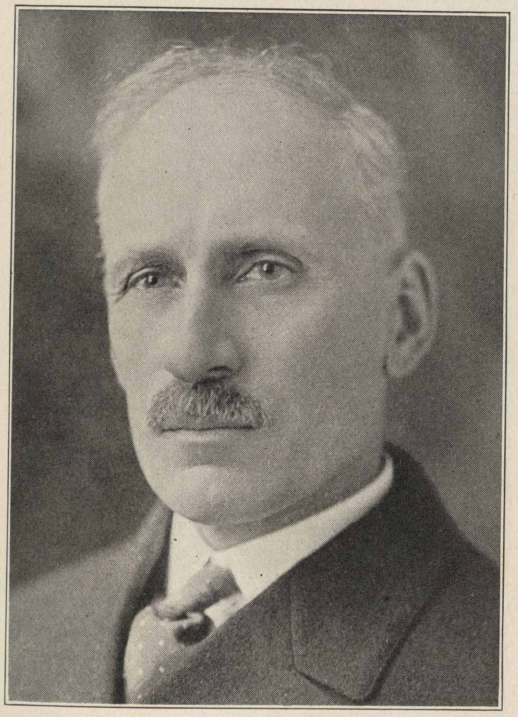
The matter of financing this association was not to be overlooked, and it was decided to secure funds by popular subscription, which plan was indorsed by the employees, with the result that the sum of $658.25 was raised among the different departments as follows:

Department	Amount
Acid Works	$21.00
Blacksmiths	11.50
Boilershop	84.00
Carpenters	54.25
Pipe Shop	47.50
Crude Stills	48.50
Main Office	96.00
Tin Shop	22.00
Electricians	18.00
Laboratory	11.50
Filling Racks	10.00
Watchmen	10.00
Machine Shop	8.00
Car Inspectors	7.00
Reclaiming Department	7.00
Storehouse	5.00
Ash System	3.75
Crane and Engineers	9.00
Boiler House	4.50

Power House	2.50
Pressure Stills	36.25
Paraffine Department	27.00
Still Cleaners	28.00
Pump Repair	17.50
Common Labor	68.50
Total	$658.25

The association to date has purchased two sets of uniforms and various baseball equipment. As the season advances equipment for tennis and handball courts will be purchased, and indications point to a very successful season.

GREW WITH COMPANY



Mr. H. M. Willmarth, Standard Oil Company (Indiana) agent at Marinette, Wis., is one of the many men who have participated in the growth of this company. The Marinette Eagle Star, in a recent article, said of him, in part:

"For continuous length of service with one company, H. M. Willmarth without doubt deserves to be given the palm as one of the oldest employees of any company in the city. A quiet, pleasant sort of person, he goes about his daily work as manager of the local office of the Standard Oil Company, and without doubt he would be lost without the smell of gasoline and oil, so accustomed has he become to it in the 18 years he has been with the company.

"Mr. Willmarth first took employment with the company here in 1902 when the Duluth territory was as yet little developed. The local office at that time was a small affair taking care of a large amount of territory. Only one man was employed, and he was assisted by one girl in the office. One team was used in supplying the trade in the city with occasional trips into the neighboring country."

Instead of kicking about the smallness of his job, Mr. Willmarth got busy and made it a bigger job. The Eagle Star continued, quoting Mr. Willmarth:

"During the summer months now instead of one man we employ ten men and have three trucks and one team of horses, besides which sub-stations have been established in lesser towns. Instead of the cumbersome shipment by barrel, tank cars are now used, making the work lighter and more rapid. Stations have also been built at Powers and Daggett, Mich., and at Wausaukee and Pound, Wis. New tanks have been installed in recent years, the largest having a capacity of 200,000 gallons. Since becoming manager I have built a new large office, barn and garage, two additions to the warehouse and two service stations, one in Marinette and the other in Menominee."

In length of service Mr. Willmarth is the second oldest employee in the Duluth territory, Mr. William Godfrey, of Iron Mountain, having been in the company's employ 18 months longer.

* * *

IT WASN'T BLOOD

A Scotchman had been presented with a pint flask of rare old Scotch whiskey. He was walking briskly along the road toward home, when along came a Ford which he did not sidestep quite in time. It threw him down and hurt his leg quite badly. He got up and limped down the road. Suddenly he noticed that something warm and wet was trickling down his leg.

"Oh, Lord," he groaned, "I hope that's blood!"

* * *

Mr. Graham—"Do you know, Miss F., if I had my way, I'd put every woman in jail!"

Miss F.—"Why, Mr. Graham, I'm surprised. I didn't know you felt that way about us! What sort of a nation do you think this would be, if you put all the women in jail?"

Mr. Graham—"Stag-nation, of course!"

TOWER STILLS TEAM No. 2 WHITING CHAMPS

With Several Beginners in Their Line-up, Towers Walk Away With Bowling Championship, Leading Field of Twelve Teams in Season's Play, and Taking Board of Directors Cup Away from Main Office

The season just closed by the Whiting Standard Oil A. A. bowlers was a decided success from every point of view. One hundred and nine employees of the company participated. Twelve teams entered the tournament at the beginning of the season and the same twelve were contending for places at the finish.

The Towers No. 2 Club landed the cup after leading the league all through the race. They, as well as most of the other clubs, used substantially the lineup at the finish that they used in the early part of the season. This is the first year of the Towers No. 2 in Standard Oil A. A. bowling. For one or two members of that championship five it is the first bowling done on this or any other alley.

The Directors' Cup, given by the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Co. (Indiana), to the bowling champions each year, has been transferred from the possession of the Main Office squad, last season's champions, to the care of the Towers No. 2 team. This cup must be won three years in succession to remain permanently in the possession of any department.

Wilkinson led the league in individual bowling. Schaak, of the boiler shop, who entered the game in midseason, was second and Fred Lau was third. Lau is leading the individual bowling in the Standard Oil league in Chicago. The first six high individuals landed the prize money. Final league standing:

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Tower Stills No. 2	53	13	.803
Main Office	45	21	.682
Boiler Shop	44	22	.667
Pressure Stills	44	22	.667
Welding Department	44	22	.667
Tower Stills No. 1	38	28	.576
Switching Department	31	35	.470
Paraffine Works	29	37	.439
Crane Car Department	29	37	.439
Grease Works	24	42	.364
Acid Works	13	53	.195
Labor Department	2	64	.030

High team ave., 3 games, Tower Stills No. 1 . . . 887⅓
High team single game, Tower Stills No. 2 . . . 946
High individual ave., 3 games, C. Groat, Tower Stills No. 1 213
High individual single game, A. Samonson, Welding Department 251

SPECIAL HANDICAP PRIZES

High team ave., 3 games, Crane Car Dept . . . 977
High team single game 1046
High individual single game, C. Stross, Crane Car Department 268
High individual ave., 3 games, Purinton, Acid Works 218⅓

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES

Wilkinson, Switching Department 178–49
Schaak, Boiler Shop 174–9
Lau, Crane Car 174–8
Samonson, Welding 174–7
Cahill, Pressure Stills 173–7
Whitie, Welding Shop 172–22
Bumhour, Boiler Shop 171
Long, Towers No. 2 170
Ted James, Towers No. 2 169
C. Henrikson, Main Office 168
P. Lieese, Main Office 168
C. Groat, Towers No. 1 168
Guyer, Towers No. 2 167
Sable, Boiler Shop 166
L. Kaschak, Pressure Stills 166
F. Hoffman, Towers No. 2 166
Banks, Towers No. 1 165
Wade, Boiler Shop 165
Barsich, Switching Department 165
Cole, Main Office 163
O. Canner, Paraffine 162
Gadish, Boiler Shop 162
Buckovitch, Pressure Stills 162
Zubey, Towers No. 2 162
C. Miller, Main Office 161
Winslow, Paraffine Works 160
H. Keilman, Pressure Stills 160
McShane, Towers No. 1 160
Jurek, Grease Works 160
Teboda, Labor Department 160
G. Petaky, Grease Works 159
McClelland, Boiler Shop 159
Ollrich, Towers No. 1 158
McCarthy, Main Office 158
Whitmer, Main Office 158
Wilt, Paraffine 158
C. Stross, Crane Car 157
Germick, Main Office 157
M. Henrikson, Main Office 157
Jarnecke, Towers No. 1 156
O. Canner, Boiler Shop 156
Palikan, Acid Works 155
Benight, Crane Car 155
M. Pataky, Grease Works 153
Matelsky, Crane Car 153
Herman, Welding Department 153
Bradford, Switching Department 152
Kirchoff, Welding Shop 151
Beach, Welding Shop 149

KEEPING IN TRIM FOR THE WEEK'S WORK

Here are Miss McIllvaine, assistant stock clerk at Huron, S. D., and O. L. Nayes, of the Huron office, enjoying themselves on a Sunday afternoon and getting in trim for the coming week's work. Miss McIllvaine is a regular rider, not one of the Central or Lincoln Park bridle path variety. You will note in the picture on the right that she has Dobbin's tongue hanging out. "How would you like to work in our stock department?" queries Huron. If the rest are up to sample, we'd say it would be grand.

SUGAR CREEK ELECTS

A list of city officials elected at Sugar Creek's first city election sounds like a roll call of employees of the Sugar Creek works of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), indicating that the Stanolind folks there, as everywhere, take a proper interest in civic welfare. Results of election:

Mayor: H. R. Boehmer, superintendent of the Sugar Creek works.

Aldermen: George W. Evinger, toolman; Frank Woodward, refinery superintendent; Edward Lynn, night superintendent; Farmer H. Frisby, general labor foreman.

Marshal: Lee Norman, formerly boilermaker's helper at works.

Democratic committeemen: John W. Kelly, assistant superintendent; Frank Evinger, steam still helper; George Gibbons, pipe coverer, and J. C. Farrand.

Republican committeemen: John Gates; Howard Ainsworth; Monroe Lee, pressure still helper; James Burns, laborer.

The school board is composed of John W. Kelly, assistant superintendent; Frank Burkhart, of the U. T. L., and Hugh Danforth, one of the plant electricians.

The election was marked by a disregard of party lines on the part of the voters.

OUR ASPHALT KING

Mr. F. P. Allen, asphalt king of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) invaded New York on April 13, the occasion being the convention of the Asphalt Association, and walked off with the vice presidency of that organization. The Asphalt Association is a national organization devoted to promoting the use of asphalt and maintains offices in New York, Chicago, Toronto and Washington, D. C. Congratulations, Mr. Allen.

* * *

He was a Scot, with the usual characteristics of his race. Wishing to know his fate, he telegraphed a proposal of marriage to the girl of his choice. After waiting all day at the telegraph office he received the affirmative answer late at night.

"Well, if I were you," said the operator, "I'd think twice before I married the girl who kept me waiting for an answer so long."

"Na, Na?" said the Scot. "The girl for me is the girl who waits for the night rates."

THE HUMANE SIDE OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF INDIANA

By an Employee of the Dubuque, Iowa, Office

The following article, written by an employee of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Dubuque office, appeared in the February number of the Iowa Merchant, having been prepared at the request of the Retail Merchants' Association of Iowa.—EDITOR.

The Standard Oil Company of Indiana is a marvel as a potential factor in the business world. The organization with its branches in eleven states—with an unequalled system of distribution of its super excellent specialties, in all of them—is the wonder of this progressive age. The great system is augmented every hour in efficiency in every detail—for even greater public service in the future. However, all this is too well known for extended comment. The success of the company speaks for itself. The millions it has served know all about the excellence of its products and the keen intelligence and progressiveness of its management.

There is a humane side in the conduct of its affairs, that is not so well known. There is a benevolent kindness, a sincere and practical consideration, an unvarying courtesy, towards its faithful employes. It blends a strictly efficient system with humane consideration for those whom it employs,—and in the enforcement of its rules of conduct, does not dry up nor freeze the milk of human kindness. Kindliness is the chain of gold that unites the Standard family, and makes easier fighting the battle of life. It is sowing the seed of courtesy that makes life charming, and it is one of the beautiful compensations of life, that helping another, you help yourself. That has been one of the company's bulwarks of strength, and materially aided its marvelous success.

The worker need but heed the call of duty,—the duty entrusted to him or her, and faithfully performed. If this is done they will find that the sweet every day humanity of the company is its endearing charm, and kindly consideration ever in evidence. Here men and women are regarded as of a common mold, and one is no higher than another, except as they render larger and better service.

It is insisted there be absolute courtesy shown in every department. For those in authority will not tolerate petty arrogance or insolence. Yes, it is the real touch of the very best there is in human nature that makes all the Standard family kin.

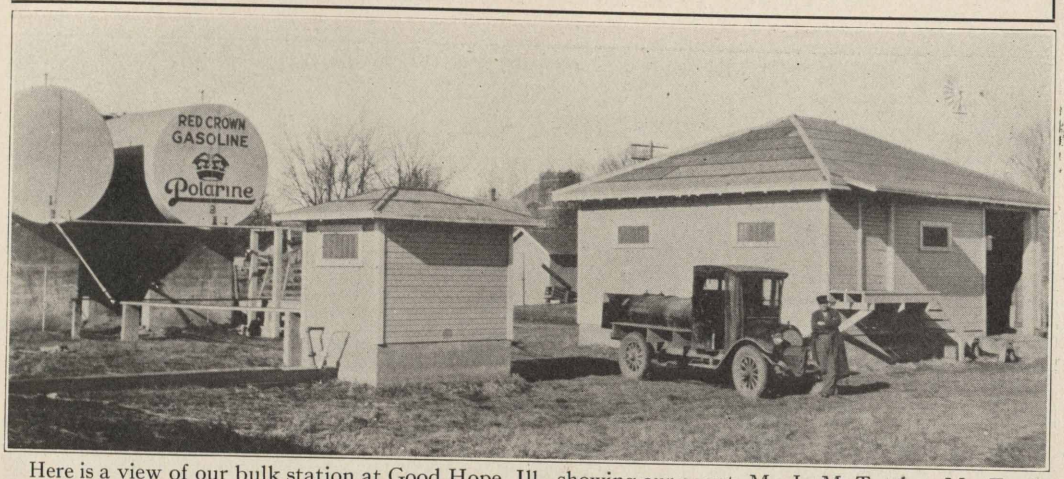
When sickness halts our accustomed work, the company's real humanity is brought vividly to our minds. No matter how long the disability lasts, full time income continues until the patient returns to work. There is most charming solicitude, and kindly consideration for your welfare at all times.

The man or woman in the service of the company that works faithfully and intelligently, hardly knows there is a manager in existence. The company requires efficiency, and faithful service,—and where these are evident, its aim of perfect discipline is fully accomplished. Promotions are from the ranks, and the fittest are rewarded. The specialist in any branch of the service,—even if by force of circumstance long deferred,—will get reward in the end. If a worker is tested and fails in one kind of work, he is not discharged in disgrace. He is tried again, and again, at something else, until the position for which he is really fitted is found for him.

Men who have signally failed in one branch of the service, have made good in another. It is in this as in every other phase of the system that consideration predominates. Every opportunity is given the willing worker to prove fitness in some section of the service, and the work made attractive and congenial.

After twenty years of service the employe is retired on an adequate annuity for

HOW TO KEEP A BULK STATION CLEAN



Here is a view of our bulk station at Good Hope, Ill., showing our agent, Mr. L. M. Tuttle. Mr. Tuttle boasts of keeping his station in perfect condition at all times. He says the way to keep a bulk station clean is not to allow any dirt to accumulate.

life*, and younger men from the ranks get the places. They are not shunted aside, and set adrift when age overtakes them, but they are amply provided for at the company's expense. It is certainly a broad gauge system,—a credit to the master minds who conceived, and are maintaining it. It is a story of real good fellowship in helpfulness. It is a lesson in genuine humanity,—for they follow only the best instincts in them, to make the reward to their employes; equal their faithfulness toward them. The test of true greatness is in doing the things of life, and doing them well. Our company does all things well. It has built up a fraternity of mutual interests, on a strong foundation of help and self help,—like a decree in equity,—wherein the stronger has no supremacy, and the weaker needs no defense. It has set a royal example for others to follow.

*The annuity plan of this company is inadequately described in this brief sentence, which the writer probably had to make brief to meet space conditions. When considered in detail the plan is so much more liberal that, for the benefit of new employees and outside readers, the Record believes those paragraphs relating to eligibility are worth repeating here. The plan provides that regular allowance shall be granted to the following classes:

"Class A. All men who have reached the age of 65 years and all women who have reached the age of 55 years who have given 20 years' continuous service shall be retired, unless in individual cases at the request of the employee, some later date for retirement shall be fixed by the Board of Directors.

"Class B. Any man who has reached the age of 55 years or any woman of 50 years of age, who has been 30 years or longer in continuous service, or any man of the age of 60 years who has been 20 years or longer in the service may be retired on regular annuity, either at his or her request, with the approval of the Board of Directors, or without the request of the employee, at the discretion of the Board.

"Any employee who has been 10 years or longer in continuous service and who by physical examination is shown to be permanently incapacitated for service, or whose retirement on account of advancing years is, in the judgment of the Directors advisable, may, at the discretion of the Directors be retired on regular or special allowance."

Regular allowance is defined as follows:

"For each year in service, 2 per cent of average annual remuneration for ten years immediately preceding retirement; the minimum annuity to be $300.00 per annum and the maximum annuity to be 75 per cent of average annual remuneration for the ten years immediately preceding retirement."—*Editor.*

* * *

The Eskimo sleeps in his little bear skin,
And keeps very warm, I am told,
Last night I slept in my little bare skin
And caught a terrible cold.

* * *

The man who succeeds above his fellows is the man who early in life clearly discerns his object and towards that object habitually directs his powers. Even genius itself is but fine observation strengthened by fixed purpose.—*Lord Lytton.*

* * *

Boastful One: "My father occupied the chair of Applied Physics at Cambridge."

Colored Boy: "Dat's nuthin'; mine occupied the seat of applied electricity at Sing Sing."

SELLING THE BEST PEOPLE ON EARTH

Advertising the full line was the idea of this display at the Elk's Industrial Exposition at Madison, Wis., Milwaukee division, April 2 to 9. 'Tis said the B. P. O. E. and their guests were properly impressed with the quality of Standard Oil products.

WE PARDON YOU, HILDA

Des Moines, Iowa, May 1.—Attached is an identical copy of a letter received at this office a few weeks ago from a party living at ——, Iowa, who had the misfortune to back into one of our self-measuring curb pumps at our service station, for which she appears to be truly sorry. Incidentally, Hilda sent in a crisp draft for $75 to cover the damage to our pump, which I hope eased her conscience, as, after reading her letter, one is surely convinced that she did not do it on purpose.—*H. E. Hanson, Stanolind Record correspondent, Des Moines.*

The letter, with names disguised in order not to cause further embarrassment to the penitent lady, follows:

To the Standard Oil Co.—I think it was Feb. 21, 1921—I drove a car and I think now I lost control in backing and backed too far; I broke the tubes into that the Gasoline comes up through, did not break the pump—I wanted to write this sooner was sick, and my mother is sick for years. I am so worried, I cried and cried, I want all to forgive me—O I am so sorry I backed I thought I was agoing over the curb at the Standard Oil Station, is why I backed, I am so provoked I backed at all; because I can go forward tolerably well. My mother

PLACING THE FULL LINE WHERE FOLKS CAN SEE IT

Here is Attendant George Hanswirth, of S. S. 36, La Crosse, Wis., selling his ninety-second can of Finol in one month (December). You will note from the display of Semdac, Finol, Polarine, etc., that George evidently believes that the first essential for selling the full line is to place the goods where they will attract the attention of folks who come to buy something else. And he's doing it and making it work.

and I live alone—I am a girl and keep house for my mother is 73 years old—It hurt me so to think I done this, I went to tell my sister's husband, Edward Brewster, and he is a helping me, for I want to get it seen to afore he goes there for gasoline for his car. We get lots of coal oil and never much gasoline. I did not want to do anyone harm at all, to think I broke off the Standard Oil Company's tube seemed to much for me, it grieves me so terribly, besides damage done to anothers car I done, it backed to far, I was about to get on a curb.

I write this because I want it explained, I had no desire to harm anyone, we have family worship at our home, and I did not want to do so wrong—If I had of pushed the door of the house there, I would not have grieved as much, but for to push on the pump of the Standard Oil Co. is so sad.

If this letter reaches not the right person, could it be mailed—for I am so sorry I did this and ask forgiveness of the company, and want to get it tended to. Mr. Edward Brewster and I.

Thanking you

Very Respt.

HILDA LARSON

P. S. The trucks had gone when I backed to far, it went to far back. I didn't want to harm anyone and my mother has been sick for years.

* * *

AS SHE HEARD IT

A young lady who was inspecting bicycles, said to the clerk:

"What's the name of this wheel?"

"That is the Belvedere," answered the salesman.

He was rewarded by a stony glance and the icy question:

"Can you recommend the Belva?"

* * *

"What this country needs is more production."

"What this country needs," replied Farmer Corntassel, with a slight trace of irritation, "is less talk about what it needs and' more enthusiasm about deliverin' the goods."—*Washington Star.*

SO LONG, NELLIE; ENJOY YOUR REST!

Miss Nellie M. Hessian, known as "Nellie" to the folks of the home office as well as to hundreds in the field, and the first girl to enter the employ of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) as a stenographer, was placed on the annuity payroll May 1, 1921.

Miss Hessian entered the service in 1890 as stenographer for Mr. T. H. Hawks, auditor of the sales department, and at that time, in addition to taking his letters, she did all the stenographic work for the home office sales department. When Mr. Hawks was transferred to England in 1904 and was succeeded by Mr. Charles D. Gano, Miss Hessian became Mr. Gano's stenographer, remaining in that position until Mr. Gano's death two years ago.

Miss Hessian not only has many friends in the home office but is well known throughout the whole field, and these many friends all unite with the Stanolind Record in wishing her continued happiness and health.

THE SWEETEST ROSE IS SURROUNDED BY THORNS

"Detroit, Mich., May 1.—Here are our main office men. Aren't they rather good looking fellows?—A. E. Ralston, Correspondent, Detroit." Oh, maybe so, but who is the rose?

IF MISSOURI MUST BE SHOWN, THESE CAN DO IT

These gentlemen are members of our hustling force at Moberly, Mo., Quincy division, and believe us they are able to "show" Missouri. The smiling countenance within the cab belongs to Jack (Happy) Briggs, salesman. At one time he followed the elephants and made spiels to the admiring crowds on the sidewalks. The serious young man on the running board is Billy Howell, manager of the plant. He has been with the company 18 years and counts his friends by the thousands, being the most popular oil man in the district. Leaning against the back of the truck with a shovel is J. W. Malloney, warehouseman. Left to right on truck: Glen Noel, city driver; Robert G. Wharton, rural driver; H. V. McGhee, rural driver, being a bunch of live wire go-getters for business.

YOU TELL 'EM, POLO

Fargo, N. D., May 1.—Our agent at Hettinger, N. D., Mr. N. R. St. Marie, writes Mr. Packard as follows regarding an article in the March issue of the Stanolind Record concerning Agent George L. Sauer, of Polo, Ill.,: "Mr. F. I. Packard, Manager. Dear Sir: Myself and drivers would like to know how much Mica this man referred to in attached article sold to get that title, and to what kind of trade. We are calling his bluff for 1921—if it's based on sales to the consuming trade, farmers and freighters. *We're gone*, and you may adv se him if you wish.—*N. R. St. Marie.*" Mr. St. Marie notes that you refer to Mr. Sauer as the "world's champion dispenser of Mica Axel Grease" and is of the opinion that Mr. Sauer, or the Joliet folks who made the claim for him, took in quite a little territory. If you will answer the questions advanced by our worthy Hettinger agent he will know more about what he has to go up against; but knowing the material of which he is made we at Fargo are confident he will take up the challenge and show the Illinois folks where the *REAL* Mica agents live.—*Stanolind Record correspondent, Fargo.*

* * *

THE DRUGGIST'S TURN

The druggist danced and chortled till the bottles danced on the shelves.

"What's up?" asked the soda clerk. "Have you been taking something?"

"No. But do you remember when our water pipes were frozen last winter?"

"Yes, but what—"

"Well, the plumber who fixed them has just come in to have a prescription filled."

MACHINE-SHOP WORK

A Reading Course on Machine-Shop Work in Its Various Branches—Books Are Tools and the Successful Man Uses Them To Do the World's Work in a Better Way

(A certificate, bearing the seal of the United States Bureau of Education, signed by the Commissioner of Education, will be awarded to each person who gives satisfactory evidence of having read 11 of the books listed in the accompanying course, including two books from each of the sections.)

The war has awakened us to the boundless opportunities that lie in doing the world's work in a better way. Since the struggle of men and nations called for a struggle of industries and machines, invention and skill have been under intensive cultivation. It means much for the future of machine shops and factories that the war opened the country's eyes to their true value.

With this era of extension of machinery will also come an era of competition in methods. There will be a pressure toward reducing costs, another pressure to keep wages up, and a pressing demand for manufactured products in a world that has gone hungry for them for the last five years. American machine-shop products will be called for throughout the world, and improved machinery and methods offer the only method for meeting these pressures and demands.

BOOKS ARE TOOLS

The man who is going to hold his place in the future, or rise to a better place, must not only observe carefully the things he sees done every day in his factory, but must find out how these things are done in other factories. He must widen his fields of experience by acquiring the experience of others. This can be done in part through books.

Mechanical drawing and mathematics are foundation studies for shop practice. The machinist who can read drawings, solve shop problems, make calculations, all without asking questions and wasting time, is making his services too valuable to dispense with. Knowledge of machine design not only gives the key to many of the jobs that pass through his hands, but helps in understanding the machinery and tools in his own shop; how they are assembled and maintained. These branches are playing their part, too, in the progress of rehabilitation. Machine drawing and tracing are being taught successfully to disabled men in Great Britain and the United States as well as in France.

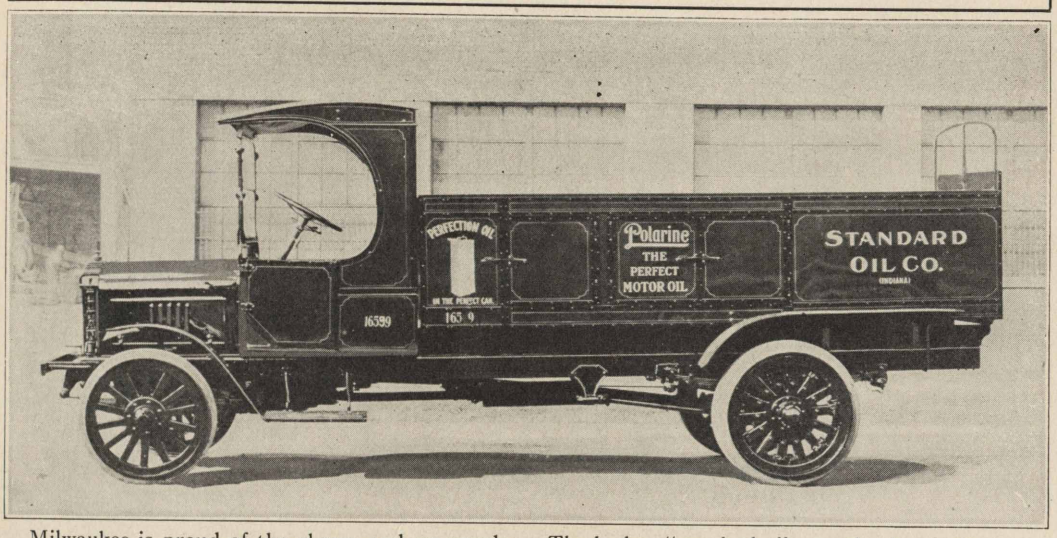
LEARN TO USE DIFFERENT TOOLS

Besides knowing his particular job very thoroughly, the shop man has to know something of how the other fellow does his work. Books that treat of the whole range of machine shop work (and there are several such books) will give this knowledge of the various processes and their interrelation. Shop practice of today is a collection of highly specialized methods of doing things, and every department is an institution in itself. Of the various machine tools, the lathe is "king" both in the great plants and the small shop. Wherever wheels turn and machinery hums, the lathe has played its part. But men and women who work on the shaper, planer, slotter, drill press, on punches and dies, on grinding, gear cutting, milling, and all the other branches have the advantage of books carefully written by experts, and well-illustrated books of a type which was hardly known a generation ago.

There's a saying that has come with irresistible force to many workers: "The average man learns by his own experience, the wise man from the experience of others" By studying books he can find short cuts, avoid mistakes, and, best of all, get a new understanding and new interest in his work, that will make it seem more enjoyable and worth while. Books may help to some new invention which will help him and the nation.

The reading of 11 books is required, including 2 books from each of the four

THIS BODY WAS BUILT IN OUR OWN PLANT



Milwaukee is proud of the above, and no wonder. The body—"can body," says the description—was built at the Walker street plant, Milwaukee, under date of October, 1920. It is of steel construction, leak proof, and has a capacity of 500 cans. Its cost complete was $331.19.

sections of the list, to win the certificate of the Bureau of Education.

SECTION 1

1. Colvin, F. H. Machine Shop Drawings. 1909. 139 pages.
2. French, T. E. Engineering Drawing. 1918. 2d ed. 329 pages.
3. Colvin, F. H. Machine Shop Calculations. 1908. 174 pages.
4. Johnson, J. F. Practical Shop Mechanics and Mathematics. 1915. 130 pages.

SECTION 2

5. Hartman, W. B. Machine Shop Practice. 1917. 247 pages.
6. Leonard, W. S. Machine Shop Tools and Methods. 1911. 6th ed. 573 pages.
7. Smith, R. H. Textbook of Advanced Machine Work. 1919. 5th ed. 744 pages.
8. Halsey, F. A. Methods of Machine Shop Work. 1914. 286 pages.

SECTION 3

9. Perrigo, O. F. Lathe Design, Construction and Operation. 1919. New ed. 469 pages.
10. Jones, F. D. Turning and Boring. 1915. 307 pages.
11. Colvin, F. H., and Haas, L. L. Jigs and Fixtures. 1913. 168 pages.
12. Stanley, F. A. Punches and Dies. 1919. 434 pages.
13. Goodrich, C. L., and Stanley, F. A. Automatic Screw Machines and Their Tools. 1909. 255 pages.
14. Flanders, R. E. Gear Cutting Machinery. 1909. 319 pages.
15. Oberg, Erik. Handbook of Small Tools. 1909. 517 pages.
16. Jones, F. D. (ed.). Modern Toolmaking Methods. 1915. 309 pages.
17. Jones, F. D. Planing and Milling. 1914. 306 pages.
18. Jones, F. D. (ed.). Die Making and Die Design. 1915. 339 pages.

SECTION 4

19. Bullens, D. K. Steel and Its Heat Treatment. 1918. 2d ed. 483 pages.
20 Markham, E. R. Steel. Its Selection, Annealing, Hardening and Tampering. 1913. 4th ed. 367 pages.
21. Hamilton, D. T. and Oberg, E. Electric Welding. 1918. 294 pages.
22. Miller, S. W. Oxy-Acetylene Welding. 1916. 287 pages.

THE PEORIA FOLKS ARE PROUD OF THIS

This isn't a bungalow, though we wouldn't blame some prospective bride if she looked at it with longing eyes. It is Standard Oil Company (Indiana) service station No. 89, Jefferson and Spring streets, Peoria, Ill. "This is one of our residence boulevards and is beautifully located with a background of flowers and trees," writes Peoria. Well, we'll say No. 89 doesn't mar the boulevard.

LIFE

Look at it from whatever point of view we will, whether that of religion, love, work, business, pleasure, or anything we like to mention, we cannot get the best out of life in any direction unless we give the best that is within ourselves toward the desired goal. We reap what we sow. Every life is full of opportunity. Every examination in precept is a drive in life.

Existence is the privilege of effort, and when that privilege is met like a man, opportunities to advance along the line of your aptitude will come faster than you can use them.

Lack of opportunity is only the excuse of a weak mind.—Contributed by A. W. Bumhour, Whiting.

* * *

The kind old gentleman met his little friend Willie one hot day.

"Hello, Willie," said he. "How is your dear old grandpa standing the heat?"

"Ain't heard yet," said William. "He's only been dead a week."

"A SONG FOR THE ROLL CALL"

Somebody said it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied,
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried.

So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it—
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that—
At least, no one ever has done it?"
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.

With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin
Without any doubting or quiddit;
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.

But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done"—and you'll do it.

—American Red Cross Speakers' Bulletin.

ON FARMS, OR IN CITIES, HE SELLS 'EM ALL!

R. F. Conners, specialty salesman in St. Paul, has called on the farm trade in his day, and, judging from the above, he "sold" them. He's still selling, though he is thinner now.

STUDY ENGLISH

Why should foreign born workers study English?

1. They would get more money in factories and keep better paying and more pleasant positions.

2. English is necessary so that they can read and understand all regulations concerning safety in case of fire in factories.

3. That they may be able to make purchases whenever necessary, to deposit their savings in trustworthy banks and also would be able to converse with teachers, doctors and nurses.

4. That they would be able to know how to handle postal money orders and how to apply for help to the different American institutions.

5. That they would be able to be acquainted with American customs and with the system of American government.

6. That they could help their children attending the American schools, in order to keep careful watch on them and to gain their respect for their parents.

7. That while on journeys to their relatives and friends in various parts of the country they could travel without difficulties and without unnecessary expense.

8. That they would be able to handle their own affairs and their children and also to make acquaintances with neighboring Americans.

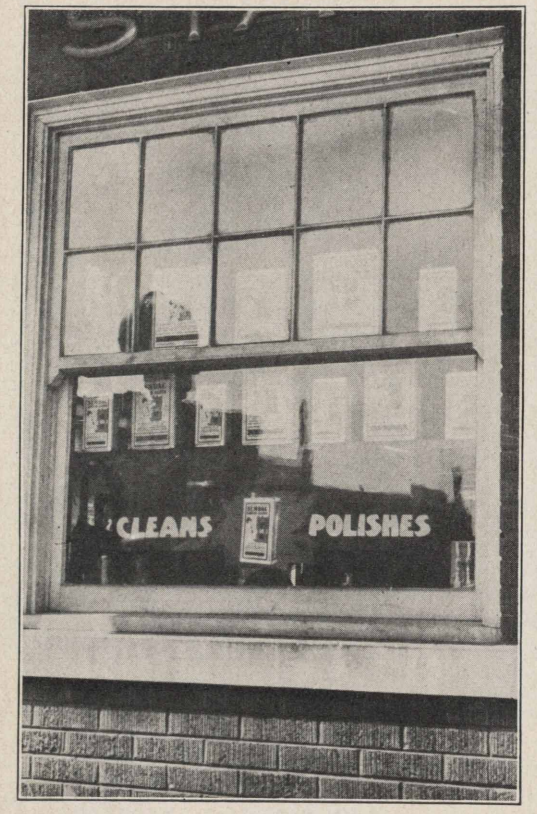
Lack of time for the study of English is usually the excuse of the people. If we take into consideration our weekly work, we will convince ourselves, that there is a possibility of finding two hours in a week for the English night school and time will be found for the preparation of lessons. Even if you sacrifice your amusement time for the English language, that sacrifice will pay you. The women will profit much, but never lose, by learning the English language.—Polish Daily, Detroit.

* * *

AN ANATOMICAL ERROR

A-courting went our youthful John,
But came back with a frown.
"There must be something wrong," he said
"Her ribs run up and down."

WORKING WINDOW



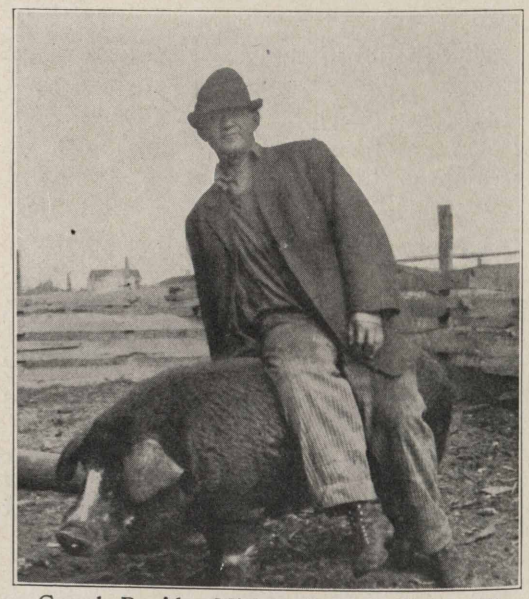
Attendants at S. S. 21, Twenty-fourth street and Cottage Grove avenue, are making the window in the service station work for them. The station has two driveways and all motorists who pass over one of them get a broadside view of this Semdac display.

WHADDYE MEAN, WASTED?

"A perfect operatic tenor gone to waste." So Ralph Dunbar, producer of light operas, characterized John B. Welsh, one of the singers who tried out before him at the Berchel Saturday night. Dunbar offered Welsh a contract to sing in one of his companies next season but Welsh declined. "I have a wife and family, a good home in Des Moines and a good job," said Welsh. "I guess I'll pass it up."—*Des Moines Evening Tribune.*

Welsh is a ledgerman in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) office at Des Moines. He may be a promising operatic tenor, but we heartily disagree with Mr. Dunbar that he is in any respect going to waste. A good man is never wasted, nor a good voice, be the community in which it is heard a thousand times smaller than Des Moines. And it is a wise man, and like to be a happy one, who can so appreciate the simple delights incident to the possession of a wife and family, a good home and a good job that he can find contentment there without need of pursuing through unknown paths the doubtful happiness, promised, but oft withheld, by the will-o'-the-wisp of public fame. Alvin York, the greatest individual hero of the war, turned his back upon the calcium lights and the tempting offers of the cinemas, and returned to his humble home and humble life in the mountains of the south, where he now is living in simple contentment. Pat O'Brien, another hero of the war, turned his back upon the humble home at Momence, Ill., followed the lure of the spotlight and promise of wealth, and died a suicide in California. There is both happiness and virtue in Main Street even if Sinclair Lewis had not the vision to discover it.

FINOL



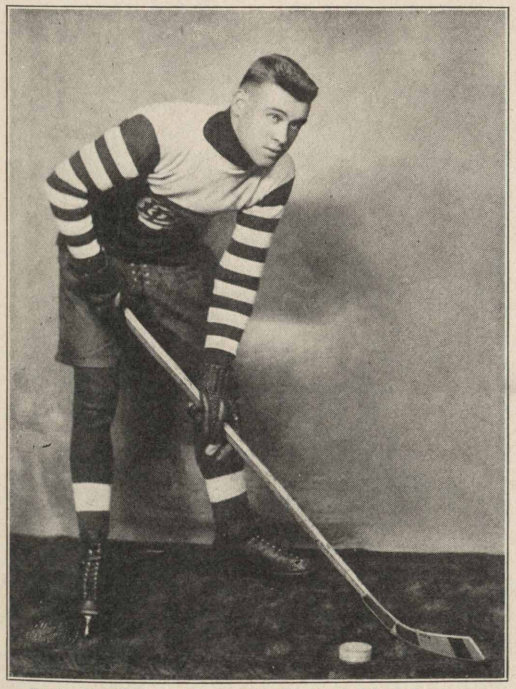
Grand Rapids, Mich., May 1.—Sam Miller, agent at Big Rapids, in selling Finol declares it takes the squeaks out of everything, even a pig. In the above picture Sam is demonstrating this to one of his customers.

SPENDING THAT PAYS

Some genius at statistics has estimated that we Americans spend $3,000,000 a year on the word "please." To say "please" in telegrams, cables, wireless dispatches and letters costs a fortune every year. But it would be a short-sighted person, indeed, who attempted to save money by leaving out that word. As Arthur Brisbane remarked, "The word 'please' is to business and other human relations what oil is to the automobile." He might have added the words "thank you" and "good morning" and all the other little phrases of courtesy and good feeling which smooth away the friction of human contacts.

One of the features of American life which is most resented by the foreign born is the neglect of these words when *they* are addressed. "Please," "thank you," "good morning." It's a mighty fine record. Try it on your foreign born fellow-workers.—*The Inter-racial Council.*

OOOHO! GIRLS!



Duluth, Minn., May 1.—Girls, hold tight to your hearts! We take pleasure in presenting our Duluth tank wagon superintendent, Mr. Iver Anderson. Iver guards the net for the American Legion team in the same manner that he takes care of our tank wagon deliveries. There isn't much gets by Iver.

OH, MR. GLEASON

Raymond "Jazzbo" Isbell, son of Bill Isbell, construction foreman at the Whiting refinery, is only 18 months old, but we think the White Sox scouts better look him over.

EXTRA! ROMANCE!

Indianapolis, Ind., May 17 (Very Special) — Miss Jennie Jenson, record department, informs us she is soon to leave company. Scouts report Jennie and W. W. Harshman, Stanolind Record correspondent, Indianapolis, detected today purchasing diamond ring, Jennie's size. Realty reports show house, Gladstone avenue, sold a few days ago to W. W. Harshman. Strong indications Jennie and Harsh will soon be one and inseparable. They have best wishes all employees Indianapolis office. E. P. Galbreath, Manager, Indianapolis.

Mr. E. P. Galbreath: Any incriminating photographic evidence? The more incriminating the better. If so, please rush.—*Ed.*

COWAN IS PATHFINDER

The following newspaper clipping, mailed from our Duluth office April 25, gives the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) tanker, the William P. Cowan, this season's pathfinder honors:

"The William P. Cowan, an oil tanker, with a cargo of oil consigned to local dealers, docked in Duluth harbor early this morning. She was the first lake steamer of the season to arrive from the lower lakes."

MEMBERS OF STANDARD OIL BOWLING LEAGUE ST. LOUIS

The Drivers won the league championship for 1921 and also rolled the highest three-game score for the season. H. J. Bohlsen was high single champ, while John Losch rolled the best three games. Some of the above gentlemen are handsomer than their pictures would indicate, a St. Louis artist having decorated several of them with mustaches and various styles of whiskers which they do not actually possess.

FOOLING HOLDUPS

Indianapolis, Ind., May 1.—Joseph Townsend, attendant at S. S. 135, was being held up by a gunman the other night when a customer drove up. The gunman jumped behind the safe and hid, still covering Joseph with his gun and intimating sudden death if Joe tried any funny business. Quietly slipping the word to the customer's companion to call the police, Joe proceeded to Sell The Full Line—tank full of Red Crown, three trips for a quart of Polarine, a long selling talk on the merits of Polarine Transmission Grease, and oration on Polarine Cup Grease and a dissertation on the merits of Semdac Liquid Gloss. When the police arrived the robber had given up hope of Joe's ever stopping his sales talk, had pocketed his revolver and beaten it.

Indianapolis, Ind. (Clip from Indianapolis Star).—Forethought on the part of Benjamin L. Miner, night attendant for the Standard Oil Company at 13th and Meridian streets, prevented two bandits, both armed with automatics, from getting the day's proceeds Saturday night. Miner had locked the door and was counting the money when he heard someone trying to get in. He looked around into the muzzle of two automatics and heard the command of, "Hands up!" "Wait a moment," replied Miner, as he dropped to his knees and crawled to the door leading to a stairway which goes to the basement. As he went into the doorway he opened the door behind him and then reopened it sufficiently to get the telephone, which was on the desk. The bandits then ran west and disappeared.

* * *

ARITHMETIC

He was teaching her Arithmetic,
He said it was his mission,
He kissed here once, he kissed her twice,
And said:—"Now that's ADDITION."

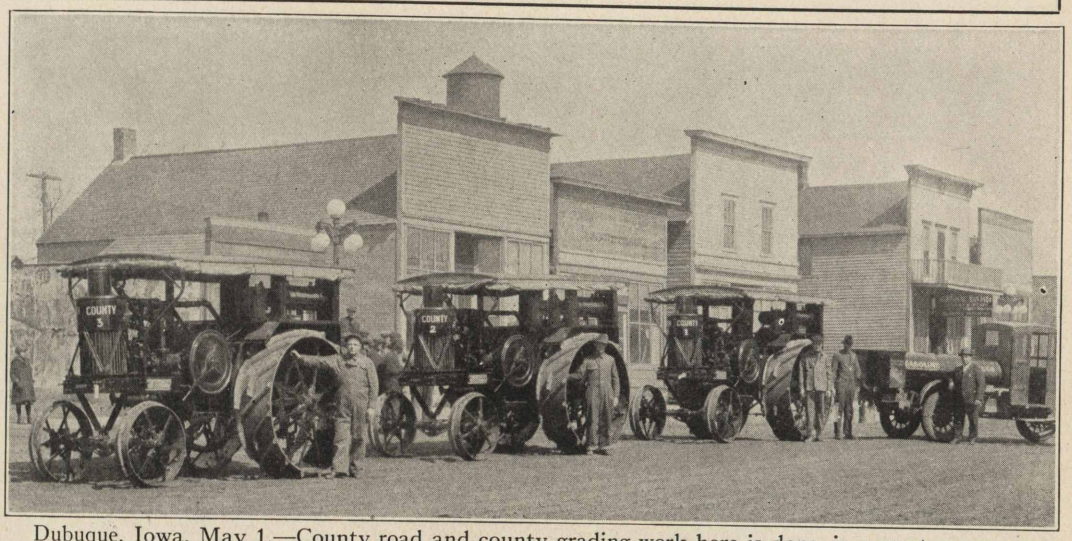
And as he added smack by smack,
In silent satisfaction,
She timidly gave him one back,
And said:—"Now that's SUBTRACTION."

Then he kissed her and she kissed him,
Without an exclamation,
And they both together said:—
"Now that's MULTIPLICATION."

But dad appeared upon the scene,
And snorted in decision,
And kicked "Poor Him" three blocks away,
And said:—"Now that's LONG DIVISION."

—*Submitted by the traffic dept.*

THEY'RE PULLING IOWA OUT OF THE MUD



Dubuque, Iowa, May 1.—County road and county grading work here is done, in a great many cases, with a fleet of tractors of this description, which, you will note, is being supplied with gasoline and Polarine from a Standard Oil truck, under the direction of Mr. P. C. Holt, our agent at Northwood, Iowa, and Mr. Charles Rohr, our salesman at Mason City. Mr. Holt wants it understood that he was very much in evidence and was on the look out, waiting for these tractors to be unloaded so he could furnish them with Red Crown gasoline and Polarine. He assures us that now they have tried it they will never use anything else.—P. J. Quinlan, Manager, Dubuque.

"GOTTA HAVE SECURITY," SAYS JOE

Here is Joe Lusson, standing, attendant at S. S. 39, Chicago, and Les Wise in the Ford, service station collector. The car at the extreme right is being held for security, a motorist having had his tank filled before discovering that he hadn't the cash to pay for the gas. Which reminds us that we heard recently of a north side station man who permitted a young man to leave his best girl as security while he drove home for money to pay for the gas. A girl sure ought to be acceptable security to hold but we've been wondering ever since what the service station man would have done if the young man hadn't returned.

THEY'RE ALL "GOOD LOOKERS," SAYS MARIE

"Look, girls, who we have here! The speedy crew of Engine Crew No. 6, left to right: F. Chioloerio, S. Hansen, O. Heyl, E. Lemert, and J. Peterson. They are all 'good lookers,' don't you think?—Marie Gerlach, Stanolind Record correspondent, switching department, Whiting." Well, we wouldn't disagree with Marie for anything.

CLEAN-UP CREW, CHICAGO SOUTH SIDE

These folks are right on the job keeping the company's mechanical equipment in Division Four, Chicago south side, in repair, and doing other odd jobs that maintain the pleasing appearance of our service stations. They are known as the "clean-up crew." From right to left: Harry Monroe (in the auto), service station mechanic; C. W. Chesters, his assistant, and Joe Papa, laborer.

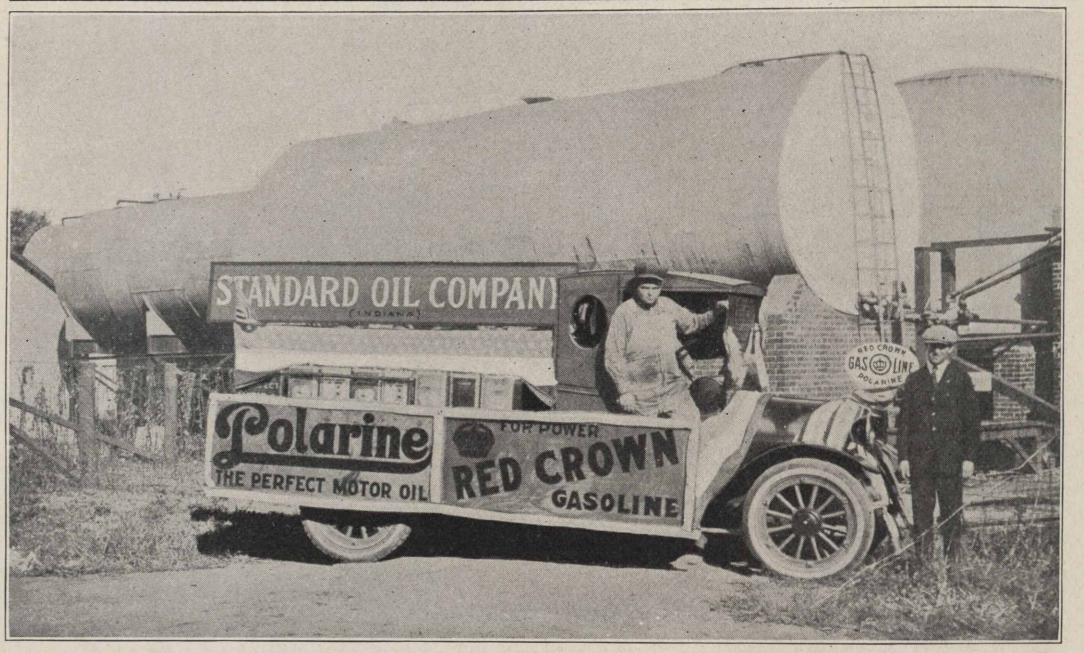
OFFICE FORCE AT SPRINGFIELD, MO.

Top row, left to right: W. H. Stamps, general salesman; F. Matherly and V. E. Estes, mechanics; J. F. Pyle, agent; H. G. Fulbright and O. Adams, mechanics; and A. D. Smock, general salesman; second row: W. Bert and B. F. Bryant, W. Huckebee, M. R. Forgey, and A. L. White, tank wagon drivers; third row: D. H. Davis, W. Willis and Geo. Henry, warehouse men; R. L. Lungstrom and C. R. Richman, service station agents; W. Young, C. E. Shipman and H. H. James, service station attendants; H. H. Janss, service station attendant; H. H. Magers, cashier; Miss Mable Forshey and Miss Nellie Coy, stenographers; and John Chittum, office clerk.

BUT THERE IS NEVER AN ARMISTICE WITH THEIR WORK

Though these Standard Oilers at Cedar Rapids have just finished celebrating Armistice Day they don't believe in making an armistice with their work. Left to right: George W. Kibby, C. L. Van Sickle, N. W. Bowlby, Leo Smith, W. S. McLeod, A. F. Schmidt, R. R. Siebert, W. W. Smith, W. T. Hodges, Patrick Fry, Earl Meskimen, Frank W. Robinson, Michael Quinlan, O. W. Newman, R. C. Heaton, C. R. Hetherington, J. E. McCoy.

THREE 100 PER CENTERS AT CANTON, ILL.



This was taken at our Canton, Ill., bulk station, showing our truck which was decorated for the Canton Horse Show parade, November 3. Driving the truck is Mr. F. E. Todd, agent at Canton, and standing in front of same is Mr. G. W. Bowton, salesman in the Canton territory. Their letter says that all three, Todd, Bowton and truck, are 100 percenters.

HOT WEATHER AND BABIES

Although mothers generally know that summer is a dangerous time for young infants many do not understand that the heat by itself is one of the chief sources of danger. So much has been said about the care of the milk in hot weather, and about the role played by flies in the transmission of diarrhoel disease that frequently insufficient attention is paid to keeping the infant cool.

The infant's clothing should always be adapted to the weather. On very hot days the less clothing the better. Usually a diaper and a light slip will answer. The practice of using rubber diapers should be discouraged for these retain heat and moisture and readily cause trouble.

Frequent bathing is excellent. When tepid water is used it not only cleans the skin of offensive and irritating perspiration, but cools the body and improves its tone.

Over feeding should be avoided. Experience has shown that excessive hot weather reduces the tolerance for foods. The mistake is often made of relieving the infant's thirst by excessive quantities of milk. Mothers should remember that in hot weather infants require water to drink in addition to their milk feeding.

Out of doors in the shade is usually the best place for infants in hot weather. But care should be taken in the choice of places, and at times it may be that the infant can be made more comfortable in a room with the blinds closed.

For those who can afford it, a small electric fan may prove a life saver for the baby. The beneficial influence of keeping the air in motion is well established.

Although always important, scrupulous cleanliness in caring for infants is absolutely imperative in hot weather. Diapers should be changed promptly. Soiled diapers should always be boiled and thoroughly washed before being used again. It is im-

MR. PARCHER SURE ISN'T A DRIED UP 'UN

Mankato, Minn.—The Elks had a big time in Owatonna last fall and when there is anything doing M. J. Parcher, our agent at that point, is right in the thick of it with both feet. He's the man that is known all over the Mankato division as the man that's always busy, and it seems that he couldn't stand to merely have his picture taken—he had to be doing something. So you have him here holding the banner so the wording can be plainly read. Mr. Parcher is proud, too—he's proud of his trucks; he's proud of his men; he's proud of his little boy; so he had all of their pictures taken at once: Emil Lippert, service station attendant (left), Andrew Anhorn, truck driver, then M. J. Junior, who is the proudest youngster in town because his Daddy works for the Standard Oil Company. It's hard to beat such a proud combination.

portant not to allow the baby's skin to become irritated and infected from delay and carelessness in changing diapers. A few minutes spent in sponging and then careful drying may save much trouble and anxiety.

Breast feeding is still one of the most important preventive measures against summer diarrhoea, and all mothers should be impressed with this responsibilty to their little ones.—*U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C.*

* * *

Stinginess puts savings in his sock, lives an empty life and dies a miser. Thrift puts savings in a home, raises a family, gets the most out of life and benefits his fellow men and his country.

Burn the sock and build a home—*Gould's Plunger.*

An old woman was found living in misery recently and charitable people tried to send her to a public institution where she could be properly fed, clothed and sheltered. She opened an old trunk and showed them $8,000.00 in cash. This miserly old woman did not realize that by *hoarding that sum, instead of investing it, she was losing about a dollar a day*, or more than she spent for living expenses.

* * *

Last night I held a little hand,
So dainty and so neat,
I thought my heart would surely break
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand unto my soul
Could greater gladness bring,
Than that I held last night—
Four Aces and a King.

* * *

AT WHITING CAMP

"Wot was the last card Oi dealt ye, Moike?"
"A spade."
"Oi knew ut! Oi saw ye spit on yer hands before ye picked it up."

Like all Standard Oil Products, They're 100%

The whole world knows that Illinois is a great state and here, in pictures taken in our Decatur field, is further proof of it. They are: No. 1, Joseph and Harold May, sons of Leo J. May, Decatur office, and their sister; No. 2, Doris Jean Kirby, at two months of age, daughter of G. F. Kirby, general salesman, East St. Louis; No. 3, Mary Jane Pulver, age 22 months, daughter of Lloyd Pulver, Marshall, Ill.; No. 4, Ruby Ellen Fay, at 4½ months, daughter of L. H. Fay, agent at Ivesdale, Ill.; No. 5 Donald Joseph Pierce, son of J. Pierce of Decatur office; No. 6, Norma Helen Smith, and Arline Smith, daughters of G. E. Smith agents' instructor; No. 7, Charles G. Owens, Jr., son of C. G. Owens, Decatur office; No. 8, Mary Elizabeth Kerr, and Eleanor Frances Kerr daughters of John Kerr, Decatur office; No. 9, Dorothy Eileen Crippen, age 4, daughter of A. P. Crippen, superintendent of construction, Decatur; No. 10, Marian Catherine Redman, daughter of C. Redman, general salesman, Oblong, Ill.

IN THE GALAXY OF BLOUSES

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There is a considerable diversity of style in blouses this spring, but an actual count in almost any display will reveal the tie-back models and the straight-line models predominating. In materials georgette and crepe de chine are in the lead, but there are hosts of lingerie blouses to dispute position with them. The latter have a place in the summer wardrobe not to be disturbed by any newcomers. There are some new and very attractive trimming features to be noted in the spring style points—two or three of them embodied in the two stars in the galaxy of blouses for spring that are pictured here.

A crepe de chine model appears at the right of the two with the favored medium for embellishing this fabric shown in the eyelet embroidery that comes so near to covering it. There is a rising tide of favor for this sort of embroidery on both blouses and dresses. Two other novelties in decoration find themselves well placed in this model—the unusual small rings about the waist line, for supporting the narrow ribbon girdle and the tassels that finish the bottom. Many blouses indulge in a few handsome tassels, but this one makes prodigal use of them; they are placed so close together that they have the effect of lengthening the peplum.

The dainty blouse at the left makes use of two colors in georgette, a dark shade for the body and a light color for a border at neck, sleeves and peplum. Needlework and flower motifs in silk floss repeat the colors in the blouse. The narrow ribbon girdle slips through four tabs, two at the front and two at the back, which are merely extensions of the border decorated with embroidered flowers. The girdle ties in a little bow at the side.

An interesting and pretty decoration in late arrivals among blouses appears in patent leather, which is cut out to represent grapes, acorns, cherries, etc. They are set in foliage embroidered with silk floss matching the blouse in color. Girdles are not always simple—decorations of this kind are often placed on them, or narrow, plaited frills or embroideries.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

ATTRACTIVE SKIRTS FOR SUMMER

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On a summer's day nothing could be more refreshing and attractive to look at than the new separate skirts that are now on display in the shops in anticipation of warm weather. Separate skirts are particularly interesting to the home seamstress because it is easy to make them and the addition of needlework for decorating plain materials adds much to the price of ready-made garments. There are many crepe de chine and other crepe weaves in silks as well as baronet and other satins among the newest skirts and they are ornamented with fine tucks, cross-bar tucking, hemstitching, plaited bands, with a few entirely plain models among them.

Casino crepe, canton crepe, crepe de chine and other silk crepes with new and inspiring names, together with heavy satins, are shown in both plain and plaited models. The skirt at the left of the two pictured must be imagined in a medium shade of gray satin, very lustrous and supple. It is the new length which Paris sponsors, a reaction from very short skirts and much more graceful. Its only decoration is a pointed strap of the satin having a row of satin-covered buttons set on it.

Light wool or heavy cotton fabrics, in cross-bar or striped patterns, are usually plaited. The skirt at the right of the two pictured is made of light-weight wool material with two double box plaits for a front panel and deep side plaits for the sides and back. It is a cool-looking affair in gray and white with triangular pieces at each side of the front plaits, ornamented with pearl buttons and suggesting pockets. Few skirts make much of pockets this season, providing instead trimming in place of them or, at most, very small pockets, ingeniously made.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

FAMOUS FOLKS OF CHICAGO OFFICE

AT THE WASH STAND NEAR MR. KING'S OFFICE FROM 8:30 A.M. TO 5 P.M.

LITTLE GRAINS OF POWDER
LITTLE DOB OF PAINT
MAKE MISS STANDARD OILS COMPLECTION
LOOK LIKE WHAT IT AIN'T.

MR. BRIGGS THE CORDWOOD SPECIALIST

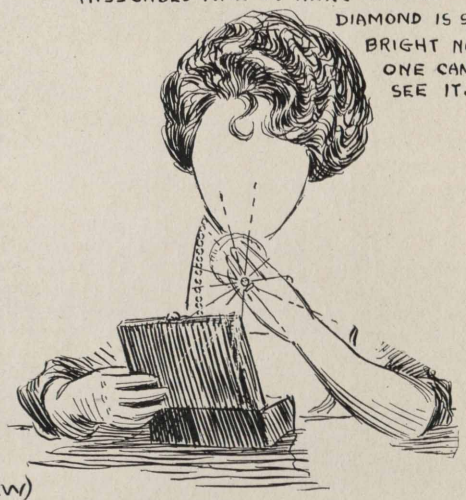
P.S. HE SAYS THIS ONLY HAPPENS DURING NOON HOUR

THAT'S HIM

(G.A. BARTHOLOMEW)

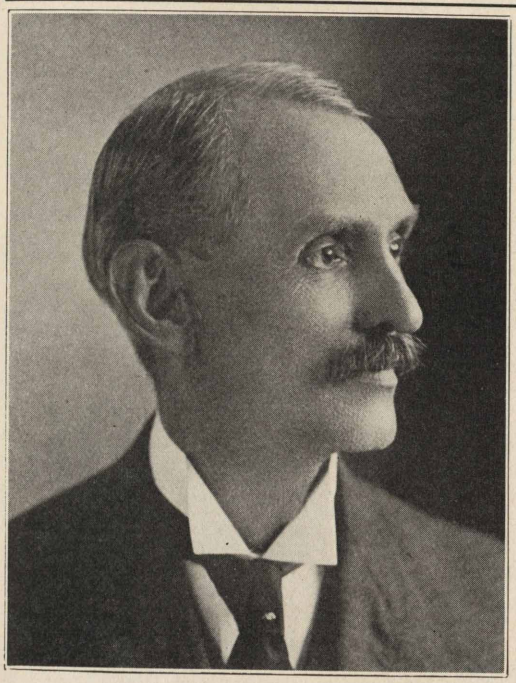
ED. YALE PLAYING 500 AS USUAL DURING NOON HOUR

MISS CADE'S FACE IS HERE BUT THE DIAMOND IS SO BRIGHT NO ONE CAN SEE IT.



THERE WAS A GIRL NAMED MISS CADE.
WHO WAS A VERY DELIGHTSOME YOUNG MAID;
BUT ALAS SHE'S NOW MRS.
AND HERE'S OUR GOOD WISHES
MRS. MILLER TO YOU AND TO YOURN.

GOSSIP FROM REFINERIES AND FIELD



Mr. Morton Trout, who became an annuitant early in this year, is missed by the employees of the Whiting works, among whom he is widely known and heartily esteemed, though they are glad that he is able to take a well-earned rest. Mr. Trout was born May 1, 1854, and entered the employ of this company May 19, 1892, as stenographer in the superintendent's office at Whiting. Later he had charge of the main office labor records, but for the ten years prior to his retirement he had charge of personal injury records and settlements under the rules of the Indiana State Industrial Board.

WHITING, IND.

We have a new steno in the filtering oils department, Miss Elizabeth Schulze. She is taking the place of Miss Josephine McDermott, who leaves us in May to get married.

Sympathies of all barrel house employees are extended to Mr. Albert Peterson, whose son, Hilding, passed away after several months illness.

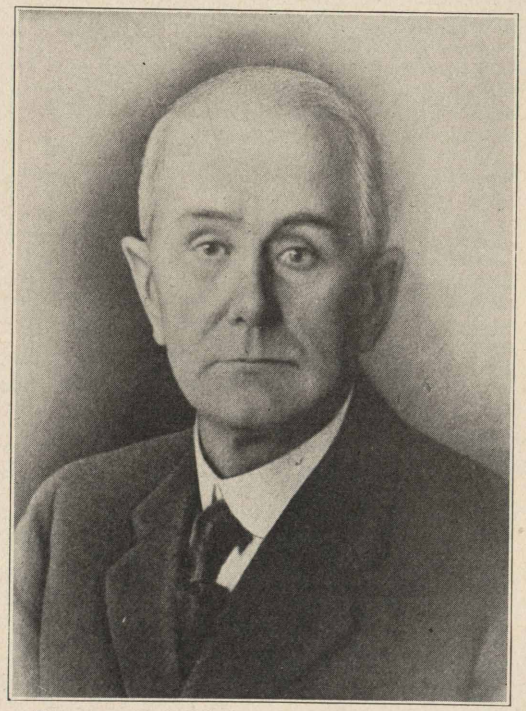
Mr. H. Ehlert, who had his tonsils removed some time ago, has fully recovered.

Mr. William Donahue is of the opinion that the person who originated the saying that "patience is a virtue" never had any boils on the back of his neck. Mr. Donahue has been nursing a whole flock of them, fourteen to date, but we can't say that he exhibits the patience of Job.

Mike Pataky, grease works athletic representative, says he will put a baseball team in the field this year that will be a pennant winner. Here is wishing you luck, Mike.

Lena Popovich, Anna Curosh and John Jansky are now being instructed in the art of roller skating and their exhibitions can be seen anytime free of charge at the Indiana Gardens. Lena seems to be learning faster than Anna. This is due to the fact that she practiced rolling down hills in her younger days.

Susan Skrabala, Mary Jansky, Anna Bednar, Sophie Blastick and Jennie Masura, attended the bowling match at Wilke's alleys the other night. This being the first delegation of girls to attend a match of this sort, it is the wish of all concerned that they keep the good work up. Their presence helped the switching department to win over the grease works. Thanks, girls!



The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has lost another of its builders in the death of E. W. Mack, of Whiting, who lost his life in an automobile accident on March 13. "ED", as he was generally known, started with the company as foreman of the tin shop in July, 1890. He was made assistant to Mr. John Morrison in the boiler shop department, July 1, 1915. He was a type of the foreman who took a just pride in the work turned out from his shop. He was a leader of men and by his example, inspired those with whom he came in contact to better efforts. He was a member of the first organization of the Whiting Joint General Committee and his good counsel was well appreciated by his associates. Of a genial personality, he will be long remembered by a host of friends for his many good qualities of heart and mind.—By *T. S. Boyle.*

Bill Gaeth wishes to announce that he is still a White Sox fan and will attend the first game as in former years. Don't rush, all those wishing tickets will kindly see Bill.

James Coppage has returned to work after a month's leave of absence.

Frank Mordus hit a friend of his so hard that he broke his thumb and is still nursing same. The old saying applies here, "Never trust a friend."

The question before the house at the present writing remains still unsolved: "What does Otto Miethke intend to do with the diamond ring he is carrying around in his pocketbook?"

Samuel Freeman is still confined in the Passavant hospital, but he expects to be out soon.

Geo. Spisak is figuring on going into the bakery business. What's the matter, George, can't your wife bake?"

A stranger came into town the other day and his first question was: "Is Walter Parker still president of the Kelly's?" An answer to this question in the next issue will be appreciated.

WOOD RIVER

John Jackson, who was retired the first of April, was here and paid us a visit last week and left orders to send him the Stanolind Record regularly. especially the one that he expects his picture to be in.

Mrs. R. E. Herzler and children departed for Chicago on Saturday, April 16, where she expects to make an extended visit.

Paul G. Kopp, joint stenographer for the Safety and Industrial Relations Department, was taken suddenly ill on the morning of the 21st, and on investigation it was found that he had a serious attack of appendicitis and was immediately rushed to his home and thence to the hospital where he was operated on. Dr. Pfeiffenberger performed the operation which was a successful one. Paul is doing fine and we are glad to report that he is on the road to recovery. We are anxiously awaiting his return on the job.

Mrs. C. A. Halsey entertained her club with a luncheon the afternoon of the 19th. In addition to the club members, Mrs. Halsey entertained Mrs. L. Caywood and her cousin Mrs. James Cook of New York, Mrs. C. W. Beall and her mother Mrs. Beall of Arizona and Miss Vera Manbeck.

Resignation of Safety First Herzler, handed in some time last month, to be effective the 30th of this month, has been accepted. Ralph has not told anyone his plans for the present; however, he expects later on to enter the business of his father and to be made one of the firm. Good luck in your new adventure.

Walter Hale, the present township supervisor of Wood River township, turned over the books and business of the office, Saturday, April 30, to his successor, Gus Haller.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anthony were among the number of Wood River friends who attended the funeral of Ed. Schmidt at Alton on March 31.

Willis Shockley, of the common labor department, who was confined to his home the beginning of the month with acute tonsilitis is back on the job and feels himself again.

Elizabeth, daughter of Bandmaster "Doc" Stocker, who was suffering from acute tonsilitis during the middle of the month, is able to be out and around again.

Mrs. Harvy Moore, wife of Stillman Moore at No. 4 pressure house, who has been on the sick list for the past week, has recovered and is able to be out again.

James Mooney, fireman at No. 2 crude house, reports that he and his family were paid a nice visit by his sister, Miss Elizabeth Mooney, of Grafton, Ill., the first part of the month.

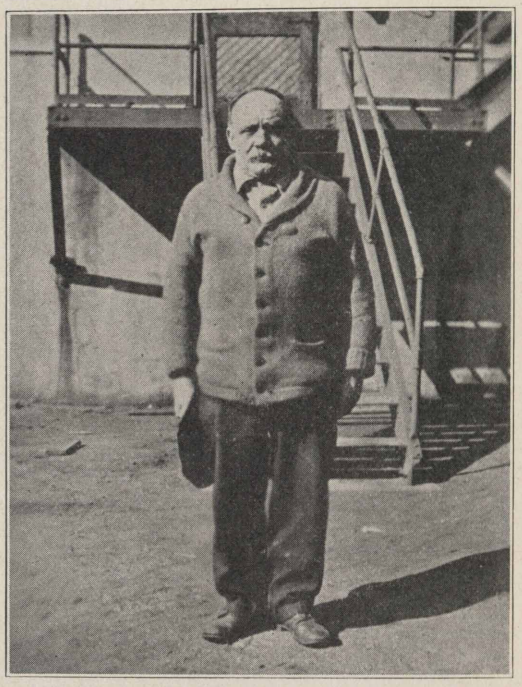
John Goodyear, one of our locomotive firemen, visited in Melville on the 19th. This is "Jonney's" old home and he reports a very pleasant visit with his parents.

Mrs. Wm. Halton, wife of Billie Halton, our refinery treater helper, accompanied by her two daughters, spent Sunday April 17 at the home of her sisters in St. Louis and they report a pleasant visit.

Mrs. Charles H. Roff, wife of Charley Roff of the reclaiming department, reports that his wife returned on the 19th after spending several pleasant weeks with relatives. On her return she was accompanied by her son Guy and family from Oklahoma.

J. F. Halloran, the newly appointed office man-

THIRTY YEARS



Mr. Valentin Koegel, still foreman in the paraffine department, Whiting, was rewarded on April 1, 1921, after thirty years of service, with an annuity. Practically all of these many years of loyal and efficient service were devoted to the tar and reducing stills, where the various lubricating oil distillates are produced. Mr. Koegel takes with him the wishes of his fellow employees that he may enjoy his reward for many years in good health and happiness.

ager of Wood River, was passing the smokes around last Monday with a broad grin on his face, the occasion being a big baby girl at their home on Saturday, April 16. This being their first child the young parents feel quite cheerful over the event. We are glad to report that everybody is doing well and that "J. F." is holding out fine under his added responsibilities.

Mrs. A. Hall, wife of Albert Hall, fireman on the crude stills, was taken to St. Joseph's hospital at Alton on the 15th of the month, where it is probable that she will be operated on. Mrs. Hall has been in a serious condition for several weeks and only returned from a St. Louis hospital about three weeks ago. Her many friends are very anxious as to her early recovery.

George Gartenbach, of the lead burning department, purchased a fine building lot from Geo. Nederkorn on the 15th of the month, where he expects to break ground for a home immediately.

Thomas Gildersleeve, stillman at the pressure stills, is proudly announcing the arrival of a big baby boy at their home on April 15.

Z. D. Bell, of the store house, and wife, have been entertaining Mrs. Bell's mother for the past several days. She departed for Grafton last week, where she lives.

C. L. Manbeck is very much elated over the event of a big nine-pound baby boy which arrived to cheer their home on April 15. "Lyle" was real generous with the smokes and they were of the quality that are used on special occasions. Charles Adams Manbeck is the baby's name.

The school election, held in Wood River, district No. 104, on Saturday, April 16, resulted in Charles Benner being elected president without opposition. M. Doil and F. Waggoner were elected members over L. L. Tuley and Thomas Point.

Henry Mueller, of the tube blowing gang, was all smiles the other day. On enquiring, it was learned that their new baby boy had a tooth and that they intended having his picture taken.

A funny question that is making the rounds nowadays: "Why does Dock Henick ride on the rear platform of the street car going to and from work?" How come, Dock?

Mrs. F. E. Graham, wife of Frank Graham of the shipping department, was hostess to the members of the Thursday Afternoon "500" Club of which she is a member. At the close of the game the club favors were awarded to Miss Ella Hauk, Miss Ester Brown and Miss Florence Hurley. Delicious refreshments were served; white carnations were used profusely for decorations. At the conclusion of the afternoon the guests voted Mrs. Graham to be a regular entertainer.

H. F. Moore, our congenial cashier at the main office, who has been away from the post for the past ten days, due to sickness, will soon be back, we hope. This will never do "Pop," we are all anxiously awaiting your early return.

We all extend our sympathies to Edwin Harris, helper at No. 4 pressure house, through the death of his wife which occured the 17th of April. Mr. Harris wishes to extend his sincerest thanks through the Record for the kind assistance rendered him by his neighbors and many friends.

Mrs. E. Lutz entertained her "500" party at their beautiful home in Head's Addition. An enjoyable time was spent.

Tony Tremmell, of the "rod gang," was on the sick list all last week. Glad to see you back on the job, Tony.

Mrs. Steve Mikolia is spending a two months' visit with her sisters, Mrs. Walter Kruger and Mrs. E. Wysok in Detroit, Mich. Her son Oliver accompanied her. Mr. Mikolia is making preparations to build a new house in Head's Addition, Wood River.

W. Burgan and Bill Serff of the carpenter department, seem to be very chummy these days. Burgan is praising Bill Serff as being the champeen shimmy dancer of the carpenter shop. Shame on you, Bill.

G. Green, Carpenter, is on the sick list the past three weeks.

E. Harrison, of the carpenter department, is back on the job again, being gone three days. Oscar had the nerve killed in his false teeth.

Charles Kay, of the carpenter department, spent three days of last week in Granite City, Mrs. Kay having undergone a surgical operation. We are pleased to state that Mrs. Kay is getting along very nicely now.

Mr. Henry Mueller is building a new five-room cottage in Wood River on Lorena avenue. Henry is stepping out some.

Mr. Howard Jenkins remained away from work a few days and during the time he ran his car out from winter storage. During the first day out he ran it into a tree. Nuff sed.

We judge that Mr. Bass Miller has gone into the animal show business judging from the collection of animals that he has at home. Some of the collection are, a cat, dog, game roosters, guinea pig, white rat and an owl. He says that his boy finds them and brings them home. Remember, Bass, your were a boy at one time.

Emma Harr, of the inspection department, who departed for Louisville, Ky. on the 3rd of April to visit with her sister Mrs. Stross, is back on the job again and reports a fine time. Emma says she feels like a new girl.

Floyd Wallace, of the inspection department, visited in Winchester on the 3rd, 4th and 5th of this month. This is Floyd's home town and he reports a fine time.

Mrs. Eaton and daughter May were visiting old friends in Wood River last week. They stopped off here from Chicago, enroute to Denver. It will be remembered that Mrs. Eaton is the widow of the late Gus Eaton, former labor superintendent at Wood River.

Miss Helen Powell, of the inspection department, departed from Wood River on the 24th for Fremont, Neb. She will spend a month's vacation with her aunt.

Lee Badman, of the filling racks, reports the arrival of a nine-pound baby boy on April 2. Both mother and baby are doing fine. Take notice, Harvey.

Freeland H. Thompson, of the pressure stills, received word from his wife on the 24th that their little boy who has been suffering with pneumonia is greatly improved and expects to return to Wood River within the next week. Mrs. Thompson is visiting in Louisville, Ky.

George Dillender, who has been confined to the hospital for the past six weeks, is reported to be about the same, no better or no worse. Cheer up, George, we're for you.

Dave Maloney, son of Stillman Maloney of No. 5 pressure house, entertained the members of the freshmen class of Community High School on the evening of the 27th.

Jacob Zagar, clean-up man around the Industrial Relations building, took a week's vacation the middle of the month, during which time Frank

Ponyik performed his duties. "Jake" is back on the job again and he says that he feels like a new man.

On Sunday, April 17, C. M. Shook, of the filling racks, and Charley Maguranyi and his gang of the pipe department, departed for Litchfield to transfer some stock from seventeen derailed and overturned tank cars. This wreck occured on the Big 4 R. R. between Butler and Litchfield. The boys worked diligently until Wednesday evening and on their return, declared that they were off of wrecks for life.

C. M. Shook, of the filling racks, is the proud owner of a new Oakland Six. Watch your step now, Charley, or McGaw and Fredrickson will try and induce you to make a trip around the horn some Sunday and maybe get lost like George did.

Linda, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Powell, suffered an attack of appendicitis on the evening of the 25th. She is still under the care of the doctor.

Mr. Ben Weinrich is contemplating the purchase of a new home on Seventh street in Alton. Ben is taking quite a jump from the East to the West End.

Mr. Ernie Mayberry has purchased a new Ford. Ernie is stepping out some now.

Mr. Tony Allred, who was off for a day because of an injury to his eye, caused by a flying piece of metal from a brass plug, is alright and back with us again.

Doc. Henick is going to be a judge of election in Alton next year. He thinks he will run for alderman 1st ward.

Mrs. Clyde Lewis, wife of Stillman Clyde Lewis of the experimental department, departed for Springfiled the middle of the month. She expects to remain with her parents for a few weeks visit. Clyde accompanied her as far as Alton.

Mrs. Daniel Halloran, accompanied by her son Simon of the pipe department, returned from Whiting the 7th of the month, where they had been to attend the funeral of Mrs. Halloran's sister.

Worthy Exton, assistant superintendent of the Louisville refinery, who was called to Wood River owing to the sudden death of his daughter, Mrs. Edwin Harris, was accompanied by his wife and three sons, Lonny, George and Worthy, Jr. Worthy was around shaking hands with the boys and paid us a nice visit. He left orders that he be placed on the mailing list for the Stanolind Record.

Asa Springer, of the filter press pump house, paraffine department, received a message on the 25th telling him of the death of his cousin who was injured in an auto accident. We extend our sympathies to Asa and the family.

Mrs. A. Swope, wife of one of our crude still repair men, is spending a few weeks vacation with her parents. Lonesome, Artie?

Andy Helser, of the carpenter department, has returned to work after a few weeks spent at Hot Springs. On resuming his duties he was transferred to the East Gate, owing to his advanced years. This change was brought about, caused by a vacancy made by Joe Barki. Joe was transferred to the boiler shop on his regular work. Mr. Helser is the father-in-law of F. N. Brett.

C. H. James, of Casper, Wyo., former master car builder for the Union Tank Car Co., spent a few days here recently renewing old acquaintances.

C. R. Wagner, of the chemical laboratory, departed on the evening of the 24th for Rochester, N. Y., to attend the spring meeting of the American Chemical Society, of which he is a member.

J. L. Vann, of the pipe department, is performing the duties of P. G. Kopp during his absence, owing to an operation for appendicitis.

Jim Feasel is back on the job again after a three months' siege of the scarlet fever. We are glad to see you back again, Jim, and surely hope that nothing like that befalls you again.

Lawrence Noble is sporting a brand new Ford touring car these days and he says it is the best one Henry ever turned out. Too bad you don't live in Alton, Lawrence, so you could ride Dooley and Ike Crafton up occasionally.

Fred Gerl, fireman at No. 5 Crude House, has the sympathies of the entire plant. On April 9 Fred was in receipt of a telegram from Hillsboro announcing the serious illness of his wife, who was visiting at that place. In response to the message Fred left immediately and arrived just in time to see her pass away. She leaves to morn her loss the husband and three children. The youngest child being down with the scarlet fever adds more grief to the case.

On Wednesday, April 27, during the absence of Earl (Shorty) Henry, of the electrical department, a baby girl arrived to cheer his home. On returning to work "Shorty" was all smiles and proudly announced it among the boys. Too bad it wasn't a ball-player, "Shorty."

B. W. Oliver and wife, of Kansas City, Mo., spent a few days this month with his uncle, D. W. Mitchell, tin shop time keeper and clerk. Mr. Oliver is district manager for the Yeoman Order.

The nine-year-old daughter of Shelby Mather, our popular carpenter, was operated on the morning of the 29th at St. Joseph's hospital, for the removal of her appendix. It is reported that she is doing nicely and her early recovery is looked for.

Wm. Hoffman, stillman at No. 3 crude house has purchased a new Dodge touring car. Be careful of the cops in Alton, Willie.

George Thompson and Wm. Hoffman are going to buy a Water Carnival and go into the show business. George will sell tickets and William will look after the "Diving Queens."

Joe Jackson, of the crude stills, says that he is learning to be an expert gardner. Ask uncle George to show you how, Joe.

Henry Hoffert spent his last thirty-two hours off visiting relatives in Alton and reports an enjoyable outing.

Shorty McDonough of the gas absorbers is going to enter his Blitzen Binz in the big auto races at Indianapolis this year. Some car, Shorty.

At a meeting of the Woman's Club held at the school house, Mrs. G. A. Smith was chosen president; Mrs. C. D. Burroughs first vice president; Mrs. W. I. Jolly, second vice president; Mrs. Chas. E. Grans, recording secretary; Mrs. Charles Smith, corresponding secretary; Mrs. John Frick, treasurer; Mesdames H. Fox, George Buck, M. F. Manning, James Mooney, executive committee. Mrs. M. F. Manning was chosen as a delegate to the Chicago convention and Mrs. G. A. Smith, Mrs. Chas. Smith, Mrs. W. I. Jolly and Mrs. Chas. E. Graves as delegates to the Alton convention.

After a brief illness with appendicitis, Mrs. Enid Burris Rankin, wife of James Rankin of Wood River, passed away at St. Joseph's hospital. She was 28 years of age April 16. Besides her husband, Mrs. Rankin leaves three small children: Grant, aged 8, James, Jr., aged 6, and Marguerite, aged 4 years. She is also survived by per parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Burris of East Ninth street, Alton, and two brothers, C. J. Burris, Easton street, Alton, and C. E. Burris of Wood River.

Many friends were present at SS. Peter and Paul's Cathedral to witness the marriage of Miss Winifred Hagan and Jesse Walters. The bride looked lovely in a frock of blue taffeta with which she wore a large hat fashioned of blue maline the same shade as her frock. A corsage of white sweet-peas completed the costume. She is an attractive young woman and attended school at the Cathedral school. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walters of Madison avenue and he is employed at the Standard Oil refinery. During the war he served for two years overseas with the U. S. Marines. The young couple will go to housekeeping in a newly furnished house on Upper Belle street.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

The *bright lights* of Independence were no lure for B. F. Miller as he has moved his family to Kansas City to spend the hot summer months, said family consisting of B. F. and spouse.

Mr. J. H. Grinter, of the drafting office, has been called for jury service in Kansas City; we will be glad to see his smiling face back at his desk soon.

Mr. Jas. O'Hare, of paraffine works, must have had another automobile wreck; either that or a steam roller ran over his head. Someone said it was fight but we don't believe Jimmy would come out of a fight looking that bad.

Mr. Frank Shorts, refinery foreman, says the older you get the more you learn; ask the firemen on the tower stills.

Wayne Williams, one of the agitators—No! not the kind of agitator you are thinking of as Wayne is all sugar now—but of our plant agitator force, was recently married to Miss Margaret Hartrup of Independence, Mo., and all their friends are expectantly watching to see how the Sweet Williams grow.

The family of Mike Vukas, tower still cleaner, has just "come across" and Mike is walking in the air. The family consists of his wife and three very bright boys.

There are different kinds of mufflers but you can't convince Bill Beatty. They all look alike to Bill, who put a perfectly good gas engine muffler on a steam hoisting engine, with the engine in operation, and the only explanation he could give was that he wanted to "smothercate" the "Blinkety-Blink" thing.

Joe Brewer of the office force has abandoned his "Khakis." It is reported they are to be converted into pajamas as Joe had worn them so long they had become real light and filmy and resembled them more than work clothes.

Chas. Taylor, foreman of the paraffine works, was the recipient of a "Black Hand" letter recently. It seems Chas. unthinkingly referred to one of the men in the paraffine department as "The Old Gentleman." While no signature was shown in the letter, he is thinking of turning it over to the federal authorities, in order to apprehend the guilty one.

There has been a quartet formed in the paraffine department composed of John Murdock, Matt Kobe, Geo. Dunsky and Chas. Taylor; the boys have been "enjoying" (?) their singing very much. It is claimed by them that for melody and harmony they rank second to none. The boys also claim that for rank melody and harmony they lead the world; and have a safe lead at that.

Paul Lesac, tower still cleaner, is laid up for repairs. It seems Paul strayed too far from home and while in Cement City, was entertained by the Belle of the town. He was waylaid by a gang of the lady's admirers and report has it he fought like a "Gallant of Old," several of the "green-eyed bunch" having to be assisted home.

We were sorry to hear the sad news about Ed Koenig; since he got married, he is learning to chew tobacco and is doing quite well although he complains of his stomach considerable. Keep on, Ed, you will be a man yet.

Claude Poteet is putting out advice that all young men should leave their girl's house not later than one o'clock a. m. That gives a man time to take his ladder home and still have four or five hours to sleep. P. S.—If this is Claude's notice to a young man visitor, why not call the girl in at that hour?

Ed Fox says he is making good playing ball as a side line. He was seen April 17 trying out with the K. C. Blues chasing balls on top of the grand stand. Go to it, Ed, we are for you.

Joe Hiatt is taking a flying trip to Arkansas. Joe says no "sight-un-seen" game for him. He wants to see the land before the trade is made. Good luck to you, Joe.

Our faithful gate watchman, Bill Decker, thinks the safest way to take care of a gun is to keep it locked up and there will be no danger of losing the cylinder.

A certain engineer of Celtic origin working in the paraffine works, we hear, has gone in business as book agent. He called at a certain house and ran into the wrong party. Ask Jim, he knows.

Emmett Ewing, our foremost paraffine pipe fitter, saw red ink on a certain man's hand and thinking he was badly cut and about to faint started to call the ambulance. Emmett says, "He is going to learn First Aid at once."

We are wondering why Dr. Eyssell has been carrying a smile on his face at all times lately.

Charlie Seevers says he has more stock now than he can feed, otherwise he would like to take some of the "S. O." stock and water it.

Pipe Fitter Andy Nagy, is the "Right Bower" to our safety director. If anyone gets a scratch or cut or bruise, Andy is right there to rush him to the First Aid.

The following was given in confidence by Heavy Kearns: If you want a telephone installed promptly buy a few of those large white birds that make their home on Ash avenue.

Clarence Spitser says that lately if he only sees a picture of a car speeding he can't help reaching for the brake and cutting off the gas, even when he is asleep. "Safety First" is a d——n good rule when you come to think about it. Correct, Spitser, absolutely.

We have a new man in the brass foundry, but it isn't Bert Noble; he is a cartoonist, Bert is "Safety First"—Don't let Bert Noble get a steady look at you, as he will sure draw you to a finish.

Ruhlman says "that even in his sleep he never forgets when it comes to a vote, he is right there with his "aye and nay" just the same as if he was awake. Which would indicate he is not in "escrow."

Sugar Creek is speeding up these days. It may be possible the day is not far distant when you'll be taken for a complete stranger if you do not know where Sugar Creek is. Bill Borders is building a foundation and adding more to his house and he says Sugar Creek is growing to beat the band—not the S. O. Band.

It won't hurt you to get acquainted with our Mr. Hurt; he is a very nice man, and he does hate to see anybody get Hurt—nothing hurts him worse than to see anybody get Hurt, and when you get Hurt you can always get the sympathy of Mr. Hurt; in fact he makes a specialty of trying to prevent Hurts.

Otto says: "It's the struggles and trials, the desire to achieve that makes life worth while, those things which nobody wants are easily attainable."

Listen fellows, would you believe it: Lee Bolger has become a crank on dancing and thinks there is nothing like it, and the only drawback there is to it is the fact that most of the girls are under the impression that he has a wooden limb and they are a little backward in dancing with him for fear he might become detached from said limb, putting them both in an embarrassing position. That would be Awful!

Ernest Henry Jenkins, otherwise known as "Hi Jinks," just served a ten year "sentence" with the S. O. Co. here. Ernest came here April 21, 1921, and is now the chief clerk of the L. & M. department. He has other qualifications than his "sticktoitiveness," chief among them being his penchant for drawing the attention of the "weaker" sex, and his passion for speeding. The only reasons we can give for Ernest not getting married or being pinched are that his affections are divided among so many of the fair ones and the police are not able to catch up with him.

We publish with regret announcement of the death of the week-old daughter of Steve Yaso, pressure still cleaner.

Chas. Baltas, who has been a tower still cleaner for the past five years, was married recently to the lady of his choice who recently came across from the old country. The wedding occurred on April 25. An idea of the thoroughness with which the event was carried out will be gotten from the following facts: Three 250 pound hogs, 50 chickens and 12 geese were dressed for the occasion; the entire trimmings and dessert can be imagined better than described, because about one dozen of the invited guests reported sick and unable to work for several days. We do think that Chas. could have done a little better on his liquid refreshments as the guests had to wash down the "eats" with 100 cases of only ½ of 1 per cent "kick" while only a favored few were granted entrance to a room where it is "rumored" a few cases of "Prunelle" and "Raisin-'ell" were on tap. Chas'. many friends wish him success in his new venture.

Joe Bruson, our interpreter and head "Coke Boy." is holding his head high these days. It was a girl, and has been christened Frances.

"Doc." McCoy, our safety director, claims his many ideas on "Safety and Prevention of Accidents" were inspired by reading the history of Noah. Doc's Sunday School class will vouch for his sincerity of purpose and integrity along that line and we can add our mite by saying he is a regular "go-getter" in his chosen profession.

The shift workers of the pressure stills have discovered that John Potter, shift pipe helper, has a blind gasket in his neck because he never had a headache. John's "come-back" was that their's was caused by rheumatism of the skull.

Mr. George V. Hackett, foreman of the boiler department, has purchased a brand new Ford touring car. It is equipped with shock-absorbers, self-starter 'n everything.

John Burns, of the pipe department, recently sold his home, intending to move on a potato farm in Minnesota. He is now looking for another home. He says that his wife would not stand for the farm. Some of the boys seem to think that it was not Mrs. Burns' fault; they say something about "cold feet."

We are sorry to report the loss of one of the old timers in the laboratory, Warren Hatton. Warren enlisted in the Navy recently for a period of four years. At the present time he is stationed at Great Lakes, Ill.

"Art" Flintzer, of the pipe department, is the proud possessor of a new Ford coupe.

What are tongue-tied pump valves? Ask "Smiley" Stewart—he knows.

The night superintendents have been instructed to lift up the whiskers on the boys at the pressure stills so that they can be sure who they are.

S. C. Chapman and Jesse James Mastin of the main office, are going to toss up a coin to see who takes his vacation first.

Our venerable storekeeper, A. E. Hauptley, has been caught taking home a basket of eggs about every day. He says that he is not going to pay eighty cents a dozen for them next month.

GOLF NEWS: The REDS claim that—If any of the members make the rounds on the links in less than 43 they are neglecting their business and if they make it over 43 they are neglecting their golf.

Gene Rolfs says the holes are too close, he makes them in about four good steps.

C. C. Huhn says that he is greener than the greens when it comes to playing golf.

Fred Score, of the mason's department, has purchased an acre tract and will devote his spare time to the raising of poultry. Rumor has it that Fred anticipates making a big thing from a new breed of ducks which he claims are "quackless." We pass this tip along to Fred to grow a few "Crowless" roosters, "Cackless" hens, "Peepless" chicks and Honkless" geese, and his future as a successor to Burbank is assured.

Matt Delles is seeking a competent body guard. While out in his Ford recently, Matt had the misfortune to run into a car driven by a lady of ebony hue, and for the damage incurred it is said the lady threatened to hitch Matt's car on behind and confiscate it. Matt's plea won out, though, and the lady of color left him with this advice: "White man when you all goes out again and yo' sees a Fearless Sparrow on de same street yo' stops till dat cah passes you, den yo' doan get hurt."

The "gang" is still looking for Perry McAvoy to "come across." They claim he had no right to use a ¾-inch punch the way he did and mutilate a perfectly good "card" even at one dollar a punch. Perry will have his joke but why not be reasonable and use something more delicate, say a conductor's punch for instance.

Tony Phillips got so worked up over a petition upon which he was working recently as a member of the Health and Welfare Committee that he repeatedly referred to it as the "Wealth and Hellfire" Committee. What was the "brand," Tony?

The employees' at the agitators are 100 per cent stockholders. A. B. Jones ordered some new tools for the boys last week, and was very much pleased when he learned that they had been stenciled "Ours."

Bill Cromwell will tell the world she "treats 'em rough." Have you seen his black eye trimmed in red?

Men, didja ever try "no-tobac" tablets? For a free sample see Lloyd Johnson. He guarantees them to either kill or cure.

Dave Crow has discovered a convenient brooder for incubator chicks. He keeps his in the pipe of

the hot air furnace. Get a patent on that, Dave, it's a good one.

The athletic club is contemplating hiring a hall and purchasing two pairs of boxing gloves to be used by our promising prize fighters—W. Hendley and Carl Stinnett, water boys.

Will Ed O'Laughlin please tell us why he planted that extra acre of turnips? A new recipe for home brew?

Otto Veith took twin sisters to a party recently. What's the matter, Otto, Isn't one enough? Or haven't you decided which one?

Charlie Gilbert is in the Independence sanitarium to be treated for burns about the face and hands, but instead is being vamped by the nurses, Charlie is a regular Adonis.

M. A. Beymer is planning on spending his vacation at Hoboken, N. J. They say a certain young lady is the attraction. Now what will that little salesgirl behind the perfume counter at the 10c store do?

As a boy, Lee Bolger used to hunt rabbits and 'possums; now he hunts Hooch. But he never was a successful hunter anyway.

Yes, the amatuer baseball season is here; Jess Reeder came to work recently with his right arm so sore he couldn't lift it two inches without much pain.

The town of Blue Springs was awakened at 3:00 A. M. the other morning thinking some of the bold, bad car thieves of Kansas City were about, judging from the way the dogs were barking and chickens squawking, but upon investigation found Fred Gore and Christie Piper looking for water for their car. It seems these young men were out to see their girls and forgot to fill the radiator. Next time, Fred, get water out of the "Spring."

Frank Millspaugh still has that "rattle." It can't be his old teeth as they are at the bottom of the acid tank, nor his new ones as they are carefully guarded since the accident to the others; so we take this method of warning Frank his "dome" should be massaged by an osteopath in order to eliminate that noise.

The boys who ride on the same bus with Tom Knight, reducing still helper, haven't been able to get a "peep" out of him for some time. Tom says he is trying to live up to his "cognomen" of "Silent Knight." Tom's German friends call him "Heliga Nacht" and the "Bunch" is sore as Tom won't tell them what it means, but says he is desirous of maintaining the confidence of his friends.

We are pleased to announce that Mr. William F. Cromwell of the storehouse department was united in marriage to Miss Ruth C. Kratz on Thursday evening, March 24. Their many friends wish them joy and happiness.

Mr. J. Renick Jones has just returned from Oklahoma, where that fair damsel of his is engaged in imparting knowledge to the younger generation.

The pump house crew are down on Frank McInturf because he hasn't "come across" yet: No, he doesn't owe them a treat of any kind, nor is he indebted to any of them, but there has been an addition to the family of every man there but Frank, the latest being an eight-pound girl at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Lowe and a ten-pound boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dwyer. It is up to you Frank; your country needs your help.

CASPER, WYO.

The Above represents the news received from Casper for this issue of the Stanolind Record. Of all the places in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) territory, including the other refineries, Carlinville coal mines, and twenty-seven sales territories, Casper was the only place, apparently, where nothing occurred of sufficient interest or importance to warrant a news item. It certainly must be a dead, dull, uninteresting place in which to live and work.—*Ed.*

GREYBULL, WYO.

Geo. Patterson, helper at No. 1 house was fishing on Shell Creek, April 10, and caught a nice string of trout.

Otis and Bartie Bentley, Jimmie James and Bruce Atwell were fishing on Shell Creek recently and caught a few trout. Jimmie James tried all afternoon to knock an owl out of a tree top. He said "he hadn't had any boiled owl for a long time." He didn't get any fish or owls either.

F. B. Weiser, top helper on No. 3 and No. 4 batteries, is visiting in Wisconsin.

E. C. Starks and family motored to Paint Rock, April 10, and brought back a nice string of speckled beauties.

C. M. Fitzmaurice, fireman, has been off duty with an attack of LaGrippe. Fitz is feeling much better now, however, and we are glad to see that he has reported for duty.

J. W. Sellers is back at work after an illness of several days.

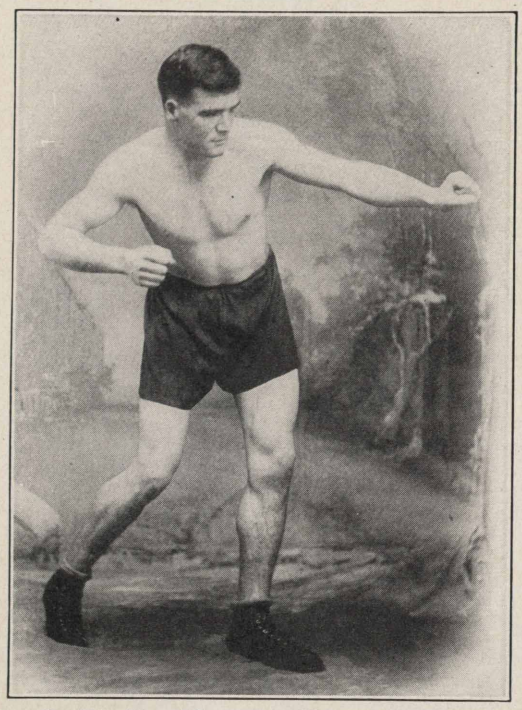
If Louis Lund is still in Casper, will he please get in touch with E. Christensen, Box 356, Greybull, Wyo.

Dr. Paulus and wife of Casper visited Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Lockard recently. Dr. Paulus inspected the plant while here.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of R. L. Hall's two boys but hope they will soon be much improved.

B. J. Manley was displaying a bruised mouth and battered nose recently. We understand Stub was playing with a prize-fighter who is training here. Don't be too rough with them, Stub.

WELTERWEIGHT



Carlinville, May 1.—Henry Melcor, of Mine No. 1, is open for engagements in the welterweight class. In his many contests Henry has gained the respect of everyone by his clean fighting. (This may interest the committee in charge of the Whiting Labor Day celebraton.)

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

Harold Hall, assistant engineer, is back on the job after a five months' absence, due to having his arm broken and back hurt by a fall of roof last November. He has been in Chicago taking treatment from specialists.

Mayo Brown, day fireman at power house, just bought a new "Lizzie" roadster. We make a prediction that our pretty little school teacher at Standard City will not be with us often on the train hereafter.

Arthur Hibbard and George Zimmerman have also purchased new roadsters. "Hib" says he hates to give up "Old Faithful."

Store House Cost Clerk Jim Delaney, has moved from the main office in Carlinville to the engineers' office at Schoper.

Our chief mine electrician, Eddie Lewis, recently purchased a Studebaker. They are all getting the fever. Eddie says "It's some boat," and a boat is what is needed on these roads.

Several days ago Mine No. 2 made a record hoist of 1,084 tons. The previous record was 1,040 tons. We are coming right along. It is to be remembered that this is all development coal.

Jos. Stupar, tracklayer, was badly hurt by the rib rolling over on him, breaking his legs and injuring him internally.

John Swanson, our efficient mechanic on the rotary dumps, and his roommate, Ike Smith, teamster, are building a summer home in the beautiful Schoper Creek Valley. It is said that this stream is noted for its scenic beauty, and that their summer residence will be a beautiful and elaborate affair as no expense is to be spared in making it so. Probably when it is completed, Ike will have time to get a hair cut; we understand he is doing his hair up at present, according to the latest mode in hair dressing.

We hear our hoisting engineer, George "Dinty" Moore, fell off a ladder Saturday. We have been unable to ascertain how badly he was injured; we hope not seriously.

"Rick" Kelley and Jack Fraser were busy last Tuesday pulling the Democratic city ticket over the line. It might be added that all in Standard Addition had free auto rides on that day.

John Crosby, who was injured by the same fall of roof as was Harold Hall, has returned from Chicago where he has been receiving treatment by specialists, but as yet he is unable to work. Here's hoping you will soon be with us again, John.

We hear that the Standard Addition is going to come out of the mud June 1. Here's hoping.

George B. Slining, formerly resident engineer for Robt. W. Hunt & Company, was a visitor at the mine several days ago.

Tom Paul, superintendent, is home from a business trip to the southern part of the state.

Several weeks ago, when it felt and looked like snow, we spied our "Charlie Chaplin" in a straw hat and white pants, also an overcoat. We were not suffering seriously from the heat on that day.

Our handsome blacksmith, Geo. Loehnberg, recently changed his place of residence from Standard Addition to Schoper. He says he likes it better as he doesn't have to get up before breakfast now.

The two shafts are almost entirely filled in now and soon will have passed into oblivion.

Our Safety Man, Ralph Brown, is giving First Aid lessons at the old mine. This is something in which we should all have some training, and his classes should be well attended every evening.

Our postmaster at Schoper, Bill Winkelmann, recently bought a home in Carlinville. "Wink" says it is a regular "Garden of Eden." We hope, however, that Bill doesn't intend to copy the style of dress which prevailed in the original garden.

Don March, blacksmith helper, says that the guy who started the saying "Pigs is Pigs" must have done so before having seen those in Arkansas raised on jugs. He says there is no comparison between ordinary hogs and those in Arkansas. "Some Hawgs," eh Don?

It is said that our great lover of dogs, "Dude" O'Neil, recently purchased a thoroughbred bird dog pup. After he had raised same (not being a good judge of dogs) he discovered it was an ordinary water spaniel. However, it ought to be able to get all the ducks he kills.

Chas. Karrick's wife recently presented him with a nine-pound baby boy. Charles wears a smile that won't come off.

A phone message to Theo. Starbuck, surveyor at Mine No. 2, reporting that his "Babe" was being "chewed" up by a bull dog, caused a great deal of excitement at No. 2 office, until it was learned "Babe" was a much prized woolly dog. Both Theo. and "Babe" are recovering nicely.

Standard Addition is getting to be a regular jazz center. Several players piano having been sold there recently.

George Wargo has returned after spending a few days with his family in Streator, Ill.

John Peters has joined the ranks of Ford owners.

Joe Davis was given a surprise party on April 11, the occasion being Joe's 44th birthday.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

Doc Beamer, the purchasing department bachelor and tennis expert, is open for matches with the feminine sex for the coming season. All challenges, with the exception of those from the Palm and Clarendon Beach favorites, will be accepted.

Pool players take note that the purchasing department has among its employees three pool sharks in the persons of H. Swanson, H. Turner and F. Stupeck who are desirous of playing a social game any Friday night or pay day, with any three fellows who think they can play pool. H. Swanson is business manager of the trio.

H. Calland (noted for trimming Swanson in pool) is inquiring as to whether or not brides will wear roses or lilies this June.

There is a concert in the purchasing department every noon with a chorus of ten or fifteen girls, accompanied by Miss J. Pauline Burns, Mr. Baldwin's efficient secretary, playing a banjo ukelele. Any persons desiring to hear some good singing are invited to attend.

Mr. Walter Evans is leaving the last of May to take a position with the Hoppe & DeCamp Tire Co.

Miss Marie Young's friends will be glad to hear that she has safely arrived at Schenectady, N. Y., where she will visit for a few weeks to recuperate from an operation she underwent about a month ago.

William Wittenmeyer, sheetwriter in the distribution department, Fifth floor, took one week of his vacation beginning Monday, April 18. Witt said that walking didn't agree with him, so he decided to spend his vacation at home painting screens and massaging the floors, woodwork, etc., with that world renowned massage preparation, "Semdac, Liquid Gloss."

Mr. A. E. Gorvett and Herbie Gleim of the Fifth floor escorted Mr. Edward F. Neff to the train, Wednesday evening, April 20. Mr. Neff, who was recently placed on the pension roll, left for California to enjoy a life of ease and luxury surrounded by Mack Sennet's Bathing Beauties. He took with him the best wishes of his numerous friends and comrades of the S. O. Co.

The curious ones on the Fifth floor would like to know why Anna Rommel's beau calls Mr. Hansen to the phone when he wants to talk to her.

A. J. Meyers, Uncle Bim, of the equipment department, has been lost since Mr. Rummelhoff took him out of the front locker-room and put him in the back room. The day after the change he went up town at noon with his locker partner's coat on and couldn't remember where he got that Twenty Dollar William that he found in the left hand pocket. Keep your eye on him, Kelley!

Doc. Holland and Bruiser Kelley breezed in Saturday, April 23 with some new scenery. We wonder where they got it. Probably use a lead pipe. They're suspicious looking characters, anyhow.

A very pretty ceremony was enacted a few weeks ago in presenting a beautifully chased knife and fork to Miss Ingrid Rummelhoff for her gastronomic ability displayed on the occasion of Miss Lydia Christopher's party. The presentation speech was delivered by Ervin Joost and was a triumph of oratory and tact. This trophy was formerly held by Ed. Yale, Mr. J. D. Callahan's handsome assistant, but the committee was unanimous in declaring that the wonderful form displayed by Miss Ingrid at the party entitled her to the prize. (This wasn't the pajama party, was it?—Ed.).

Mr. Anton Jansma, statistical department, was absent April 21, and Mrs. Jansma reported him sick, but we have it on good authority that Anton played golf. His opponents were bugs and angle worms and the course was his garden. He says the first nine holes were hotly contested but on the last nine he played his iron shots with greater care, and with the judicious use of his mashie administered a crushing defeat to his rivals.

The girls on the Sixth floor (manufacturing department) have formed a theatre club in spite of the high cost of living, and go to the theatre every third payday. The last party took place Saturday afternoon, April 23, at the Playhouse. There were twenty-seven of us and we all agreed that "Pitter-Patter" was not so bad for $1.65. We wish to thank Miss Dundas for being treasurer and making the arrangements.

When P. H. Wilcox, A. E. Gorvett and J. R. Beach get together at the lunch hour, it looks like a faculty meeting of the N. W. U. Accounting School. But they haven't anything on the Walton School of Commerce boys; we're ten strong on the 5th floor.

Will Kreuger, distribution clerk in Mr. Grovett's department, 5th floor, is ill with "flu." Here's our sincere wishes for a speedy recovery, Bill.

Doc. Holland, of Mr. Hansen's department, 5th floor, is reported "under the weather." What's the trouble, Doc? Did Henry Ford's Lizzie kick you?

On April 27, Daisy Perfect, of the 5th floor, came very near being minus everything but her smile. She was waiting to come up in the elevator and as the 'Conductor' opened the gate her clothes got caught in it. She was soon freed with no damage done. We noticed some of the boys registered disappointment.

We fear the cigar that was presented to George Elihu Nelson was too strong for his home brew constitution, as the poor boy actually lost consciousness for a short time, causing him to be tardy to work one beautiful April day. How about it, George?

We wonder how Richard F. Croke enjoyed the "scaffold exhibition" he attended while on his vacation. Anyone wanting the details of same will be gladly advised on request to Dick.

Emma Cornils has been spending part of her noon hour watching the checker game. She says she just loves athletics.

Dorothy Wilnar has been playing the leading role in "The Charge of the Late Brigade."

Just think of all the poor squirrels that lost their skins to make Minnie Hodson's new scarf!

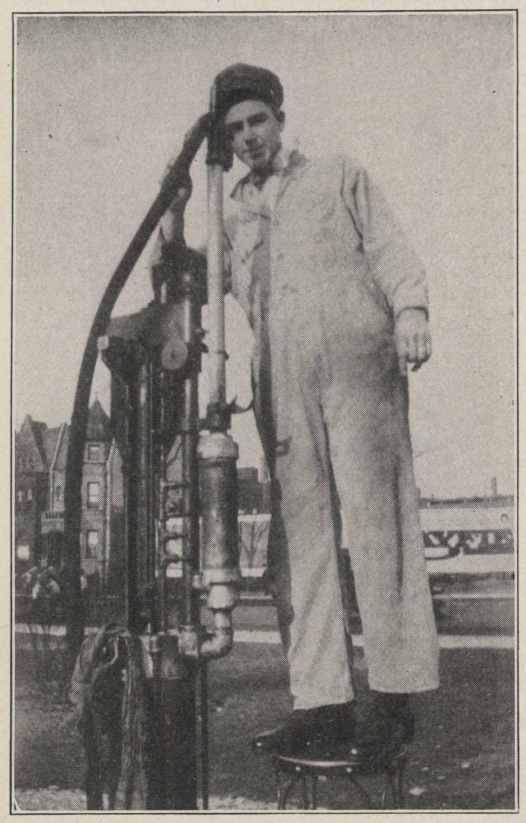
Yes, Gertrude Cornils admits she made that navy blue georgette waist all by herself. No, she doesn't take in sewing.

Our speed artist of the purchasing department, Mr. Stupeck, is planning his two weeks vacation. Why take one, Frank? What do you want with a vacation after fifty weeks of rest?

CHICAGO DIVISION

We notice that Jimmy Brandt has been taking quite an interest in the files lately. We don't know

HOUSECLEANING



Attendant Brown, at S. S. 39, Forty-third street and Michigan avenue, Chicago, is doing his spring housecleaning—getting his pump all painted up so it will glisten in the sunshine.

whether he is attracted by our new filing system or our new file clerk. Jimmy says "both."

Leonard Sexner, from 14th street warehouse, seems to be calling up quite regularly during the noon hour for credits on accounts. Why call up noon hour, Leonard?

Mr. Michaelis from the order desk seems to like the young ladies on the Fifth floor. We would like to know which one it is.

Mr. James M. Morrison from the Mankato office is now in Chicago and intends to reside here.

We hear that Bill Cusack likes Service Station 37 located at Ainslee and Broadway, and dislikes very much to go home when his time is up. He says so many "dolls" walk through the driveway each day.

A short while ago it was reported that Mr. A. E. Burns, our north side collector, was laid up with a stiff neck from looking them over while driving his Ford. Later we heard that Al was climbing snow banks with his "Lizzie" and we suggest that he keep his eyes to the road. Don't you think so, Al?

Mr. Fred Cassell is back in the Chicago sales department, this time in the billing end. Incidentally he is also a big help on our indoor ball team, and now that we have a good catcher, with Leslie as the twirler, we should be able to beat all comers.

Miss Charlotte Harris recently spent a week of her vacation in Grand Rapids, Mich. She says the only attraction for her there is her sister, but she took with her a big bunch of flowers. Nothing like "saying it with flowers."

We are more than glad to see the smiling face of Bill Williams again after his bad mixup with his Ford while on his service station rounds. Bill expects to go back to service station work as soon as his system recovers.

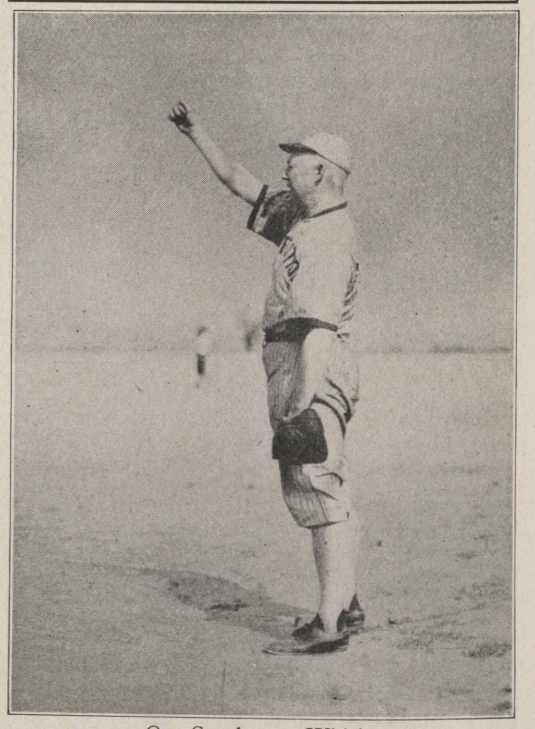
The nightmare of moving, incident to the unscrambling of the Chicago office from the home office, is about over, but Mr. Kopisch has not yet recovered his wastebasket and Mr. Gates has abandoned hope of ever again seeing his nice brass cuspidor.

The Chicago office employees are taking to the stock subscription plan like ducks to water. Most of them know a good thing when they see it and the "old timers" only regret that they did not have this opportunity twenty or ten years ago. It is a rare opportunity for the young folks and it is very gratifying to see them grasp it in this manner.

We regret to report the death on April 24 of Mrs. John Miller under circumstances terribly distressing to John Miller, attendant at S. S. 32, Thirty-ninth street and Grand avenue. Mrs. Miller died after giving birth to twins who did not live. The entire Stanolind family extends its sympathy to Mr. Miller.

We can now explain the reason for the happy smile on the face of George Wise, one of our hustling service station collectors. Recently the best girl in the world permitted him to slip a ring on her finger. We don't know the date of the ceremony, but here's our best wishes, George.

STARS OF OLD



One Stenhouse, Whiting

DAVENPORT, IOWA

Driver Chas. N. Collier is back on old 12168 after two painful weeks. He has been afflicted with blood poison in the left hand. Charlie says he has had everything now but the gout and croup.

Mr. Clarence Kaskadden is a new and valuable addition to the warehouse force. Clarence is glad to join the Standard Oil family. but does dread the initiation into the Red Crown Booster Club.

The entire office sympathizes with Mr. Ray Johnson of the stock department in the loss of his mother.

Clothing seems to have taken a drop in the right way. We see Harry "Red" Fabricius, our loving editor, sporting a new suit. How did you get it Harry? Draw it?

Mr. Frank Leveridge, attendant at Service Station No. 84, Rock Island, Ill., claims someone drank 20 gallons of Red Crown while he slept. (Well, they'll do anything to get a "kick" in Rock Island. Ed.).

Judging from the literature Mr. John House, of the warehouse, is receiving from the Shaw Publishing Co., he must be writing a book. Is it the sequel to "Why girls leave home?" or "How a man feels who is about to get married?" Keep it up, John, and maybe some day you will be sitting in the chair of the chief editor of the Stanolind Record.

Mr. Harry Kroy, president of the Stanolind Social Club, assures the members that the committee is planning a peach of a picnic to be held about June 1.

Since Al West, stock department, has been converted to the ideas of Christian Science, he is now engaged in trying to convert Mr. Niemann and Mr. Holst. We believe it impossible, but wish you luck, Al.

The Manufacturers Bowling League came to an exciting close April 20, the Bettendorf team winning the silver loving cup, by a margin of two games. Teams finishing in second, third and fourth places were but one game apart, and these positions were not settled until the last games played. The Standard Oil Company team of Davenport finished in seventh place. However, they were handicapped by lack of material. The distribution of prize money will occur at the annual banquet which will be held at the Black Hawk hotel in the near future. H. J. Franck and J. H. Clark of the Standard Oil team will come in for their share of the prizes for individual high averages for the season. Next season our team intends to be on top along with the rest of our products. That reminds me "*A product is judged by the company it keeps.*"

We sympathize with Edna Stahl, of the order department, now that her friend Bill's arm is out of commission on account of a horse biting him. It is hard to drive a car with one arm and——. But probably if he could have used both arms she would have stayed home two days instead of one.

Mr. R. A. Thomson, manager, gave a very interesting talk to the office force Wednesday evening, combining business with pleasure. It was enjoyed by all.

The bowling season never gets too late to discover a "dark horse." Ray (Fuzzy) Welzenbach was corralled on the alleys and proved the sensation of the evening, and you cannot make him believe but that he won all three games (even though the opposing team did not show up). He now is a full fledged member of next year's team, and intends to give Franck and Clark a good run for individual honors.

It is a mystery where Harry LaFrenze drives each noon. We know it is somewhere on Fourth street, but can't figure the object of keeping the side curtains on.

Conversation in the marketing department: H. R. F. to C. W. F.: "Are you going to begone this afternoon?" C. W. F.—"Yes." H. R. F.—"Is R. A. going to be gone?" C. W. F.—"Yes, why?" H. R. F.—"Well I had figured on not being here myself, but if both of you are going I guess I had better stick around."

Miss Edith Roth's father underwent an operation April 2, and she says he is improving.

Evelyn Litscher was overheard telling Hughie Briceland that she had a very nice dream about him. We would like to hear about it as it must have been a dandy since Hugh is now calling her his "Dream Girl."

Mr. Lee Bettendorf is the proud father of a baby girl born April 12, 1921. The cigars were fine.

Mr. G. A. Leichtle, wife of our New Sharon, Iowa, bulk station agent, asked their little four year old son what daddy does when he starts his truck in the morning. He replaied "He knocks the fire out of his pipe". He is getting the right training.

Cecil Bartles, our jolly stake truck driver, is seriously afflicted with the "love bug." To prove that his girl is all to the good, he draws pencil sketches of her to show the boys at the warehouse. Some artist—Some Girl.

Howard Clark, assistant chief clerk, asked Leona if she were going to see them bury Old Man Gloom. Leona replied "I guess not. I see enough of Old Man Gloom around this office."

We have started a baseball team, and the next thing in order is for Mr. Bragg to hire a good veterinary to take care of some of the borken arms around here, especially Leo Reiss's.

Saturday afternoon, while doing some overtime work, our friend West concluded to finish up the day by having a little football game by himself, using a waste paper basket as a rugby, but to his sorrow found the basket around his ankle and friend Pete had to go to the rescue. It looks as though the game was a tie. How about it, West?

Our two office boys, Rudy and "Smiling Jim," are on the job early every A. M. We suspect that J. H. Clark used diplomacy in his arguments. Give 'em some more.

Take Notice, Pete: Please order about sixty feet of chicken wire netting to place behind Spike Kroy during the noon hour baseball practice while working out his promising looking pitchers of the Stanolind team.

Bill Littrel, of the stationery department, was heard singing the other day while operating the mim ograph machine, and upon investigation we found the title of the song was "This Place Will Soon Be Mine." If this spirit was a common one for us all, we would go over the top in sales.

S. A. Sergeant, district superintendent of the southern division, regrets that LaPorte City is not in his territory. We thought he would be satisfied with Moline.

Fuzzy, our cub reporter, has placed a box on his desk for Stanolind Record news items. Someone mistook Ray's intentions and contributed some coppers to him. He is in hopes they keep a coming as he is desirous of purchasing a monkey in order to have a complete outfit.

J. J. J. has been reported in the vicinity of Wilton.

We don't mind when the girls from the office across the street try to vamp our boys but when they

get two blocks away and holler "Oh Sweetheart Ray" we would like to know the guilty Ray. We have three of them and one is married, and Ray Welzenbach claims it isn't he. Three guesses, who is it?

We took particular notice the other day while it was so windy that it took West and Smith at least twenty minutes longer to measure the tanks, and upon investigating saw two girls waiting for a street car.

We have noticed a smile on Val Smith ever since the new loading apparatus has been installed.

Bob Kibler is sporting a new Oldsmobile touring car. We all ride, Bob.

Who is the "Fair Lady," Pete, our congenial purchasing agent, has been thinking of lately? He keeps singing "If Rain Makes Flowers Beautiful Oh Why Don't It Rain on Me?"

DECATUR, ILL.

Once a month the Stanolind Fellowship Club endeavors to put on an entertainment at which both the young and old among the employees of the Standard Oil Company are shown a good time. One of such evenings was spent on April 9, at the Marquette hall, where from all appearances everybody had one enjoyable time. The younger members of the Club stepped off the latest dances to the accompaniment of some very good music furnished by Cox's orchestra. Of course, provision was made for those who did not care to engage in dancing, by having one of the outside rooms equipped with a green-covered table, and around it were placed chairs of the over-stuffed material, where one could sit with 10 in his hand and bid anything from 6 in Spades to 10 No Trump. We do not know whether they allowed slams or not. Along with the music furnished that evening, was something else which acted as a strong magnet for the entire crowd —the frappe. We think that it is entirely proper that the employees of the Standard Oil Company should extend a vote of thanks to the members of the present entertainment committee for the good times which they furnish the employees and their families each month.

Just to prove that everybody forgets at one time or another, Mr. M. C. Cline was going around the office not long ago, when one of the ever observing fair sex noticed a large cut in his back pocket. Advised of this, M. C. placed his hand in his pocket and found out that he had forgotten to shut his knife and same had slashed a piece of a perfectly good present-day priced suit. Rather expensive thing to be forgetful about, M. C.

Elmer Gillespie is like a boy with a new toy these days, in telling about the recent coat of paint which he had put on that car.

George Troxell, former warehouseman, was recently transferred to be S. S. attendant at No. 3. From all reports, the customers at No. 3 from now on will see what real service is.

In a recent trip to the third floor, we find a number of new faces, Ralph Culp and Harry Calef being recent additions to our Standard Oil family.

If any of you happen out North Main Street way you will no doubt notice the familiar face of T. L. Parrish at S. S. 11.

James Hams, former truck driver at E. St. Louis, is now acting as agents' instructor in the southern division.

John Weber seems to be perfectly at home with his striped suit, milk can and Ford—we claim that is some combination, but it works.

While service station checker, Howard Estabrook, was visiting around the office with his arm in a sling, one of our witty young ladies approached him and asked if the black sling denoted that the arm was dead.

Has anybody found out what Clair did with that basket?

Well, the month is just about here—that month that is always looked forward to each year—June! We all forgot it until Mildred let a little hint drop that she is going to venture into the double harness.

Roy Pensinger recently made the remark that someone suggested to him making home brew out of prunes and calling it "Prunell." He went them one better and suggested that it be made out of raisins and call it "raisin 'ell."

Mack Sennet, the well known comedy director, is missing the chance of a Masterpiece by not stepping in on M. V. Bushman at Danville when he ventures forth in his "Lizzie."

Recently the correspondent walked out into the other part of the office and found R. F. Gones using a handkerchief, seemingly in an effort to stop a flow of tears. When questioned, R. F. said he had just been looking at a recent issue of The Record and he felt touched when he gazed at his friends with the flashbox, down at "Buzzard's Roost." You know "absence makes the heart grow fonder," R. F.

Well, they say Rita went and did it. She never will be worried with those pretty locks any "longer."

Information comes to us that after the recent Stanolind Fellowship Club Dance, Roy Pensinger journeyed down to the Elk's Club as big as you please, and found out that everybody seemed to have a very good joke on him. After taking it all in fun, he ventured to a mirror and found that the bunch were all gazing at a big spot of rouge on his collar. This simply brings out the fact that you have broken the heart of some fair damsel, Roy, by spoiling a well-worked countenance.

We wonder who it was on the third floor that attracted the attention of the salesman in the Ford Sedan to such an extent that he stopped as he backed his car for one last gaze to the heights of the Standard Oil Company building, on April 11.

Latest news has it that a new bookkeeper has appeared on the second floor, Dean R. Morris reporting the arrival of an 8½ pound boy on April 21. Congratulations, Dean! From last reports the young 'un is already asking information on debit and credit.

Miss Helen Herbert, of the record department, was called from her work on Monday, April 25, due to the sudden death of her father. We all join in extending our deepest sympathies to Miss Herbert and the rest of the family in their breavement.

They say, M. V., that it is very poor policy to put on the brake and then give her the gas. Our advice is that you wait till you get out around Brushy Fork before trying the above stunt.

Henry Busch, bookkeeper on the second floor, was recently called to St. Louis on account of the sudden death of his brother. We all join in extending our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Busch.

Mr. R. W. Madeira, service station superintendent, was called to Cincinnati on Saturday, April 16, account of the serious illness of his father, W. W. Madeira, he dying a few days after his son's arrival at Cincinnati. Mr. Madeira was an employee of the Standard Oil Company (Kentucky) holding a position as assistant special agent, with headquarters at Jackson, Miss. We all join in extending our

heartfelt sympathy to Mr. R. W. Madeira and family in their bereavement.

We wish to announce that we have another member to our Standard Oil family in the person of our new agent at Millstadt, Ill., Mr. H. L. Veit; also we have another new arrival at our new station at Mulberry Grove, Mr. Joseph F. Enloe.

Mary Wolfington has at last succeeded in being able to accomplish the last block before reaching the office in nothing. She sure would make some of the present-day sprinters look as if they were tied to a post.

Mr. Ira Kemper and daughter Mildred were absent from their work for a number of days, due to the death of Mr. Kemper's mother, Mrs. Isabella Kemper, on April 14; burial taking place on April 16. We all join in extending our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Kemper and his family.

DETROIT, MICH.

Eleven of the girls had a picnic April 30th. Only one or two knew where they were going and when the conductor asked one of the ladies for her fare she told him "Give me 10 cents worth." When he came down the aisle to one of the other girls she told him she didn't know where she was going—but he said he did. After a short hike they arrived in a beautiful woods. Crossing a plank used as a bridge over the creek, they proceeded to enjoy the lunch they had carried such a long distance. Some of the girls would have enjoyed picking violets more had they eaten less lunch. Tiring of gathering flowers, a number of stunts were pulled off. Different girls amused themselves according to their individual tastes. Miss Mann sat half the afternoon holding a snail shell, waiting for the snail to appear; Miss Blair found a nice, soft stump to lean against and took a nap; Grace Dobson kept running around avoiding the camera; Frances Votrabeck touched upon the points of interest; Florence Erhard was hunting for a lost teaspoon; Betty Tighe nearly climbed a stump to avoid a little spider; Miss Secord peeled oranges for the rest to eat; Louise Schlunt spent her time tying up her flowers; and the rest of the bunch merely kept order. After walking back to the car line before sundown, they all pronounced the picnic a decided success and voted to have more during the summer.

We have been puzzling our brains for a long time wondering why Jack Shevlin borrows a needle and thread from one of the girls so often, but we know now that because the medicine cabinet is down in his room the fellows go to him for "First Aid" whether they have an accident to clothes or body.

A. N. Schneider, agent West Detroit, has found a new way to get a good cigar. Every time he lines up a new large tankwagon customer he "hooks" our boss for one.

Telephone operator, who noticed stenograpger limping: "What's the matter with your foot? Ann Gottleib, stopping short: "Which one, Hon?"

Chas. Rahn, assistant superintendent at West Detroit, blundered in on the editor when he was busy getting dope together for the Stanolind Record: "Are you going to put anything in there about me?" Sure we are, Charlie. Here it is. What do you think of it?

Mr. Shepherd, city collector, went into an office the other day where a girl was typewriting very rapidly, at the same time looking out of the window, and finally he said to her: "Pardon me, but how in the world can you tell what you're writing?" She replied, "Oh, I use the 'touch system' ". Mr. Shepherd then remarked: "Well, I have been using that system myself for some time, but I don't get what I want."

Why is it we never see Bill Gatlin, agent at Clay avenue, over at the main office any more? Even though he is busy getting new business, we think he might come over once in a while and spend a few minutes keeping in tou h with his old friends.

Grace Dobson, at picnic: "Tell your mother this is certainly delicious salad she made for you." Miss Mann: "Well, I like your nerve! I made that myself."

The clerk in the service station department swears he is going to get a pedometer so as to register the number of miles each day he diligently devotes to looking up the whereabouts of our flitting shadow, Bill Doney. Is his purpose to determine the amount of exercise his job carries with it or to charge the expense of unnecessary waste of shoe leather to Bill and then try yo collect?

A. L. Kurtz, agent Bellevue avenue, recently spent the week end taking a motor trip to Flint, visiting some friends.

In the main office is a hall which is at right angles to the stairway and when two people happen to be approaching this dangerous point at more than ordinary speed, the inevitable happens and they bump. More than one girl has been unwillingly embraced in this manner. A short time ago when Jim Cornell barely escaped running into one of the pretty typists from the auditing department, we were very much surprised to see him walk through the hall about every fifteen minutes the rest of the afternoon. It's too bad, Jim, but "Lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

Some one upstairs thought the sun was shining in their eyes the other day, but upon investigation found out it was the reflection of Miss Mahoney's new diamond. We don't know who he is, but he is mighty lucky!

Mr. Henry F. Klein, specialty salesman, was married to Miss Sophia Lucille Pfeiffer, May 3. We all extend best wishes.

The entire office extends to Miss Monahan their deepest sympathy in the recent loss of her mother.

Mr. J. W. Gherken, agent Monroe, delivered a very interesting talk on "Steam turbines" and Mr. Masten, agent Hillsdale, did equally as well in his talk on the "Farm Lighting Unit" at two different salesmen's meetings held during the month of April.

Whenever you notice Charlie Schnur mumbling to himself you can make up your mind that he is computing his gains on the day's transaction of his latest "flyer" in the stock market.

We wish some of these salesmen wouldn't be so terribly secretive about things they do or have done to them, so that more material would drift into the editor's desk for the general interest of all. For instance, Messrs. Cook, Blum, Cade, Rhodes, Mason and Short.

Enthusiasm is running high towards putting into the field a representative ball team that will reflect credit upon the Detroit office. While the team cannot boast any stars, past or present (but maybe future), one and all they possess a fighting spirit and aim to land in first place. Having cleaned up in bowling, they are all set to mop in baseball likewise. Cold and rain have been running a neck and neck race towards making baseball practice well nigh impossible; still with the little time that has been found to squeeze in a few hours of practice, a team is ready

to take the field against the "Sinclairs" for the opening game of the season, May 3. When asked for a statement as to the team's prospects, its manager replied: "We're going to have a good time and time alone will tell how good a ball team we will have."

DUBUQUE, IOWA

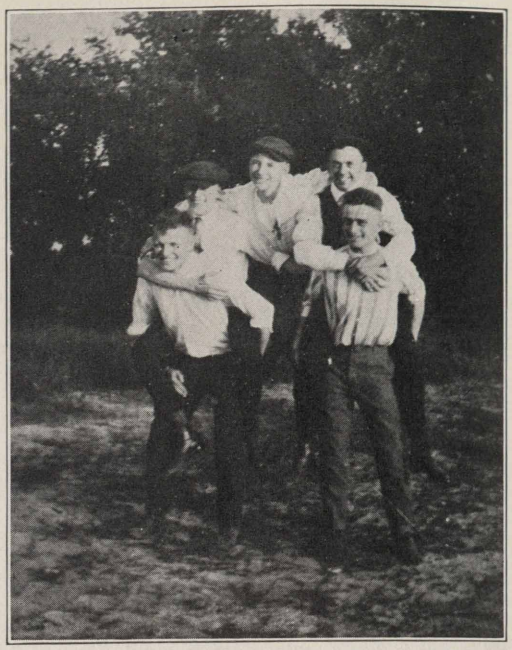
In our last report to the Record, we made note of the fact that we had considerable of a contest on in the Dubuque office among the girls, selling coupon books. The result was that the girls succeeded in selling 464 Books. The winner of the first prize was our good-natured ledger clerk, Bertha Wirth, who sold 69 of the $10.00 books and 23 of the $25.00 books. Others who went over the 50 mark were Catherine Burke, who sold 60, and Marie Most, who sold 52. In disposing of the books, it was found that 185 new customers were secured. The boys of the office are now running a race, to see if they can get into the class of salesmanship with the girls. To date, it looks as though the boys were going to lose out. They will have to pep up to show up the girls.

Our stationery clerk, Ralph Loishner, says he received an order the other day from one of our agents, reading as follows: "Please send me some long envelopes, as I am getting short." From Ralph's idea in reasoning, it would be possible for Mr. Short to be a long man and for that reason, Ralph hopes that some day he will be tall.

Wedding bells have been extra loud and prolonged in the Dubuque division for some few days back. Our garage foreman, George Mattingly, got reckless, got out his newly painted Ford, hit the trail and stayed in the race until he succeeded in capturing Miss Frances Donavon and they were married April 20. Mark Wood, our traffic clerk, slipped away from the office for a few days' vacation and the first report we had was a package forwarded from Chicago, containing candy and cigars for his friends in the office, in which a note was concealed from Mark, stating he and Miss Maude Lang were married on April 23, the Congregational Church, Chicago. The jolt which the office received from the announcement of the two weddings herein referred to was not to be our last, as Gertrude Schwirtz, one of our ledger clerks, tendered her resignation and when the question was put to her, "Why", she advised that she was to be married this month, and within the next few days, we expect to have the announcement handed around that Gertrude is now Mrs. Carl Kleinschmidt.

Louis Fuller, our tank car clerk, is not greatly impressed with the idea of moving. He recently moved from the north end of the city onto Grandview avenue in the vicinity of Whisky Hill. Louis advises that his troubles have been greatly increased, as he was not yet settled, when the cyclone which blew through here, upset his chicken house and garage, say nothing of ruining his vegetable garden. Then, when trying to start his Tin Lizzie after allowing the lights to burn all night, he states he would still be cranking the old car were it not for the fact that he uses Red Crown Gasoline.

George Hornzee has been lamenting over the fact that he lost a whole hour's sleep and says he is unable to account for his alarming clock registering at 6 Bells instead of 7. George did not discover the difference until he was in the office. However, it seemed to have been a very agreeable surprise, inasmuch as it was the morning of the blizzard and George was one of the force who was on time.



"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," says the old adage, and these shining lights of the Dubuque office don't intend to have their brilliance dulled by lack of play. During the noon hour they pull stunts like this; during working hours they turn out a lot of work. Unscrambling the above we have, left to right: Grover Nicks, Elmer Luckritz, Ralph Loishner, Greg Wiemold, and "Abie" Eberhardt.

Billy Schlung and Ray Clemens evidently were having a contest to see who had the more pronounced case of smallpox. Both, after the usual time for quarantine, have returned to work. We assure you from the outward appearance of the two, there is no dispute as to who won. Every one says Billy won, hands down.

Marie Most and Irma Oswald spent their annual vacation in Chicago, visiting relatives. Frances Murray spent hers in Lima, Ohio, while Rebecca Strubel and David Laury, our assistant cashier, spent theirs at home.

J. N. Elkert, assistant manager, mixed a business trip to Chicago with pleasure and spent an evening at home with his folks in Milwaukee.

We are pleased to know that Mr. Quinlan's little boy, Tommy, has been released from quarantine, after having had a very severe case of scarlet fever.

Frank Tutsch, cashier, has purchased a new residence in the hill district and will move his family from the north end of the city to his new home on West 5th later in the month.

The Dubuque office feels highly elated over the fact of their interest in the stock purchasing plan of the company. Our last report to the treasurer carried names of 100 per cent of the eligibles in the office. We would like to know if any other office in the field can say as much. We will have more new ones that will be eligible later on, to add to the list.

The Dubuque office has in its service, a very honored clerk who terms himself the "Grand-Dad" of the bunch. To show that Mr. Schunk, at one time mayor of the City of Dubuque, still classes himself with the live ones, he handed us the follow-

ing squib of poetry with the permission that we might submit it to the readers of the Stanolind Record. We let the poetry speak for itself:

(Deleted by censor.)

Martha Moehl, who was taking a joy ride on her young brother's bicycle, had the misfortune to have the wheel skid on a slippery street, throwing her and severely injuring her hand. As a result, Martha carried her hand in splints for several days.

Mr. Burgeson of the home office dropped into our office lately and paid us a visit, which was most enjoyable.

Our chief clerk, Mr. Postlewaite, was called to Columbus, Ohio, by the death of his aunt. The sympathies of everyone is extended to Mr. Postlewaite.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

Mr. Edgar Lee Watlington has just returned from Chicago, where he spent his honeymoon. While there, he visited the Whiting refinery. We are expecting great things to happen in our Benton field.

At the present writing, Miss Verla Grant is surrounded by quite an air of mystery; all occasioned by a big pearl and diamond set ring which she wears on the left hand, the finger next and adjacent to the last one of said hand; we are all dying to know his name. "Or-ganist, start the Bridal March."

Our thinking genius, Robt. Gunton, Jr., has propounded the question, "If a bartender beat his wife, could he still liquor?" We would like to enlighten poor Bob, and would hold forth all the encouragement in the world—he must have had liquor to lick'er.

As a character witness for bootleggers, we have to admit Lee (Slim) Carlisle is there. However, we fear for his personal health should he be subjected to such strenuous conditions at frequent intervals. Eye witnesses claim he has already lost 20 of his 300 pounds avoirdupois.

Joe Berridge, construction superintendent, is one of the happiest men in the field; he has just discovered he can eat peanuts with his new false teeth. Oh, Joe!

New members of the family in Evansville, Ind., division: Miss Helen Zachman, Miss Edna Meinhold, Oren Dennis, Miss Edna Johnson, Talbot B. Williams, all of the Evansville Main Office, and V. P. Kline, agent, Benton, Ill.; H. G. Knecht, agent, Coulterville, Ill.; W. R. Reed, agent, Cisne, Ill.; L. O. Stanley, agent, Goreville, Ill.; Thos. Annakin, agent, Lewis, Ind.; C. C. Deason, agent, Oaktown, Ind.; also the following promotions: Percy Wightman to salesman, Murphysboro, Ill.; L. E. Pyle to salesman, DuQuoin, Ill.; C. H. Brown, to salesman, New Albany, Ind.; J. D. Kirby to salesman, Anna, Ill.; E. L. Watlington to salesman, Benton, Ill. Mr. Kirby was succeeded as agent, Anna, by Mr. W. C. Huff, Mr. Watlington succeeded as agent, Benton, by Mr. V. P. Kline. Service station attendants: Curtis Milan, Sullivan, Ind.; J. T. Ryal, Cairo, Ill.; C. L. Kimsey, Cairo, Ill.; G. E. Draper, New Albany, Ind.; Harry Luebke, Nashville, Ill.; A. H. Meier, Nashville, Ill.; Thos. Thornton, Jasonville, Ind.

FARGO, N. D.

It is now Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Raupagh and family, an eight-pound baby girl having arrived at the Raupagh home on Saturday, April 2, named Catherine Elaine. They say babies don't talk before a week or ten days, but the writer will bet his week's salary ($1,000.00) to a German Liberty Bond that P. A. R. had this baby saying "Mica" within 24 hours.

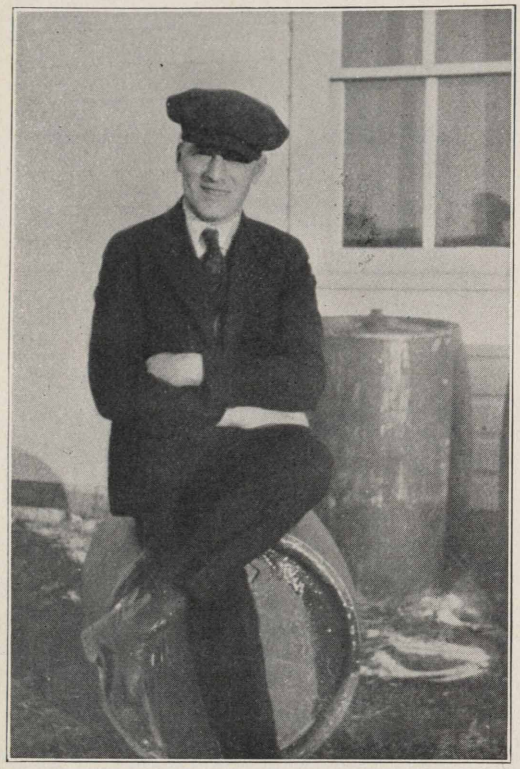
Owing to the rush during the past month, the "Field" news has been neglected. Watch next issue.

Which proves that the Fargo Office has the real "Get-Together Spirit"—the following have married within the office: Formerly, Miss Jessie Cruikshank, now Mrs. L. R. Jones; Miss Esther McArthur, now Mrs. Saunders Bennett; Miss Olga

SHE'S A MARVEL

Fargo, N. D., May 1.—Herewith likeness of one of our leading lights in stenography, Miss Marvyl Larson. Not content with displaying her ability in her chosen work, Miss Larson stepped out among her friends and associates after office hours, during the month of March, and secured for our company more new customers than any one of our employees, out of approximately two hundred workers, in office, warehouse and garage. Not only did she secure new customers, but she actually sold the goods, and collected the cash in many instances. She is single, and probably will remain so unless she meets someone who can at least equal her ability to sell Standard Oil products. (Oh, boy! What a challenge to the Fargo men!—Ed.)

PROMOTES HIMSELF



Fargo, N. D., May 1.—This is Mr. L. C. Johnson formerly our agent at Mott, N. D., who, on account of his untiring efforts in selling Mica Axel Grease and Polarine in 1920, besides making an excellent "full line" record, was tendered the position of regular salesman, which he accepted. This again proves that merit is rewarded. Mr. Johnson promoted himself by doing what many agents thought it was impossible to do.

Moe, now Mrs. Nick Ebeltoft; Miss Ethel Bennett, now Mrs. Chas. Gullans. Engagements announced: Miss Sue Hoffman to Einer Bjorge and Miss Mary Dwyer to Paul Gallagher. We are sure there are a number of other engagements definitely fixed, but not announced.

The latest of the family marriages was that of Miss Ethel Bennett, to Chas. Gullans. Both are live wires, and we wish them every possible success. To prove they had the real Standard Oil spirit, Rev. Wickland, one of our employees, officiated at the wedding.

Salesmen of the Crookston field state that when trouble arises, Harry "Hath-a-way" to adjust it.

Saturday, April 2, saw another of those popular Standard Oil Social Club Balls—music and floor were great—as to the crowd, see next issue for flash light pictures.

Doubling up: Mr. Paul Thomas, tax man at Fargo, recently called on the dentist to have a tooth "jerked." Charge $2.00. Paul, in turn, sold the dentist Polarine in amount of $4.50. Jack and Dick are now looking over all the salesmen's teeth.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

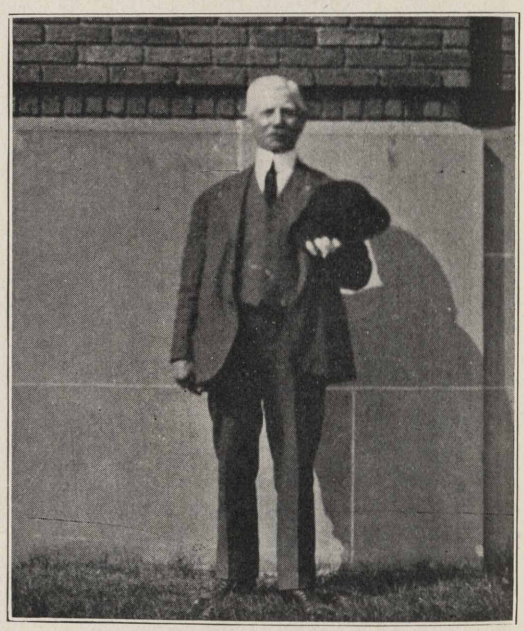
Just another poor girl gone wrong. Harry Brown of the service station department leaped into the sea of matrimony on Saturday, April 30th, and the mermaid he captured was Miss Anna Bruinsma, of Wayland, Mich. By the smile he wore and the Prince Hamlets he brought along, it looks as though it was a successful leap. The smokes swere fine—none of the girls suffered with a tootache. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

It is with regret that we announce the death of Mr. C. J. Mackie, on April 24th. Mr. Mackie was in the employ of the company as service station attendant for a number of years, at Grand Rapids. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved ones.

How-do-you-do, Maxine Elizabeth! Maxine made her appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Donovan Robinson on April 7th. She weighs 7 pounds and "Don" says she's some girl. Congratulations, daddy. Don is a bookkeeper in the Grand Rapids office.

All who were personally acquainted with Mr. I. Bruggema were indeed sorry to hear of his death on March 6. Previous to his lingering illness "Ike's" smiling countenance could be seen in the billing department.

One day Rudolph Hopper, driver of the service car of the Grand Rapids garage, invested his perfectly good cash in a little "Green Rambler." The little Henry sure could run—in fact, it hopped so fast that it drew the attention of the traffic cop the same day. Verdict:—$15.00 and costs. In the future Hopper, watch out for the copper.



"Uncle John" is what the trade in northern Michigan calls Mr. Van C. Shrider, lubricating salesman in the Grand Rapids field, in return for the sunny friendliness which he dispenses everywhere. He has been affiliated with the company in the Michigan territory for twenty-seven years, having been tank wagon superintendent, general salesman and lubricating salesman.

We extend our sympathy to John Vermaire of our order department and the rest of the family. John's mother passed away on March. 14.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Stewart of Morley, Mich., a baby girl. We understand she made her appearance on April 10th and answers to the name of Jane. Congratulations!

This isn't a fish story—but three "sharks" appeared at this office on April 14. They were J. H. Sharkey and "Babe" from Bellevue, Mich., and F. L. Sharkey, who is agent at Albion. Sure gald to see you all.

Mr. H. M. Koch, salesman, sustained a very painful injury at the Grand Rapids office on April 16, while attending a salesmen's meeting. While descending the stairs on the way to lunch, he slipped and fell, the result being a fractured wrist, and a few minor bruises. Glad to see you around again, Horace, it might have been worse.

Several of the agents have visited us lately, and we are always glad to make their acquaintance. On April 18th, Mr. C. H. Reynolds, of Saugatuck, came to see us. On March 31, Mr. S. J. Stewart, agent at our new Morley station, came in. Judging by size, S. J. is going to make some agent. Mr. Arthur Havens, agent, and Mr. Orville Flary, service station attendant at Hastings, dropped in to see us April 1.

Mrs. H. F. Barnes, wife of our Buchanan agent, is in the hospital at Benton Harbor, having undergone a serious operation. We all wish for a speedy recovery.

We were sorry to hear of the serious illness of Mrs. Leo Parker, wife of our agent at Vandalia. We sincerely hope she will soon regain her health.

Baseball is in full swing. You ought to see the "pep" displayed every noon after lunch, since the weather permits. The SOCO Indoor League, recently organized, will officially open in May. The league is composed of four teams, representing the Garage, Warehouse, "The Sky Rockets" and "The Submarines" of the office. Watch for the standings in the next issue, and be careful how you bet. A loving cup will be tendered the winners at the close of the season.

We are glad to hear that Joseph Brown, the lubricating engineer, who has been seriously ill for some time, is convalescing.

Welcome, new members of the happy SOCO family: Carlton Fletcher, agent at Ada; John G. Melling, agent at Bangor; Gary Chaney, agent at Blanchard; H. C. Wright, agent at Carson City; E. C. Vanderboegh, at Covert; Harry D. Mort, at Grand Junction; Roy Burlington, at Lawton; (Note: Another Roy) T. O. McCrum, at Mulliken; Chas. A. Reynolds, at Saugatuck; T. O. Evans, at Spring Lake. Glad you're with us fellows! Sell the full line. Let's Go!

After long years of continuous service in the capacity of agent at Lawton, Mich., Mr. Fred Phelps has retired. We were glad to see you the other day, and are sorry to have you leave us. Be glad to see you any time you are in Grand Rapids, Mr. Phelps.

The fish, promised at the spring agents' meeting, have begun to arrive, three large lake trout being received last week.

It was a terrible rainy night, awful wet under foot: This was on April 22, 1921, the night of our big party, but that didn't bother the crowd any, that is most of them; and we were glad to welcome at least 250, at the Grand Rapids office, where the party was held. Everybody anticipated a good time, and they had it. The country grocery store was a scream, and to those who were lucky, helped cut down the H. C. L. the others, well—maybe they won some candy to keep them sweet. Miss C. Fredericks, record clerk in the G. R. office, won the pedigreed Canadian Scotch Collie, four weeks old, which was donated to the cause by Mr. George Kearney. The dog has been named "SOCO" in honor of the occasion, and sure was cute. Watch for the picture, it's coming. The program revealed a lot of talent. Miss Elsa Frey had the pleasure of calling forth the persons with the hidden talents, and they sure surprised the rest of us. "Dad" Winslow gave the oration. Miss Margaret Decker displayed her ability as an elocutionist, when she recited "Our Baby," followed by an encore. Mrs. R. M. Carlisle and Miss Frieda Frey pleased the audience with their silver-toned voices. The program was followed by dancing, etc. Everyone enjoyed the ice cream and punch. In fact, everyone had such a good time, that they want another party, and they're going to have it on May 21, in the form of a "Poverty Party," and it's going to be good.

HURON, S. D.

Toasties spent the week end in Minneapolis. When asked how she spent the time she gently shimmied one shoulder. 'Nuff sed.

Why do most all the young ladies in the Huron office wear silk lace stockings?

We heard that Dick Ward has taken his Fourth degree in the K. P.'s.

Bertha Feenan has returned to work after being sick with the smallpox for four weeks. It's service we get from the order department from now on.

Conversation between Sparks and Braskamp: Braskamp: "If you had fixed that up when you had your pen in hand you would have saved time." Sparks (looking at clock): "It's 12:15, so I'm wasting my own time."

Everything has been going smoothly in the Chicken Coop since Viv's arrival. We hope he will decide to stay.

When "Snyder" popped the question at Wolsey the other night, she loudly exclaimed, "I should say not." Tough luck, Snyder.

Edna P: "Gee, my hands are cold." C. L. B. (approaching bag of taffy): "Well, you needn't think I'm going to hold them!"

Charlie Myers won the negligee with the blue ribbons.

Oscar Weston, order clerk, came down the other morning with a box of cigars and a box of candy under his arm. He says, "It was a boy and weighed ten pounds."

If Evelyn thinks Charlie, the steno, is true to her, she is greatly mistaken, because it's bein' told around that Charlie mumbled in his sleep the other night, "Write to Evelyn and tell her I love her, send carbon copies to Crystal, Vera and Irish."

Heinie to Helen Schultz: "Say do you want to own a little puppy?" Helen: "This is so sudden."

They say Prohibition's in effect, but how about Ed's red nose?—or maybe it's the cold weather. (???)

Thanks for the candy and cigars, "Ruth," only we think you ought to bring him up to the office so we can see what kind of a pick you made.

Lorraine Oakes says, "It's a shame to have to come back to Huron after just getting acquainted with all the nice people in Mitchell, bankers, etc." That's alright, Lorraine, there are a few single men left in Huron.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Indianapolis, Ind., May 14.—(Special to the Stanolind Record).—The mere incident of finishing fifteenth (one step out of the cellar) in the Commerical Bowling League, did not detract from the S. O. Co. team's class at the annual chicken supper (free) when all members shot a great series from celery and pickles to neapolitan and "smokes."

R. R. Copeland, who dreams of the day when a ledger balance will "gee" on the fifth of the month, had a brainstorm the other noon when he tried to put one of the 4-ton trucks out of commission by backing into it with his flivver. Oh you ought to have seen J. M. Stoner doing the marathon with a personal injury report. We think a gun would have been more proper.

'Spect it is now up to Edward Pyle, our sorter of coupons, to change his name since it rhymes so with "file" and a bunch of 082's got there instead of in the right channel.

With Albert (Speedy) Shotwell helping out on the switchboard, we have added a new biped to the messenger service, in the person of Robert Green. He answers right up to the name of Tacky and was observed taking two stairsteps at a time. Robert is a perfect example of the present day Young America and proves it by lighting matches with his thum nail—just like Bill Hart.

D. E. (Red) Williams, the George Ade of the upper deck and of the traffic department in particular, took one good quick look at Wallace Revel's new cloth dome cover and now "tanks only juggler" goes by the name of Herlock Sholmes.

"Makem shimmy" iron barrel department to salesman (phone conversation). "Always shake them to be sure they are empty."

In the meantime, Ed (Doc) Anderson sighs as the prices slide downward, being a prosperous druggist all the while.

E. F. Kroencke, formerly secretary to the "green carpet," has been transferred to the mysteries of the refined oil and gasoline section. Ernie releases his pent-up feelings by quoting from the great William S.—. "It's not as deep as a well nor as broad as a church door, but it will suffice."

Rookie he was and he took one look at the name "Terre Haute Spring Co." and decided point blank it was a water works.

Records in the iron barrel corner had a close call the other Saturday morning when Muriel Falender's red waist caught fire.

Charley Ross, agent instructor, chaperoned by Clifford Wyman, had a thrilling experience with one of those automatic elevators. When the "lift" started up without the operator, Charley started to dig a hole through the grating before the cage hit the roof and headed for the moon. Eye witnesses say as to how he was some scared.

They had some real excitement in Connersville recently when Henry McKinney almost started a riot by driving his truck down the main street with all faucets open. Henry quieted the commotion by explaining that he was on the way to a welder and the faucets were serving water and not the w. k. Red Crown to the rather dusty thoroughfare.

Charley Hall, Connersville agent, has returned to action after a month's leave of absence, most of which time he spent in Old Kentuck. As Charley was down there in the dark of the moon, he says he did not see any moonshine; listed among the doubters is country driver O. H. Myer who can't quite figure this out. No one has ever learned the exact hour Will Fell starts out on that Monday morning trip, except that he eats dinner at seven o'clock A. M. Charley Rigor in a spare moment counted up enough titles to fill a book. For lack of space the following covers a few of the most important: janitor, office-boy, gauger, pumper, general clerk, shipping clerk, drayman, warehouseman, cashier, and S. S. attendant.

It appears our veteran salesman, Manville H. Gant, has turned poet. After hearing his latest offerings, "Just Folks," Guest had best look to his laurels.

Mrs. Pearl Holliday's long lost vacation finally turned up and she reports a very enjoyable visit with her son who is attending Purdue university.

In order to put out the right brand of service, it may be in order to furnish Order Clerk Ed Medema with a motorcycle, Sir Edward having drawn the line on roller skates on account of the reverse angle stairway.

Under the caption "Tank Cars received today," P. M. Jarrett, Alexandria agent wrote "None, but a seven-pound girl—not to be sent to Wood River."

Our chief clerk has transferred the former sunshine of the refined oil and gasoline department (Miss Helen Benner) from the first floor to the darker regions extending around the top of the stairway.

Pipefitters Frank Wiseman and Joe Neal are anxious to establish a "rep" as campaigners after frogs. As soon as they can secure a battleship searchlight the invasion will start. Our guess would be that they would better look up some life preservers as neither wear any medals for swimming.

The sprinkling of "hold-ups" locally has George Dietz, S. S. 58, cornering the market on "cannon" and other artillery. 'Spect George is about to rival the cunning of W. S. Hart and Leslie Barry of the films—if the opportunity turns up. Highwaymen beware.

Auditor Hanna (inquiringly)—"What would you people do around here in case of a fire?" Second floor wit—"Blow the five o'clock whistle—they'll all get out O. K."

Now how is this: Robert Lee, salesman, lives in Indianapolis, so why should he be in Crawfordsville every Saturday and Sunday? Surely not taking a post-graduate course at Wabash Collage. Ah, we have it, it's a girl in the case and it's the old old story with all the trimmings. She is a stenog in a bank. We all are waiting for the announcement, so let's go, Bob, time is fleeting, don't wait nor hesitate, some other feller may grab her; oh, it has happened!

Service stationmen presented "Utility Jim" Hereth with an elegant floor lamp—because James and Miss Ollie Vorhees are now one.

Baseball fans in the office had about decided Chief Clerk George Ashman was a second Walter Johnson when he admitted he was a pitcher or rather had been one once at St. Joseph. He neglected to mention how he pitched for the "second" team out there and was knocked out so hard he's never worn a toe plate since.

B. A. Sunderland, better known as "Sunday" (not that he fishes on that day), is president of the County Fish and Game Protective Association here at Indianapolis. Dues three "bucks" per year, better join!

After several months of sickness, James Morgan is again throwing a sinful quill over the sales sheets. As to the wicked pen he slings, let it be known he changes pen points daily. It certainly is mighty

nice to see him back; if we only had the old time 081 tissues to keep Jim stirred up, life surely would be worth living.

A severe siege of pneumonia which settled in his knee had Hoy Donaldson off of the "safeguards" since the first of the year, but he hobbled in the other day much the worse for wear and many pounds lighter on the avoirdupois, and is going to fight it out if it takes all summer.

In re-decorating the Indianapolis office, the painters did not reckon with the curiosity of the multitude, the question of what colors were put on will probably have to be left to the arbitration board or the Supreme Court. Some of the near guesses on the wall coat ran from light canary down through yellow and cream to ivory white.

Tell the world that Bruce Smeed, Room 300, Chicago, can get plenty of checker-board action by starting a move against George Austermiller, our agent at Madison, Ind. George doesn't bar any of them, except the color line.

JOLIET, ILL.

Noon hours and after work, any day in the week, there is always from five to forty prospective members of the Joliet Division S. O. Co. baseball team, out limbering up their wings. One would think it a spring training camp.

Jno. Reinhard, our credit man (he only weighs about 250), says he will come out for the team if there are enough high class ball players there, so that he would be in no danger of hurting his high standard by playing with a bunch of hams.

Art Meader uses his head for a back-stop. Are you going to get a patent on that idea, Art?

We have been unable to induce Mr . Morton to come out for the team, as yet. He claims he is a ball player, but every time Louis asks him to come out to practice, he has an engagement or some other alibi. We live in Illinois, Mr. Morton, but we are from Missouri.

Mr. Monson hasn't put in an appearance either. He says the outfit looks pretty good and he doesn't want to spoil it. We don't think that's possible.

Louis Brehm, the popular manager of the newly organized Standard Oil Co. baseball team, is spending a lot of sleepless nights trying to figure out which is the best way to win games.

One of the recruits reporting for a place on the twirling staff, is Walt Schauland.

The Standard Oil team can boast of a second Ray Schalk in resemblance and size. We hand it to John Sontag, who formerly did the back-stopping for Plainfield, Ill., team. If he can cover as much ground on the ball field as he does in his new Dodge, we sure will have to give John the credit.

While looking over the recruits that reported for practice, we noticed that Alex Findlay wore a pair of shin guards. When asked the reason for wearing same, Alex said he thought it was a kicking game, being accustomed to playing soccer in England. The manager politely excused him.

The most surprised man in the office was none other than L. O. Brehm, after reading the various applications for positions, as nearly every one showed minor-league, semi-pro and a college experience.

We note that John Sontag purchased a rule book. Guess baseball is played quite differently now than when John played. Although we think John will fill the bill, by his actions one would think him to be in his prime.

A man stepped up to the cashier's window the other day to pay his bill, and, in the course of the conversation with Geo. Johnson, cashier, he said: "What is that bad smell in here today?" George replied, "Oh, that's the business, it's rotten!"

KANSAS CITY, MO.

The 9th & Hardesty ball team won its first victory of the season on Saturday, April 30, defeating the McPike Drug Co. by a score of 17-14. The game was well played throughout the entire nine innings, by both teams, and there was plenty of action. Threatening weather kept many enthusiastic fans away. However, this did not dampen the spirits of the players. With the encouragement of their victory last Saturday, the boys feel confident that they will have a very successful season. (17 to 14—Whaddye mean, well played?—*Ed.*)

We are pleased to have two of our old co-workers with us again—Owen "Lefty" Ogden who is occupying a desk in the supply department, and Billy Miller, a recent addition to the auditing department. Both are good workers and well liked by the office force, who welcome them back.

Those who miss Minnie Haugk will remember that she was wearing a diamond big enough to choke a horse a short time prior to her resignation. Here's wishing you luck, Minnie!

The Kansas City Business Woman's Club, a newly organized club in this city, has the names of 14 Standard Oil employees on its roster. This is a boost for our company as it goes to show that they are not only interested in their immediate occupations but have time to devote to the betterment of social conditions in their own city. A dance given by this club at Aarat Temple on Thursday night, April 29 was a grand success and from the number of the Standard Oil family present it looked as if the office force was entertaining. Miss Lucille Bulson., "skipper" of the billing department, is a member of the board of Governors, which position we know she will fill very successfully.

Now that spring is here, how about that picnic that was being planned for the employees? Everybody that had the good luck to attend the last entertainment is looking forward to this picnic so let's hurry it up??????

Roomers and rumors are very unreliable things, but here's a good one: Arthur Peterson, who hangs his coat and hat in the stationery department, is figuring on getting married. And she is white, too! This is a sure sign of spring and also goes to prove that the high cost of living has really dropped. We understand that they have a nice cozy little two-room bungalow in Rosedale. Remember Pete, the first 40 years are the hardest.

The coupon book campaign in the Kansas City Division closed with a whirl-wind finish. And it was a success. Those who worked to attain this end, no doubt feel gratified by the results of their efforts. Mr. Fred Morsby, who by the way is a descendent of the English Admirality, bah jove, headed the office force with a sale of 25 books. Fred says he waded in down at motor row and when kind words failed to fetch results he got tough and made three quick sales to one customer. We think you missed your calling Fred, why not try salesmanship? Miss Clarissa Wells made a very creditable showing with a sale of 19 books. The entire office force sold 150 books, of which the credit department sold 87. Some credit!

Miss Madeline Perdue spent part of her vacation in St. Marys, Kan., and returned home, determined

to remain here the rest of her days. She says that the street car service there is much worse than in Kansas City, as she waited 20 minutes one day for a street car and it never did show up. It developed later that she was looking at the railroad track and not a trolley line, and if we are right, service on that line is something like one every 48 hours.

Miss Gertrude Barry, of the billing department, left May 9 for a two weeks' vacation. She is rather undecided whether to sojourn at Excelsior Springs or take a trip to Bonner Springs, but for our part, we think the "see" breeze is much more tempting at Excelsior Springs. And there are more fish too, both varieties.

KEOKUK, IOWA

Miss Margaret Ewers, of the marketing department, has been transferred to the sales writing department to fill the vacancy made by Miss Whitehead.

Mrs. Marguerite Raber, former stenographer in the marketing department, has been transferred from the checking department back to the marketing department to fill the vacancy made by Miss Pearl Hanson.

Last month was a month of showers among the girls of the Keokuk office for the brides-to-be, there being two showers given in honor of Miss Pearl Hanson, one at the home of Miss Margaret Ewers and the other at the home of Mrs. Marguerite Raber. There were also two showers given last month in honor of Miss Catherine Whitehead, one at the home of Miss Margaret Stadler and one at the home of Miss Helen Fegers. There was also a kitchen shower held in honor of Miss Whitehead at the home of Miss Catherine Brerton on the evening of May 11. It is quite a blow to the Keokuk office to lose two such lovely girls so close together, but we are wishing them both all kinds of happiness during their married life.

On April 30, Ed M. Dobyns, messenger of the Keokuk office, better known to the office employees as "Eddie," celebrated his sixty-seventh birthday. He made all the girls happy on that day by treating them to three pounds of delicious chocolates. "Eddie" received numerous congratulations and wishes that he would see many more happy birthdays, and when asked how he felt, said "Just like a two-year old." So you can see, girls, that he is getting younger evey year.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Monday evening, April 4, about 50 of the employees of the La Crosse branch got together in the office to start a social club. Temporary Chairman Elmer Remp, called the unorganized bunch to order and gave a brief outline of what was contemplated. As a reward for Mr. Remp's efforts, the bunch proceeded to elect him president of the organization. Other officers elected are: Charles Bruckert, Vice-President; Hattie Rochelt, Secretary-Treasurer. A committee to formulate a constitution and by-laws was also elected, the favored ones being: Miss Alice Ortwein, Miss Helen Ferguson, Mr. Walter Selbo and Mr. Arthur Barton. Things moved along swiftly and smoothly for everyone except "Spike" Selbo. Somehow or other he got the nights confused, for he persisted in addressing the chairman as "Mr. Chancellor Commander." (The K. P. Lodge meets Tuesday evenings.) On account of the short notice before the organization meeting a large number of employees could not be with us, but they are going to be there at the special meeting on April 18.

BRIDES-TO-BE

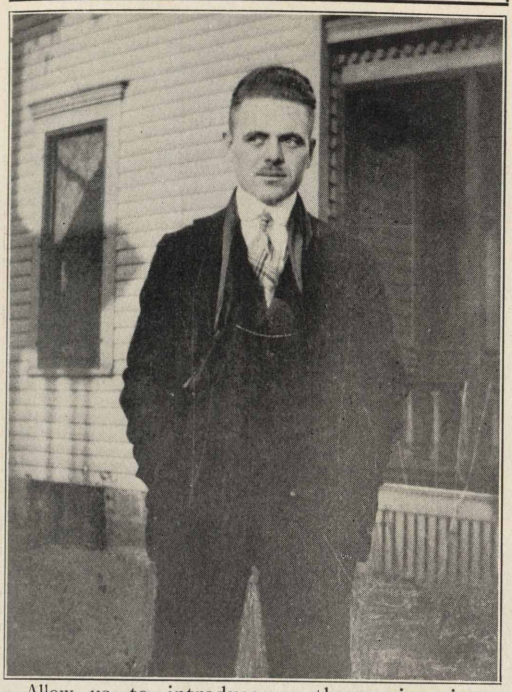
Keokuk, Iowa, May 1.—From the smiles, friend hubby (to be) must be taking the pictures. Left to right: Miss Catherine Whitehead, of the sales writing department, and Miss Pearl Hanson, stenographer in the marketing department. While we will miss these two smiling countenances from our midst, we congratulate the lucky men, and our best wishes go forth to them all.

LATER: The second meeting of our Social Club was even more "peppy" than was the first. "Spike" Selbo started things moving when he read the by-laws draughted by the committee. Jack Rubin kept things going in lively fashion by interposing objections or suggestions after every section as read. Jack sports a luxurious pompadour, and, like "Bob," he ought to be on the Senate floor to help keep the solons from going to sleep on the job. The committee on by-laws performed its task well and, with a few alterations, these were approved and officially adopted. Henry Liso was elected secretary for the balance of the year; Joe Sagen was elected manager of the indoor baseball club; Mrs. Rodell, Henry Knothe and Miss Rochelt were appointed as a sick committee; Carl Stokke, Miss Baker and Fred Miller were appointed as the entertainment committee The girls turned out in fine shape (no pun here) in response to an urgent appeal. They are going to come out stronger at every meeting. Various sports were discussed, but swimming and tennis were chosen. Teams are being formed, and we are looking forward to some lively contests. (Pictures as soon as contests start?—ED.)

MANKATO, MINN.

Friday evening, April 8, the Red Crown Club of the Mankato division entertained the members and their friends at a dancing party at the company

TODDLE, TODDLE



Allow us to introduce another prize-winner from the Mankato division—a champion in every sense of the word, even if a lady did have to help him win the trophy. People, we take the greatest pleasure in introducing to you Mr. Stephen F. Armstrong, salesman, cartage-clerk, and now champion of the terpsichorean art in Mankato and vicinity. As a tripper of the light fantastic and a shaker of the nimble fox-trot, he, today, stands the acknowledged peer of them all, for last evening, January 19, at Professor Rockvam's Dancing Academy, the learned judges unanimously declared Mr. Armstrong winner and presented him with the prize, a pair of elegant Brogans. Ladies, gaze upon Steve—that pompadour, those mustaches, "them eyes"—and then dare say that you couldn't fox-trot till death do us part. Address Mr. S. F. Armstrong at—oh well, what's the use, the mails are flooded now. (But the Chicago office girls want to know: "Oh, does he Toddle?")

offices. About forty couples were in attendance and they danced to music furnished by the Loyola orchestra until midnight when refreshments were served. The success of the party was largely due to the chairmen of the committees and their assistants: R. E. Nuebel, music; Grace Nelson, refreshments; A. W. Otto, floor; Frank Brown, finances. The Red Crown Club of the Mankato division is now in a flourishing condition—both financially and socially, and many social affairs are planned for the near future.

The Red Crown Club of the Mankato division held a most enjoyable dancing party at the company offices on the evening of April 29. About thirty couples attended and dancing was continued until twelve o'clock when refreshments were served under the able direction of Miss Irma Miller, chairman of the refreshments committee. The success of the Red Crown Club is largely due to the work of the various committees and the chairmen of committees for this party upheld the reputation of those who had served before. The following members, besides Miss Miller, acted as chairmen for this party: A. A. Weimar, floor space; L. C. Dickey, floor preparation; Miss Grace Lane, decorations; H. Anderson, music. The Red Crown Club is now in flourishing financial condition as all social affairs are practically selfsustaining. The dues to this live organization are one dollar per quarter, payable in advance, and the employees of Mankato have joined the club 100 per cent strong.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

On Monday, April 11, Mr. Lang called a meeting of the entire office force. This meeting was held for the purpose of creating salesmanship and having every employee 100% Standard Oil. Mr. Lang opened the meeting with a very interesting speech followed by Mr. Prather who explained how to sell our products, also relating a story which brought forth much laughter. After these talks a lunch was served which was prepared by the Misses Alma Sandbo, Loraine Knetzer, Gene St. Pierre and Irene Hayes, superintended by our famous Louis Joost, who also attended to the musical program. It sure was some feed and we extend our thanks to the committee for their efforts. After lunch was served, Mr. Radtke, our assistant chief clerk, started the fireworks by getting out on the floor and dancing and was followed by a number of other dancers. The dance completed for the time being, we then listened to Mr. Taylor's lecture. He illustrated his talk about gasoline and the refinery with slides. It sure was a very interesting talk and we all feel confident that there is nothing equal to Red Crown Gasoline. During the course of his lecture the entire office force welcomed back our Mr. D. J. Sheehan who had been absent seven weeks. We're glad to see you back, Dan. Dancing was then resumed, which ended the evening's performance.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Joe Huckenpahler, director of the engineering department, is a busy man overseeing the construction of service stations. Joe drives a Ford "automobile."

Mr. Pollock, our former manager, has returned from a sojourn in California. Says he prefers the Minneapolis climate.

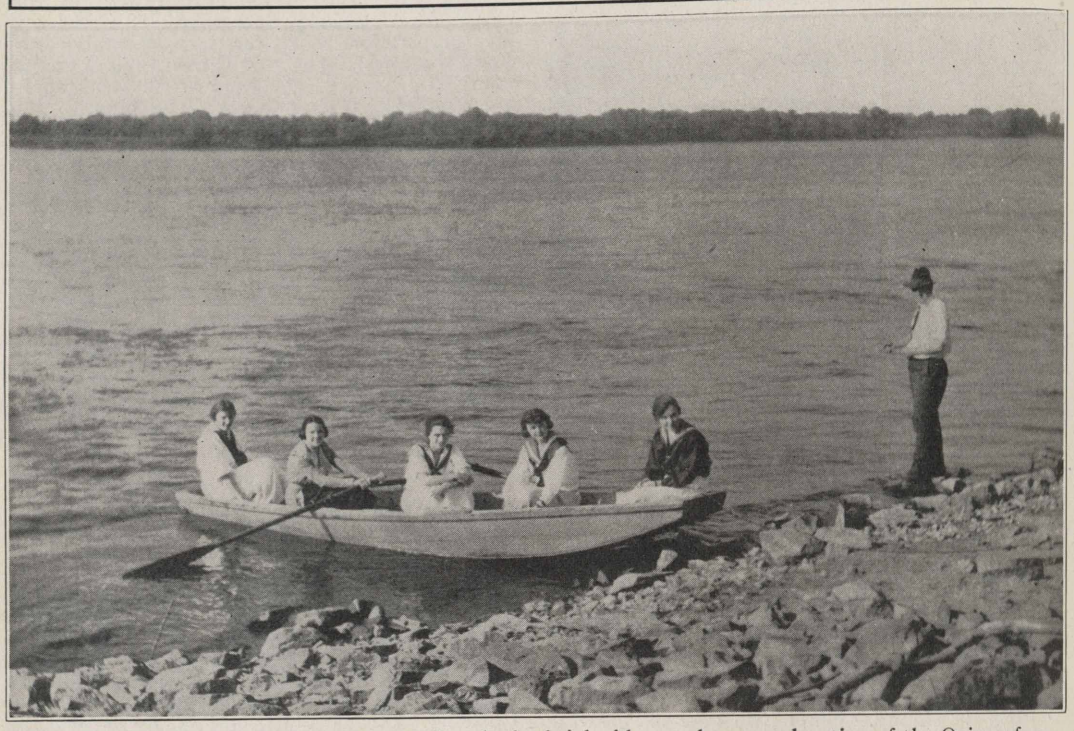
On April 29 the salesmen enjoyed an illustrated lecture on Red Crown gasoline at the West hotel. The lecturer was Mr. Taylor from Chicago. A banquet followed the lecture.

A kittenball team has been organized by the boys in the office. They will be known as the Red Crowns, and will play in the Commercial league. We understand they are "fast," and they should have our support. The Twin City championship is what they are after.

Mr. S. M. Holman, our cashier, was placed on the annuity roll April 15 after 34 years of service. Mr. Holman was presented with a large rocking chair by the office force. It is not intended that he spend his remaining years in this chair—it is merely for his comfort while reading the evening Tribune.

Connolly has deserted the Men's Union at the University. As Jim puts it, "I don't mind a case of smallpox once in a while, but I'm not going to buy it." There are two things that make life miserable for Jim, bad accounts and smallpox.

IT WOULD BE A POOR FISH WHO WOULD IGNORE THESE



Mr. Beaman, chief clerk of the Quincy office, had a bright idea at the annual outing of the Quincy force, and persuaded these young ladies to sit in a boat near where he was fishing in the belief that it would be a poor fish they couldn't attract to the spot. He overdid it, however, for the fish were so interested in the contents of the boat that they refused to pay any attention to Bill's hook. The only person who paid more attention to Bill than to the more decorative part of the picture is the person who wrote the description on the back of the photograph. He gave us Bill's name and failed to name the girls. Well, we hope he won't take our headline too much to heart.

Erickson, the general clerk, could be a demonstrator for Djer Kiss. Lots of surface and nice and soft. As a foot racer Erick wouldn't qualify.

Mr. Brown likes his new Dodge. So would we.

The Red Crown trophy that will be competed for at the Glenwood Golf Links, is on view at Jacob's Jewelry.

Jess Chalmers is selling in Minneapolis now, and says it's pretty hard to apply barn yard ideas on Nicollet avenue. Jess has the shortest legs in the division and covers as much territory as Geo. Day.

At a salesmen's gathering in the Andrews hotel recently Jim Bullard gave us a piece of oratory that compared favorably with Daniel Webster's best.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Messrs. H. E. Hall and H. M. Battin have left this station, after making their usual audit. We really enjoyed their visit and feel that their suggestions and advice will help us considerably in the work. Come, again, gentlemen.

W. S. Wittmond, who has been with this company the last six years and is at present in the credit department, left the service on April 30, on account of ill health. We trust that after taking a good rest he will be entirely recuperated and "in the pink." Our best wishes go with him. He will be succeeded by E. H. Harrison.

The town of Pepsin has been taken off our Joplin tank wagon circuit—Pepsin now being made by Mr. Wrigley.

Our head station examiner, Chester Rowton, is the proud father of a baby girl, born April 8. Little Miss Rowton's name is Elizabeth Anne, but will be better known as "Betty."

A baseball team has been organized by members of the office force to be known as the Oil Cans, as follows: Summers, McLaughlin, Zipp, North, Leeman, McGoldrick, Long, DeWitt, Vollett. Would like to arrange for games with Wood River. For complete schedule, address Bill Zipp.

The scratch marks that Thelma exhibits are not caused by pins left in coat lapels—Little Mike's in town.

Next time, Libertine, safety first when you attend a wedding.

Driver Boehmer never removes his collar or tie when shaving in the evening. Is it a low one, A. H.?

A meeting of station examiners was held at the office last month. J. F. Pyle, formerly agent at Springfield, Mo., has been transferred to St. Louis office, and succeeds A. C. McHenry, as station examiner.

COURTEOUS

The above shows Sam Lehmen, agent at St. Louis service station, 19th and Chestnut, St. Louis. Sam is a true believer in courtesy and service. He greets his customers with a pleasant smile and has developed the business at his station to such an extent that it has been necessary to install an additional pump to increase his service facilities.

H. J. Bomford visited us recently and gave an excellent talk on live topics of interest at the regular Wednesday meeting of the department heads.

There was a big traffic blockade recently at Delmar and Kingshighway. An investigation developed the fact that Emmet Shaffer killed his motor which caused the blockade. Emmet has a brand new Ford sedan with everything in the way of accessories. Even an experienced driver would find it difficult to manipulate E. S.'s car.

It is reported that Charles Schkenroth, assistant mechanic, main plant, is going to Mexico. The men in the shop say that he is a good greaser.

The office was honored by a visit of our auditor, Mr. F. L. King. He gave us one of his characteristic instructive talks on office routine and personnel. The only unpleasant feature is that his visit was entirely too short. We all hope he will find time to call on us again soon.

Rasmussen, the mechanic, should be given a medal for sticking to his ship. With the engine room flooded and at the mercy of the tide and heavy waves sweeping o'er the deck, he stuck to his post from 7:00 o'clock until 11:00 o'clock, all the time calling lustilly for H-E-L-P. O-o-o-h, H-E-L-P! Where was your wireless outfit, Rasmussen? Why not S-O-T? (Save our truck.)

Bill Doll expects to be called upon by the navy department for a more detailed explanation of his scheme to convert a floating tank truck into a stationary buoy. Fill the compartments and let 'er sink, eh! Bill?

O. H. Gerard enjoyed his vacation in Florida. While there he remembered his old cronie, Horace Johnson, and sent him a box of grape fruit by picture post card. Horace gave us a look, that's all.

The St. Louis office force observed two minutes silence on Saturday, April 9, last, as did the entire city, in memory of St. Louis' 500 War Heroes who were killed, four of the bodies being buried on this day.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Helen Cain brought her saxophone the other noon and she and Edna Morrison gave us a real concert. They put so much life and pep into the crowd that D. B. T. said he believed that he could almost manage to toddle. (Wait till Mrs. T. sees this). Now if we could only get Herb Mann at the drums, and Jack Carter with his horn, and there's no doubt plenty of other talent, we should have a real Sioux City Office orchestra. Somebody start it.

Agent Kessler, of Rock Valley, was in with candy and cigars last week. He says he has a new Standard Oil Man at his house, Weight 9 pounds. Dad Kessler says that the first words that this young man will learn to say is "Polarine and Red Crown Gasoline." Dad has got the right spirit.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Goebel (our cashier), are rejoicing over the arrival of Geraldine Philis, who came to gladden their home last week. Mrs. Goebel was formerly Anna McDermot of our bookkeeping department.

Mrs. Anna Peterson, of the Huron office, stopped off last Monday while returning home from Belle Plains, and we certainly enjoyed her visit. We are always glad to have the pleasant members of our big Standard Oil family come and see us when in the city. Come again, Mrs. Peterson, dinner is served at 12 o'clock (good eats too) in the only real dining-room in this division.

Joe Gordon says it seems kind of good to see his name in print and wonders how it would look on the bottom of our pay checks. Mighty fine, Joe, keep on paddling.

Vera Weed, Pearl White and two blue shirts went on a picnic the other eve and, oh, what a time! But those girls could have a good time with any kind of a shirt.

Will some one please ask Mabel Kelley what was in the conspicuous looking package which she carried the other noon on her return from shopping? If crepe paper, then why the quick getaway at 5.

Alice Kendall declares she can knit a sweater large enough for Bill Austin. Maybe so, Alice, maybe so.

Paul Gooch thinks it about time he was mentioned in the Record. So 'tis Paul. We did have a hard time getting you in, but we sure came out ahead with the news. Cheer up, your picture's on the way.

A pretty party was given at the O'Keefe home in honor of Lulu's birthday. A color scheme of yellow

SOUTH BENDERS

South Bend, Ind., Nov. 15.—Whiting has nothing on South Bend when it comes to bowling. We have a six-team league of the following teams: Inner Oils, Moguls, Parolites, Superlas, Petro "5" and Renowns, in the order in which they now rank in the league standing. This is our third season and competition is very keen. Above are the captains, standing, left to right: J. Buzolits, Superlas; J. J. Marcus, Parolites; J. Steiner, Moguls; W. Lang, Inner Oils. Below: V. Curtis, Renowns; D. Olinger, Petro "5".

and white was carried out in the decorations and the evening was devoted to music and games. Prizes were awarded Kathryn Barnable and Grace Carter. Kathryn securing a pipe (and now she's blowing bubbles every where). Grace was given a—was it the booby prize, Grace? A delicious luncheon was served, the center of the table being decorated with a huge cake covered with candles (40, Jeanette Harrington says, and she counted every one of them). Here's hoping, Lulu, you will have forty more birthdays just like it.

WICHITA, KAN.

Since Pres. Youle, S. S. superintendent, ate the chocolate containing onions on April first, you couldn't give him anything, not even a five-dollar gold piece.

Leta Root, steno., and Harry Lemon, assistant stock clerk, were married just after the big hail storm on Easter Sunday. Monday they settled down to a quiet married life, little thinking that they had another hail storm coming. When the office closed at five o'clock, the bunch seized them and tied them on top of a big truck, placarded with the following signs: "She wanted a man, but got a lemon"; "Another man gone astray"; "Who said they couldn't grow lemons in Kansas"? etc. Then amid showers of rice and the discordant strains of tin horns, the happy (?) couple was driven through the main streets of Wichita. Some hail, Harry! Some lemon, Leta! But the sunshine came into their faces when the employees presented them with a fine cut glass water set and sherbet glasses.

Lorance Avery, S. S. 83, was off duty for a week, ill of the "flu."

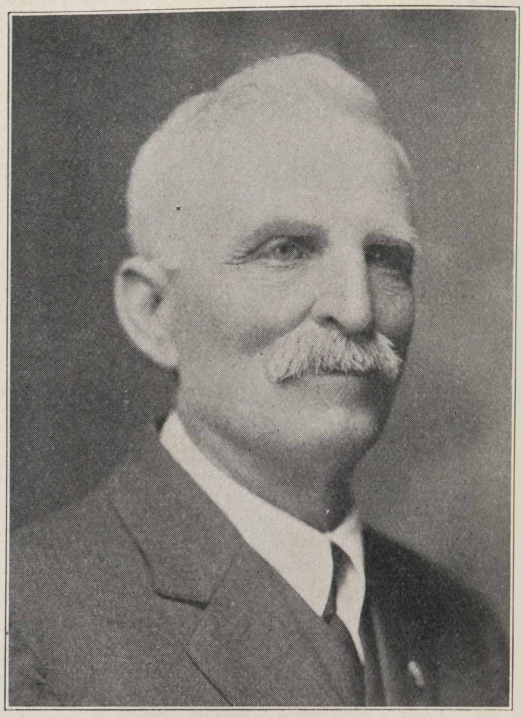
A. T. Coombes, S. S. 5, is serving time on the jury. Just how long he will be "in" nobody knows.

Mrs. Sherrick, wife of John Sherrick, gauger, has had a bad case of appendicitis. She has been in the hospital four weeks, but is better at this time.

Charley Ash's (truck driver), five-year old son, Frank, has recovered from an attack of measles. He had a "measly" time but is all right now.

M. G. Spalding, pay roll clerk, spent a week of his vacation visiting old friends at the refinery, Neodesha. By the way, does anyone know what became of the belt to Mr. Spalding's overcoat? Rumor says—but Spalding is a friend and we simply won't tell.

RETIRES



South Bend, Ind., May 1.—This is D. W. Vincent, agent at Crown Point, Ind., who was placed on the annuity roll, April 1, 1921, having been in the employ of the company since October 20, 1902. He is now 68 years of age. Mr. Vincent served this company long and faithfully and we all join in extending him our very best wishes for his continued health and prosperity.

E. C. Thomas, bookkeeper, is the proud daddy of a seven-pound baby girl, Marguerite Marian. Elmer, those cigars will taste good as soon as you have recovered sufficiently to deliver them.

New stenos: Carmela Lewis and Kathryn Robbins, both good looking.

Mr. Editor, kindly discontinue the ad. I gave you last month as Katherine Polk is now wearing a keen diamond on the proper finger. Your notices certainly get results. (This magazine always gets results!—Ed.)

Cora Westfall, coupon clerk, thinks of taking up a claim in Utah. She will build a house big enough for two if she can find the right kind of man to accompany her. Cora, don't demand perfection in a man. There "ain't" any such animal.

John Flickenger, O6-book, wrestled a week with the "flu." He is working now but has not fully recovered his usual strength.

W. S. Sullivan, salesman, visited old friends in the office recently.

Mac Evans, warehouse, is suffering with the grip.

J. J. Carpenter, traffic, has returned from Lawrence, Kan., where he was called suddenly by the serious illness of his mother. He reports his mother recovering very slowly.

Several employees attended the funeral of Dist. Supt. Armour's mother, which was held from Gill's funeral home recently.

Those that attended the Rotary minstrel say that Manager Van Keuren's part was a side-splitting affair from beginning to end. We are not surprised; two years ago he had the whole house at his feet with his funny stunts. He is there with the goods.

We regret to hear that Mr. J. R. Cook, our sales manager, has been transferred to Kansas City. Mr. Cook has been with the Wichita office about five years. In this change we loose a good man but Kansas City gains one. We are all a big family anyway and while we are glad for Mr. Cook, we are sorry to lose him.

H. H. Day, agent at Chase, is reported ill of smallpox.

Jim Armour, district superintendent, recently let his two little boys, Jim and Jack, ride with him to Augusta. The little fellows enjoyed the ride but wanted their papa to buy them everything they saw on the road. At one place a large cow with Texas style horns appeared close to the fence. Little Jack, four years old, immediately turned to his papa and said, "O, papa, buy me that one with the 'hooks'." "No," said Brother Jim, who has two years more of experience, "you don't want that one with the 'hooks' because if she hooked you, you would have the hook worm."

* * *

"The manager of the department store fired Umson."

"What for?"

"Umson took the sign, 'How would you like to see your girl in this!' from a swell dress—"

"Uh, huh"

"And carelessly hung it onto a bath tub."

* * *

"Mother, did God make you?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did He make me, too?"

"Of course, darling."

"Did He make the flies?"

"Certainly. He made everything."

The child bent over his toys muttering: "Dreadful fussy work—making flies."—Everybody's.

PERFECT RIGHT

Grand Rapids, Mich., May 1.—Well, he has a perfect right to do it. The young lady became his bride just a few days ago. This is Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Hyderdall, of Bridgeman, Mich. Jerry is our new agent at that point.

* * *

A CONNOISSEUR

Second-story Worker—"Hullo, Bill, I see you got a new overcoat. What did it cost you?"

Burglar—"Six months. I never wears cheap clothes!"—Grist.

* * *

The sweet young thing was being shown through the boiler shop.

"What's that thing?" she asked, pointing with a dainty parasol.

"That's an engine boiler," said the guide.

"And why do they boil engines?" she inquired.

"To make the engine tender," replied the resourceful guide.

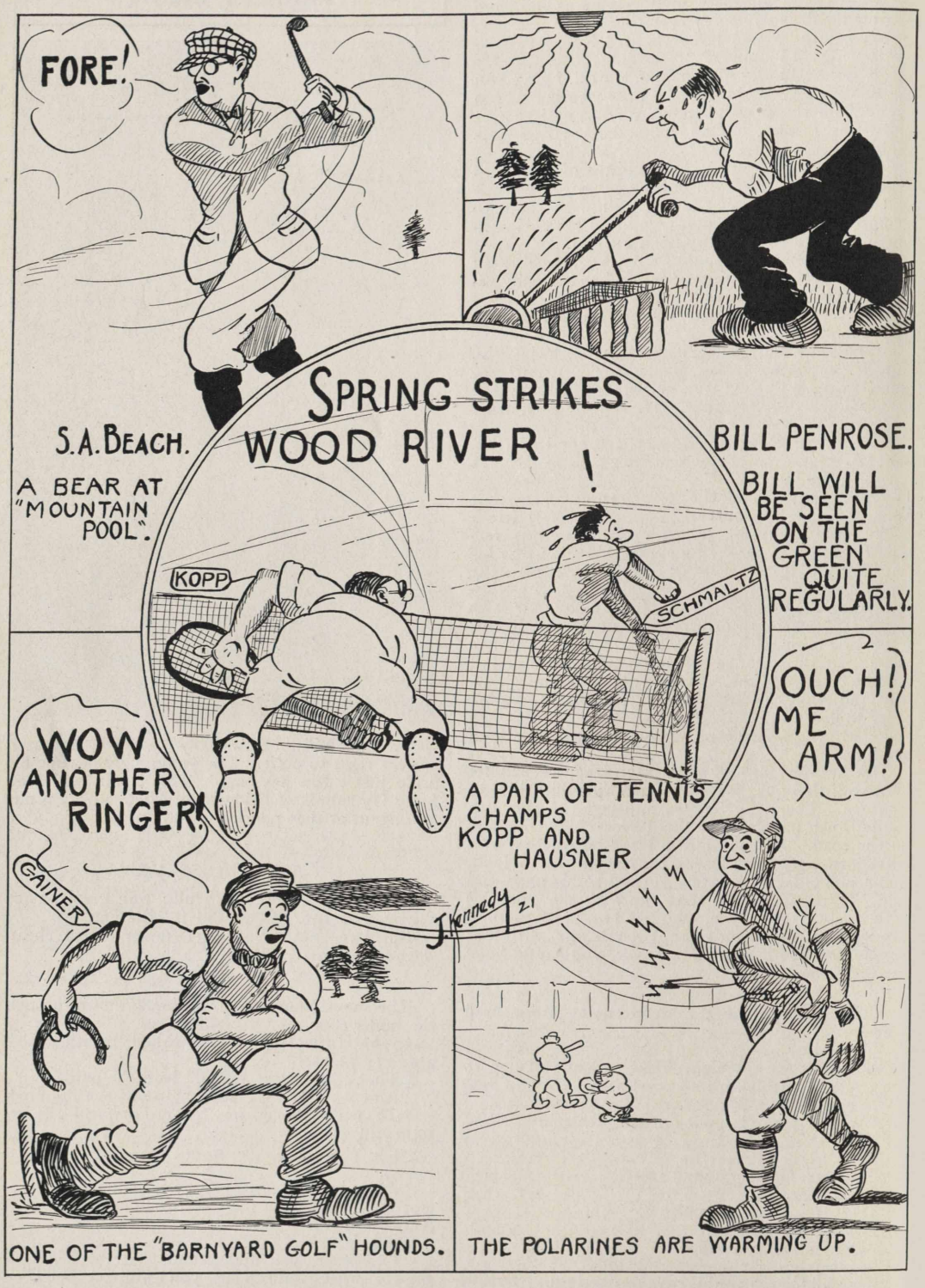
* * *

"And about the salary?" said the movie star.

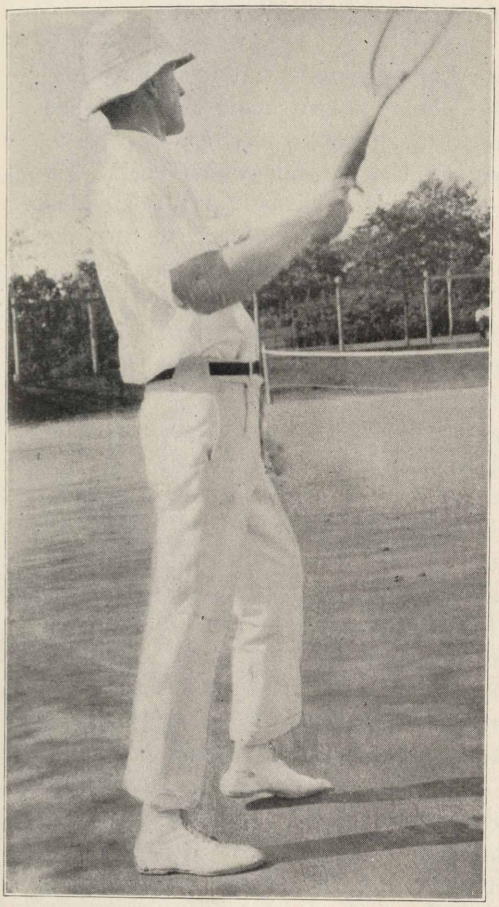
"Well," said the manager, "suppose we call it $5,000 a week."

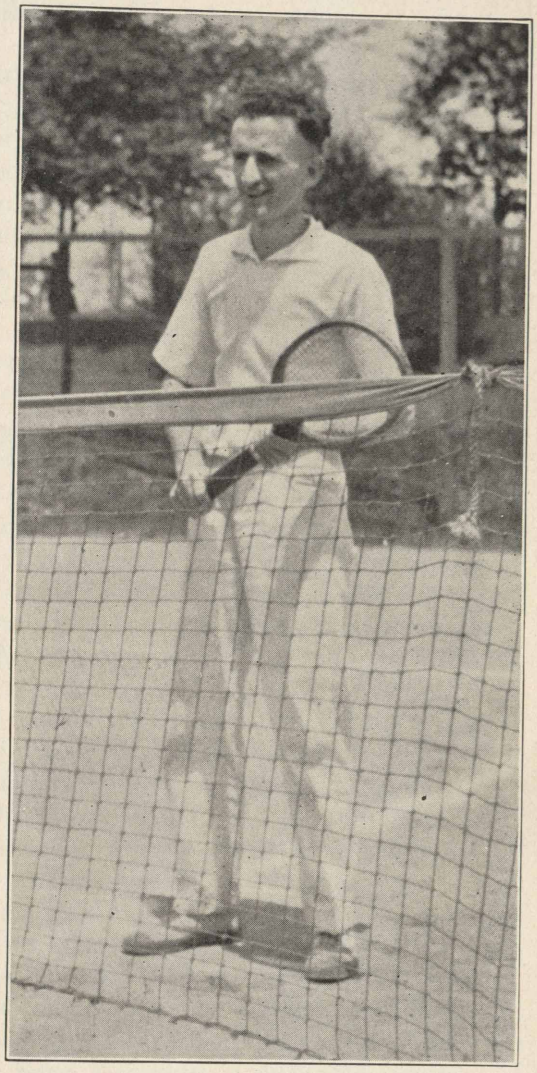
"All right."

"Of course, you understand that the $5,000 is merely what we call it—you will get $500."—Boston Transcript.


FORE!
S.A. BEACH.
A BEAR AT "MOUNTAIN POOL".
SPRING STRIKES WOOD RIVER !
BILL PENROSE.
BILL WILL BE SEEN ON THE GREEN QUITE REGULARLY.
KOPP
SCHMALTZ
A PAIR OF TENNIS CHAMPS KOPP AND HAUSNER
J. Kennedy 21
WOW ANOTHER RINGER!
GAINER
OUCH! ME ARM!
ONE OF THE "BARNYARD GOLF" HOUNDS.
THE POLARINES ARE WARMING UP.

CHICAGO AND WHITING NET STARS





Coming events cast their shadows before, so here we have Mr. Louis Baldwin, of the purchasing department, home office, and Mr. D. M. Brenner, of Whiting, who led opposing tennis teams in a clash last summer between the Whitingites and Chicagoans which resulted somewhat disastrously for the Chicago crowd, getting ready for another battle. There are well substantiated rumors that Mr. Baldwin and his companion net stars of the Chicago office are holding secret practice getting in shape to get revenge by giving the refinery workers the cleaning of their lives when they again meet upon the tennis courts. Mr. Baldwin may be, as reputed, one of the politest men in the whole home office, but when he gets on a tennis court they do say he is a hard boiled egg. Brenner is considerable shark himself and has, to help him at Whiting, a couple of birds who are even greater sharks than he is.

The foregoing was written to fill space. We have so many lines on this page that absolutely must be filled and filled within the space of five minutes. That's how both Baldwin and Brenner happened to get their pictures in this magazine and how we came to write all the complimentary stuff in the foregoing paragraph—we simply had to fill this page. As a matter of fact we don't believe anything we have said about them, being convinced that the Record staff could trim them both, together or singly, by a score of 6-0, 6-0, 6-4, we giving them four games in the last set just to make them feel good. There, we believe the space is filled!

THE MENACE OF PROPAGANDA

A Phase of Foreign Mischief-making to be Watched

The greatest menace in America today is propaganda. It is coming from all sides—sometimes openly, brazenly and above board; again stealthily like a thief in the night. It assumes various forms, from hypocritical appeals to patriotism to acrimonious tirades against all those ideals which nearly 200 years of Americanism have brought into being. It is always "pro" something —something that is not American, and it seeks but one object, to turn the people of this country away from those things which concern them most and to influence them into espousing causes in which they can have no possible concern. It is breeding discontent and hatred. It is turning neighbor against neighbor, friend against friend. It is making a football of American politics, a mockery of American institutions.

Mention a candidate for an office of trust. His record is searched—for what? Time was when Americans seeking to place a man in office asked whether he was honest; whether he had due regard for American law and custom; whether he was willing in all things to abide by the Constitution; whether he would execute the will of those who, by right of suffrage, vested him with power.

What is the state of affairs today? The record of the candidate is searched —no denying that—searched to determine whether he will be "pro" this, or "pro" that or "pro" the other thing. And none of these "pros" is pro-American. They are decidedly *non*-American, for they would seek to make the American cause subsidiary to the cause of some foreign country.

The sad part of it all is that many American newspapers are lending themselves to this campaign of propaganda. They are assisting in the fomentation of discontent by becoming the mouthpieces of agitators with axes to grind. They are throwing America into ferment.

There is no room in this country either for propaganda or propagandists. Americans must not be pro-German, pro-Russian, pro-Irish, pro-Italian or "pro" anything else that will wean them away from that Americanism to which they owe their first duty. The United States must remain the melting pot of all nations. Those who seek homes here must be prepared to forget their old world affiliations, their old world dissensions, once the barriers of Ellis Island are passed. The melting pot must not be permitted to become a seething cauldron.

But until propaganda and propagandists are barred, until the newspapers of this country close the selfish chase for circulation pennies, teach pure Americanism and nothing else, this country will be only a brawling ground and its very foundations will be torn stone from stone by those who, lashed to fury by the agitators and forgetting America, give themselves up to strife over some foreign question and are searching for missiles to hurl at each other.

The above was sent in by a reader in the refineries with no notation to show in what publication it originally appeared. The Record regrets it is unable to give credit.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

H. S. MORTON, *Vice-President*

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

General Manager

T. J. THOMPSON

Assistant General Managers

JOHN L. CARTER, Northern Division

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Eastern Division

R. G. STEWART, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. LEWIS, *Manager*
C. F. HATMAKER, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
R. A. THOMSON, *Manager*
C. W. FLANAGAN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
H. F. WARREN, *Manager*
W. A. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
M. STORER, *Manager*
AMOS BALL, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. COCHRAN, *Manager*
H. H. KEATING, *Assistant Manager*

DUBUQUE, IOWA
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
H. E. BRUCE, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. MORTON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

KEOKUK, IOWA
M. F. KING, JR., *Manager*
C. M. VOGLER, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. H. LAMBERT, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
W. H. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. D. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
L. W. CAMERON, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
B. F. LEONARD, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
M. F. VAN KEUREN, *Manager*
MARTIN KELLY, JR., *Assistant Manager*

A Democracy of Merit

FROM the Chairman of the Board of Directors to the man who sells you Red Crown at a Standard Oil Service Station, the entire personnel of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) constitutes a Democracy of Merit.

When there are vacancies on the Board of Directors, which occur from time to time, the men chosen to fill them are taken from the ranks. They are men who have proved their value to the Company and their ability to be of service to the customers of the Company.

Where the Company comes in contact with the customer, there are other men who have proved their worth. The operator in charge of the Standard Oil Service Station is on the job not because he happened along when the station was ready to open, but because after careful, painstaking consideration he was selected as the best man obtainable to serve the public in that particular position.

The efficiency of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is due to its system of promotion according to merit. Every employe knows that if he makes good at his job he will be given opportunity to advance.

The high quality of Standard Oil products and service is due to the loyal enthusiasm of the employes. The Company's policy of rewarding special endeavor promotes this enthusiasm.

Many of the processes of value to the Company, the public, and the petroleum industry generally, have been evolved by Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employes, working with the facilities afforded by this organization.

When you buy Red Crown Gasoline, Polarine or any other product bearing the brand of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) you are receiving the fruits of this enthusiasm, and may rest assured that you are getting the utmost value for the money you spend.

Red Crown is the highest type motor gasoline. Polarine lubricants are the result of infinitely careful adaptation of the principles of lubrication to the various kinds of motors and motor parts for which these lubricants are recommended.

Standard Oil Company

(Indiana)

2425 **910 So. Michigan Ave.** **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 2 JULY No. 9

Published for the Employees by the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

Board of Directors

R. W. Stewart, *Chairman*

W. M. Burton, *President*
H. S. Morton, *1st Vice-President*
W. E. Warwick, *2nd Vice-President, Gen'l Mgr., Mfg.*
B. Parks, *3d Vice-President, Ass't Gen'l Mgr., Mfg.*
E. G. Seubert, *4th Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer*
Allan Jackson, *5th Vice-President*

Plant Managers and Superintendents

WHITING

R. E. Humphreys, *Manager*
T. S. Cooke, *Superintendent*
G. Cash, *Assistant Superintendent*
J. E. Evans, *Assistant Superintendent*

SUGAR CREEK

G. H. Moffett, *Manager*
H. R. Boehmer, *Superintendent*
F. W. Bruckmiller, *Assistant Superintendent*
J. W. Kelly, *Assistant Superintendent*

WOOD RIVER

C. B. Manbeck, *Manager*
S. A. Beach, *Superintendent*
F. J. Gainer, *Assistant Superintendent*

CASPER

R. M. Andrus, *Manager*
A. E. Thompson, *Superintendent*

Industrial Relations Department

J. W. Curry, *Director*, Chicago, Ill.
E. H. Fisher, *Assistant Director*, Chicago, Ill.
C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division*, Chicago, Ill.
W. N. Bercaw, *Assistant Director*, Whiting, Ind.
F. G. Clifford, *Assistant Director*, Wood River, Ill.
A. S. Hurt, *Assistant Director*, Sugar Creek, Mo.
D. M. Lobdell, *Assistant Director*, Casper, Wyo.

Joint General Committees

WHITING

Employees' Representatives

Div. 1—Joseph Stanley
Div. 2—Ernest Shepherd
John Chorley
Jess Abraham
Div. 3—Jas. McCarthy
P. Woodlock
Div. 4—Steve Tobias
Alex Wayo
Floyd Boner
Div. 5—Nick Scholl
George Hulatt
Div. 6—Frank Eaton
Div. 6—T. McFadden
Div. 7—F. A. Ogren
Div. 8—Dave Clements
Jas. Griffith
Div. 9—D. J. Gallagher, *Chairman*
Div. 10—J. L. Trueblood
Henry Behrens
Div. 11—Ray Whitmer
Div. 12—Chas. Dailey
Ira O. Troyer, *Vice-Chairman*

Management's Representatives

Wm. Bartels
T. S. Boyle
Elmer Bonham
H. J. Broderson
Hugh Brown
A. D. Buchanan
T. J. Burke
S. L. Clark
C. H. Daugherty
Wm. Donahue
A. J. Dreesen
A. Gondon
Wm. Haman
M. J. Hannon
Edward Harmon
George Hayes
L. C. Moore, *Vice-Chairman*
F. D. Rexwinkle
C. W. Smith
W. P. Stenhouse, *Chairman*
J. M. Stover
W. O. Walker

SUGAR CREEK

Employees' Representatives

Div. 1—H. R. Ruhlman, *Vice-Chairman*
John S. Dickey, *Vice-Secretary*
Div. 1—O. Westwood
Div. 2—Charles Choate
Div. 3—W. F. Mulvihill
Div. 4—B. Fred Gore
Div. 5—Claude Burson
Div. 6—Mike A. Cauley, *Chairman*
Div. 7—B. Fred Miller, *Secretary*
Div. 8—H. E. Otto
Div. 9—C. E. Spitzer

Management's Representatives

G. W. Thompson
A. O. Hodges, *Chairman*
Frank G. Lee, *Vice-Chairman*
H. B. McCoy
H. O. Eyssell
E. L. Rolfs
F. H. Frisby
C. C. Koehler
A. P. Phillips
E. M. Richmond
H. A. Shondell

WOOD RIVER

Employees' Representatives

Div. 1—H. E. Harrod
M. W. Freeman
Div. 2—J. M. Durham
Div. 2—Jesse Taylor
Div. 3—W. F. Adams
Div. 4—Frank Smith
Div. 5—P. J. Monks, *Chairman*
Div. 6—H. W. Martin, *Vice-Chairman*

Management's Representatives

E. E. Endicott
A. E. Gladden
A. P. McCormick
M. E. Hartwig
W. I. Jolly, *Chairman*
Robert Parks *Vice-Chairman*
J. J. Maloney
C. R. Wagner, *Secretary*

CASPER

Employees' Representatives

Div. 1—H. E. Kelley
J. W. Horrigan
Div. 2—Mack Burrell, *Chairman*
Div. 2—J. M. Wimsatt, *Vice-Chairman*
Div. 3—Arthur Peak
J. McClellan
Div. 4—John Schnur
Sam Olsen

Management's Representatives

Pitt Covert, Jr.
W. H. Tolhurst
A. V. Forbes, *Secretary*
Fred Cormack
W. C. Eads, *Chairman*
J. A. Degan
Oscar Howard
Rex Fanning, *Vice-Chairman*

STANOLIND
RECORD

Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
Publication office; 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 2 JULY No. 9

DIRECTORS ATTEND FIRST FOREMEN'S MEETINGS

Colonel Stewart, Dr. Burton and Other Members of the Board Meet and Address Men Who Are Directly Supervising Production in the Company's Great Refineries at Whiting, Ind., Wood River, Ill., and Sugar Creek, Mo.

"Some time ago it was brought rather forcibly to my attention that the executives of this company had visited our plants from time to time in order to get into proper touch with the Joint General Committees, and with the employees in general, but that we had never met with that very important element in our organization which might be called the supervisory and managerial force. The idea appealed to me greatly. Without actually being forgetful we had apparently been so. I said 'We should get there quick. Let's go.' And we are here.

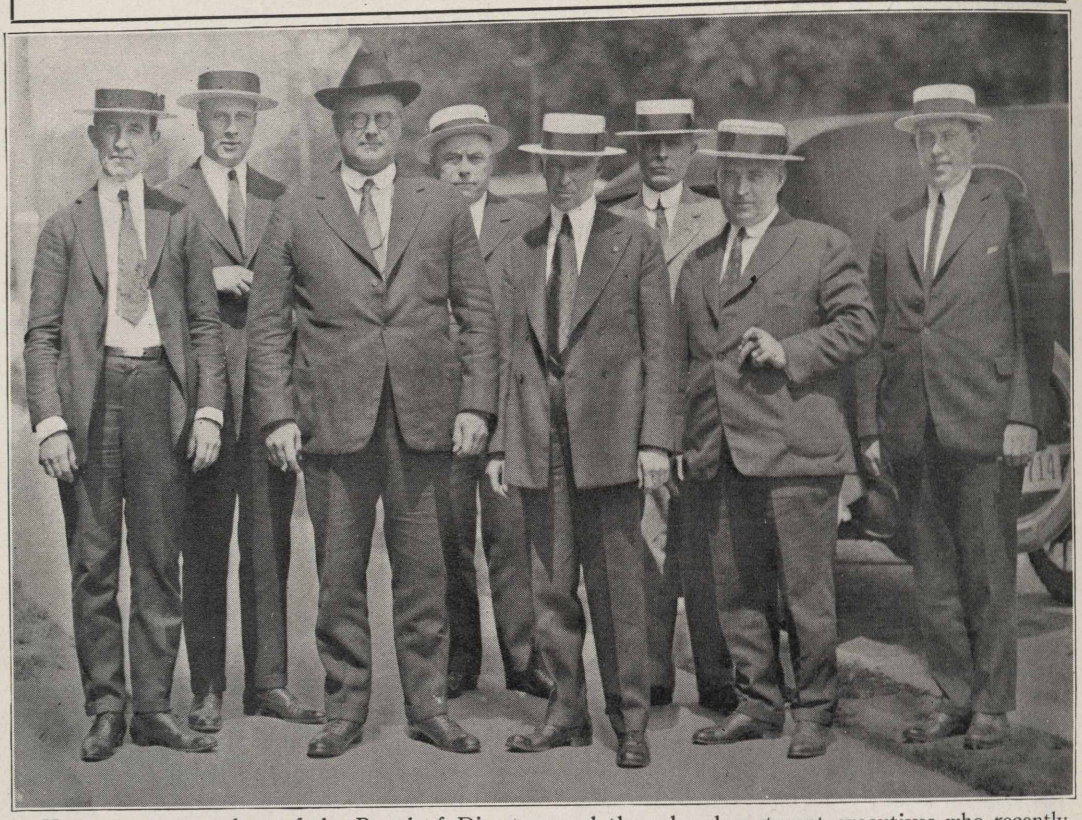
"Those men in our organization who occupy the supervisory and managerial positions, who occupy those positions where they lead and guide the efforts of others, are the key men in our organization. They bring management precisely to the point where it functions continuously, daily and hourly, in constant contact with the employees. Not only do these men occupy a most important position in securing efficient and adequate production but they interpret the plans and policies of the executive managerial element above them to the employees, and as they interpret them so the employees believe them to be. Although we have set up points of contact among the works' managements, the Board of Directors and chief executives of the company, and the employees as such, we have not yet established a proper contact with the department heads and foremen; yet the vital relation to be secured through those department heads and foremen is highly essential and very necessary, and we must assure ourselves that that relationship is correct."

Such was the vital thesis of Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Co. (Indiana), in addressing meetings of the heads of departments and foremen at Whiting, Sugar Creek and Wood River, on May 23, 25 and 26 respectively.

"We want our department heads and foremen to follow this Board of Directors in the development of the policies of this company and in interpreting the responsible management of our plants and of our company to all with whom they come in contact," said Col. Stewart. "Somewhere, as I address meetings in different parts of our organization, I am speaking to those men who must occupy the positions of high responsibility in this company in the future. Of necessity I am speaking to them because where else, other than among our own people, can the candidates for these high positions who have the necessary training and ability, be found?

"Because of this fact we want all of you to have a proper opportunity to learn more about your jobs and more about the business of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). This meeting is the first general meeting of your plant management, department heads and foremen. We intend to have others so that you may have a better opportunity to learn those things which are of interest to you as directors of effort; which will tend to broaden your outlook beyond that of your regular routine; which will give you other and different ideas of your regular routine; which will enable you to become acquainted with the jobs of others and better acquainted with each

AND KANSAS CITY HAD SOMETHING TO SHOW THEM



Here are two members of the Board of Directors and the sales department executives who recently visited the Sugar Creek and Wood River refineries and made inspection tours of Kansas City and St. Louis city sales territories. The picture was taken at Kansas City. Dr. W. M. Burton, president of the company, Mr. W. E. Warwick, second vice president and general manager of manufacturing, and Mr. Beaumont Parks, third vice president and assistant general manager of manufacturing, had just departed for the Sugar Creek refinery after attending the enthusiastic meeting of the Kansas City office and sales force. In the photograph, left to right: Mr. Allan Jackson, fifth vice president in charge of sales of refined oils and gasoline; Mr. R. G. Stewart, assistant general manager, western division, in whose territory are Kansas City and St. Louis; Col. Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the company; Mr. T. J. Thompson, general sales manager; Mr. H. C. Griffin, the live wire manager of the Kansas City division; Mr. John L. Carter, assistant general manager, northern division; Mr. Norman Grimshaw, assistant general manager, eastern division; Mr. J. W. Wilson, hustling assistant manager of Kansas City division. The company officials also visited the Armourdale plant.

other. Your various departmental arrangements enable groups of you to work together on matters of production and plant operations but these meetings will provide an opportunity for you to discuss the larger and broader questions presenting themselves to you as members of the managerial force as well as to discuss other more specific and detailed matters on which an exchange of ideas will be of greater value to all concerned.

"This meeting is only one of a series of such meetings. Members of the Board of Directors cannot be present at all of your meetings. But there are others somewhere in our big organization who can address you on subjects of interest or lead in discussions of such subjects and you can find such talent among yourselves. After a series of these meetings, the attendance at all of which is entirely voluntary on your part, you may desire to effect your own organization and take over the conduct of these meetings. Until such time the Department of Industrial Relations will arrange for meetings of your group and I

THREE PORCH CLIMBERS FROM KANSAS CITY

But the only things they steal are hearts. Left to right: Lucretia Sloan, Nadine Hill and Anna Wilhelm.

should think it wise for you to cooperate closely with that department in whatever plans you may develop.

"This, I believe, is your splendid opportunity. Come along with us. Let's go!'

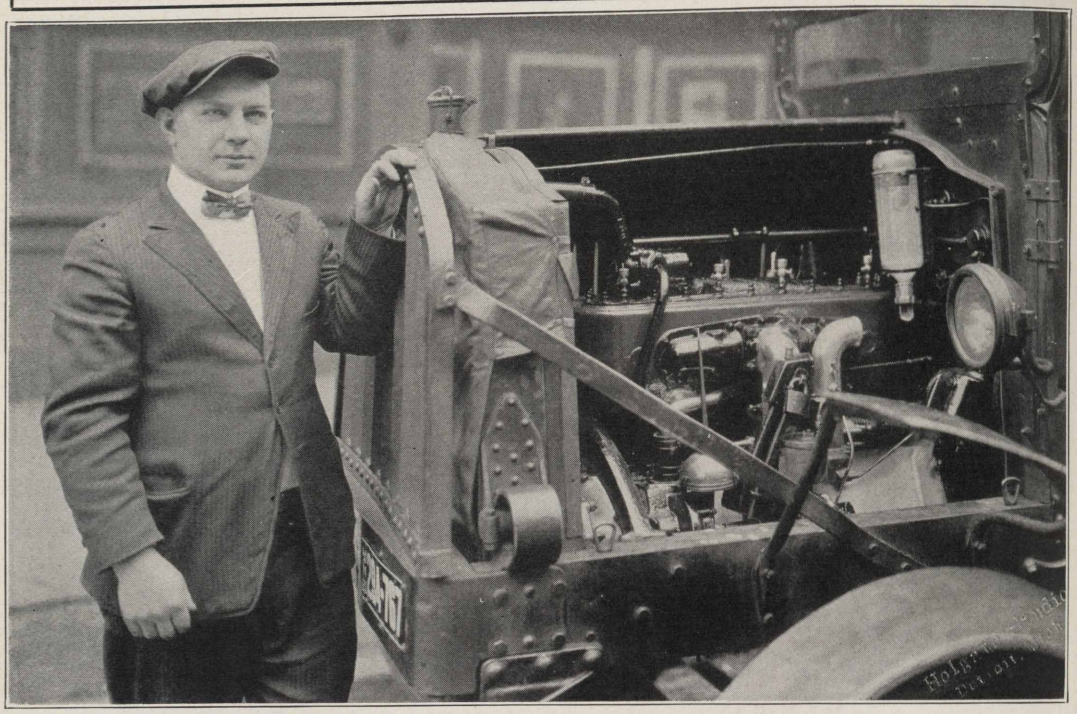
Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the board, Dr. W. M. Burton, president, H. S. Morton, first vice president, W. E. Warwick, second vice president and general manager of manufacturing, B. Parks, third vice president and assistant general manager of manufacturing, E. G. Seubert, fourth vice president and secretary treasurer, Allan Jackson, fifth vice president, and J. W. Curry, director of industrial relations, attended the Whiting meeting. Mr. Morton and Mr. Seubert were unable to go to Sugar Creek and Wood River.

Besides Col. Stewart, Dr. W. M. Burton, Mr. W. E. Warwick and Mr. H. S. Morton, for the board, and Mr. T. S. Cooke, general superintendent, Whiting works, for the local management, addressed the Whiting meeting. Col. Stewart, Dr. Burton, Mr. Warwick, Mr. Allan Jackson and Mr. G. H. Moffett, manager, Sugar Creek works, spoke at that place. Col. Stewart, Dr. Burton, Mr. Warwick, Mr. Parks, Mr. Jackson, and Mr. C. B. Manbeck, manager, Wood River works, spoke at Wood River.

Mr. W. E. Warwick, speaking at each plant, set forth the idea that ways of dealing with employees have changed.

"When I was a small boy in school the teacher had a rawhide and enforced rules and discipline by its use," said Mr. Warwick. "Especially was it freely used on the older and larger boys. Then the rawhide became less conspicuous and the ferrule became popular. We were often obliged for offenses both major and minor to hold out our hands while the master chastised us. Then the ferrule went the way of the rawhide and teachers began to govern because they were really masters; because they were leaders. They began to rule by the force of spirit. They learned to control and guide their own spirits and learned thereby to control and guide the spirits of those who came to them as pupils.

PROVING MR. GRIMSHAW TOLD ST. LOUIS THE TRUTH



When Mr. Norman Grimshaw, assistant general manager, sales department, eastern division, was in St. Louis recently with the Board of Directors and Mr. R. G. Stewart, assistant general manager, western division, he made a speech to the St. Louis sales folks and spent a good part of it telling what a wonderful place Detroit is, and how efficient is the entire Detroit Standard Oil force. In fact, all the time he was in St. Louis he assumed a great superiority in the presence of the western division's manager, condescendingly admitting that while St. Louis was all very well, "you just ought to see how we do it in Detroit." Last reports from St. Louis indicate that even Detroit is going to have to step some to keep pace with the grand speed being developed by the Missouri folks, but in the meantime this picture from the Detroit correspondent indicates that Mr. Grimshaw has good reason to boost the Detroit crowd. This is Anthony Zack, driver at Clay avenue, and his 4-year-old Packard, which has hauled approximately 6,000 tons and has been driven 48,000 miles. Note how the engine and everything shines. It is not an exception among the articles of equipment at Detroit—it is representative of the general appearance of all motors operating from this station. Truck salesmen there repeatedly stop our vehicles to display their motors to prospective buyers.

"The same thing has happened or is happening in industry. The 'boss' once ruled his men by tyranny and force and too often in times past the ability to wield tyrannical force has been the chief requisite of certain of the managerial and supervisory element everywhere. But that day, as has the day of the old-time school master, is passing away. The 'boss' must more and more be a real leader, loved and respected by his men because of his ability as a leader, and more and more he has learned to rule and guide his men by ruling and guiding his own and their spirits. Thought is, to a large degree, supplanting force. And it should.

"If there are among us those who are still thinking in the channels of the past they can change themselves by changing their thought. We all want fairness to reign among us and among all men and it can only reign when we think fairness ourselves and get others to think fairness. Our reputations and the reputation of this company will be as we think and as we get others to think, and, it cannot be otherwise."

Dr. Burton, in addressing the Joint General Committee and the foremen brought out the idea of the necessity of a mutuality

WELL, WELL, DETROIT! LISTEN TO KANSAS CITY!

Kansas City, June 1.—In the May issue of the Stanolind Record you published a photograph of a certain vehicle and driver and below was given a record of a very unusual day's output by the driver and vehicle. Our men, after reading it, seemed to think there was a possibility of at least tying, if not beating, the performance. Mr. Johnson, driver of Pierce Arrow No. 14881, with a 1238 gallon tank, otherwise regular in every way, went after this record and was successful in putting out 16071 gallons in ten hours and thirty minutes. Then, in order to complete a good day's work, he got out 622 gallons more, a total of 16,693 gallons, in eleven hours and five minutes. He says he will take off his hat to anyone who can beat it with the same sized equipment. This performance was watched and timed by a competent authority and is absolutely accurate.—H. C. Griffin, manager. (The Detroit record, made by Driver I. F. Roberts, was 12,230 gallons in ten hours and thirty-five minutes. These day's high records are interesting, but what about a month's record? It's sustained effort that counts in this world.)

of interest. His address was in part as follows:

"You are the men whose guidance has builded our plants and kept them running efficiently and effectively. To you is due very great credit. Throughout my many years with this company I have known many of you. We have been friends and companions in building and guiding the destiny of this great company in which we take such great pride.

"But among you are many new faces and many younger men. I wish I could know you all as I know my older friends. I want to get acquainted with as many of you as possible but whether I can actually come to know you personally or not, there must exist between us a mutuality of interest in order for us to continue to develop this great organization. Having faith in each other, and in each other's honesty and integrity, let us strive, neither forgetful of the other, to develop what is best in us and in our great company."

AL BRITTON DIES

Albert Britton, of the crude station, Whiting works, died suddenly, Monday, June 13, while painting screens at his home. The above photograph shows Mr. Britton, whose death the whole Stanolind family regrets, taking a sample of crude coming through the Sinclair Pipe Line. The picture was taken several weeks ago.

HOW DID THEY EVER PICK THE BEST?

Sugar Creek mothers and their children at the recent baby clinic there.

SIX NEW ANNUITANTS

Six employees have recently been placed on the company's annuity payroll as follows:

Effective May 1, Mr. Robert N. Shockey, formerly service station attendant in Kansas City division, living at 911 Pottawatomie street, Leavenworth, Kas. Mr. Shockey had been in the employ of the company twenty-three years and two months.

Effective April 1, Mr. W. D. Martin, of 609 North Fourth street, Grand Forks, N. D. Mr. Martin was formerly a salesman in the Fargo division and was in the employ of the company thirteen years and six months.

Effective June 1, Mr. F. A. Doane, Box 217, Chanute, Kan. Mr. Doane was formerly salesman in the Kansas City division and was in the employ of the company twenty-one years and ten months.

Effective June 1, Mr. John M. Baldwin, of 631½ Adrian avenue, Jackson, Mich. Mr. Baldwin was formerly night watchman in the Detroit division and was in the service twenty years and six months.

Effective June 1, Mr. George H. Salisbury, of 519 Page avenue, Jackson, Mich. Mr. Salisbury was formerly tank wagon driver in the Detroit division, and was in service twenty years and ten months.

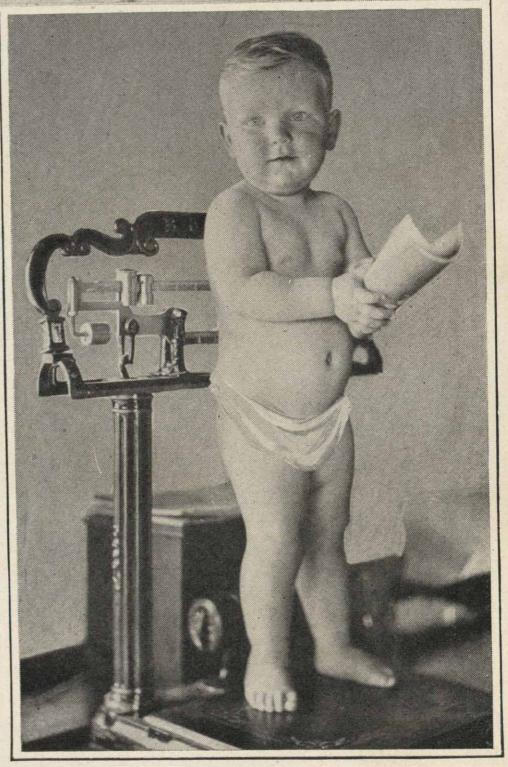
Effective June 1, Mr. Charles E. McClure, of 218 North Cherokee street, Lodi, Calif. Mr. McClure was formerly tank wagon driver in Kansas City division and was in the service twenty-five years and eight months.

ANNUITANT DIES

The Record regrets to report the death on May 15 of Mr. Bernhardt J. Seils, of 3411 East 106th street, Chicago, who was placed on the annuity roll on May 1, having been employed as blacksmith at Whiting for approximately thirty years.

THIS IS THE KIND THEY GROW IN SUGAR CREEK

The Red Cross recently held a baby clinic at Sugar Creek and great was the interest taken therein by the Standard Oil mothers of that place. In the two pictures on this page the doctors and nurses are shown weighing one of the huskiest and best natured of the little fellows. We are indebted to Mrs. G. H. Moffett, wife of the manager of the Sugar Creek works, for these excellent pictures.



MAKE IT PAY!

Editor Record: The Minneapolis division employees have adopted a stockholders' slogan. Here it is: "LET'S MAKE OUR STOCK PAY DIVIDENDS!"—*F. L. Cochran, Manager.*

* * *

It ain't so much people's ignorance that does the harm as their knowing so darned much that ain't so.—*Josh Billings.*

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Here we have Manager H. C. Griffin, Kansas City division, presenting Miss Grace Colgan, stenographer who sold fifty-four $10 coupon books in two days, with a large bunch of flowers and the thanks of the Board of Directors, who had left Kansas City for the Sugar Creek refinery just before the flowers were delivered and were thereby unable to participate in the presentation. In the smaller photo on page 9, we have Miss Colgan at an age when she had no thought of becoming famous.

"She may not look like a sales person, but she has developed," wrote Manager Griffin regarding the baby picture, which, for a time was the only one of Miss Colgan obtainable. "Today her official position is stenographer for District Superintendent

When they called her "Gracie".

T. T. Tennant, of Pittsburgh, Kan. In the recent coupon book campaign she seemed to think the salesmen were not moving quite fast enough, so laid off from her regular duties a part of two days and sold fifty-four $10 coupon books to the business people of Pittsburgh, strictly for cash, and then wrote a letter to the Kansas City office telling what she had done and apologizing for taking time from her regular duties. She had no advantage of long acquaintance in Pittsburgh, as she had been there only four months, having been transferred from the Kansas City office."

Miss Colgan was called in from Pittsburg to be present at the Kansas City meeting addressed by the members of the Board of Directors, and was publicly introduced to the entire assemblage. As soon as the meeting was over the members of the Board on the suggestion of General Sales Manager T. J. Thompson, ordered the flowers.

HONOR S. A. BEACH

Mr. S. A. Beach, superintendent of the Wood River works of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), was presented by the Wood River council with a beautiful Masonic watch charm on the occasion of his retiring as mayor of Wood River after serving in that office for eleven years.

DO YOU REMEMBER WAY BACK WHEN:

Gus Lewis, now Mr. G. A. Lewis, manager, Chicago division, was stenographer for Mr. George Mayer at Kansas City, sometime in 1911, and got a telephone message at 2 o'clock in the morning that it was necessary that the G. A. Long building be supplied with fuel oil before daybreak or the elevators would not be able to function! And Gus, not being able to get any of the teamsters at that time of night, went clear over to the Armourdale plant, hitched up a three-mule team and delivered a load of oil to the building on Grand Avenue. I was auditing the Kansas City office when this incident took place and I feel sure the above particulars, as remembered by me, are correct. Ask Mr. Lewis.—*Louis Platt, Des Moines.*

The incident is so characteristic of the Chicago manager's pep that we are convinced it is all true without asking him about it.—*Ed.*

OH, TO BE A HERO!

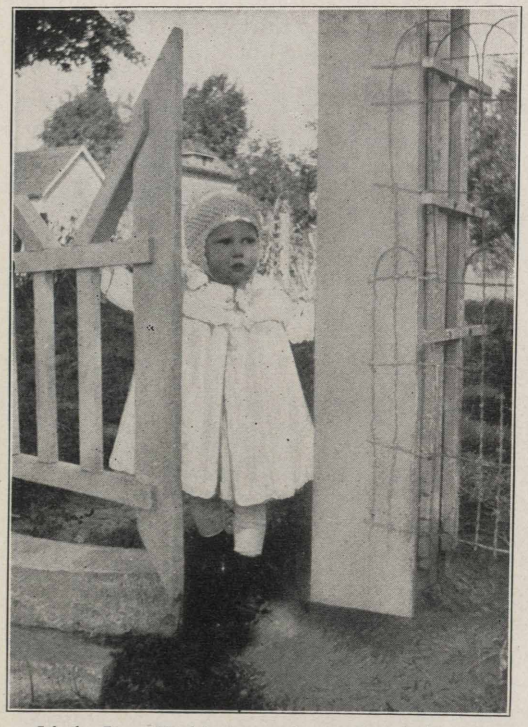
This picture of Mildred Harmon of the Joliet office, was taken one day last summer as she was starting out for a swim in the quarry. After she had been swimming a while, she had a strong fancy to explore the bottom of the quarry, which is rather deep, and it took the best efforts of several heroes to dissuade her. Lucky heroes!

DUBUQUE CONSOLIDATED WITH DES MOINES UNDER BALL

Des Moines Assistant Manager Becomes Manager of Enlarged Territory, Former Manager Storer to Act in Advisory Capacity—P. J. Quinlan, Dubuque Chief, Goes to Wichita to Succeed M. F. Van Keuren, Who Retires

An executive order of June 1 announcing the promotion of Mr. Amos Ball, assistant manager at Des Moines, Iowa, to the position of manager at that point, and the appointment of Mr. P. J. Quinlan, manager at Dubuque, to the managership of the Wichita, Kansas, division, was followed on June 3 by an order consolidating the Des Moines and Dubuque territories under the managership of Mr. Ball at Des Moines. Mr. J. N. Elkert, assistant manager at Dubuque, also wins promotion, becoming assistant manager of the enlarged territory at Des Moines.

GIRL AT THE GATE



Little Jean Waldecker, whose picture is shown here, has her own notions about things she likes. For instance, she likes her dad, R. J. Waldecker, who presides over the order department in the Joliet office, and she doesn't care a bit whether any other girls share her notion or not. What is she doing at the gate? Why, watching for her dad, of course!

Joliet, La Crosse and Milwaukee divisions also gain territory by the change.

The executive order of June 1, issued over the signature of Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the company, follows:

The following appointments have been made to become effective June 1, 1921:

Mr. Amos Ball, former assistant manager at Des Moines, Iowa, to position of manager at Des Moines, to succeed Mr. M. Storer, retired. Mr. Storer, however, will continue to act in an advisory capacity at Des Moines.

Mr. J. N. Elkert, former assistant manager at Dubuque, to the position of assistant manager at Des Moines.

Mr. P. J. Quinlan, former manager at Dubuque, to position of manager at Wichita, Kan., to succeed Mr. M. F. Van Keuren, retired.

The consolidation order, issued June 3, over the signature of Mr. Allan Jackson, fifth vice president of the company, and in charge of its sales of refined oils and gasoline, follows:

Taking effect June 1, Dubuque territory has been absorbed by the Des Moines office.

The following bulk stations in Illinois have been transferred to Joliet territory, namely: Galena and Hanover.

The following Wisconsin bulk station points have been transferred to La Crosse field, namely: Bagley, Cassville, Prairie du Chien, Wauzeka.

The following Wisconsin bulk station points have been transferred to Milwaukee field, namely: Belmont, Benton, Boscobel, Cuba City, Fennimore, Highland, Lancaster, Montford, Platteville.

* * *

"If a man has a beautiful stenographer, do you suppose that will cause him to take more interest in his business?" asked Mr. Piglatch.

"I don't know whether he will take more interest in his business," said Mr. Peckton, thoughtfully, "but his wife will."

THE PRETTIEST GUN CREW IN IOWA

Known to the Standard Oil folks of that division as the "seventh floor's best." The cannon which they have taken is mounted in front of the capital at Des Moines.

TO CORRESPONDENTS!

The Record is receiving too many window display pictures, and pictures of that type, and not enough feature pictures, with the result that complaints are heard that the Record is losing the "color" which has made it interesting to employees. We have more than fifty photos of window displays on file besides dozens upon dozens of pictures of similar character, *but not one feature picture left in our files.* If our pictures become monotonous our readers will either not open the Record or will yawn with ennui when they do. We need more pictures like those on Pages 3 and 13 of the June issue; Page 40 of May issue; Pages 10, 26 and 36 of April issue; Pages 4, 7, 8, 25, 27, 34 and 40 of March issue; Pages 10 and 24 of January-February issue; Pages 6, 9 and 13 of December issue. Don't let the Record get monotonous!

RENOWN TO RESCUE

The Renown nearly added another to its list of rescues when it turned about in Whitefish Bay after sighting a man on the cabin of the sinking salt steamer Miztic during a recent storm. The lifeboat with five men was lowered to save him just as the waves washed him overboard. The steamer Renown was returning from Superior, light, in command of Captain Lange. The sailor on the cabin was the last survivor of the crew of the Miztic. Six or seven in all were dorwned.

The Cowan, in command of Captain Brown, was the first boat to reach the upper end of Lake Superior from the lower lakes this season.

* * *

"Pa, the whale that swallowed Jonah was the original profiteer, wasn't he?"

"In what way, my son?"

"Didn't he grab all the prophet in sight?"

"SUPT. THOMPSON SCORING A RINGER"

This caption was supplied by the Casper correspondent. As the horseshoe is still in the air, and being eyed with a sceptical eye by Manager Andrus, we don't know how the correspondent could tell it was going to be ringer. However, there's nothing slow about our Casper friends when it comes to making claims, what? The gentleman tossing the shoe is Mr. A. E. Thompson, superintendent of the Casper works.

THE SAFE VACATION

Get away from home and business if you can possibly afford it. A change of surroundings is helpful to restore health and strength. It isn't necessary to go long distances, but it is important to get out into the open. Forget business; it will be the better off for your vacation.

Wherever you go, make careful inquiry concerning the sanitary conditions of the place. These are more important than golf links, tennis courts, ballrooms and beautiful scenery.

Is the water supply safe? What is its source?

Is there a sewerage system? Where do the sewers empty? If there is no sewerage system is there safe disposal of excreta?

Are the kitchen, pantry, and dining rooms clean and are they protected against flies? You can not afford to have your food tracked over by flies.

Is the milk pasteurized? Does it come from a clean dairy?

Are there swamps, ponds or other mosquito-breeding places nearby?

These are some of the questions to which you should have favorable answers.

After having found a suitable place be sure that you spend your vacation time sensibly. Keep good hours. Obey the wise maxim "Early to bed and early to rise." Don't waste precious hours indoors at the card table, but improve your health and strength by getting plenty of exercise in the open air.

Keep happy. Worry is the foe to health.

—*United States Public Health Service.*

* * *

She—"Well, I succeeded in getting some rooms today."

He—"Suite?"

She—"Awfully."

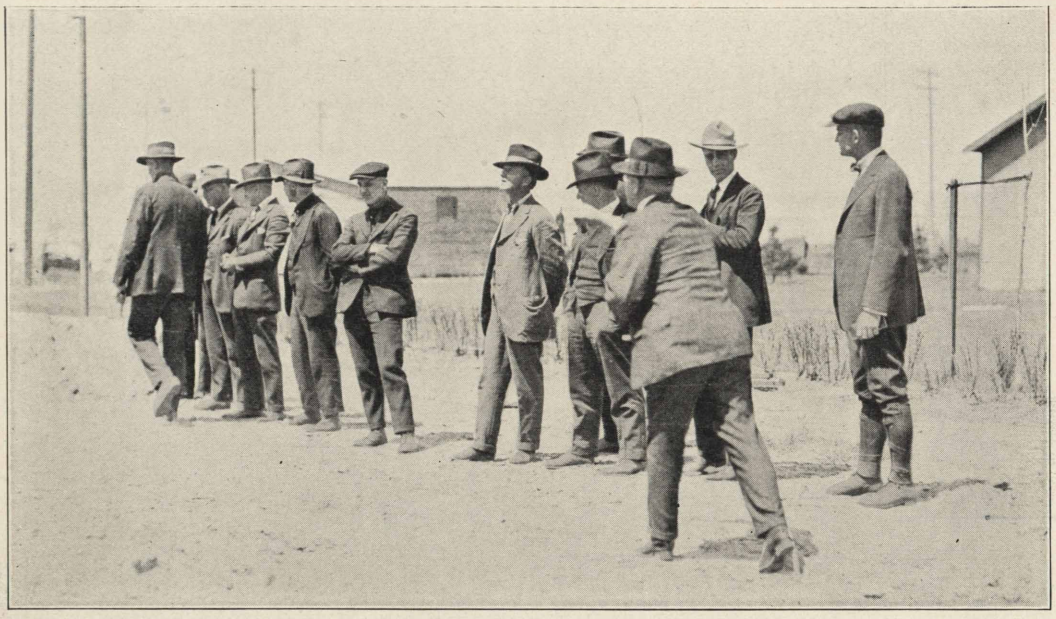
* * *

June Bride—"I would like to buy an easy chair for my husband."

Salesman—"Morris?"

June Bride—"No, Clarence."—*Sun Dial.*

"PERHAPS THE WORLD'S BEST HORSESHOE PITCHER!"



Casper, Wyo., June 1—Our genial manager, Mr. R. M. (Bo) Andrus, has recently created quite a furore among the sport fans of Casper. Some time ago Pete Wray of Wray's Cafe, made the remark that he was once the champion horseshoe pitcher of Missouri. Most unluckily for him, Charlie Stafford, the guiding light of our Chamber of Commerce, was within hearing and he claimed the same championship for Wisconsin. Well, anyway, they got together and Missouri went down in defeat. Not willing to see titles lying around so loosely, "Bo" Andrus claimed he was and is "perhaps the best in the world."

Friend Charlie's laurels then had to be defended. Challenges were exchanged and accepted. Mr. Stafford was riding high and wide after an excellent meal in our Industrial dining room, and in addition to feeling he could easily defeat Mr. Andrus, he thought surely he could also take Mr. A. E. Thompson into camp. Could you see in these pictures all the strife and strategy of those two horseshoe matches, the picture would be a wonderful achievement. Honorable Stafford, with much alibi and many excuses, congratulated "Andy" on being good enough to beat the champ of Wisconsin; but when he again suffered defeat, this time at "Bo's" hands, the dictionary failed him, and he finally satisfied his conscience by saying he had been intentionally stuffed by giving him a great big square meal. Now—Whadayathinkuvthat?

DE PALMA KNOWS

Ralph DePalma, the great automobile racer, knows what real gasoline is—that is why he burned Standard Oil Company (Indiana) gasoline in his car in the Memorial day races at the Indianapolis Speedway. DePalma failed to win the race, as he was forced out by a broken connecting rod, but before he was forced from the track our gasoline had sent his car hurtling around the track with such speed that he won 108 of the 112 lap prizes possible while he was in the running; which rather bears out his statement that as long as his car holds together none of the boys can pass him, as well as demonstrating that if you want speed and power, use Red Crown gasoline.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO WE DID IT THIS WAY

This picture, taken fifteen years ago at Pittsburg, Kan., shows the crude method then in vogue of supplying automobiles with gasoline.

PICKING ON POLO

Huron, S. D., June 1.—In the March issue of the Record we gazed on the smiling countenance of the agent at Polo, Ill., Joliet division, who is hailed as the champion dispenser of Mica. We at Huron doubt this statement; in fact, we have an agent in this field who we think is as good a dispenser of Mica as anybody in the whole state of Illinois. He is Agent W. R. Holbrook, of Milbank, S. D., who, alone and unaided, dispensed approximately three tons of Mica during 1920.—*Frank Heinen, Record correspondent, Huron.* (But we wonder how Mr. Holbrook and also Mr. Sauer, of Polo, will stack up when Mr. St. Marie of Hettinger, N. D., turns in his report for 1921.—*Ed.*)

* * *

During a recitation in natural history a teacher asked: "Can any one tell me where the home of the swallow is?"

There was a long silence. Finally a lad arose and offered this: "The home of the swallow is in the stummick."

LISTEN, GIRLS!

When you have a fancy dress party, a hard times party, a beach party, pajama party, sewing party, any old kind of party, have someone take a picture and send it to the Record. Call on the official Stanolind Record photographer for your division to do it. If he is too busy—but we'll bet he'll make an effort—have someone else take it. The Record is not getting enough feature pictures and you will have to help us out. We want pictures such as those on Pages 3 and 13 of the June issue; Page 40 of May issue; Pages 10, 26 and 36 of April issue; Pages 4, 7, 8, 25, 27, 34 and 40 of March issue; Pages 10 and 25 of January-February issue; Pages 6, 9 and 13 of December issue. Help us out, girls!

* * *

Sponge—I think that a street car hash just passed.

Wet—How yuh know?

Sponge—I can shee its tracks.—*Jester* (Columbia).

WHILE THIS IS THE WAY WE DO IT NOW

Considerable contrast between this and the filling station shown on the opposite page. This is one of our up-to-date filling stations in Kansas City. "What will a filling station look like fifteen years from now?" inquires Kansas City.

HELLER SURE IS ONE

Joliet, Ill., June 1.—We contend that Agent Heller of Plano sure lives up to his name. Working late one evening not long ago, finishing unloading a tank car, he went to the oil house to lock up and found two men sitting on the pipe, one on each side of the door. He asked what they wanted and in reply they jumped up and one of them took a wallop at him, when blam!—Heller's fist connected with the stranger's jaw, knocking him over the pipe and putting him down for the count. Heller then turned to the other party, but that worthy was already in flight. Heller pursued him, but the scared thug was too fleet, so he returned in time to find the first slugger just regaining his feet. Our agent said some things to him that are deleted by censor and then gave him the orthodox start down the road. We suspect he will not return.

* * *

"Where have you been?"
"To the cemetery."
"Any one dead?"
(Gloomy)—"All of them."—*Tiger* (Princeton).

GRANDPA

Matt Locke, Whiting works, doesn't look like a grandpa but he is, and here he is with his granddaughter, Baby Lois Locke.

HITTING THE HAY AT LA CROSSE, WIS.

We know the phrase "hitting the hay" carries a soporific inference, but we'll have to admit that these gay young ladies of the LaCrosse office certainly don't resemble sleepyheads. The pose of the young lady on the upper left indicates, however, that she is just preparing to hit the hay with a high dive. Too bad the photog didn't delay his shot!

EVERY MAN FOR SAFETY

Universal safety means the application of common sense to all things, whether pertaining to the turning down of a nail in a plank, which is ready to be stepped on, or the question of wearing rubbers when conditions necessitate such a course. These are responsibilities resting on the individual. Were it possible to confine accidents to only those responsible for them, then every safety director would heave a sigh of relief, but unfortunately, the accident usually overtakes the man who has no connection with the cause, and he who is behind the cause goes on his way carefree and unharmed. The man who fails to turn down the nail in the plank brings disaster upon others who may in turn bring disaster upon him in the same manner if they pursue the same indifferent course.

When an accident occurs, the natural question is "How did it happen"? Industrial plants demand an answer to such questions, and this necessitates records and forms of various kinds. To obtain such records an efficient system is required. "Red tape" must be eliminated, but facts must be submitted, and these must be written correctly, briefly and sent in at once. Reports conforming to these essentials will be looked upon as a Christmas present by our Safety Department. Many reports, taxing the ingenuity of a Conan Doyle to decipher them, are submitted. Any delay in making out these reports is fatal; the next day usually sees the report either forgotten or the details lost. Today it is the right arm that was hurt; tomorrow it is remembered as the left.

In the past few years, great advance-

IS OUR FULL LINE POPULAR IN DAKOTA? SEE THIS!

Mr. J. L. Carter, Assistant General Manager, Northern Division: This is the display in the John Skala store at Casselton, N. D. The display was too large to put in his window, and the display he could have carried in the window would have been too small to do justice to the amount of Standard Oil goods this man carries. Therefore, Mr. Lawrence, district superintendent, and Mr. W. C. Scott, salesman chose to have the display photographed just as carried in stock by Mr. Skala. He carries this amount of stock at all times and also a stock of Household Lubricant, for which there is no room in the picture. Also, there was not room for our large Polarine and Red Crown signs.—*F. I. Packard, Manager, Duluth.*

ment has been made which has resulted in betterment of conditions for both the employer and the employee. However, ideal plant conditions can not prevail as long as distrust holds the speaker's chair. Safety is surely a common ground on which we can all meet; we are all for safety.

The teaching of Safety in the public schools, especially to children of tender years, is a splendid step in the right direction, as the mind at this period is in a receptive state. Stories illustrated with pictures are readily absorbed and lasting impressions are thus made, and the children talk them over at home and among themselves while at play, and parents, listening to their prattle, are thus brought face to face with their own shortcomings.

Sometimes employees resent safety advice and try to substantiate their threadbare ideas with remarks of this nature: "I have done this way for twenty years and have never been hurt." To such I must say that glass eyes never take the place of natural ones, neither do they look as well; wooden legs also have their disadvantages.

Safety is a cooperative movement. The management, foremen and all employees must put their shoulders to the wheel at

TWO PAIR, KINGS AND QUEENS

There are two pairs of twins in the family of C. A. Coleman, rural truck salesman at Pontiac, Mich., Detroit division. Melvin and Madeline, age 3, were presented to their enraptured dad on his 36th birthday anniversary, which is our idea of some birthday present. Lavina and Lee were one year old June 27. Two older children complete the family.

the same time and push. If one person hangs back, he helps to break that co-operative spirit.

Remember—Accidents never *"happen."* Like Grapenuts—"There's a Reason." That reason is usually you.—*C. W. Smith, Safety Director, Standard Oil Company (Ind.).*

* * *

"Jenkins, the oil promoter, has married the talkinest woman I ever laid eyes on."

"Struck a gusher this time, eh?"

—*Nashville Tennessean.*

Here lies the body
Of Bill McPeetie;
He tried to drive
And kiss his sweetie.

Stephen Jones
Died Easter morn;
He drove his car
While full of corn.

* * *

"How old are you, Marjorie?"

"I'm five and mother says if I'm good and eat lots of oatmeal, I'll be six next birthday."

—*Boston Transcript.*

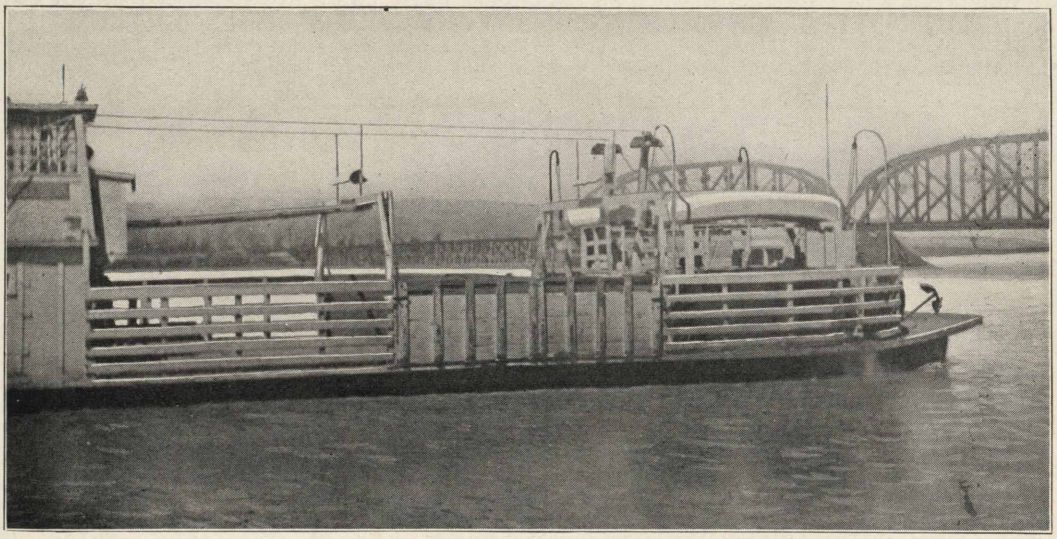
* * *

It is not what you came from, it is what you make of yourself that counts.

HIZZONER, MAYOR OF ARTESIAN, S. D., AND HIS COUPE

Huron, S. D., June 1.—We beg to introduce to the Stanolind family hizzoner, the mayor of Artesian, this state, otherwise known as J. L. Williams. He calls this dainty little pleasure car his "coupe." Pleasure car? Sure, his greatest pleasure is SELLING THE FULL LINE and this is his vehicle for doing it.

FERRYING THE MUDDY MISSOURI ON RED CROWN



This ferry plies back and forth across the Missouri river at Chamberlin, S. D., Huron division. It operates on Red Crown Gasoline.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE COURTED IN THIS, GIRLS?

Well, Frank Edwards, now salesman in the Grand Rapids field, used it successfully back in 1909, for the fair lady was so intrigued by this Cupid's vehicle that she consented to and did become the "Missis." Sure, Frank manufactured this himself and he claims that in its day it was some "Go-devil; best little bus in the business"—you know the line. It used Red Crown Gasoline and Polarine Oil.

PEKIE IN THE MONEY

R. Pekie, of the Chicago office, copped third money in the Chicago Industrial Bowling tournament, in which 297 teams competed, and in which the Perfection team of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) finished in seventh place. The score which gave Pekie third place in the all-event prize list were: 200, 264, 193, 236, 239, 200, 181, 225, 158, a total of 1896 for nine games. Members of the Perfection team were: A. W. Bumhour, M. J. Weppner, W. Juergensen, Fred Lau and R. Pekie.

* * *

Make Your Stock Pay Dividends!

SAY, PHOTOGRAPHERS!

The Record is in dire need of more feature pictures and fewer photos of window displays, show displays, etc. We now have on file more than fifty photographs of window displays—very interesting but very certain to give our readers a decided pain if we make the magazine monotonous by publishing them. Watch for and send us more feature pictures of employees such as those on Pages 3 and 13 of the June issue; Page 40 of May issue; Pages 10, 26 and 36 of April issue; Pages 4, 7, 8, 25, 27, 34 and 40 of March issue; Pages 10 and 24 of January-February issue; Pages 6, 9 and 13 of December issue.

HE'S GOT AN ACE AND QUEEN TO DRAW TO

With this ace and queen to draw to, C. A. Waldon, our agent at Warren, Mich., has got something to play for in this game of life, and we'll miss our guess if he doesn't draw a full house of happiness and rake in the rewards of success. The ace is Cloyd Waldon, age 2½, and the queen is his mother, Mrs. Martha Waldon.

DELIVERS 190,000 GALLONS OF RED CROWN IN YEAR

St. Louis, Mo., June 1.—This truck, operating from our main plant, Park and Lawrence, St. Louis, delivers a yearly average of 190,000 gallons of Red Crown gasoline. The man on the running board, with his orders in his hand, is William Martin, driver of this spic and span truck.

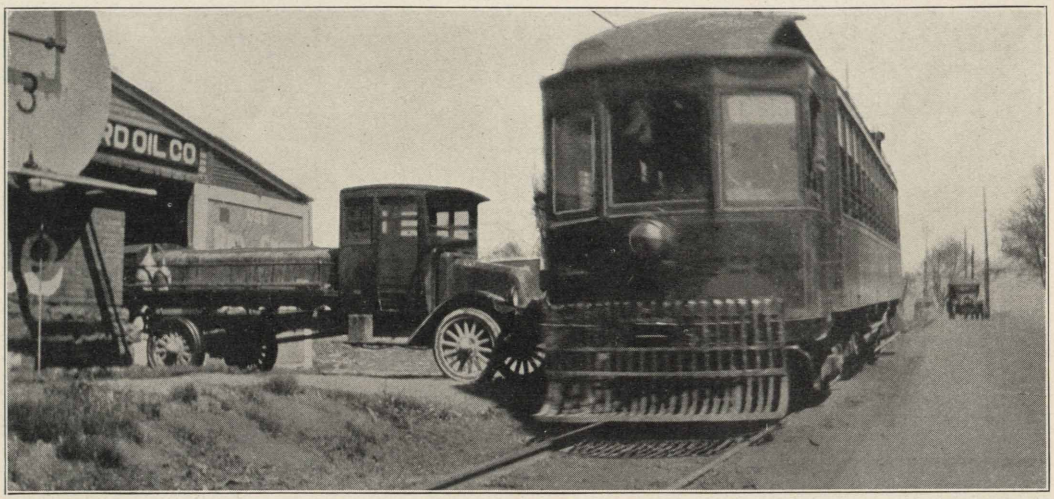
PUTTING A GLOSS ON THE BLACK HILLS

Our Fargo division is making everything in the Black Hills shine with liberal applications of Semdac Liquid Gloss. This is a display in the window of the Snell Hardware Company, Devil's Lake, N. D.

HAIL, HAIL, THE GANG'S ALL HERE!

This is the gathering of agents in the northwest corner of Joliet field at Freeport for their annual meeting. While their backs are against the wall, these gentlemen want it understood that they are not on the defensive, but are storing up a new supply of Red Crown and Polarine energy to keep them going at high speed all year. The nonchalant attitude of Roy Prussing, division superintendent, who is keeping the bricks in place in the right end of the back row, shows that he is not afraid to face the camera, any old time!

WHERE SAFETY FIRST REIGNS SUPREME



To Ralph Weed, our agent at Wayne, Mich., Detroit division, "Safety First" is something to be remembered every minute. "Did the car stop for the picture? I should say not," said Mr. Weed. "They never do. It might have slowed down to 25 miles an hour (which would be an exception), but as a rule they sure do open up on the down grade." It's a case of "stop, look and listen" with Mr. Weed all the time or the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) would soon be minus a good agent. Therefore Mr. Weed never has an accident, while people who are not menaced by a constant hazard, forget to think "Safety First" and end by getting all smashed up.

BUT IF CARUSO EVER HEARD THEM!

St. Joseph advertises this outfit as "Our quartet of Carusos at Atchinson, Kan., A station." Left to right: W. H. Arensberg, R. F. Rudolph, O. S. Turnbull and Charles Wike. The girls are urged to keep in line and not crowd.

OUR ART SMITH HANGS K. O. ON JACK FROST

While fruit farms in the vicinity of La-Porte, Ind., suffered heavily from frost one night this spring, that of Billy Walton, apple king of the district, didn't even feel a nip. Mr. Walton is a very progressive horticulturist, and sensing the coming frost, he determined to protect his apples, pears and plums by keeping such oil-burning smudge pots as that shown in the picture going all night. Six hundred of them were scattered through the great expanse of orchards, keeping the temperature therein from 10 to 12 degrees higher than in neighboring gardens.

"Mr. Walton feels under special obligation to the Standard Oil Company (Indiana)," said the local paper in reporting the incident. "The company sent one of their big trucks, with Art Smith, driver, to the orchard. It is needless to say the oil flowed freely when the reservoir of the truck was tapped. Smith said he would stay on the job all night if necessary to save Bill's fruit." He saved it.

"Smith rendered real service during the frost," Manager D. L. Guilfoyle, manager of the South Bend division, informs the Record. "He is the man leaning against the truck."

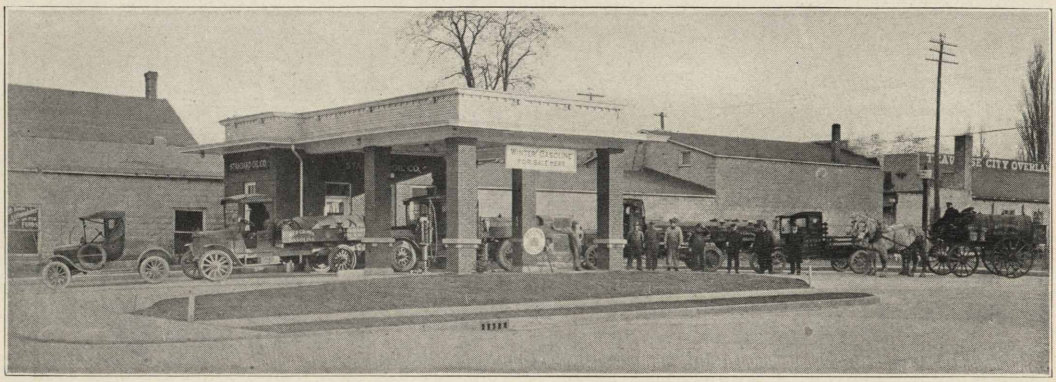
BANAHAN ON J. G. C.

Harry Banahan has been chosen by the employees' representatives of the Whiting Joint General Committee to succeed Ira O. Troyer, resigned, as representative for Division 12. Mr. Troyer has left the service of the company. In his letter of resignation Mr. Troyer said in part: "It is with regret that this (his resignation) is necessary, for I have enjoyed the work immensely and the association with the gentlemen in this body has been very pleasant. I have the greatest respect for the work that can be accomplished by the J. G. C. for the benefit of the employees as well as the employers. I extend to this body my best wishes for the continuance of their good work."

THE THIRTEENTH SALE BUT WHO'S AFRAID!

Salesman V. H. (Mose) Moore and Agent Emery Buchanan, of Danville, Ind., on the left and in center above, went out one morning recently and sold thirteen cases of Semdac before noon. This photograph was taken as they made their thirteenth sale, the gentleman on the right being Willie Mackey, a farmer who now understands the merit of code 807.

"THE BELLE OF WESTERN MICHIGAN"



Grand Rapids, Mich., June 1.—It is conceded that S. S. 126, at Traverse City, shown in the above picture, is the belle of Western Michigan. This station was not so busy when this picture was taken; what you see is the end of a Standard Oil parade, led by Salesman W. A. Bovee's Ford pleasure car.

"I can't play billiards in the winter time at all."

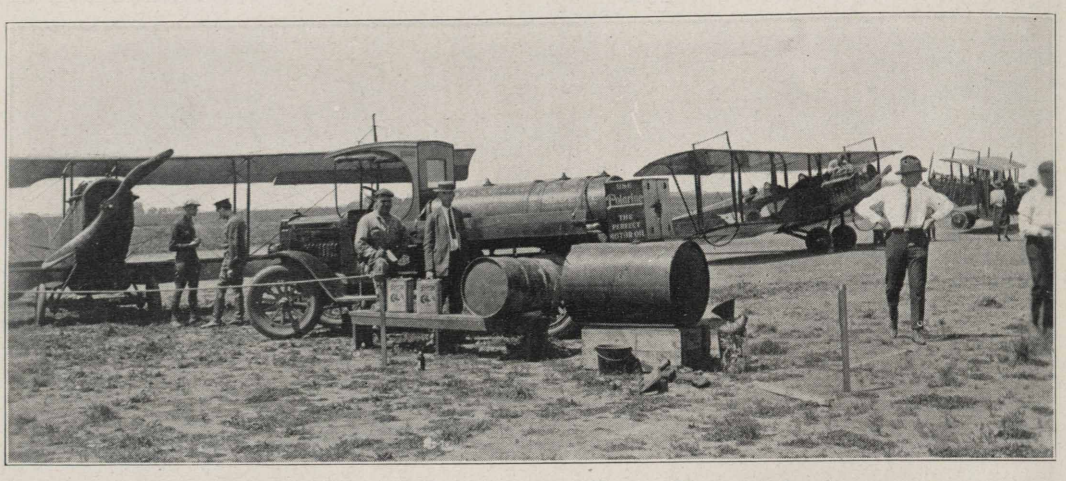
"Why not?"

"Every time I get to knocking those three balls around it reminds me of my overcoat."—*Gargoyle* (Michigan).

She—"You used to say that Mary was such a sweet, pensive little girl."

He—"Well, she soon got over that; you might say that she became expensive."—*The Pitt Panther.*

BURNING RED CROWN AT CHANUTE FIELD, RANTOUL



"These were the planes that burned Red Crown gasoline on Memorial day," announces our agent, Charles J. Brown. The picture, writes Manager J. R. Coleman, of the Peoria division, was taken at Chanute field during the Memorial day flying exhibition. "This field is used by the government training school for fliers. However, the two planes in the foreground are not government planes but were in the exhibition and were operated by a former lieutenant in the flying service. Both Red Crown gasoline and Heavy Polarine were used in giving these flying exhibitions along with other government planes."

SOME RED HOT SPARKS FROM FLINT

These are salesmen, tank wagon drivers and service station attendants at Flint, Mich. This meeting was held in the Flint office at the close of a sales contest between the Flint service stations and the tank wagon drivers. The winners in the contest are shown in the center of the picture. At this meeting the Flintites had as guests Mr. L. J. Thompson, manager of the Saginaw division, Mr. H. L. Witter of Detroit, and Mr. L. E. Patterson of Saginaw.

TWO AUTO SPOTLIGHTS MAKE THIS SHINE NIGHTS

Sioux City, Iowa, June 1.—This is a display in the window of the Keegan and Wright store at Kingsley, who are among the best boosters of Standard Oil Company (Indiana) products in the Sioux City field. They are a very enterprising firm, as this display indicates. The picture does not tell the whole story of the effectiveness of the display, as two automobile spotlights are so placed at the sides of the windows as to light it up at night. This is in the territory of District Superintendent F. J. Hagy.—*D. B. Thayer, Manager, Sioux City.*

SUNBURN

For the benefit of the mermaids of the Chicago office (who, by the way, have never submitted to the Record any photos of themselves while mermaiding), and as first aid to our golfers, tennis sharks, ball tossers, and vacationists, we print the following:

Sunburn is a red and painful condition of the skin due to exposure of the surface of the body to the rays of the sun.

Treatment.—Make a lotion as follows: Take one-half a pint of hot water and stir into it a level tablespoonful of boric-acid powder; then add 20 drops of carbolic acid, and shake well. The solution should be dabbed on the inflamed skin with a small piece of cotton or sprayed on with an atomizer. It should not be rubbed into the skin. It can be applied every half hour, if necessary. If no medicine is available cold compresses will give relief to badly burned areas. When blisters form do not open them, for that only increases the pain and discomfort. After a time a new layer of skin is formed and the blisters break of themselves.—*United States Public Health Service.*

* * *

"Is this stuff guaranteed to make a rabbit slap a bulldog in the face?"

"My dear, sir," said the bootlegger, with a pained expression. "This stuff will make a tenant snap his fingers under his landlord's nose."

* * *

"What's the noise?" inquired Georgette.

"Either somebody is putting in a thousand tons of coal," responded Tricotine, "or our flivver has come."

SUGAR CREEK ORGANIZES ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Sugar Creek, June 1.—Sugar Creek has joined the list of Standard Oil Company (Indiana), refineries which boast active athletic associations. Our subcommittee on Athletics, Entertainment and Recreation, consisting of F. H. Frisby, C. C. Koehler, A. P. Phillips, H. E. Otto, B. F. Miller and B. F. Gore, divided our plant into twenty-one divisions. On Friday, May 13 and Saturday, May 14, an election was held and the following men were elected from their respective divisions:

1—C. Ray Snider
2—John Walker
3—Clarence Ross
4—Frank Chandler
5—Fred Score
6—Willie Inman
7—Forrest Holliday
8—Ernest Pittman
9—Werner V. Donaldson
10—C. C. Koenig
11—Earl Moore
12—Wally B. Hodge
13—Paul Smith
14—W. A. Stump
15—Jas. Rozgoj
16—Ed Baker
17—Leon Whitcomb
18—Art Hammontree
19—Joe Bostian
20—Frank McCarroll
21—Grover Barnes

On Wednesday, May 18, a meeting was called of the elected representatives of the Athletic Association and the following officers were elected:

President . . . . . C. Ray Snider
First Vice President . . . . . Joe Bostian
Second Vice President . . . . . Frank McCarroll
Secretary . . . . . W. B. Hodge
Treasurer . . . . . Bert Stover

After the election it was decided to canvass the plant for funds. On Saturday, May 21, a short business session was called and the following committees were named:

BASEBALL
Wally B. Hodge — Clarence Ross
Frank McCarroll — Clarence Spitser
Joe Bostian

BOWLING
Art Hammontree — James Rozgoj
Grover Barnes

TENNIS
Leon Whitcomb — Virgil Mooney
Ed Richmond

VOLLEY BALL
W. A. Stump — Fred Score
C. C. Keonig

HAND BALL AND INDOOR BASEBALL
Frank Chandler — John Walker
Ed Richmond

BASKET BALL
J. A. Arber — Ernest Pittman
Clarence Ross

SWIMMING
Paul Smith — Werner Donaldson
Ed Baker — Earl Moore

BOXING AND WRESTLING
Forrest Holliday — Phillips Farrow
Werner Donaldson

HORSE SHOE AND QUOITS
Art Hammontree — Tom Chandler
Ed O Laughlin

FOOTBALL AND SOCCER
Joe Asher — James Rozgoj
James Green — John Walker

PUBLICITY
A. S. Hurt — C. C. Koehler
Art Hammontree — Roy Jones

AUDITING
C. C. Koehler — Will Stump
A. S. Hurt

LOVE'S LABOR LOST

South Bend, Ind.—It all happened that noon the girls took John Buzolits, of the equipment department, with them to their picnic lunch in the woods. John proposed to Mabel Miller, his stenographer, but got turned down flat; but don't get excited—all he proposed was that Mabel come back to the office and get out those Forms 44 instead of spending the afternoon picking violets. Gee, he's got a nerve!

SOMEBODY ELSE

Somebody wants a new bonnet to wear;
Somebody wants a new dress;
Somebody needs a new bow for her hair,
And never the wanting grows less.
Oh, this is the reason I labor each day
And this is the joy of my tasks:
That keep in the envelopes holding my pay
Is something that somebody asks.

I could go begging for water and bread
And travel the highways of ease,
But somebody wants a roof over his head
And stockings to cover his knees.
I could go shirking the duties of life.
And laugh when necessity pleads.
But rather I stand to the toil and the strife
To furnish what somebody needs.

Somebody wants what I've strength to supply
And somebody's waiting for me
To come home tonight with money to buy
Her bread and her cake and her tea.
And as I am strong so her laughter will ring,
And as I am true she will smile;
It's the somebody else of the toiler or king
That makes all the struggle worth while.

Somebody needs all the courage I own,
And somebody's trust is in me;
For never a man who can go it alone,
Whatever his station may be.
So I stand to my task and I stand to my care,
And struggle to come to success,
For the ribbons to tie up somebody's hair,
And my somebody's pretty new dress.

—By Edgar A. Guest, in May "Cosmopolitan."

* * *

"It takes 65 muscles of the face to make a frown and 13 to produce a smile—Why waste energy?"—*Compliments, Geo. T. Wells, Denver National Bank.*

* * *

When about to deliver a lecture in a small town the well-known speaker asked the chairman if he might have a pitcher of ice water on the platform table.

"To drink?" inquired the chairman.

"No," answered the speaker; "I do a high diving act."

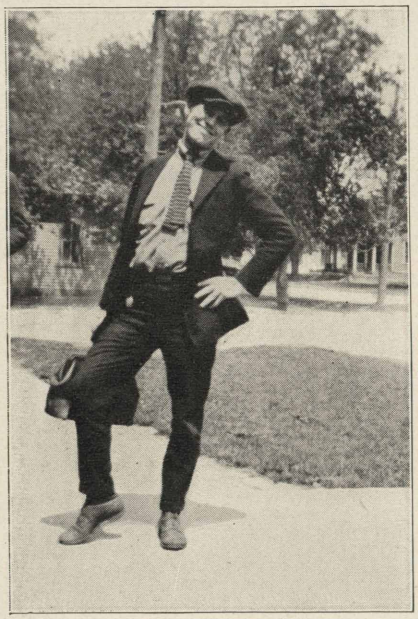
SALESMEN WIN

Captain Juergensen's Salesmen copped first place in the Stanolind Bowling League which ended its eighth annual tournament on April 15. Gus Wolke's credit men were close behind them, while W. Roberts' steady crew landed in third place. MacMeekin's Polarines finished fourth and claimed they would have copped the penant had their old star bowler, F. H. Bosworth, finished the season with them.

The individual championship was won by Fred Lau, of Whiting, who averaged 182 for the season, rolling 72 games. He also had the high individual average for three games, with a mark of 213. Le Comte hung up a mark of 269 for high single game.

Season averages of the fifteen leaders were: Lau, 182; LeComte, 176; Grebe, 175; Scott, 173; Weppner, 173; Bumhour, 173; Hendrickson, 172; Juergensen, 171; Roberts, 169; Heuel, 169; Thorstenson, 168; Manson, 168; Wolke, 168; Burns, 167; Brandt, 164.

OUR GUS



Sioux City, Iowa.—Introducing Gus Rath, S. S. checker, just returning from a visit to the stations. Absolutely one of the best young men ever taken into our service. He possesses so many good qualities that space does not permit our mentioning them all, but surely his picture in the Stanolind Record will be gladly greeted by every employee of this Sioux City division.

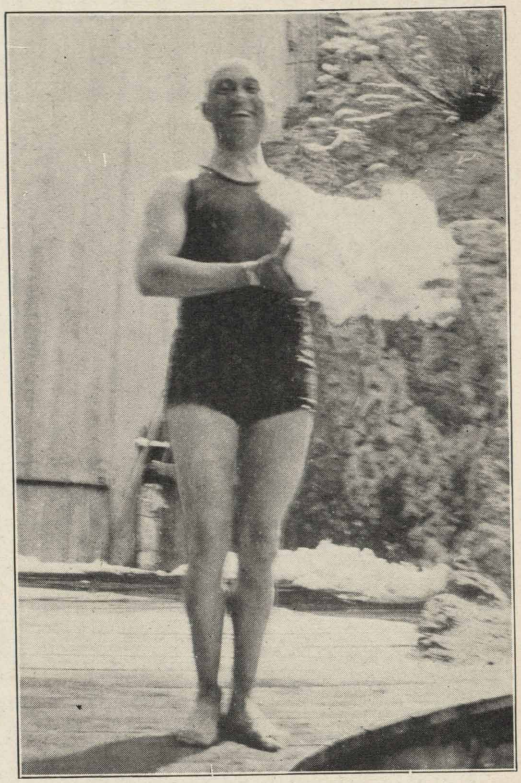
Duluth, Minn., June 1.—Have we got PEP? Well, just look at us! As to the pose, we offer our apology to the Statue of Liberty, but friends: in each hand is held a beacon light that guides the way to service stations of quality and service, a $25 coupon book. We are the Duluth main office force and we beg to slip it to the Stanolind family that on April 19 we sallied forth into the city of Duluth and sold $4,795 worth of coupon books, 33 per cent of them going to new business. A good day? Oh, fair. Next time we'll do it before breakfast! Note to Editor: There is nothing in the above that should not be published for there is nothing there of which our competitors are not fully aware!

SAFETY FIRST!

This is Oswald C. Tracy, salesman in the Joliet Division, making a new acquaintance.

Tracy had often heard of water before, but had the impression that it only came in the form of rain. Since this picture was taken, however, they tell us that Tracy is making the Thor-like attempt to drink the town wells dry. Well, in these days of adulterated hootch, Tracy is wise.

POLAR BEAR



We've heard of bald-headed eagles but never of a bald-headed bear, so here we think we have discovered a species hitherto unknown to natural science — a bald-headed polar bear. Anyone glancing at the picture will have no doubt as to the baldness, and anyone in Detroit will tell you that Lee Allyn is a bear of a salesman. He is here shown warming himself with an armful of real snow after a swim in an icy pool in the mountains at Banff, Alberta, Canada.

FOR OUR COOKS

CORN FRITTERS

One can of corn, 2 tablespoons of flour, 2 eggs, add a little salt and pepper. Bake like pancakes.

CREAMED ASPARAGUS

Clean asparagus, wash and boil until tender. Brown slightly 1 tablespoon of flour, the same of butter, stir in enough of the water in which the asparagus was boiled to make a smooth gravy. Put asparagus in this gravy and before serving add the beaten yolk of 1 egg and 2 tablespoons of cream. A pinch of nutmeg may be added if desired.

CABBAGE SALAD

One large head of cabbage, 1 can of pimentoes, 1 small onion and 1 dozen sweet pickles. Chop cabbage, cut pimentoes, pickles and onions, add ½ cup of vinegar, 2 tablespoons sugar and ½ teaspoon salt. Mix well. This will keep a long time.

POTATO SALAD

Eight large potatoes, 3 hard boiled eggs, 1 large onion, parsley and salt to taste.

Dressing: Two eggs beaten light, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, ½ cup sugar, ¾ cup vinegar, and ½ teaspoon salt. Add piece of butter size of walnut. Cook all together until thick, stir while cooking.

DID YOU EVER

"I want to get this check cashed," said the young wife to the paying teller at the bank.

"Yes, madam; you must indorse it, though."

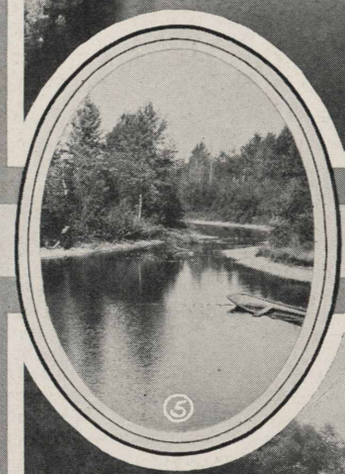
"Why, my husband sent it to me. He is away on business."

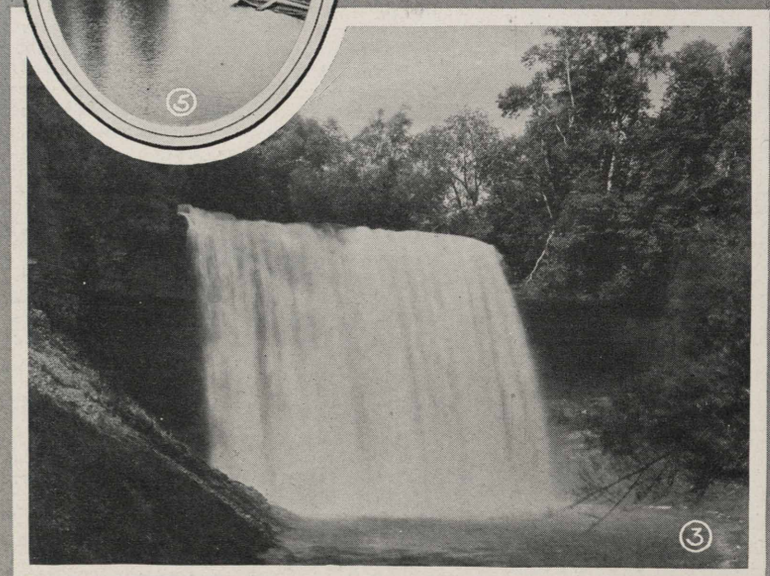
"Yes, madam. But just indorse it. Sign it on the back, please, and your husband will know we paid it to you."

She went to the desk and in a couple of minutes came back with the check indorsed:

"Your loving wife, Edith."

MINNEAPOLIS, QUEEN of BEAUTY, INVITES STANOLIND FAMILY



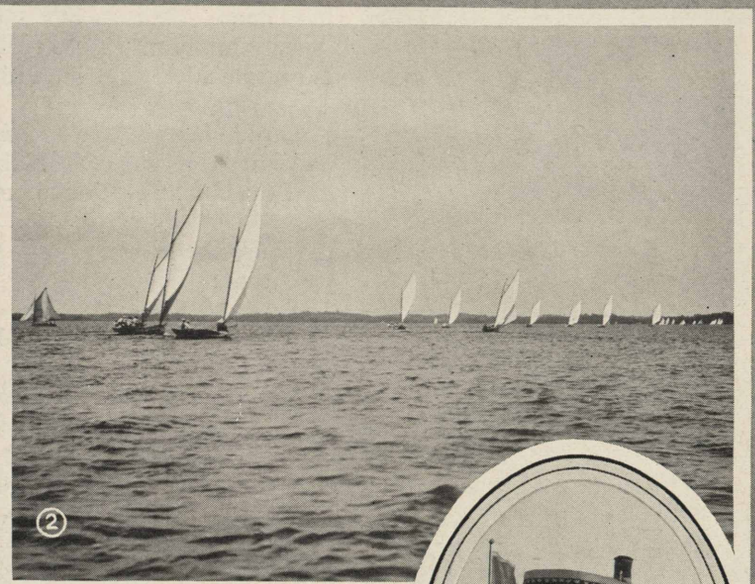


Minneapolis, June 1—Now is the opportune time, Mr. Editor, for you to publish the pictures we sent you of beautiful Minneapolis. If they are published now the whole Stanolind family will know where is the ideal spot to spend their vacations—Minneapolis, most beautiful of all American cities.

To all employees of the Indiana field we extend a welcome. We humbly claim ours to be the most beautiful of the divisions. More than 4000 lakes dot our territory and in all respects Nature has dealt with us with a lavish hand.

Summer brings thousands of tourists from all over the United States, and autumn sends them home with renewed vigor and memories that never die. There are five lakes within the corporate limits of the city of Minneapolis and dozens of lakes surrounding it and St. Paul, including Lake Minnetonka and White Bear, Minnetonka alone having several hundred miles of shore line. We also have the wonderful Mississippi, of which a New York globe trotter admitted, as he stood on the Lake street bridge: "There isn't a place on the picturesque Hudson to compare with your Mississippi at this point."

Photo No. 1, View of Mississippi from Lake street bridge; No. 2, Lake Calhoun, one of the five lakes within the city limits of Minneapolis; No. 3, the famous and beautiful Minnehaha Falls, where Hiawatha and Minnehaha wooed; No. 4, one of numerous public squares which make Minneapolis beautiful; No. 5, the source of the mighty Mississippi, in the Minneapolis division; No. 6, speed boat on Lake Minnetonka which uses Red Crown gasoline and Polarine lubricant, as do practically all passenger boats in Twin Cities and environs.

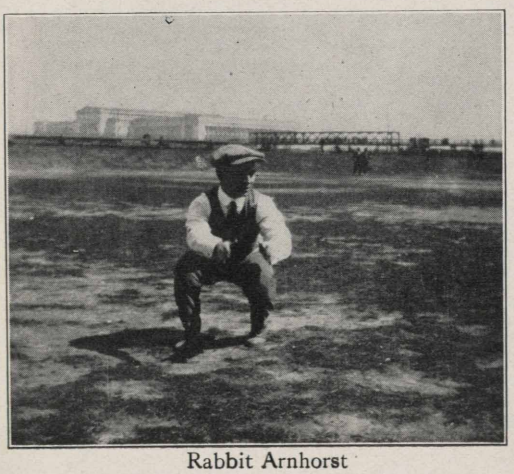


"LET'S GO!"

Sioux City, Iowa, June 1.—Every plant of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) needs a "regular flagman" to see that tank cars are properly spotted, and we herewith introduce Miss Edna Morrison, the best little flagman in the business, giving the signal for "Let's Go!"

SOME BALL GAME!

At Grant park, Saturday afternoon, May 7, the Polarine indoor baseball team, captained by "Fat" Heuel, and the Semdac team, led by "Rabbit" Arnhorst, met to decide which was the better team, a subject of much controversy for the past three weeks among the "fans" of the 4th and 5th floors, Chicago. It resulted in a walk-away for the Polarines, score 25 to 3. Heuel struck out 15 batters, allowed only 4 hits, while his team mates piled up a total of 31 hits off Hanson, who also struck out 13, but was "touched" for home runs by Heuel, Kelly and Kneip. Gaertner was the leading slugger with 5 hits; Kelly, Kneip, Fagerstrom and Kenny got 4 each. Neither pitcher passed a man, and it would have been a tighter game had Hanson been



Rabbit Arnhorst

SALESMANSHIP

"Somebody said it couldn't be done,
But he, with a chuckle, replied
That 'maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried.'
So he buckled right in, with the trace of a grin
On his face; if he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

"Somebody scoffed: 'Oh, you'll never do that;
At least no one ever has done it,'
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it;
With a lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quit it,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

"There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done;
There are thousands who prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out, one by one
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That cannot be done, and you'll do it."

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

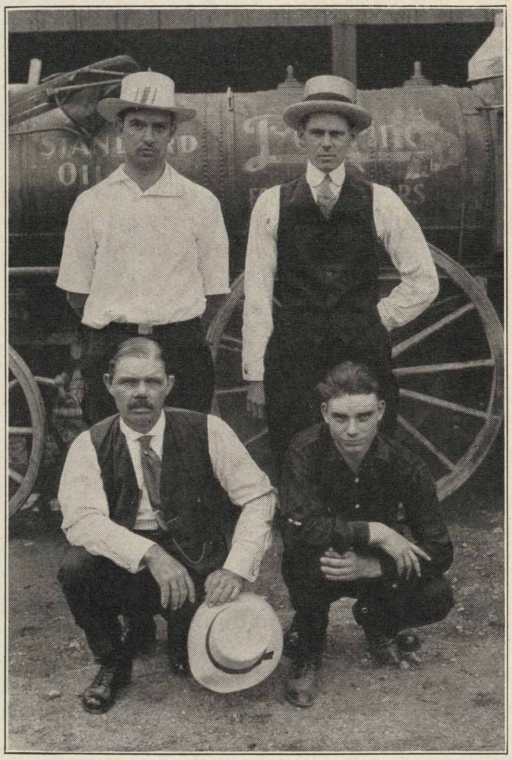
given good support. The 'Rabbit" was the only Semdac player to reach 1st base until the 9th inning, getting on base through an error, stealing 2nd and 3rd, and finally scoring the first run on a passed ball. The Polarines have issued a challenge to any team along the Avenue. Harvester Co. and Crane Co., please take notice. The score:

* * *

Polarines	R	H	E	Semdac	R	H	E
Kelly, cf.	2	4	0	Blix, 3b	1	1	0
Webster, 1b.	3	3	0	Doc Rand, ss	0	0	1
Kneip, 2b.	3	4	1	Dreher, c.	0	0	0
Croke, ss	3	3	0	Hansen, p	1	1	0
Fagerstrom, lf.	4	4	0	Zouloudek, 1b.	0	1	0
Cassell, c	0	1	0	Holmquist, 2b.	0	1	0
Kenny, 3b	4	4	0	Steinmeyer, lf.	0	0	0
Gaertner, rf.	2	5	0	Arnhorst, cf.	1	0	0
Heuel, p.	4	3	0	Drinan, rf	0	0	0
	25	31	1		3	4	1

Umpires, Michaelis and Hoffman.

CHALLENGE



Grand Rapids, Mich., June 1.—Here is the "Let's Go" Edwards family of Ionia, Mich. On the left is Lester (Dad) Edwards, kneeling, and on the right, kneeling, is Babe Edwards. Standing are Frank and Clem Edwards, salesmen in the Grand Rapids field. Lester says to wear your glasses when you come to Ionia, so brilliantly does the harness shine. And speaking of Mica—it takes the place of honey on our pancakes in the Ionia circuit! Dad has reason to talk: in two and one-half years this station sold 300 five-gallon cans of Eureka Harness Oil and 720 twenty-five-pound kits of Mica.

OH, GOSH! LOOK AT 'IM

When they get on an expression like this you know they're hooked for life and no further evidence were needed to prove that Miss Jennie Jenson, of the record department, Indianapolis and W. W. Harshman Stanolind Record correspondent for the Indianapolis division, have a fatal case. In fact, it was so fatal they went to the minister on June 15 and had themselves made one, so they're blasé old married folks by this time. On May 24 Harsh was instructed by the other girls to take the evening off while they gave Jennie, whose nerves were so worn that she had retired early, a miscellaneous shower. Everyone, including Jennie, say they had the time of their young lives, enjoying especially a solo by Hattie Goldberger, and a dance (not saying what kind) by Helen Benner. The Entire office force is expecting an invitation soon to spend an evening at the new home on Gladstone avenue, betting the while that Jennie will make Harsh keep his trousers pressed better than they are in this picture.

THEN HE STOPPED LAUGHING

Five young men went into a store to buy a hat each. Seeing they were in a joking mood, the clerk said: "Are you married?"

They each said, "Yes."

"Then I'll give a hat to the one who can truthfully say he has not kissed any other woman but his own wife since he was married."

"Hand over a hat," said one of the party, "I've won it."

"When were you married?"

"Yesterday," was the reply, and the hat was handed over.

One of the others was laughing heartily whilst telling his wife the joke, but suddenly pulled up when she said: "I say, John, how was it you didn't bring one?"—*Exchange.*

* * *

He knew that she would thank him not,
He cared not for her scorn;
He offered her his street car seat
To keep her off his corn.

STANOLITES TIE PERFECTIONS AT WOOD RIVER

Defeat Red Crowns in Hard 4 to 2 Battle on May 27th Before Largest Crowd of Season Which Had Gathered to Mark Dedication of the New Grandstand on the Standard Oil Company Athletic Field

Wood River, Ill., June 1.—Friday afternoon, May 27, before one of the largest crowds of the season, due to the dedication of the new grandstand erected on the Standard Oil Athletic Field, which has a seating capacity of 300, the Stanolites and Red Crowns played the best game of the interdepartmental league witnessed to date, the Stanolites finally winning by the score of 4 to 2, after a hard uphill fight. Mullen started on the mound for the winners, but gave way to DeHart, a southpaw, in the sixth inning after the Red Crowns had secured two straight hits off his delivery. De Hart checked further hitting. Bennett was on the slab for the losers and displayed lots of stuff, but he allowed the Stanolites to bunch two of the four hits secured off him in the sixth inning, which, combined with a base on balls and a miscue by one of his teammates, netted the Stanolites three runs. By virtue of their win yesterday, the Stanolites are now tied for first place with the Perfections, and a lively contest is looked for when these two teams cross bats on June 7.

Red Crowns	R	H	E	*Stanolites*	R	H	E
Dams, lf....	0	0	1	Henry, ss....	1	1	1
Campbell, ss	1	1	1	Halloran, 2b.	2	1	0
Dorsey, cf...	1	1	1	Parker, c....	1	2	0
Lewis, 3b...	0	2	0	Ohnsorg, 3b..	0	0	1
Connell, 2b..	0	1	0	Blakely, cf...	0	0	0
Mahoney, 1b	0	0	1	Geltz, lf.....	0	0	0
Bennett, p..	0	0	0	Raines, rf....	0	0	0
Wolfe, c....	0	1	0	Graham, 1b..	0	0	0
Veach, rf...	0	0	0	Mull n, p....	0	0	1
				DeHart, p...	0	0	0
Total.....	2	6	4	Total.....	4	4	3

Two base hits—Henry, Parker and Campbell. Base on balls—Bennett 2. Struck out by Bennett 7, by Mullen 1, by DeHart 1. Umpires—Dooley and Koenneker.

OPENING MAY 4

Wednesday, May 4, marked the opening of the Wood River Standard Oil Inter-Departmental League. The Red Crown Band, followed by the players of the Polarine and Perfection teams, marched from the plant to the athletic field where quite a number of fans were on hand to watch hostilities begin. At 3:45 p. m., Mr. C. B. Manbeck took his position on the firing line, while Mr. S. A. Beach donned a catcher's mask and breast protector and went behind the bat. On receiving the signal, Mr. Manbeck proved that he was in mid-season form by whipping a perfect strike across the plate, which was caught by Mr. Beach, and the favorite game of the nation was on. Neither team scored in the first, but in the second inning the Perfections jumped on Lamm's delivery for six hits, which combined with two miscues by his teammates, netted the Perfections six runs, which proved sufficient to win the game, the final score being 11 to 4. Much interest was manifested throughout the game as the followers of the different departments were on hand to spur their team on to victory.

STANOLITES WIN

The Stanolites defeated the Red Crowns Friday afternoon, May 6, in a well played game, score 4 to 2. Mullen and Veach both pitched fine ball and were given good support by their teammates.

POLARINES COP

The Polarines won their first game of the season, Tuesday afternoon, May 10, when they defeated the Red Crowns 8 to 5. As these two teams were tied for third place, the game was hotly contested and proved the most interesting of any of the games to date.

PERFECTIONS WIN

The Perfections defeated the Stanolites Friday afternoon, May 13, 9 to 3, and moved into first place. Mullen of the losers pitched a fine game, but his teammates bobbled it up for him in the sixth inning and eight runs crossed the plate.

MCBRIDE HIT HARD

Hammering McBride for twelve clean hits, coupled with three bases on balls, the

YOU CAN'T KNOCK THE SMILE OUT OF THIS BUNCH!

This is the smiling optimistic bunch of department heads, foremen of the mechanical force of the Casper plant, and the boys who run the mechanical office. When men like these can make a record such as they have on Appropriation 105, fraught with shortage, speed, and worry, and turn the other way and make a picture full of smiles and enthusiasm they are recommending themselves for any job that may come up, no matter what the size. If we could get all the employees together in one picture that picture should have the same text as this because everyone is working hard to check up with his boss or foreman; the foremen in turn are pressing to keep one jump ahead of the management. When all is told, these builders of Appropriation 105 constitute one gran' lil 'ol outfit.

Stanolites handed the Polarines an awful drubbing Wednesday afternoon, May 17, 11 to 0. Mullen of the winners pitched a masterly game, allowing but one man to reach third base.

A DARK HORSE

Friday afternoon, May 20, the Perfections, league leaders, tightened their hold on first place by defeating the Red Crowns 13 to 5. The Red Crowns sprung a dark horse in pitcher Corporal, who relieved Bennett in the fourth inning. Corporal showed plenty of smoke, but had difficulty in locating the plate. With a little practice he should develop into a star slabsman. H. Ash was the hitting star, securing two triples in three trips to the plate, while M. Ash's catch of O'Donnell's line drive to right field was easily the feature play of the game.

* * *

Sell That Full Line!

There is not much difference between life and love. Life is just "one fool thing after another" and love is just two "fool things" after one another.

* * *

Mr. Hen Pecked was being examined for life insurance. "Not a fast liver, are you?" asked the physician. "No," he answered. "Married?" "Yes, sir," he answered. "You don't dissipate, do you?" questioned the physician. At that the man hesitated a moment, looked a bit frightened, then replied in a small, piping voice, "I sometimes chew a little gum."

* * *

Lloyd George has a humorous as well as a stern side. This story, told in the cloak rooms of Parliament, fully bears it out. The British premier told of two little street urchins who wandered far in foggy London one dingy afternoon. They pushed their noses against every shop window in search of new sights. Staring through a barber's window they beheld, for them, a new sight. The barber was singeing a customer's hair. "Blimey, Bill," exclaimed the older, "blimey, but he's lookin' for 'em wiv a light!"

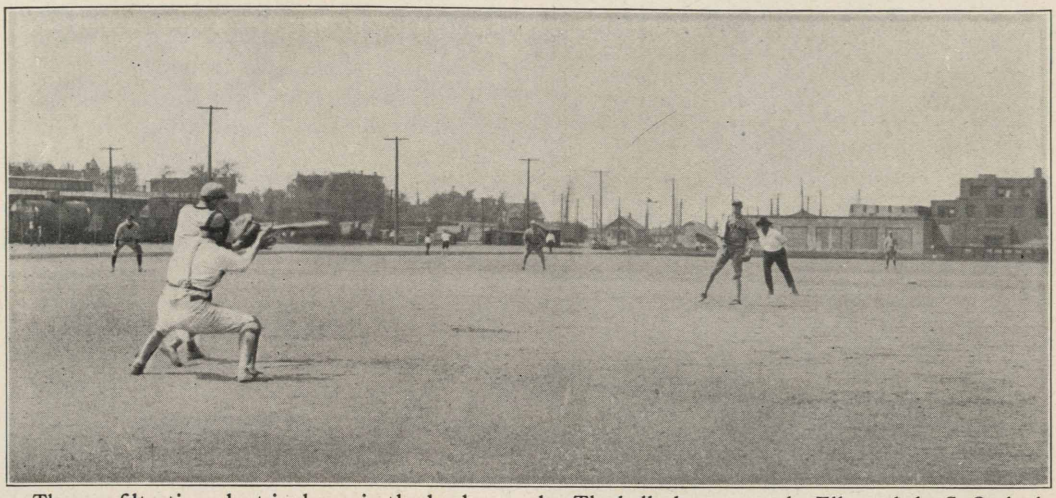
* * *

'Twas the night before pay day, and all through
my jeans
I hunted in vain for the price of some beans.
Not a quarter was stirring, not even a jit,
The kale was off duty, drilled edges had quit
Forward, turn forward, O Time in thy flight—
Make it tomorrow just for tonight.

—*Fidelity Spirit, Columbus.*

And here is the Joliet organization-office force, district superintendents, and salesmen, taken on the occasion of a salesman's meeting, April 2. Three shots were taken at the bunch, but Manager E. E. Morton selected this picture because he said he didn't like the way the others brought out the curl in his hair. The salesmen had the pleasure of hearing an interesting and instructive talk on our specialty products made by Mr. G. L. Conley of the Chicago office, who adds distinction to the picture. He is the gentleman in the light suit, sitting in the front pew, which he tells us is his usual location. Quite a group, isn't it? Even the Joliet Stanolind Record correspondent is there, doing his best to prove that Darwin was right.

DEDICATE FINE NEW ATHLETIC FIELD AT WHITING



The new filtration plant is shown in the background. The ball players are the Elks and the S. O. A. A. team, the Standard men in the field, with McCarthy and Cavanaugh as the battery.

The new Whiting athletic park and the new filtration plant were dedicated Saturday afternoon, May 21, 1921.

A ball game was played by the Standard Oil Athletic Association team and the Whiting Elks, the former winning, 14 to 3. The Standard Oil Concert Band furnished music during the afternoon.

The construction of this park and filtration plant is appreciated by the citizens of our city, if we can take the interest that was manifested at the dedication of them as a foundation for this belief. It is truly a wonderful thing for our city and the employees of the Whiting works to have the advantages which are offered by the establishment of these projects.

The athletic field is a beauty, including two base ball diamonds, a quarter-mile track and six tennis courts. For the construction of this field, it was necessary to use 1270 cars of cinders and 227 cars of clay. The cinders were furnished by the Standard Oil Company and the clay was secured at Thornton, Ill. The cost of the labor alone for the construction of this field reached approximately $16,000. The tennis courts for this year are constructed of clay but after settling, it is the intention of the Board of Public Works to cover them with asphalt. These courts are somewhat lower than the general lay of the field, thus permitting them to be flooded for skating in the winter.

The filtration plant is handling over 4,000,000 gallons of water daily. This amount is in excess of what is actually needed by the city, a condition which will be remedied in the near future principally by the repairing of leaky mains. The water produced for the citizens of the city by this filtration plant is absolutely pure according to the examinations which are made twice weekly at Indianapolis.

The desirability of the water for drinking purposes is, at the present time, somewhat affected by the odor which is given to it because of the quench water which is dumped into the lake from the coke ovens. It is the belief, however, that this condition will be remedied in the very near future.

Whiting has needed a filtration plant and an athletic field. Now that both are secured, they will be appreciated.

The Standard Oil Athletic Association is looking forward to a great year in athletics.

RETIRES

From the Albert Lea Tribune (Mankato division): At noon Saturday, April 30, W. S. Jones laid down his pen, closed his desk and said good-bye to the boys at the local Standard Oil office. For thirty years he has been the local agent for this company. And as a reward for his faithfulness he received word by telegram early this morning that for the rest of his life the company will see that he gets a substantial check at the end of each month. For years Mr. Jones has been recognized by the heads of this great oil company as a dependable man and one of those who was helping to put the company in the high rank it enjoys today. Mr. Jones has ten acres of land northwest of the city, where he now lives. He expects to take the remainder of his life a little more easy than he has during the past. Fred Luff has been appointed to succeed Mr. Jones. Fred has been employed by the Standard for the past five years. He started in at Albert Lea, was transferred to Faribault and then back to Albert Lea. He understands the business thoroughly and will undoubtedly handle the local office with the same care as it was handled by Mr. Jones. The Tribune extends congratulations to Mr. Jones and his successor.

REVENGE

Revenge is sweet.

On May 6, 1921, two bowling teams of the Chicago office wreaked vengeance on two Whiting teams for a former defeat. Some months ago the Chicago teams journeyed to Whiting to match their skill against the refinery men. The result, as written up in the Record, was not at all satisfactory to the Chicago rooters—we mean the result, not the write-up—but on May 6, on the Mussey alleys on Monroe street, the tables were turned.

The Chicago Eurekas defeated the Whiting Renowns by 198 pins in three games, while the Chicago Superlas nosed out the Whiting Towers No. 2, champions of the Whiting works interdepartment league, by 64 pins. The Eurekas spilled 2574 maples in three games, while the Renowns were knocking over 2377. The Superlas knocked down 2527 against 2463 in the Tower Still column.

Members of the Superlas were: Yale, Thorstenson, Griebe, Roberts and Barrett, while the Eureka lineup included S. Scott, J. Brandt, F. Heuel, J. LeComte and W. Juergenson.

CHICAGO LAKE FRONT

We are indebted to Mr. Ralph Ray for the above photograph of the Chicago lake front. The young lady, whom you may be able to discern by close scrutiny of the picture, is Miss Florence A. Johnston, of the traffic department.

BABY NAEF WINNER OF THE "BETTER BABY CONTEST"

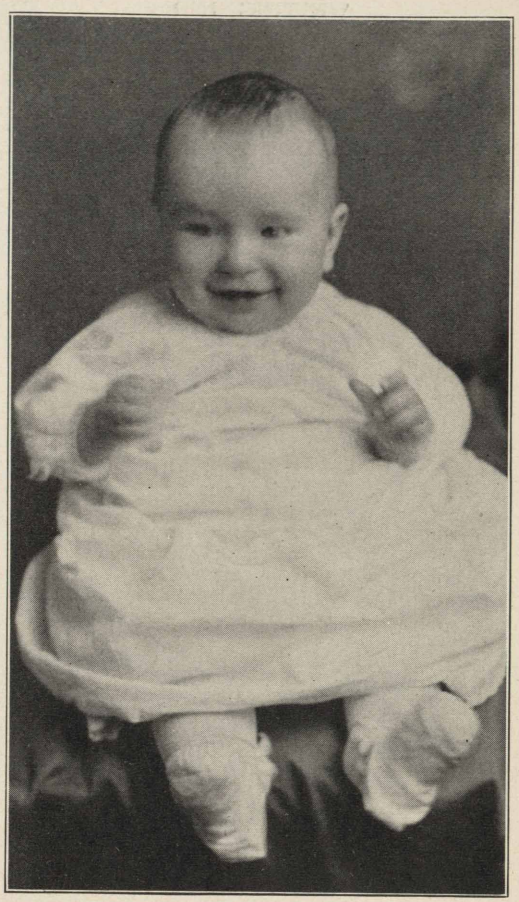
Wood River, June 1.—Donald Robert, the five-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Naef of 105 Ninth St., scored the highest number of points in the baby contest held Thursday afternoon at the Wood River school auditorium. This makes Baby Naef the winner of the ten dollar bank account offered as a prize to the healthiest and nearest physically perfect of the baby entrants.

The contest was held under the supervision of Dr. Fiegenbaum of Edwardsville, assisted by Miss Anna K. Coudy, local community nurse, and Miss Helen Heighway, Madison county tuberculosis nurse. Dr. Fiegenbaum was an impartial and efficient judge, as he was not personally acquainted with any of the contestants and has had previous experience as a judge at "Better Baby Contests." He entered into the work with much enthusiasm and deserves credit for his good work.

There were many pretty and healthy children entered and the parents took great interest in the examination and were eager to learn who the prize-winning baby would be.

Following is a list of the children, given in the order in which they were entered:

Augusta Lee Dial (Parents Oliver and Lavina Dial); Minnie Marie Smith (Parents Edward and Alice Smith); Stephen Panjek (Parents Frank and Victoria Panjek); Jacob Albert Heying (Parents Hugo and Agnes Heying); Melvin Mathis (Parents John and Amelia Mathis); Violet June Jones (Parents Edward and Flossie Jones); Junior Smiley (Parents Vergil and Elsie Smiley); Mary Lou Staar (Parents Charles E. and Lillian Staar); Rose Anna Mueller (Parents Henry G. and Irene Mueller); Mary Giffert (Parents John and Mary Giffert); Donald Eugene Gerl (Parents Carl and Marguerite Gerl); Frederick William Scifres (Parents Mr. and Mrs. David E. Scifres); James Harvey Walton, Jr. (Parents James Harvey and Wilda Blanche Walton); Clarence Eugene Swarringin (Parents Clarence and Clara Swarringin); Edna Ruth Campbell (Parents J. C. and Ruth Campbell); R. L. Fosha (Parents Perl and Etta Fosha); Lyle Obermiller (Parents William and Emma Obermiller); Donald Robert Naef (Parents Donald and Viola Naef); Bernice Witthoeft (Parents William and Irene Witthoeft); Mary Ellen Wagner (Parents Cary and Mary Wagner); Doris June Miller Parents William and Verne Miller); Raymond Leroy Rhodes (Parents Howard Raymond and Ruby Olive Rhodes); Ernest Leroy Krost (Parents Ernest F. and Maude Krost); Mary Elizabeth Burnett (Parents Aaron G. and Katherine Burnett); Donald Dean Harrod (Parents L. L. and Minnie Harrod); Janet Roselie Eckman (Parents J. P. and Helen Eckman); Dolores Boedy (Parents Orville and Helen Boedy).



Donald Robert Naef, champion baby of the Wood River works, is the grandson of Charlie Naef, the popular and well known labor superintendent of the Whiting refinery. Baby Naef is only five months old and tips the scales at 21½ pounds.

The doctors of Wood River have shown a splendid interest in the Health Week. Talks were given to the children in the schools as follows: Monday, Dr. Vaughn, dentist; Tuesday, Dr. Kimble, M. D.; Wednesday, Dr. Kessinger, M. D.; Thursday, Dr. Tonkinson, dentist.

* * *

Make Your Stock Pay Dividends!

GOSSIP FROM REFINERIES AND FIELD

WHITING, IND.

One of the principal events in the filtered oils department this past month, was the loss of Charley Ewing. He left the refinery to enter the sales department, and is now located at St. Louis. Charley chose the refinery end of the business first, and worked here about seven years, becoming acquainted with the various departments. This is wonderful training for a salesman. Ewing graduated in law from the University of Illinois, and was well liked by all his fellow workers. We all wish him the best of luck and success.

Several of our workers are on vacations. Miss Lillie Plau expects to motor with her parents to Detroit, and possibly stay there for the rest of her two weeks. I think we should all like to motor to Detroit. It's not so far "you know" from certain places.

Bill Stover intends to motor some the first two weeks in June, but he "says" he's going to South Bend with his family. Bill is probably wise to Chicago anyway.

Miss Elizabeth Schulze, our new stenographer, says she had a wonderful time at a week end party at Burdick, Ind. She fished and barn danced until the "wee sma' hours" and had a fine time in general. We shall probably lose her as we did Miss Josephine McDermott, who announced her June wedding, but fooled us all by being married three or four months previous to this. You never can tell nowadays.

Jake Nyland of the FFF plant, is away also on his vacation. We don't know where he's going, but he may take in the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" again, and keep cool in Chicago. In fact, it's been so cool for the last two weeks that there is no need to go out of town; for we have the theatres, bright lights, etc., right at our door.

Miss Eleanor Gough of the white oil room, has returned to her work, having had a serious operation on her nose and tonsils. She feels fine now, she says.

Miss Irene Duggan has left the employ of the Standard Oil Company. She intends to study music.

Miss Mary Germick, of the white oil rooms, has been very sick from an accident, but is recovering nicely.

The new ball field covered with clay and rolled hard, and the cinder track encircling it, are splendid. These are not really notes, but are of such interest that it may cause other refineries to follow suit and provide similar grounds.

The Whiting Band gave a very pleasing concert on Wednesday, June 1, at the Candle factory:

1—The Thunder.....*Sousa*
2—Alice Blue Gown.....*From Irene*
3—By the Swanee River.....*Middleton*
4—Festival Jubeb.....*Blankenburg*
5—Over the Waves.
6—Star Spangled Banner.

In "Over the Waves," or "Sobre las Olas" which everyone knows, feet commenced to twinkle, and soon some of the girls danced among themselves. This is a dandy accordeon piece.

Herman Trowe, formerly of the acid works, is now located at Casper.

Miss Beulah Stover, of the crane car department, is back at her desk after a five weeks' absence caused by an abcess on her throat.

Robert Wilson went on the annuity roll June 1, after thirty years service, part of the time as fireman on the old sweetening stills, and later as water drawer.

Mr. Weigand of the storehouse, is on a two weeks' vacation.

A new acid house stillman arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Bachi on May 16, bearing the name of Eugene Raymond. This is the fourth son to bless this home and we will wager Mrs. Bachi is kept right busy keeping an eye on the boys.

George Stauncsik, one of the twenty year men of the acid department, has returned from his two weeks' vacation spent in Cleveland, Ohio. George says four weeks would have been much better.

Robt. Lippe, labor foreman in the acid department, spent Decoration day with his son in Newcastle, motoring through on Saturday before.

Ernest Moore, pumper at the steam refining separator, reports his wife has gone to the country for a four weeks' visit. This correspondent recommends a guardian for Earnest during this period.

John Bodney was seen driving a brand new Chandler a few days ago. We would say John shows real good taste.

Chas. Harrington, lead burner, has returned from Casper where he was assisting in getting the lead work at that place under way.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

James Rankin, who was transferred from Whiting, and who has been in the employ of the Wood River refinery for the past five years, severed his connections with the Standard Oil Co. (Ind.) on the 14th of this month to join the ranks of the Standard Oil Co. (Ohio) and expects to be located at that company's new plant near Toledo. Jim is a very efficient lead burner, which will prove a very valuable asset in his new work, as he has accepted the position of superintendent of the acid works. Good luck, Jim, and best wishes from the Wood River boys.

Mrs. McMillen, wife of Roy McMillen, one of our electricians, entertained her father, Mr. John Earles, over the week end.

Miss Fern Springer, of Nebo, Ill., returned to her home the middle of the month after spending a few days at the home of her cousin, Asa Springer and family.

Clifford Manlove, of the pressure stills, who has been under the weather for the past week is out and around again at his regular post, performing the duties of topman at No. 6 pressure house.

Clyde Lewis, of the experimental house, left the employ of the company on the first of the month to enter a hospital at Chicago in the hope of obtaining relief from lung trouble which he contracted during the war. He has been complaining for some time and his many Wood River friends would like for him to fully recover. Mrs. Lewis will remain in Wood River during his absence.

Mrs. J. M. Durham, wife of Representative Durham, and their grandson, returned on May 1 from a pleasant visit with their daughter at Plainview, Ill.

Wm. Marrs, of the pressure stills, attended a celebration of the Odd Fellows anniversary at E. St. Louis, and reports a good time.

Mrs. Sonnenberg, wife of George Sonnenberg of the reclaiming department, accompanied by her

EIGHT DESCENDANTS OF ADAM, ALL OF 'EM BOYS!

The original Adam won't have much on our John Adam, pipefitter at the Whiting works, in the way of being an ancestor. Here we have John and his good wife Annie, and their eight children, all of them boys, and bright and husky ones, too, to judge from the photograph. The boys, reading down the "stair-steps" are: John, Jr., age 16 years; George, age 14; Mike, 15; Paul, 11; Joseph, 8; Andrew, 6; Steve, 3; Frank, the baby, age 16 months. The Adam family lives at 715 121st street, Whiting. It's a family to be proud of, John!

daughter, Mrs. Spangle, returned from Carlinville after spending a pleasant week with her daughter at that place.

Mrs. Heffner, wife of Riley Heffner, the popular pipefitter, accompanied by her daughter, departed for Jerseyville on the 6th, to visit a week with Mrs. Heffner's mother, Mrs. John Longwell.

Mrs. Dave Whitmeyer, of Whiting, Ind., who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Donald Naef, departed for her home on the 7th.

Mrs. Buck, wife of Still Foreman G. W. Buck, who was on the sick list the first part of the month, has fully recovered.

Mrs. Cruze, wife of P. W. Cruze of the shipping department, entertained the members of the Entre Nous Club on the afternoon of the 6th, at her home on Mills avenue. Tables were arranged for "500" and at the conclusion of the game delicious refreshments were served. The club favors were awarded Mrs. A. E. Elliot and Mrs. W. J. Davies. Mrs. B. F. Lufler will entertain the club in a fortnight at her home on State street.

Loyal Palmer, of the pressure stills, reports the arrival of a bouncing baby boy at his home on the 17th of May. This makes three children for the Palmers, the first two being girls. The parents are very proud over the new arrival.

The tag sale held in the refinery on Saturday, May 7th, under the asupices of the Wood River Relief Fund, netted $245.56. The plant committee feels very grateful toward the employees for their generosity.

Stillman H. Fox had the misfortune of injuring his right knee on the afternoon of the 24th, while walking from the receiving house to the front of the stills. It appears that Herb was looking up and walked off the runway. Watch your step, Herb.

H. Gerdes, pumper at No. 5 pressure, is sporting a new Paige roadster. In giving it a tryout, Harvey drove to his home in Bethalto, Sunday, May 22, and spent a few hours with his parents.

Mr. A. K. Whitelaw and S. C. Anderson who were business visitors in Wood River on the 26th and 27th departed for Louisvile. Mr. Whitelaw and Mr. Anderson, who were formerly associated with the Standard Oil Co. (Ind.) at the Wood River refinery, severed their connections with this company some time ago and joined the Standard Oil Co. (Ken-

tucky) and are now located at Louisville. It seemed quite natural to see these gentlemen around the refinery and a pleasure to talk with them. Come again.

Shelby Mathis' daughter Dorothy, who underwent an operation for appendicitis last week, is now getting along very nicely.

Ted Ohnsorg, the handsome draughtsman in the carpenter department, spent last Sunday in Calhoun county. Something suspicious about this, Ted.

On Thursday, May 26, we were visited by the Board of Directors of this company who had a conference with the Joint General Committee, explaining the policy of the company. All who were in attendance enjoyed the various speakers. After this session, a similar meeting was held with the foremen at the Eating Club.

Mrs. Harry Mahoney, wife of our paraffine treater helper, Harry Mahoney of Washington avenue, Alton, was hostess to the D. K. Club Thursday, May 11. The club is a social organization, but the ladies spend most of the evenings sewing.

Mrs. Wm. and Fenton Soliday went to St. Louis the middle of the month in the interest of the Associated Quality Products Company. Thru this association the grocery selling campaign which is meeting with such success among the churches of Wood River, is being conducted.

Mrs. Geo. Gunnison has been elected president of the Wood River Woman's Club, succeeding Mrs. G. A. Smith, who resigned because of illness. The Club, at a meeting held the first week of the month, voted to assist in the Health Week program. Dr. Flannagan of the Standard Oil Co. will be in charge.

"Chief" Haller reports that his wife and two children departed for Terre Haute, Ind., on the eve of the 18th, for a visit with her mother, where she expects to remain for three weeks.

Albert Dixon, one of our pressure still cleaners has been putting in all of his leisure time decorating his home with a new coat of paint. Al says his work is showing up like a million dollars.

Emma Harr, of the inspection department, while in St. Louis on business the 9th of this month, had the misfortune of injuring her left arm when she slipped and fell on one of the floors of a department store. Our sympathies, and we hope to see you on the job soon, Emma.

Jimmy Kane, of the Whiting Standard Oil Co. office force, spent a week in Wood River visiting relatives and friends. During his stay here, Jimmie paid his respects to old acquaintances in the Wood River refinery office.

Saturday afternoon, May 21, Phil Hoffman piloted his Ford touring car to St. Louis for the first time. Making the trip in the machine with Phil were Messrs. Blakely, Schulte, Gorman and Eldon E. Walker. Mr. Walker chaperoned the party. They were present at the ball game, had the satisfaction of seeing the Browns win, and expressed themselves as having had a very fine time in general. Nevertheless, it is murmured that Mr. Walker was slightly dissapointed that his hero, George Sisler, did not single him (Walker) out for particular notice during the ball game. Mr. Walker assured the office force previous to the trip that if "Sis" saw him present, "Sis" would most likely shake hands with him. But such is life, Mr. Walker

"Doc" Stocker and "Mac" McDaniels recently launched their newly acquired gasoline boat "Louada" for its maiden trip. Paul G. Kopp acted as pilot on this trip; McDaniels, it is said, was the engineer, while Stocker poured on the lubricating oil. The trio had a fine trip. They "putt-putted" from Wood River to Alton and back without any mishap. Yep, they used Polarine and Red Crown.

Now that the tennis courts are finished there appear, ever and anon, persons and characters in the limelight that theretofore seemingly never existed. At this particular time Freddie "Oons" Owen looms out more prominently than others. "Oons" is particularly fond of tennis and its, at times, adherent beauties or better said, attractions. Owen, as much as he likes to take part in a game, prefers to watch the fair sex play tennis, and nothing seems to please him more than to see the ladies push the tennis balls around the court. Our ladies, we yield, are star performers at the game in their own way, and present a pleasing picture when they play. In truth, a charming picture, sweet as artist ever drew—idyllic surroundings, green grass, trees, fine courts, charming ladies at play, "Oons" Owen gravely looking on and now and then dispensing well-timed advice—unfolds itself before the wondering eyes of the onlooker. Unfortunately, and much to his regret, Owen will fade from the picture for the present. Freddie had the misfortune of dislocating his knee cap while in a recent match, and while the injury is apparently not serious, it will hinder Freddie from playing for a time to come. 'S too bad, "Oons," something is always taking the joy out of life.

The Wood River main office force suggests, through the medium of this august publication, that some discretion be used in the blowing of the steam sirens, which respectively indicate a fire on the premises and the beginning and the end of the daily working hours. This suggestion is made in a charitable spirit and actuated by a truly humanitarian motive and should, if carried out in the proper manner, prove a boon to the working people, inasmuch as the office force feels that the said suggestion, if followed, will actually bring surcease to some yearning soul which longs for the welcome "toot" which comes as the finale of a long and weary day. The implied humane motive of the above suggestion will not be hard to understand. Picture some longing, punctilious soul who, as the hands of the clock draw nearer and nearer the closing hour, sits with bated breath and listens for that welcome sound. A few more minutes—a seeming eternity—must still pass by, a hurried glance at the "Waltham" assures. Ah, there goes the whistle! Happily a relieved soul hastens out of the office toward the car line and home, when, "Hey you, come back here, that was no quitting whistle you heard, that was a fire signal, you've still got five minutes till quitting time." We agree, it is a cruel world. Anyone thinking otherwise, ask "Chip" Boals. He knows.

April 18 was moving day for the accounting department of the Wood River works office. A change was made in the floor plan, and desks were changed promiscuously. For a few days the denizens of the accounting department behaved as chickens in a strange roost, but at present writing everybody is quite "to home" with the new arrangement.

It has been said that the accounting department clerks have put on their best manners these days. Ah yes, there's a reason. We have with us now Miss Marie Brown, who in her official capacity is stenographer to the office manager.

"Mac" McDaniels and "Doc" Stocker are spend-

ing a good bit of their time on the banks of the Mississippi river. Circumambient prowling on the part of the main office inhabitants discloses the interesting fact that "Mac" and "Doc" have purchased a gasoline launch, in the fitting out of which their time is taken up. At present writing "Mac" is deeply interested in studying Pilot Rules. The name of this latest acquisition of Doc's and Mac's is "Lady's Pet." Mac informs us on the q. t. that he has a very especial name for the launch when she is not running right.

Spring is here, spring is here. We know it, brother, because Miss Mabel Morfoot has brought her tennis "bat," as our erudite janitor, William Penrose, puts it. Who is going to be your partner, Mabel? We understand that there are several of the "forty love" boys who have not yet been lined up for the season.

"Inches" Gorman says that the new tennis courts are a jinx. Every time those courts are rolled and marked off, it rains. Never mind, Tom, there is still plenty of time for tennis. "Red" Hausner says you'll be sick of the game before he is through with you.

We beg to report an addition to the shipping department force in the person of Mr. E. E. Zirkle. We bid thee welcome, Mr. Zirkle.

All employees extend their sympahies to Lee Temple of the boilermaking department in his bereavement through the death of his wife on the morning of the 2nd.

Mrs. Waggoner, wife of Pumper Don Waggoner of the pressure pump house, departed on the eve of the 12, for northern Texas, to visit her parents.

M. E. Hartwig, head of the carpenter department, who broke ground for a new residence the middle of March, reports that he moved in on the 14th. This is a wonderful record, and Max feels quite proud of it, as he engineered the whole thing.

Jack Hanson of the boilermaking department, who has been granted an extended leave of absence effective the 21st of this month, expects to sail on the 28th for England, to visit his folks. Jack's grandmother and sister reside in Birmingham. Good luck, Jack, and a safe return.

Joseph Lamm, of the timekeeping department, stole a march on the entire plant when he and Miss Alice Leese were quietly married Saturday evening, May 28th. After the ceremony the young couple departed for St. Louis and remained at the Jefferson until Monday evening, when they returned home. Joe and his bride intend to take a regular honeymoon some time this summer when he has his vacation. We all extend our congratulations to the newlyweds and enjoyed the smokes very much.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

John Mastin of the main office, recently experienced "the thrill that comes once in a life time" when he gathered his better half and little tots and headed south in the direction of Swope Park. He is still relating the many peculiar feats observed in the animal zoo and says the monkeys are the most interesting of the lot. John understands monkey language quite well and doubtless found appreciative friends.

You have to hand it to James Mack as a Safety First booster, as he is always on the lookout for fear bad tools will leave the pipe shop tool room, and his persistent efforts have been productive of much good in the way of prevention of accidents. Go to it, Jimmie, we are for you.

"Buck" Ross is seriously considering taking the position of assistant to some "sky pilot." No! not the kind you are thinking of, but "Buck" had heard of Moody, Sankey, Rodeheaver, et. al., and has aspirations along the same line. He is willing to chance it if some one will "hire a hall," do the "exhorting" and "grab off the coin" while he does the "solo" work and acts as treasurer. We nominate Clarence Spitzer for the position.

The nurse called it a "cold sore" or perhaps a spider bite, anyway it did look like an "infected bite" and should have been attended to at once; perhaps he doesn't carry a "first aid kit" with him. Then, too, it may have been so dark he couldn't have used it. As a "preventive" suggestion we recommend the discontinuance of the Cave Man's tactics as her many patients have vowed vengeance on the miscreant who did it, so let the guilty party take due warning and give heed to same.

Jim Israel, pipe fitter, is an apt scholar and when he made his annual pilgrimage to the "House of Worship" last Easter he heard a sermon on the topic "A good friend sticketh tighter than a brother." Jim says he is sure it was directed at him but he don't believe a word of it, because every time he breaks in a good crew and gets to liking them and then lays off he finds on his return several new faces and has to get acquainted all over again.

Clifford Howard, our personal injury investigator, says "Screen Actor Hart" has nothing on him when it comes to riding the "Bronco" or doing the "Dare Devil Stuff." Clifford was standing in the middle of "Main Street", Sugar Creek, and did not see the approach of a henry till it was upon him; so he took a flying leap and grabbed the radiator cap, straddling the radiator in true bareback fashion, and yelled to the critter to do its "darndest." Be it said to his credit he stuck till his mount came to an abrupt stop and then strutted off whistling the tune of "The Conquering Hero."

If Uncle Billy Borders ever gets that house finished it will be one of the "niftiest" homes in Sugar Creek, so here's hoping the future progress will exceed that of the past two years.

Bert Noble, cartoonist par excellence, says that the only thing that gets his angora is to see a real good subject for a cartoon and not have the pen and paper handy to go to it. Life is full of disappointments, Bert, and one way to forestall some of them is to be ready to meet just such emergencies.

Mel Hulse says "Maybe you think I'm lying, but a pole cat is fine eating. I ate one once and its flesh was as tender and sweet as a chicken." No, Mel, we don't think you knowingly would join the "Ananias Club" nor have we ever had our sense of smell deadened entirely, so to be frank with you and give you all the credit due you we think your natural history was written by a nature faker and that you ate a chip munk.

Andy Crabtree says one perfectly good way to prevent a sledge hammer from hitting a chisel is to insert your head between those instruments. Andie's head and ear are nearly "OK" now except that his organ of hearing is one sixteenth of an inch out of line, but that can't be helped now as the nurse could not find her level and plumb bob and it was a pretty good job at that; only a pipe fitter would notice the difference.

Pipe Fitter Neilson claims to be able to get more lard from a hog than any one else. This is some claim when it is known that such experts of swine as "Wit" Hudnall and Lee Adkins are still on the job. We are quite forcibly reminded of the time when Lee "raffled" off his porkers and put in a strong bid for him to lead the league, while the members of the

S. O. Eating Club are behind Hudnall to a man, lauding him to the skies for his ability to make both ends of his hog meet (meat) and still have enough oil for pies.

Jimmie Green, the "Bally Cockney" from across the pond, is down on the "Home Folks" since they lent a willing ear to Pussyfoot Johnson and his last hope of a real "nip" has vanished. As we remember James at Niagara Falls, he never partook of the "Mountain Dew" concocted in his own town, and was satisfied with the "Spray" at Horseshoe Falls or an occasional visit to the "Maid of the Mist."

Mr. Jim Hinde, of the main office, has opened up a tin shop in connection with his pansy green house. Has been delivered and paid for, we understand—late model Ford touring—hope he will not get as reckless as Jenkins.

Benedict Wayne Williams of the agitators seems to take particular delight in inscribing the name Mrs. Wayne Williams on every available piece of paper he can find. It looks rather good, doesn't it, Wayne? But Oh, boy! wait till you see it on some of your bank checks. What a grand and glorious feeling that will be!

Loyd Soapes, of the racks, is acting rather peculiar these days. He is doing a lot of "day dreaming" and building imaginary air castles. It is reported he is trailing a girl with that "Come Hither" look in her eyes.

The machinists were all "hard boiled" when the cartoon of Matt Butler making the bolt for the lunch room appeared in the May issue of the Stanolind. They claim the right as "machine men" to that kind of work. Even at that they need not get all peeved as they have no monopoly in that line. We have that kind in the office as well as in the plant.

Since that steam roller ran over Jim O'Hara (Jr.), the country road building has suffered a severe setback. We are hoping James is more considerate in the future and does not insert his person in its way any more as too much of our political machinery has been crippled recently.

To Bert Hafer of the electrical department, goes the prize "cookie" for a clean record of no lost time accidents in six years; here's to you, Bert, and let's add to it.

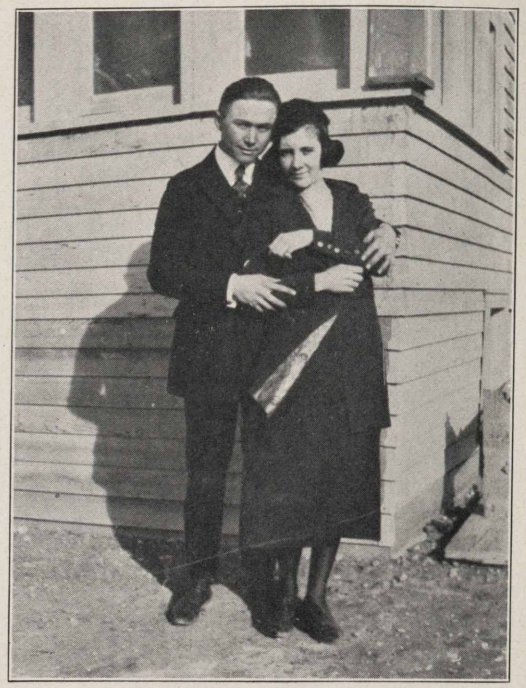
Ashton B. Jones of the agitators also comes in for honorable mention, but it is claimed for A. B. that he always has a ready supply of "salve" to meet any emergency; in fact, he has such an over abundance that he keeps "spilling" it.

Claude Poteet, who is serving time in the tin shop, is on a hunt for Belgian hare stock; he said he would take out the S. O. kind but figured the Belgian would be on the jump continually and increasing while he slept. "Dream on," Claude, "dream on."

Pete Lennert, machinist, is all smiles now. The boys say he has gotten into the habit of saying "Oh Dear" when anything goes wrong. Pete recently got "tied up" and wouldn't dare to use the same language he used to when things went amiss.

George Parker, lead burner's helper, is sure one good scout; also he makes a fine neighbor and has given heed to the admonition "Be kind to dumb animals." George recently took in tow a neighbor's cow that was wandering aimlessly around, coaxed it onto his lawn and led it around till the lawn was thoroughly mowed and fertilized, then noticed it had an abundance of lacteal fluid, took that away from her, and was later induced by the owner to accept a $2.00 bill for his kind and humane treatment. You've got to hand it to George.

GO WEST, FELLOWS!



Casper, Wyo., June 1.—Looks interesting, doesn't it? It is too, because in and around Casper we have girls just as pretty and just as hugable as our friends farther east. But there is no chance for a scandal here, Mr. Editor. C. M. Hennessee, of the welding department, and his bride, formerly Miss Jean Miller, merely accommodated us with a characteristic pose for the occasion. In return we thank them and wish them all the happiness possible from the contract they entered into on April 23, 1921.

Our combination bass and trombone tooter "Cupie" Koenig called at the postoffice recently and found "her" waiting there for him instead of a letter. Cupie had been making a daily pilgrimage there and was theoretically "thrown and tied," but she believed in "Safety First" and as Cupie was more than willing, those long, long days of waiting were soon over.

After three vain attempts to paint his house (vain because the rain washed it off), Carl Smee has given it up and will wait another year. The boys claim that Carl is out nothing but a little cold water, paint, the loss of his time, and temper. (Later, we note his temper has been restored).

As punishment for an infraction of certain pipe shop rules (unpublished) Shorty Stears went home one night minus one half his mustache. At this writing we are unable to learn just how Shorty got

caught, but of course we have our guess at it. The "Garlic" gang always were the real "cut up kids."

C. A. Galloway of the main office, is eating yeast cakes. We don't know whether it is to beautify his complexion or cause him to awake with the birds or raise that bristle from his tooth brush that he swallowed; whatever the motive we will testify he is "bubbling over" with good humor lately, and we recommend the same remedy for others with that "dark brown taste in their mouths. Galloway says he never was a "sour dough" and his many friends say "Amen."

Lee Adkins, of the labor department, has sold his old home and purchased a thoroughly modern one in Independence.

CASPER, WYO.

W. C. Eads, foreman, labor department, has purchased a Buick touring car with the premeditated idea of viewing the wonderful scenery in and about the vicinity of Casper during his leisure hours this summer; all who can contribute the gas are invited to participate.

Mr. E. J. Kemp who has been a long time in the employ of the Casper plant in the pipe department, and recently foreman of the welding department recently resigned to take a responsible position with the City Gas Company. Ed has the good wishes of all in his new undertaking.

John Glendenning, superintendent of construction, has sure been a busy man for the last six months, with almost an unlimited amount of new construction to look after; and that he has been equal to the task is evidenced by the almost phenomenal progress that has been made. To his share in the great work he has certainly given his best endeavor. John also celebrated his sixth unbroken service anniversary in March.

Henry Bennett, watchman at the main gate, and weigh-master, on the 24th of March completed his sixth year in the employ of the company. Henry says he is feeling younger all the time.

The 23rd day of March was the fifth anniversary of Ed. C. Wilson's employment with the Standard Oil of Indiana at its Casper plant. This means five years continual service without the loss of any time. Mr. Wilson is at the head of the timekeepers' department and has the enviable reputation of being always on the job and unfailingly accurate in his work. Taking into consideration the length of time the plant has been in operation this is a fine record.

The plan whereby employees having one year's continuous service at the works of the Standard Oil Co. of Indiana may become stockholders in the company is meeting with the unqualified approval of the students of thrift.

A recent stir in the matrimonial sea which created quite a splash was the plunge made by L. G. Swartfager, tower still helper, when he left Father and Mother and promised to "cleave unto his wife," who was formerly Miss Udell of Casper. We regret we have no photo as proof positive of the happy state thus created, but we know it exists and hope it may continue without end.

Oscar (Tipperary) Walls, tower still helper, almost got married without getting into print. Upon investigation we find he had taken unto himself as a bride a pretty petite mamselle from Sunny France. Another case of the Allies joining forces—we are betting it's a good combination and wishing you the old wish about all the troubles, Oscar.

It often occurs that a man is not suited to his job, and so the man proceeds to get a new job or make himself over to fit the job in hand. Charlie Warnock makes a good carpenter boss, but when he appears for work in a brand new "let 'er buck" Stetson hat that's something else. Be careful, Charlie, don't spoil a good carpenter to make a doubtful cowboy.

Fred Place, Chief of police at this plant, had his picture taken one day showing him watching over a shovel with somebody on one end of it. The picture was to appear in the Record two or three months ago but it could not be used because it was too dark. Now Fred allows as how he'd rather show up as a coon than not show at all.

Our Safety Director, Mr. George Snyder, ever pushing for health and safety, one day placed a schedule on his bulletin board which showed the number of proteins required by the body each day. This notice was accompanied by a schedule of the proper foods and amounts of each to eat with an earnest exhortion to consume accordingly. An Irish boilermaker took issue on the notice as follows: "Well, I'll be 'damdferadood' if them corporations ain't tellin' us what to eat now"!

J. M. McCord, still foreman, is the proud owner of a brand new Dodge touring car. John says he is only going to foot it now when he can't Dodge it.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

The miners are mourning the loss of Brother Dominic Carretto who died Monday evening at the Denby-Kelso Hospital of pneumonia.

Quite a number of the Schoper miners and office force became members of the B. P. O. E. on Tuesday evening, May 24, when the order of Elks was first organized in this city.

Teddy Brown, southeast motorman, has lately purchased a new Ford sedan.

Work is progressing very rapidly on the new motor barn.

Elmer Boode, who is a patient in a Chicago hospital, is recovering very nicely after an operation.

The new hoist record of 1200 tons for Mine No. 2 was attanied May 7.

Bobby Fraser has a new position as tool boy.

The new washhouse and machine shop have been laid out and the pouring of foundations has almost been completed.

Elmer Clark has left the electrical force and is now machine runner in gang No. 20.

John Crosby, injured November 11, 1921, is now back on the job. "Heavy" Davis has left the electrical force and is now running a machine in gang No. 19.

The Standard City baseball team was defeated by Carlinville last Sunday by a score of 13 to 5.

""Bruno" Raab and Howard Blaeuer are reporting some good catches in the Macoupin creek on the past few Sundays.

Lately a Japanese engineer made an inspection of our mine in the interest of a Japanese coal mining company.

Pat Houlihan, who was track foreman at our Mine No. 2, has lately accepted a position in Gillespie, Ill., with the W. Virginia Coal Co.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Pearson, a daughter, fourth child.

Charles Karrick attended the auto races in Indianapolis on Memorial day.

The storeroom force is busy taking stock for the June inventory.

Ralph Brown has resigned as safety director and has gone back to loading.

Bill Winkleman is so anxious to get to work that he left home without his dinner the other morning. However, Bill is too busy to eat dinner anyhow.

R. V. Kelly, our handsome hoisting engineer, recently bought a new style Overland. "Rick" thinks he was stung for a couple of hundred as he signed the contract Saturday, and on Sunday the papers contained an announcement of a cut of $200.00 in the price of the Overland. Hard luck, "Rick."

Ralph Hall spent the week end in Girard visiting relatives.

Frank Kessinger has gone on the electrical force on the graveyard shift.

On Sunday, May 15, Mayer Daley opened the baseball season in Carlinville by pitching the first ball in the game between Gillespie and the Stanolinds of Carlinville. Eller of Gillespie smashed it for two sacks. The game was ordinary but was interesting, for the fact that Glen Savage, who formerly worked at Mine No. 2, Carlinville, and now working at Mine No. 3, Superior Coal Company, Gillespie, pitched for the Gillespie team. In the year 1920, Glen pitched for the Stanolinds Jess Eller, formerly of the Stanolinds, was covering third. The good-natured jesting between former teammates was the good feature of the game, which ended in a score of 4 to 2, in favor of the Stanolinds.

On Sunday, May 22, the undefeated Hillsboro team arrived to add to their "laurels" but unfortunately for them it ended in "sorrows." Hill of the Stanolinds pitched seven balls in the first half of the opening frame. During the Stanolinds' half they made 2 runs. Until the beginning of the eighth inning the score stood 9 to 0 with Hillsboro on the dark side of the sheet. In the eighth, Daley, right fielder, came to bat, and planted a pea in deep center for a two base. Then the fun began. The Stanolinds batted a round making eight runs and one down. Daley came to bat again, swung at the first ball, drove it to left field, and ran toward first when he conceived the brilliant idea of sliding to pitcher's box, which he did. The comedy ended with the curtain falling with a score of 16 to 0.

In addition to his other duties, Theo. Starbuck has taken on the job of safety director at Mine No. 2. Buck will undoubtedly have the support of all the boys in reducing accidents to a minimum.

Joe Hughes has returned to work after being laid up by an accident. We are all glad to see you back, Joe.

HOME OFFICE; CHICAGO

Have you noticed all the weight Jessie Parker has been taking on since they hired the handsome milkman?

Clifford Tyler has been watching for his name in the Record. Let's not disappoint him this time.

George Nelson is going to open a studio. Applications for models will be taken between the hours 12 and 1. What gave George the idea? Audrey Munson's article in "The Sunday Herald."

Have you noticed George Savageau and George Nelson's new hats? They must be paying off a bet.

If you don't know how to toddle ask Lillian Hornung.

Mr. William Tell slipped in today after quite an absence, wearing his usual broad smile and a snuff colored suit that was a joy to behold. All Mr. Tell needs to complete a "J. Ham Lewis" effect is a straw hat. P. S.—We have not looked in his locker. P. S.—Some more. How about the pink whiskers?

John Ely, our erstwhile brilliant shortstop seems to have something on his mind besides baseball. His playing has slumped so, that we, the backers of the "Bushwa Colts" are worried about the team's chances for the pennant. If John doesn't take his head off the 5th floor and use it on the diamond, we'll have to bench him.

A slug was found in the 5th floor telephone in the May 18 collection. Whoever the bird is, dropping phoney money, let him (or her) have a heart. If the phone is removed (as Mr. F. L. King threatens just think of the wives who will be unable to check up on their husbands during the day, and the heartbroken lovers both in and out of the office, torn ruthlessly apart. "1921 will reward fighters"—not sneakers.

That Wabash 4434 phone seems to have a strange attraction for James Brandt of the bookkeeping department. Do not guess wrong; it is the neighborhood and not the phone.

Miss Marie Young is back at her desk and has entirely recovered from her recent operation. Everyone is glad to see her.

GOOD NEWS: Elizabeth Robertson, who has been with Felt & Tarrant, has returned to the fold and will tickle the comptometer keys for the supply department.

The many friends of Sena Anderson, who was injured by an auto, will be glad to hear that she has left the hospital and is at home. She still has to use crutches but manages to have the "eats" ready when her sister Rae gets home from the office. Hurry back, Sena—we miss you.

John Mahoney, formerly of Chicago office, and now order clerk at Huron, was in the office this week. John is vacationing and dropped in to shake hand with the bunch.

Miss Ingrid Rummelhoff (fifth floor queen of the knife and fork brigade by right of conquest) has recently been suffering from trouble with her ear. We are not sure whether it was caused by the new style whereby she had to uncover her ears, or whether she ate so much at the last banquet that it started to come out of her ears. However, we extend our sincere sympathies and hope by the time that this goes to press she will be feeling O. K. again.

May 9, 1921—He's in again! Uncle Bim Meyers, comediam of the equipment department, 5th floor, undertook to do a little "Ray Schalk" stuff behind the bat today noon. While going down for a low one he ripped the seat of his trousers about a foot. The Grant Park "copper" chased him under cover and you should have seen him try to work all afternoon backed up to the desk behind him. For the benefit of those who don't know we'll add that Uncle Bim works at a standing desk, Oh, Min! drop the curtain.

Johnny Jordan, distribution clerk in Mr. Gorvett's department, was recently afflicted with a boil. He ate most of his meals off the mantle during said affliction—and worked at a high desk. You know, John, they say "boils are worth five dollars."

Mr. Gorvett, of the 5th floor, spent Sunday and Decoration day by "chauffeuring" his family to Fox and Round lakes. He reports a good time, good fishing, and wonderful weather. Came back with that old line, "Gee, I wish I could live in the country all the time." You know, we've all heard it before, but they all flutter around the white lights just the same.

"Slab" Roesler, Mr. Hansen's comedian, is now wearing the grey trousers and black coat. What's the idea, Slab? Going in the undertaking business?

The 5th floor extends its sincere sympathies to A. Schwanke of the distribution department. Death claimed his young brother Thursday night, May 26.

Just as "Sene" Anderson is returning after an enforced vacation of three months, due to injuries received in an automobile accident, along comes the news of a Decoration day accident in which Charles Stippick was injured; we hope not as seriously, as reported. Mrs. Stippick is "one of the girls" of the sales department.

Vacation time has rolled around but we object quite strenuously to the diversion Miss McLaughlin chose for hers, 'cause she's still not quite up to par—tho she reports she will soon be running a race with any one of us.

Miss Hagan returned and reports a fine time.

Mrs. Rogers came back looking like brand new.

Our good friend, Mr. Henshaw, needs no trip to the country; he lives right in it. Welcome back, Mr. H.

"Red" Kelly is taking a permanent vacation from Standard Oil. He says the good Lord gave him two hands and feet and didn't say just how to use them, so he's going to try swinging a paint brush for a while. We'll expect all sorts of fish stories on the strength of the fancy rod and reel we sent with him to Oconomowoc, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. LaRue Miller are planning a belated trip down "Honeymoon Trail" a la Ford.

Call for Mr. Wilcox. Where is he keeping himself these days? We're sure glad whenever he comes breezing in.

Lydia Christopher dropped in to see us recently. We are always glad to see Lydia.

Johnny Jaeger, of the distribution department, fifth floor, returned after a week's vacation. John says, "Never again." The wife had him scrubbing floors, beating carpets, manicuring walls, etc. Some vacation!

Every Saturday morning an Italian woman brings a grind organ down on Ninth street and turns out "all the latest" for the benefit of the numerous institutions in the vicinity and incidently for the few coppers that might come her way. However, music hath charms, so all the fifth floor girls become very nervous during the recital and find it hard to keep their shoulders still. But who could be calm in a "Love Nest" with "Margie" and her "Bright Eyes?"

The employes of the sixth floor sympathize with Miss Julia Lundergan, one of our stenographers, whose father died recently after a lingering illness.

May 1 saw the passing of the purchasing department to new and commodious quarters on the 8th floor. With the exception of Mr. Baldwin's division, which is now on the 10th floor, this centralizes the purchasing department, since Mr. E. J. Bullock also is located in Room 800. We miss the familiar faces, but cannot help but be glad that our friends are so fortunate as to have fallen heirs to such spacious quarters. They have shared the 6th floor with us for so long that it seemed strange to see their rooms dismantled and re-arranged for other occupants. Since the purchasing department vacated, the necessary changes have been made rapidly, so that at the present time Mr. S. S. Gano, our assistant secretary treasurer, is already installed in his new office (that formerly occupied by Mr. H. W. King), as is Mr. A. F. Juthmann and his assistants in the stock purchasing plan department. They have the rooms once used by Messrs. Ringrose and Gordon. As soon as they are ready, Mr. R. J. Barnett and his tax department assistants will be installed in the rooms heretofore occupied by Messrs. Bosworth and Baldwin, while Mr. D. R. Gano, auditor of receipts and disbursements, and his corps of assistants, will be at home in the large west room. The changes thus made will help the new occupants to get "more light" on the work in hand, and will give us "left-overs" an opportunity to become better acquainted with more members of the Standard Oil family.

The Manufacturing Department Reo 4, better known as the "Indianapolis Quartette," comprised of Vollriede, Helland, Ewald and Smith, took a spin down to the races at Indianapolis, Decoration day. The "Hungry Two" (Vollried and Helland) sang a very pathetic little ditty entitled "When do we eat"—in fact, that's the only song they knew. The two almost human beings (Vollried and Ewald) who occupied the rear section of the tractor gave a splendid imitation (when we were not having real ones) of a tire blowing out, in fact they made such a good explosion out of a pop-corn bag that Smith pretty near stood the car on its nose by so suddenly applying the brakes. Outside of pushing another car out of our way at Crown Point and knocking a farmer off a small bridge we had no trouble, excepting a few dozen punctures caused by railroad spikes and nice long carpet tacks that we picked up. In Indiana the Hoosiers just put their carpets on the floor and throw the tacks in the road.

What's the matter with Milton Sherwin's face? The attraction has disappeared.

Why does Art Helland walk down the Boul Mich so slowly? And do you notice he is never alone?

George Varcoe had a good time on his vacation, resting up till he got tired, he says

Ask Mr. Butler what he thinks of jury service.

Pauline Burns is spending her vacation in Kentucky watching the horse races, while Francis O'Neill is kept pretty busy between Mr. L. C. Baldwin, A. E. Clifford and H. J. Turner, doing Pauline's work. We hope they'll be satisfied.

Didn't you wonder why Mildred Thielke of the purchasing department is always wearing a smile? Her left hand tells the story. Engaged! Oh yes, since April 30th.

CHICAGO DIVISION

Wm. Murphy, who has been a tank wagon salesman at Fourteenth street for several years, has been away from his duties since the first of the year, due to illness. Bill has been to Hot Springs, Ark., and has had medical treatment, but for some reason or other his physican did not seem to make very much headway. Bill has found a new one and upon his visit here a few days ago, we were more than pleased with the improvement. Keep it up, Bill, and you'll be back with us in no time.

Tank wagon salesmen at Fourteenth street are rising in the world. On April 15th former T. W. Salesman Edward Vodack was given a city territory and he is doing very well as a salesman. Selby Hirsch went out as a salesman on May 1st, and he, likewise, is doing exceedingly well. Here's luck, boys. More power to you.

It is needless to say that Fourteenth street regrets the loss of A. Rogge, who was transferred to Cortland street on May 9th, and Walter Schottmiller, transferred to Englewood on May 1st. Both Cortland and Englewood can thank their lucky stars for a good man given to them. These gentlemen proved honest, trustworthy and conscientious employees at Fourteenth street and we know the other stations will appreciate them as much as we did. Sorry to

AT THE S. OIL TABLE IN THE GRANT PARK INN DURING NOON HOUR—
W.H. TELL
J.A. REYNOLDS.
D.R. GANO
SS. GANO
SORRY TO ASK YOU TO MOVE BUT THIS TABLE IS RESERVED FOR THE STANDARD OIL MEN
OH! IS THAT SO? SURE I'LL MOVE, BUT WILL YOU WAIT ON ME?
B.T. THOMPSON
G.A. BARTHOLOMEW

OLD TIMERS SAY GOODBYE TO EDDIE NEFF

The old timers of the accounting division, Chicago office, had their picture taken with Eddie Neff on his last day at the office before retiring from active service and being placed on the annuity payroll. Mr. Neff is in the center, lower row, on the right of Mr. S. S. Gano. The folks in this picture are so well known to most Standard Oilers that there is no use taking space to print their names.

see you go, boys, but don't forget we are here; call us up sometime.

Fourteenth street employees have been selling S. O. Company products, and each order has been acknowledged by Mr. H. A. Lewis, manager. We thank you very kindly for the acknowledgments and the appreciation of our efforts. We will work harder and push S. O. Co. products to the full extent.

George Lahey, T. W. salesman at Fourteenth street, was given a case of one pint cans Semdac Liquid Gloss, which he was told to take out and sell. When George returned at the close of day, he was asked how much Semdac he sold. George replied: "Sold one pint." Well, we all know the result. George was laughed at and told he was expected to sell the entire case. It is needless to say George replied: "Well, darn it, I'll sell Semdac if I have to peddle it and sell it pint by pint." Now, that's regular spirit, isn't it?

Mr. P. A. Smith, agent at Fourteenth street, took another member into his family on May 7th, when his son John was married. Congratulations, and best wishes for all the luck in the world. Might add that John was formerly employed at Cortland street as cashier.

Jack Drinan, employed in the stationery department at 2225 W. 13th street, became the proud father of a fourteen-pound baby boy on May 6th. Heartiest congratulations. The candy was enjoyed by the *girls* of the stationery department. A comeback, eh! Jack?

On May 11th the girls from Fourteenth street, Edith Tichy, Ida Marcus, Adeline Lange, Loretta Buckley and Claire Kapsa had luncheon at the home of Mrs. Edward Walters, nee Clara K. Sennewald, formerly employed at Fourteenth street. Clara and her mother prepared the luncheon and say, boys, you don't know what you missed. Talk about good eats and eve'thing. The only bad feature was that we had to be back at one o'clock. We had a wonderful time and thank both Mesdames Walters and Sennewald for so elaborate a luncheon. (Maybe some day we can reciprocate, eh! Clara).

Fourteenth street regrets the loss of Mr. H. J. Bemis, whose stay with us was so short. Mr. Bemis has gone to St. Louis, Mo., where we hope he will be contented, as there is no doubt about his success in his new undertaking. Here's luck, Mr. Bemis.

Wanted: A Theda Bara:—Apply A. L. Beach, stock department.

The credit department has nothing on the stock department for "he-vamps." (For additional information see W. E. Roos or C. D. Hofferkamp.)

Mr. E. J. Glauber, of the stock department, seems to spend a great deal of his time on the 5th floor. We are wondering if it's the fair maidens

that are the attraction. What about the girls on the 4th floor, Mr. Glauber?

Mr. Gruber, of the credit department, would like to have a recipe on how to make rhubarb wine. Any suggestions will be appreciated. We all know that Mr. Gruber has a rhubarb farm and that he is a past master in growing this plant. We might also add that he is willing to furnish the party giving necessary information a liberal sample of wine.

EXTRA! If any one needs assistance in moving, call on Mr. C. L. Manson of the credit department. He makes a specialty of moving dressers. He recently showed up at the office with three broken toes and a lame back.

A certain young lady from the main office drops into a certain paint store on Broadway near Wilson avenue quite frequently and for her information we wish to report that this is a special stop made by Mr. Becker, our tank wagon driver at Rogers Park, and that he is quite anxious to meet her. How about it, Mr. Anders? They tell us you know all about it.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

Jack Georgen has taken "Dinty's" place out on the road. We hope that Moore took pains in showing Jack the territory. Good luck to you, Jack, you can always get help if you need it.

Mr. West says not to forget about the way Mr. Nelson performed in the pitching box in our last ball game. It was a beautiful exhibition of pitching and resulted in the team winning the game. We haven't as yet named the team. We are going to wait until the season is half over to see how many games we can win first. The team is under the management of "Red" Niemand and if anyone can pick up a bunch of kids to play us, call "Red" by phone. We don't like to play when it's too hot, nor can we play during house cleaning season, but we are open for games. If the young ladies want a game, there are plenty who will bet on the girls.

Archie, in the record room, is inventing an iron-clad typewriter, as he claims they don't make them strong enough. Mr. Bragg has a Corona, Archie.

Al Sindt and Howard Clark are figuring on moving to Des Moines (rumored).

Mr. C. W. Flanigan, assistant manager, went bargain hunting the other day and bought two perfectly good casings for his Auburn-two for six-ninety-five guaranteed not to blowout after two hours' use. Of course, they had too much air in them. This is like the woman that spends eight cents car fare to buy a $7.00 dress for $6.98, or a man who joins a suit club.

Say, Vivian, ask Al Sindt if he ever saw a perfectly good tire on the road around pleasant Valley. He claims that they grow on the fences and everything out there. You want to be sure, Vivian, that you have a good log chain next time, as Albert will never let loose after he gets his hands on it.

About the only way to have Davenport better represented in this magazine, is for everyone to send something in—remember it is pretty hard to say a few words about the field unless you help us. It's your magazine, and Davenport's success depends upon you.

On May 24 the girls at the Davenport office entertained Miss Edith Roth with a luncheon. Edith leaves the office to wash dishes and keep house for a person by the name of Mr. S. Johnson. Even though some of us were slighted, we all join in wishing Edith a very bright future. The party was a success, from "outside appearances." We could only peek in, but saw lots of decorations, plenty of cake and an ice cream freezer. There seemed to be some sort of entertainment directly after the lunch, as first Chrissie would get up and say "June" then Min would say "August." We couldn't make out what they were thinking about until Edna Stahl spoke her little piece and gave it all away. This monologue of Edna's was a peach, something like a poet's dream. We might add here, that we all bet on Edna. The girls didn't let Edith talk very much, but there was one thing we heard her say and that was when she gave Ray the recipe and said that if anyone doubted her ability to show Ray up, to come up and see. Get your numbers, boys.

J. H. Clark, assistant chief clerk at Davenport, has just purchased a new home and invites all the employes up to examine it. Anything in the cellar, Howard?

We are wondering why Schnoor and Gosch are making such an intensive campaign at Linwood? It's not so necessary to go to Linwood. Ives and Lauritzen would rather have you go to Mt. Joy. They claim that the environment is so much better. Don't let's argue which is best; let's take the stake truck and try both. But please don't take us out on the LeClaire road.

Broken Arm Reis and Shorty West, after defeating Red and Cecil in the national game of "horseshoes," now claim themselves to be division champions and are challenging the universe.

Slater is just back from Chicago, full of pepper and rarin' to go. Be careful, Glen, more people know you in Davenport than in Chicago.

We ask Mr. LaFrenz to kindly inform us as to the address of his new boarding house, as we can see from his waistline that he is being well fed.

DECATUR, ILL.

The employees surely missed a complete evening's entertainment recently if they did not see Cora and Nellie out at the World at Home Shows, where those two girls were enjoying themselves to the fullest extent, riding the Merry-Go-Round, taking in the House of Glass and the Crazy House. We were told that they also went over the Falls. One place in particular where Cora showed that she was in love with flowers was where she cracked her nose against the glass in the Crazy House, thinking that it was "this way out." We all feel sure that Cora and Nellie are both waiting patiently for the next carnival to come.

The Stanolind Fellowship Club during the last month decided not to put on their monthly "blow out" at the Marquette hall, and to put forth all their efforts on the picnic to be given at Faries Park on Saturday, June 25. From all indications, the entire Decatur force will be there in full picnic regalia. It is the hope of all that this will be one of the best picnics put on by the Decatur office. We will tell you about it later on.

Zerola Patterson, Carrie Delaney, Bessie Delaney and Rilla Peck took the Sunday excursion to Indianapolis on May 29 to "do up the town." They say they had a "wild time," Oh, those wild, wild women! We are not going to say what they did for amusement enroute to Indianapolis.

M. V. Bushman, district superintendent, Danville, Ill., and W. F. Launtz, district superintendent, E. St. Louis, Ill., have visited the office a number of times during the past month and report all is well from their section of the territory.

Well, Mildred and Merle at last visited the little church on the corner. They were married Saturday, May 28, at four bells. We all wish to extend to them our heartiest congratulations and wish them a happy married life.

One of the first floor young men made the remark that it goes to show that after people married they begin to get tired of each other, as Mildred was seen down on the first floor this morning without Merle. At that, Milderd, you have him in a cage, where he is perfectly safe from the rest of those wild women on the second and third floors.

We wonder what else Herb Hartman did that day he counted the number of chews Anne made.

Our agent at Assumption, Ill., Mr. J. E. Sims, reports the arrival of a bouncing 6½-pound boy, on Wednesday, May 18. Congratulations J. E.

The following simply shows the many ways of serving the public by our attendants at service stations. Howard Gambrill, of the Howard Gambrill Company, St. Louis, Mo., makes it a point each year to call L. A. Gardner, attendant at service station, Edwardsville, Ill., by phone and get his opinion as to road conditions in that territory. He goes a little farther and writes Mr. Gardner a letter each year. Mr. Gambrill usually takes a trip in his car, and his route leads him through Edwardsville; he never failing to stop at Mr. Gardner's service station, where he buys all of his supplies. And Mr. Gardner extends to him the very best brand put out by the Company, and that is "service."

Willard Crook was seen one night a few weeks ago with a woman—on the face of this there is nothing startling, but as it was not his mother we have our curiosity aroused. It is a pride of Willard's that his entertainment of the opposite sex has always been limited to his mother.

On the following we would like to receive an explanation from M. V. Bushman. M. V. writes in that his stenographer was homesick, and we are a little bit doubtful as to what he means; whether she is really at home, sick—or just "homesick." If it is the last, we feel that M. V. is loafing on the job. How about it, M. V.?

We have at last figured out where all these girls get their supply of chewing gum. Art Faster, we figure, is running a distributing agency.

Nina Meyers, clerk on the third floor, was called from her work on May 19, by the announcement that her grandfather had died. Mr. Meyers was 84 years old at the time of his death.

Pete Cantoni's callers are few and far between now, because of the presence of a new steno, "Miss Dictaphone." She sits on his desk now.

The following was received on form 321 truck report, under "explanation of lost time." "Stuck in mud and on a hill, the ruts was deep and side by side."

Leave it to Carrie, she never misses noticing anything that is "heart-shaped"; this time it was merely a little heart-shaped file clamp.

Fatty Arbuckle, the noted comedian, has nothing on salesman Below when it comes to weight, as we doubt that it would take any more than two chairs for the noted comedian to sit down upon while it took that many for J. B. to rest easy at the salesmens' meeting in the Decatur office, May 14. They also say that J. B. owns the railway system at Centralia; the "system" consists of one car, No. 46, which runs only when it does not rain. How about it, J. B.?

Not long ago Mr. L. A. Gardner, service station attendant at Edwardsville, Ill., received a new safe from the company, with instructions not to open it until expert arrived. That night the office was broken into and the safe was opened, by working the combination; the intruder, finding nothing of value in the safe, did no further damage, locked the safe and took the keys with him. The only thing of value which was found gone were 15 pennies, which were found in L. A.'s desk. From all appearances, there is more than one "expert."

Well, "Bill" has came and went and Carrie is still with us.

The Stanolind Fellowship Club, although shy a great number of members at its monthly meeting, seems to have done wonders in the Cupid business.

The girls on the second floor now will have to fix their hair "A la dictaphone." The first thing Helen Ehrhart did upon arrival of the dictaphone on the second floor, was to put on a record and then proceed "A la Galli Curci."

"Doc" Patterson put all acrobatic and tumbling experts off the map on Wednesday, May 11, when she tried to put on an exhibition all her own, and we will all join in saying that Doc did it up wonderfully; it was all brought about by her trying to evade Jane Brown, in her Dad's car.

One thing sure, Pete can eat "onions" now and not be afraid that the stenographers will put on a gas mask.

About a month ago we heard Mary Wolfington say she couldn't think enough of any man to want a date every night. Recently we heard that she had changed her mind.

W. J. Pierce, salesman, writes in that a bouncing 9-pound baby girl arrived at his home on Monday, May 23. He states that "the new member of our family will bear the name Evelyn June Pierce." We hear that W. J. is so "bloomin' proud" that every letter he writes starts off "baby doing fine." Well you can't blame W. J. very much, as he has only been a "pop" for a few days.

We fear that Art Faster is having too many friends lately, as it is said that he is spending all his money taking them out to dinners; the bills per week amounting to about $6.00. Art says pay days can't come too fast for him.

Louis Wasem, until recently a member of the sales department on the third floor, has resigned and is going to try his hand at playing ball in the sticks around Patoka.

Herbert Hartman says Anne McShane batted 1000% in the Gum League the past month.

The following happened on May 12:

Time—Just before noon, on May 12.

Place—Telephone desk, main floor, Decatur office.

Characters—Carrie Delaney and a tall, blond, young man.

Enter, tall blond, young man, and the following conversation started:

Carrie—"Is there someone you wish to see?" Upon being informed that it was the manager, she said he was not in. The tall man, after sitting around for quite a while, inquired for the assistant manager, but at that time he was out. As no one is allowed to see the above two officials without her consent, and thinking this tall young man was trying to get by her, she asked "Are you looking for a job?" He did not answer, but proceeded to show her a letter of introduction from the Chicago office. Exit, Carrie—"enuf sed."

On May 6, Pat Johnson's little boy, Junior Johnson, paid a visit to the third floor, and immediately made a hit with all the girls. Pat has a good scheme in this, as reports are that Junior got quite a collection of pennies.

Mr Harry Calef, new checker on the third floor, adopts new precedent: comes to work with shirt on wrong side out. Where's the "Big Ben," Harry?

Recently our chief clerk was seen on the Wabash right-of-way with a wagon load of lumber under his arm. Another bird-house, Larry?

On May 7 a surprise party was pulled on Pierce Crippen. The evening was spent in dancing and "eating." "Crip" says don't tell 'em what time we stopped dancing, as that was Sunday. Pat Johnson pulled the hit of the evening, with his solo (?) dancing.

Herb. Hartman wonders if he would be presented with flowers on his anniversaries. Yea, verily! Herb., your domain would resemble Garfield Park, in Chicago, if we could remember the date.

Since Grant Windsor was married, he comes forth with the announcement that he is a fine cook, stating that he has corn flakes for breakfast—later we found out that Grant is the proud possessor of a garden, and we are led to believe that from now on his breakfasts will be more plentiful.

Helen Herbert, record clerk on the third floor, spent the week end of May 15 with her sister in Mt. Auburn.

Reports have it that Harry Reavis, of the third floor, has purchased a new "flivver." Clell Pierce is building a new home out in the northwest end. Go to it, fellows! We will all take a ride, and also have a housewarming when the little mansion is finished.

On May 15 Anne McShane tried to put Decatur behind all her troubles, and proceeded to the Capitol City, Springfield, Ill.

Homer Thompson, clerk on the third floor, spent the week end of May 15 at his home in Moweaqua.

Mr. Ben Crocker, agent at West Union, writes that on May 16 a passenger aeroplane, enroute from Cleveland, Ohio, to a point unknown, landed at West Union for supplies; and further states that everyone in town and country was there to see it. Showing the usual service, Mr. Crocker proceeded to ask the driver what kind of gasoline and lubricating oils he used, and his answer was "Red Crown and Polarine Extra Heavy." Mr. Crocker further stated that he lost no time in telling him that he was the Standard Oil Company representative and his requirements would be taken care of. In exchange for 10 gallons of Red Crown gasoline and ½ gallon of Polarine Extra Heavy, he received a five-minute ride and said that it was worth it. We certainly feel, Ben, that it was worth it, for it isn't everyone who has that chance. Mr. Crocker stated that this ride fulfilled the desire of his life, and ended up by saying that the only thing he regretted was that he did not secure a picture.

We are wondering if Florence meant what she said when she stated "the moon was never so beautiful as it was that night on the lake at Woodbine."

We hear that W. A. Brown got stuck recently, while out testing the Illinois mud, and had to be pulled in to shore. Another scoop missed by the photographer; the other one being when "Doc" pulled her stunt on Cerro Gordo street. (Won't she put on a special rehearsal?—*Ed.*)

DETROIT, MICH.

Mr. R. G. Dennis, cashier of Clay avenue plant, has his little sister from Franklin, Ind., here for a visit. How do you like Detroit, Sis? Have you found out that it's "the place where life is worth living"?

Margaret Murray says she would have enjoyed the last baseball game more if she had not experienced so much trouble taking care of Manager Ralston's new straw hat. It seems as though all the boys took particular delight in trying to sit on it when she had it on the bench for safety.

Leo Sloan, pumper of tank cars at Clay avenue, announces the arrival of a little stranger at his home. Best wishes to the family and the new comer!

John Van Brook, tankwagon salesman from Bellevue avenue, is now carrying a smile once more, the reason being that his wife is back home again after being confined to the hospital for four weeks.

J. R. Barbour, agent at Fenton, is sporting a new Patterson seven passenger automobile. Some class to Jay!

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. O. B. Reid, clerk at Clay avenue, who has just experienced the loss of his infant daughter.

Dave Johnston, heavyweight driver at Clay avenue who was recently injured when his truck backfired, is again back on the job SELLING THE FULL LINE. Glad to see you back, Dave.

In addition to his other duties, Mr. Alger St. Charles, tankwagon driver at Monroe, is now practicing fence vaulting. In fact he is so elated over the success that has met his latest efforts that he challenges any employee to a fence vaulting competition. There is, however, one proviso and that is that a Holstein bull be permitted to chase him. It so happens that while delivering oil to a farmer recently he was called upon to clear a six foot fence when Mr. Bull started on a rampage in his general direction. (The editor says he has had the same experience only it was a city cop he was trying to get away from.)

Walter Amolsch, our genial cashier at West Detroit, is tossing pennies with Eddie Collins, warehouseman, to see which one of them goes first on their honeymoon. Eddie has already bought his home and claims he is all set and has the prior claim on account of his magnetic personality.

On the 21st of May the salesmen of the eastern division were both entertained and enlightened by two splendid talks given by Messrs. Tom Rickerd and Tom Cade. The former spoke on the manufacture of steel balls; the latter on the manufacture and uses of salt. An amusing opening remark on the part of Tom Cade is well worthing repeating. He said "Frequently men get up and give a canned speech but mine is going to be salted." This educational meeting was followed by another a week later held at Jackson, where Messrs. Leo Mattson and L. C. Bungart talked on binder twine and the manufacture of cement, respectively. We might add that binder twine is one of the principal industries of the Michigan State prison, from which source Mr. Mattson obtained his information. All four talks were worthy of the audience of any group of salesmen.

Our sympathy is extended to Martin Schmitz, warehouseman at West Detroit, on account of the death of his infant daughter, Eleanor, since the writing of our last issue.

George L. Stein, S. S. No. 10 is an optomistic individual. Rumor has it that he is planning on getting married in the very near future. Tell us, George, what is the name of the fortunate young lady?

It used to be "Good morning, Have you used Pear's soap"?

Now it is: "How many coupon books have you sold"?

W. H. Hass, new stenographer and general clerk in the service station department, is welcomed by all to our happy family.

Fred Harrington, one of our tankwagon salesmen at Pontiac, had the summer fever the other night and made a trip to the lake, which cost him $25.00.

Better hold on to your money yourself, Fred, instead of turning it over to Thiefie. We understand it was pay night; that is how he came to have $25.00.

John Conley, service station attendant, is developing such promising selling ability that we fear some of the regulars are going to have to step some to beat him out. Keep the good work up, John.

Mr. Roy McConnell, assistant manager at Grand Rapids, dropped into the office again a few weeks ago and brightened up the faces of all of his friends in the office when he greeted them with his hearty hand shake and winsome smile.

Tom Mason has taken a new lease on life since his duties are now confined only to sales and he is doing some very fine work. Some of the young bloods are going to have to keep hustling to keep in step with Tom.

E. J. Kraft, service station attendant, was called to Dayton recently because of the serious illness of his mother.

Arthur Bailey, our new agent at Pontiac, is joined by his wife in inviting the Standard Oil family to visit them at their cottage at one of the lakes around Pontiac. The only proviso is: Don't all come at once.

E. T. Willetts, general service station attendant, is sure batting in big league style in boosting service station sales.

Virginia Ross thinks the reason the editor and stenographer stay to write Stanolind Record dope when she works overtime is just so they can see her friend call for her; but such is not the case, and anyway he is a nice boy and we wouldn't say anything about him.

Jim Lindsey, our heavy hitting first baseman, spent Decoration day visiting his sweetheart in Toronto. He came back all smiles and told us he had a wonderful time. We understand Miss Secord, also in the record department, went to Toronto at this same time to visit some relatives.

Freddy Zahn, now of the refined oil department, left a trail of broken hearts behind him when he left the auditing department. Already some of the staid and settled old maids downstairs are beginning to flutter when he turns that wonderful smile in their direction.

A striking incident where age could not be downed by youth can be related in connection with the coupon drive that we held Saturday, May 21. It is pleasing to note that Peter Scott, the oldest employee, 87 years old, was the first to register with sales of two coupon books.

Geo. Rawlings, agent at Marine City for a good many years, dropped into the office recently for a visit. We were all glad to see you, George, and when business doesn't interfere, come and visit us as often as you can.

Mr. A. M. Warner, who has been connected with the Standard Oil Co. since April 15, 1897, died at his home, 219 East Maple Ave., Adrian, May 23. He has been suffering greatly the past few years but during this time continued to be interested in the success of the company and some of his pleasantest hours were spent when his old colleagues would call and talk over old times. His many friends and fellow workers regret his loss and extend to his widow their heartiest sympathy.

For the special attention of Mr. George Phillips, now assistant manager at Peoria, we make it known that Ann Arbor has taken possession of its new warehouse and Tommy Rickerd, now agent, has a downtown office.

Charles Weed, agent at Richmond, complains that his name hasn't been in the Stanolind Record. Charlie, let it not be said that we would not further your efforts to escape bachelorhood. Please refer all communications that you receive from the girls in the office to the editor for censoring.

During a recent visit of Ernie Andrews, our speedy auditor to the Lansing station, he took a hand in the sales game and proceeded to sell and deliver to a farmer customer one gallon of Finol for a gallon of Stanolax. Upon learning his error, a letter was written to the customer, asking the return of the Finol. Customer came in a few days ago and said: "I hadn't noticed the difference after taking several doses before the arrival of the letter." Fine piece of goods, that Finol!

For the benefit of anyone who plans on having a good time and it starts to rain, we are giving the following: Just as a bunch of the office girls stepped out of the car into Ferry Field to watch the ball game it started to rain and Miss Mahoney, in the auditing department, said "Oh, if I had a knife I could make it stop." Of course some one handed her one and she stuck the blade in the ground, at the same time telling the other girls that they should spit and it would stop raining. They did and to the amazement of everybody except Miss Mahoney the sun came out in a few minutes and it did not rain any more.

We are all united in sympathy for Arthur T. Remington, salesman at Detroit, who suffered the loss of his father May 27.

Recently our Mr. Keating, assistant manager, accompanied by Messrs. Charlie Knapp of the equipment department, and Louis Markowsky, garage superintendent, was driving through from Detroit to Chicago. They were held up on the road account of a punctured tire. A Ford roadster came along, stopped and the occupant greeted them: "Can I be of any service to you?" This gentleman turned out to be Mr. Rebentish, general salesman in the Grand Rapids division. Inasmuch as he had no knowledge of who the parties were, his courtesy is doubly commendable. Service of this nature truly indicates a working knowledge of the policies of this company practically applied.

J. V. Henderson is bubbling over with anticipation of the launching of his new motor boat June 1, 1921. He expects to be the most popular man in the office this summer taking the girls out for rides.

When Leo Sheeran and his family moved to Monroe its population became 12,576. This figure now must be corrected inasmuch as Julia Elizabeth arrived on May 19, increasing the Sheeran family.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

For the past several days our cashier has seemed in a deep study, his usual smile shineth not forth, and his whole attitude bespeaks a suggestion of crape; but today a big fat letter came, post-marked Lansing, Mich., and Gil smiles again. Miss Lu Roberts has resigned her duties as assistant cashier and has accepted a position in the state office at Lansing, Mich.

District Superintendent R. A. Miller was in to see us last week. Ray says he is getting along fine in the Southern Illinois field. He has already learned to tell whether a man is drunk on whisky or white mule. His explanation: "When a man is drunk on whisky, he staggers; when he is drunk on white mule, he spins."

Homer Paris, head of the billing department, is still marveling over the invention, or rather discovery of the "Put & Take Top."

Ashley, Ill.—Mr. Chas. Dahncke, our Ashley agent, with Mrs. Dahncke and daughter Mildred, spent Sunday, May 22 with home folks in Elkton, Ill.

Mr. Thomas Shannon, warehouseman, attended the races Monday, May 30, at Indianapolis; we have been unable to secure Tom's opinion of the speed contest, as he has not yet showed up for work. Tom must have been racing horses, and got kicked by a couple of white mules.

Murphy was a white Irish bull terrier, the property of our honorable chief clerk, Mr. H. E. Guthrie. He derived his name both from his nationality and from the fact that he came from Murphysboro, Ill., as a personal gift from our agent, Mr. L. F. Busch. We are not informed of any hard feeling between the two men, but listen: When only a few weeks old "Murphy" could chase the kids off the block, up trees and make them climb step-ladders. As he advanced in age, he also developed a desire to puncture flesh with his pretty white teeth, until one day—now we come to the sad part of our story—he buried those pearly white fangs in his master's right cheek. Now he's dead. Harold is getting along nicely; however, he has a couple of nice little scars to remember his pet.

FARGO, N. DAK.

General Clerks Burleigh and Erdal are practically strangers at the office, it being necessary for them to be out on the territory most of the time on collections and other business matters of importance, but they always bring in a nice strip of "bacon" and are most welcome visitors, as it gives the "office" a chance to give them a new load of grief—cheer up, Generals, it's hard work that makes the man.

Mr. Carnine visited Minot on June 9th on business. Mr. Carnine, you are visiting Minot rather frequently. Have you lots of business at that point, or—?

One of the main objects of the Stanolind Record is to create good fellowship among the Standard Oil Company employees and to become better acquainted. Therefore, when it is very evident that one party is desirous of making an acquaintance with another and can not seem to make connections formally, why won't an introduction by proxy be conventional? Miss Kelley, meet our new service attendant, Mr. Dempsey.

Mr. Art Asleson, our popular assistant chief clerk, recently stepped out in a new Ford sedan—Mrs. Art, keep a check on the speedometer, for Art is full of youth.

A proud and rather chesty Packard car owner was "sounding off" to a bunch of Standard Oil employees. "My Packard, it can't be beat for efficiency, comfort, or class—it's the real goods." A bright young man spoke up, I think it was Mr. Dodd: "You got nothing on us. All Standard Oil employees have a Packard, and as for class, efficiency, or the real goods, boy, you've got a jitney"!

Miss Laura Tollerud, of the check department, has been granted a leave of absence, and has departed for Colorado. Those desiring further news, or her definite address, inquire of Wallace Preston.

Mr. R. H. Thomas, lubricating expert, Fargo division, recently returned from Chicago, at which point he attended an engineer's meeting. We are sure, that as usual, Mr. Thomas brought back some good facts on lubricating problems.

The semi-annual business meeting of the Standard Oil Social Club was held at the main office on Friday evening, June 10. A short talk was given by Mr. F. I. Packard on the function and purpose of the Social Club after which election of officers for the ensuing term took place with the following results: Paul Tehelka, president; Earl Abrahamson, vice president; Sarah Olson, secretary and treasurer; Harry Overby, Margaret Cruikshank, executive committee. The Club gave a vote of thanks for the good work of the retiring officers, and were especially pleased to note that the treasurer's report showed a credit balance of $59.74, with all bills paid.

Our manager, Mr. F. I. Packard, accompanied by Assistant Manager P. A. Raupagh, our newly appointed superintendent of equipment, E. H. Steffarud, and general superintendent of motor equipment of the northern division, W. O. Dixon, have been out in the territory for a few days inspecting motor trucks and holding meetings with the motor truck salesmen and others interested, emphasizing and instructing our men in the matter of up-keep, care and maintenance of motor trucks. Among points visited were Fergus Falls, Minn., Crookston, Minn., and Grand Forks, N. D. A meeting was held in the manager's office one evening at which were present the truck drivers and others located at Fargo, N. D., and Moorhead, Minn. The reports are that the meetings were eminently successful from every point of view and that great interest was manifested and it is believed that this part of our company's business will be operated with less expense and greater efficiency in the future than in the past. We are given to understand that similar meetings are contemplated in other parts of our division. Among those present at the Fargo-Moorhead meeting were: F. I. Packard, manager; P. A. Raupagh, assistant manager; Frank Bogenrief, foreman; J. J. Johnson, agent; J. F. Stribley, salesman; R. H. Dodd, superintendent; Army Rick, August Berg, Ed Rick, C. M. Hagen, Frank Herlick, L. E. Viets, Jos. Rost, G. K. Gunderson, T. P. Eilkinson, motor truck drivers; Mr. J. P. Beaton and R. H. Thomas, H. Kincaid; H. W. Peterson, Ralph Wilkinson, inspectors; Carl Sorlie, garage foreman.

FLORENCE, COLO.

Mr. Walter Marsh, Jr., has been promoted to the firing line. Walter says that he, like Babe Ruth, gets the honors by first hitting the ball. Some may get there by errors but most of them that figure on errors get tagged out.

Mr. D. C. Miller, of Casper works, is sojourning in Florence and as a pastime doing the pipe work in constructing the new tar line.

Mr. L. A. Dobbins is at Florence works doing the welding.

Mr. John D. McGuire is also at Florence works handling the boiler work.

The "Baby Refinery" appreciates the good work these men are doing, and wishes to thank them for the whole heartedness shown in handling this work against such handicaps. Also we thank Casper works for allowing us their services.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

The Social and Athletic Association has reorganized and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Roy Fonger, President; Marvin Brower, vice president; Martin Timmer, secretary, and Johnny Mieras, treasurer. Mr. Roy Hill and Keith Terry were elected to complete the board of directors with Harry Robbins in charge of general committee.

We have started in with new Vim, Vigor and Vitality. Since reorganization we have had a "Dress-Up" party (received no picture—*Ed.*); organized a baseball team and have enjoyed the S. O. Co. Indoor League. You should see how friendly the boys have become towards the girls at noon. Well, some of them have started putting their arms around the girls. Why? It's the new Victrola which was presented to the girls by the association, and you ought to see them step every noon. Of course, under these circumstances the "arm exercise" is allowed.

Here's where the sales of S. O. Co. goods go up! The following new salesmen have started to push the S. O. Co. line: John Vyn, L. C. Wilson, W. J. Nelson, D. K. Arnold, Wm. Martz.

Mr. Ralph Hall was presented with a beautiful watch and chain by his co-workers at the Grand Rapids warehouse, when he left them to take the position of agent at Muskegon. The boys sure have the spirit, haven't they, Ralph?

Roy Hill, warehouse superintendent, came down one morning with a smile that would tickle his ears. Why? Esther Jane, weighing 8 pounds arrived at his home on the morning of May 7, and Roy says she is some May-baby.

Mrs. George Robinson, wife of our Cedar Springs agent, is at Blodgett Memorial hospital, having undergone a serious operation. We extend our sympathy and hope for a speedy recovery.

Mr. Fred Bilsborrow, Grand Rapids salesman, came down one morning his hair appearing considerably more grey. Here's the reason: his title is now "Grandpa" Bilsborrow. Feel much older, Fred?

Mr. John Van Huis, our agent at Holland, Mich., is convalescing after an operation. Here's for a speedy recovery.

Miss Blanche Warren can now warble her sweet alto notes again. She came all dolled up in pink the other morning, looking pretty nice for being a convalescent after having her tonsils removed. Glad to have you back again, Blanche.

Standings of the S. O. Co. Indoor League:

	Won	Lost	Per cent
Skyrockets	4	1	800
Warehouse	3	2	600
Submarines	2	3	400
Garage	1	4	200

Play is tightening up in the Indoor League, the cellar team defeating the leaders on the night of June 2. The fans are waxing enthusiastic over the play and after work flock in large numbers to the diamond, which is located near the office. You can hear Dad Winslow and Roy Chard any time you come within a half mile of the field.

The S. O. Co. baseball team defeated the American Can Company's team on the John Ball Park diamond to the tune of 13 to 7. The first game is won—keep it up.

Miss Theresa Amborski is recovering from a tonsil operation. Hope you'll soon be back, Theresa.

Mrs. Harry Middleton, wife of one of the Grand Rapids drivers, is seriously ill at a local hospital. We all hope for a speedy recovery.

GREYBULL, WYO.

C. M. Fitzmaurice, fireman on No. 3 and No. 4 batteries, was confined to his home a few days with the grip but we are glad to say he is back at work, fully recovered.

L. Stephens, of the repair crew, was off duty recently because of the illness of his wife.

H. Jennings, of the still cleaners, had to lay off a few days because of a slight injury to an arm. He is back working again, however, and says the wing has entirely recovered.

Bartie Bentley, stillman on No. 3 and No. 4 batteries, was off duty a few days recently on account of the illness and death of his father-in-law. Our sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Bentley in their bereavement.

B. J. Manley was absent from work a few days with an attack of the grip but is again back as hearty as ever.

Several of the S. O. Boys have been on fishing trips recently and some nice catches are reported. It took three of them a day to get one lonesome trout at Cody, however. No names mentioned.

A letter from F. T. Larson, who resigned to go into the real estate business at Spokane, states that he is doing fine. Good for you, Larson.

G. L. Shepardson purchased an Oakland touring car recently. We bet he voted for the highway bonds.

Fred Lockard, of Pittsburg, is visiting with his brother, Superintendent H. M. Lockhard.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A storm coming up had nothing on E. D. (Doc) Anderson when the efficient 06 detective got in the wrong shoe-store and discovered his mistake when unwrapping the "pedal-coverings" at home. Eye witnesses do say as to how Doc did some tall "hot-footing"—to get his money back.

Our hats off to E. Buchanan, Danville agent who sold thirteen cases of Semdac in one morning recently, calling on fourteen customers and missing one—because the apparent error in a perfect fielding average had already purchased a case.

Charley Achgill and his trusty bicycle roamed just a little too far from the warehouse the other noon. When "Butch" was found he was hopelessly lost in the commons northwest of town and excitedly searching for the City of Indianapolis. Guess Charley will stick to the south side where the grass may be of the long and uncut order but every fellow to his own country, eh Butch? This being a truthful narrative, makes of it, stranger than fiction.

Billy Isom, who hails from down around the "knobs" made famous by Abe Martin and his trusty lieutenant, Tilford Moots, had occasion to stray from the Little Gem Restaurant and the Operay House to attend a salesmen's meeting at Indianapolis; naturally Billy is a little dodgeful of our fast (?) moving street cars and autos, not mentioning a natural blinkfully shyness of our "licorice lights" and the chance of sleep seemed very remote until he decided on the fourteenth floor of one of our leading hotels—needless to add he didn't sleep and he is still trying to figure out why street noises go up so far.

The long standing puzzle of "What time is it?" has finally been solved by the installation of a pair of those self-winding clocks recommended for accuracy by the U. S. Navy.

Auditor L. Hanna has left our diggings—headed for South Bend, we are told. The upstate office wins where we lose, as Mr. Hanna got under our skin easily—being a fine boy and then some.

Bringing you over to D. E. (Red) Williams' job in traffic-pinning 012's, 124's and 129's and such. A fine desk to stick your finger at—if in doubt, observe.

SAY, WHERE IS THIS ABERDEEN PLACE, ANYHOW?

Aberdeen, S. D., To Correspondent, Stanolind Record, Huron: What is the matter with the Stanolind Record? The bunch of Indians up here all danced around in a ring when Aberdeen failed to get in for May. Most of them are ex-service men and they all say if Aberdeen is not represented soon someone had better look out for they will clean up the Huron reporter first and then the editor of the Stanolind Record. So Beware! (Signed) Pat Ryan. (As this arrived too late to help Aberdeen in the June issue, last reports from Huron indicate that Frank Heinen, our correspondent there, is hiding out somewhere in the wilds of the Dakotas. At this distance, we, ourself, are not afraid of all the aborigines in Aberdeen or the entire Dakotas, but to save poor Frank's scalp we herewith publish a picture from Aberdeen with the suggestion that if Pat and his gang just have to fight, let 'em go out and fight like h—l to SELL THE FULL LINE. They'll find it a lot more lucrative and a darnedsight less dangerous than picking on the editor of the World's Greatest Employees' Magazine. The sales department still has to show us anything, Pat, and if you don't believe it consult some of the sales executives who recently undertook to scalp us at auction bridge. Take it from us, kid, we're rough, rough! Meanwhile, we'll admit Agent G. H. Ryan did a darned good job in putting the above fine display into the window of the Witte Hardware Company store at Aberdeen, and we suspect that Pat and his gang are so putting that 100 per cent fighting spirit of theirs into SELLING THE FULL LINE that Aberdeen will have such a record at the end of the year that everyone in the Stanolind family will be able to answer the query we have propounded in our headline.)

Miss Roberta Manville grieves, thusly: formerly located in the rear of the office where she could watch the various "topics of the day," her desk has been moved up to the "amen corner" where everything is awful quiet along the Potomac, so to speak.

Here's a laugh for Partlow out where the tall corn grows (Des Moines):

Jenkins—"How is it that you never suffer from the cold"?

Brennan—"Oh, I'm always wrapped up in my work."

Reid Boaher, driver at Crawfordsville, Semdac demonstrator first and onion set collector second, is the pround father of a new 12-pound boy. Figuring onions need some attention, just a little later.

The twilight musings of I. E. Sullivan in University park are somewhat jostled over his new work from sales writer to keeper of records, classifying tractors from touring cars, and so on.

Roy Poland, of the stock department, is getting all lined up for wedding bells.

If this avalanche of matrimonial ventures keeps up, some squire is overlooking a bet in not opening up an office right here at the plant.

W. G. Merrick, S. S. 16, Indianapolis, moved to the country, bought a Ford, put it in a barn, that night some one called, took all four wheels, left the rest—rather choicy visitor, him. W. G. is back to riding the interurbans, figuring the visitor will be returning for the rest of the car, thus straightening out a sad tangle.

Watch for his limousine among the 400. Harry Bell, S. S. 117, has drawn an allotment of $10,000 from the government for injuries sustained during the war.

Chester Tryon, iron barrel checker and superbaseball "bug," is about ready for the strong ward, since, seeing the Japan university nine in action, he has been figuring out whether Jack Hendricks' Indians would have a chance against the orientals.

One of the most pleasing sequels to the shower given Miss Jansen by the girls of the Indianapolis office was the washing of the dishes by Henrietta Goldberger ably assisted by Helen Schell and Elizabeth O'Brien.

Now that summer is here, Engineer Bill turns the steam on the warehouse office instead of the S. R.—the worst part is, he laughs when cornered by the turkish bath victims.

Possibly the Whiting band or some of the other famous harmony grinders can use a flute solo played on a common nail-puller; we got it down here.

The more we observe the antics of Wallace Revel, expert juggler of "oil tanks and wagon frames," the more we are convinced that Ringling Brothers will get him yet.

After-feature of the speedway races—A. C. (Red Crown) Mathias' sunburnt nose.

Looks like a new rope for the wedding-bell belfrey, judging from the many siestas around here on Monday, Wednesday and Friday—being the days after "beau night," you know.

Miss Ella Wagner has forsaken the iron-barrel department for her new duties as juggler of 090's.

Seems that Ed. Medema's chief delight in life is to extol the advantages of living at Greenwood, Ind., instead of in New Street, as does Carl Roembke. Carl will be remembered as the lad who once dug a cellar (during his vacation) in a race with the weather-man. The rain won.

From now on, starting at once, Loree Edwards will be head purchasing agent of all cakes for future showers, social gatherings, etc.

JOLIET, ILL.

On Friday evening, May 27, the Get-Together-Club, the social department of the Joliet office, held a May party and dance on the office lawn. The affair was a total success, not only as an event for the employes of the company, but as an event for the town. Nothing approximating it was ever before attempted in the city of Joliet. Manager E. E. Morton, who conceived the idea of the party, and directed the arrangements, has clearly demonstrated the fact that a social getting together of members of the organization is the sure way of stimulating enthusiasm and loyalty among them. All the employes of the Joliet office, warehouse, garage and service stations attended with their families; and a large percentage of the salesmen and agents from the field arranged to come in for the evening's entertainment. It was a real "Get-Together" party, in every sense of the word, and did a great deal to get the field and office forces acquainted and promote the feeling of comradeship between them that is so helpful in keeping those forces in smooth running order. The main attraction was, of course, the big dance platform where a five piece orchestra kept the feet in action. There were strings of electric lights suspended over the platform adding brilliance to the gay scene. On the lawn in front of the office, and on the sides, Japanese lanterns were hung, which, with the big service station lights, lit up the entire grounds with fine effect. Special features introduced during the evening were the "Lindy Lee" dance, given by two children, Melvin Pohl and Dorothy Frankie; a minuet by eight little girls and a quartette composed of District Superintendents E. B. Gray, J. S. Connell, R. L. Prussing and Mr. B. G. Schermerhorn, who sang "I Hear You Calling Me" and responded to several encores with selections delightfully rendered. It is intended to make this May party an annual affair, and it is a foregone conclusion that the Joliet employes will look forward to it with pleasurable anticipation. During the course of the evening the streets were jammed with motorists and pedestrians who came from all quarters to see the doings. The papers carried some fine descriptions of the party and a great deal of favorable comment was made by citizens of Joliet on the excellent manner in which the affair was conducted. The Standard Oil Company is on the map at Joliet now, as it never was before.

Agent Jim Winters drove in from far off Papineau with his wife, and James was conspicuous among the gay dancers.

Agent Partridge was in from Cornell to represent his corner of the field. He says he won't miss any of the parties hereafter.

The audience was thrilled when John Pohl, chief clerk, took the floor with Ann Swenson for a "solo" dance. John demonstrated his terpsichorean aptitude and made lots of the young fellers extremely envious of his graceful gliding.

Herb. Wagen drove in from Kankakee to take in the doings. He says the party furnished him the most entertainment since the battle of Bull Run.

Rudyard Kipling has nothing on our heads of departments for expressions and recitations, nor Caruso for lung pressure when they are delivering their daily messages through the new dictaphones. One incident occurred a few days ago when Mr. Reinhard, our esteemed bookkeeper, sat thinking away with the perspiration trickling from his brow and turning folder after folder over, finished, thinking he had a good hour's work done—when, lo, and behold, he discovered that there was no record on the machine!

Another "crack" from Joe Blow—Norman Armstrong, of our equipment department, nicely dictated some work on the dictaphone, then intelligently sent the record in to be shaved before it was written up.

Agent, G. L. Sauer, of Polo, had a mixup with a spade a few days ago, while setting out some plum trees, with the result, that the has had a lame arm.

Our Manager, Mr. E. E. Morton, tells us a little story about Dan Otis and his "Gift Cigar": Mr. Morton's father, Mr. H. S. Morton, first vice president of the company, was visiting him in Joliet a few weeks ago and they met Dan on the street. While Mr. H. S. Morton was talking with Dan, our manager crossed the street to make a purchase. In looking out of the store window, he saw his father hand Dan a cigar; Dan took the cigar, turned it over several times, scrutinized it carefully and put it in his pocket. Dan never said anything to anybody about getting that prize cigar—presume he is keeping it under a glass case.

Manager Louis Brehm has been a pretty busy man lately, rubbing kinks out of sore arms, and trying to develop a south paw pitcher, who is badly needed.

The Joliet Standard Oil team would like to meet some of the nearby Standard Oil baseball clubs.—Louis Brehm, Manager, Joliet, Ill.

The Standard Oil baseball club lost a hard fought game last Saturday, May 7, to the C. & J. Elec. Ry. Co., score 12-11. Poor fielding lost the game. After playing like champions for eight innings and leading by a score of 8-2, the S O. went to pieces and the C. & J. tied the score. In the tenth inning, after two men were out, Pesavento, who resembles "Ping Bodie," got on when the third strike escaped the catcher, and went to second on a wild peg to first. Three singles netted two runs. The S. O. boys went home heart-broken when the C. & J. put three runs over in their half of the tenth and carried home the bacon.

St. Louis had as its esteemed guest for a week Mr. Bernard Metnik, of the bookkeeping department, who spent part of his vacation there.

They tell us Sen Sen Gum is carried by all leading drug stores. The candy counters must be missing quite a few packages at the Fahrner drug store, at the rate Helen Dumyahn devours it, es-

pecially on Thursday morning. Say it with Sen Sen.

Naomi Archambeauldt is having such a time finding a house to live in that she has written to the government for a patent on two piano boxes, in order to get a license to put in the latest improvements—musically inclined.

We would like to see a few more girls at the ball games. Thanks to the two young ladies that came out to Dellwood Saturday, May 7. Remember it's the fair lady fans who give the boys pep. You ask 'em.

Miss Jeanette Levine's pretty face registered disdain when someone told her that if she sat on the table she would be doomed to bachelor girlhood all her life. Jeanette said she had no fear whatever, as long as a certain young beau brummel, non-resident of Joliet, lived up to strict SAFETY RULES when in the neighborhood of railroad tracks.

We are going to get up a donation to erect a canopy at the corner of Cass and Collins streets, especially at 12:28, noon, while Bob Anderson and his fair miss are parting from their noonday walk. What you say—he's selling her raincoats?

Time will show another champion added to our list in Westminster Abbey. Lillian Annette O'Lander, they say, can now float like Ivory Soap in the water; no wonder she's getting so fresh. (Photo?—*Ed.*).

Will someone compose a piece giving it the name of "Kansas City Blues" for the benefit of our orchestra's pianist? Mail every day, war tax will be coming down.

There are dark clouds around Eleanor Rylander; the sun shines east, the sun shines west, but vacations don't come until after the rush season. She's getting her Polo clothes ready to throw snow-balls.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

John Seward is just about ready to move into his new California bungalow out in Fairland Heights. Bully for you, John, we sure envy you.

J. W. Power, formerly manager of the St. Joseph division, was a visitor at the office a short time ago, distributing "dime savers" to the employees, in the interest of the Toole-Levy Savings Bank of St. Joseph with which he is now affiliated.

We all know that Buzz Yankee is the proud padre of a big, fat, red-headed boy but what we want to know now is about the usual procedure of passing out stogies, etc. For those who don't smoke, how about a bottle of ½ of 1 per cent!!

And speaking of new additions to the household, George Walker is a grandpa, which must make him feel rather oldish but he certainly doesn't show it—or act it either. Here's looking at you, George.

Everybody's counting the days until the picnic, scheduled for June 16th at Fairmount Park. Of course when this goes to press it will be history but it will probably be a pleasure to recall the memories. They will little note nor long remember what we say here but they can never forget the things that will happen there.

Earl Kendrick was transferred from the Armourdale plant as a collector. Earl hasn't been married very long and we wonder how he likes his new job??

Our former chief clerk, Mr. W. P. Johnson, is resting up and at present is visiting friends in Oregon. From there he expects to visit an uncle in Silver Bay, N. Y.

Sam Stein, who has been absent for some time due to an operation for appendicitis, has returned to work, somewhat quiet but looking much better. Glad to see you back, Sam.

The Board of Directors' meeting held at the Kansas City office on May 25 was much enjoyed by all who were lucky enough to be present. Those who had any misgivings as to the purpose of the meeting were quickly calmed and the talks were very beneficial to all.

Phil Hutchings has been transferred from the lubricating department to service station collector. Phil has had quite a lot of experience along this line so we have no doubts as to his ability to handle the new job.

Grundy Shook, daddy of them all when it comes to fishing, had a very disappointing trip out in Kansas a short time ago. The fish absolutely refused to bite but then the climate was awfully dry and anyway fishing ain't what it used to be.

Chet King, who manipulates the G. & B. ledger in the stock department, spent his vacation up in Iowa on the farm. We don't know whose farm it was but Chet reported having a fine time.

The office force received another shock when they heard of the marriage of Margaret Haas, of the cashier's cage, Saturday, June 3. This is another proof of the fact that the cost of loving is coming down. The office force extends hearty congratulations and best wishes.

The girls of the "ossif" force organized a ball team recently and for those who are looking for excitement we recommend a noon hour watching the thrilling games. It makes it rather bad for the girls, though, because the way some of them wield the bat is enough to scare the prospective husbands away and rolling pins are not so heavy as baseball bats, either. Wow! (Can't you get a snap of 'em sliding to second, Miles?—*Ed.*

Miss Mabel Ellis, stock department stenographer, spent the week end and Memorial day at home with her folks at Siloam Springs, Ark. We think that Memorial day is a very fitting title for the occasion.

George Gates, better known as Silent George, has been so busy demonstrating Semdac this summer that he has forgotten to bring out his famous Juarez suit.

Miles Standish changes cars so aften we can't keep track of the makes. However we believe he is now driving a Studebaker. In fact he changes nearly as often as Ed West does suits.

The famous specialty crew, H. G. Thompson, G. G. Moffett, C. C. Moore, F. E. Johnson and C. E. McNeal, are sure throwing some dust this year. They are all dandy fellows and we have never known of one of them to turn in a blank sales report.

Charlie Marshall and G. Y. Shuck were talking about nose bags the other day. However, they are both keeping up with the times, as Charlie is now selling Polarine for Packards and G. Y. is buying shock absorbers for Fords. They both have many friends in the organization; and we all wish them long life and happiness.

J. B. Moore, at Independence, Mo., holds the record for new customers. He stays out every day till he gets a new customer. He has a fine bunch of men working with him; and it is a pleasure to drop in at Station 60 for a refreshing visit any time of the year.

Charlie Swoboda and Ed Clifford have been so busy this year taking orders that we haven't seen either one of them. But we sure do hear from them through the order department.

Messrs. Sorseliel and Guett, of the credit department, are knocking them all back on sales. Hardly a day goes by but they sell a few coupon books or gallons of Semdac. This is cooperation.

Ralph Crenshaw is trying to live up to his repu-

tation in Gay Paris—but he is using Independence as his stamping grounds. Go to it, Ralph, we're for you.

Red Stephens has been transferred from the Armourdale plant to shipping clerk at the main office. Red is the catcher for the baseball team and we are all glad to get a close up of him.

We fear for Charlie Hogan, he may follow in Art Peterson's footsteps.

F. A. Doane, salesman in the Chanute, Kan., territory, has retired from active service after 32 years with this company. This became necessary on account of his health, which has been failing the past few years. He will make an overland trip to Portland in hopes that the climate will be beneficial. We sincerely hope it will be and wish him good luck on his journey.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Mr. S. L. Levy. district superintendent, entertained Mr. A. B. Nichols, chief clerk, and Mr. W. W. Holcomb, former manager, on a fishing trip to Trout Creek, Wis., May 21, 1921. Results: One wash tub full of trout (not saying how large the wash tub was).

Mr. S. L. Levy and Mr. L. N. Larsen went on a fishing trip early in the morning on Decoration day. Mr. Larsen caught a trout and ate it for breakfast while Mr. Levy was napping so Mr. Levy is unable to prove the fish story.

Miss Lucille Frizzelle spent Decoration day at her home on the farm near De Soto, Wis. Little wonder there is a shortage of milk in town.

Miss Clara Severson spent several days vacation last week, we presume fishing.

Miss Linda Lubs spent Decoration day at her home in Arcadia, Wis., and Miss Helen Ferguson enjoyed a few days vacation this week at her home in Mauston.

Another diamond—Florence Young—altho she says "Not till next year."

The Misses Hattie Rochelt and Lottie Klandrud have issued invitations to a shower Saturday, June 4th, in honor of Zita Knothe, a June bride.

On Sunday, May 22nd, the S. O. Co. employees spent a very enjoyable day at Barre Mills. At 9:30 the bunch began to gather at the office, all carrying their baskets filled with good things to eat. By 12:00 everyone was at the picnic grounds. All we heard was "When do we eat?" but we all waited till one o'clock. A game of indoor baseball was played between the "Sales and Accounting," the Sales winning 11 to 10. Dancing was another feature at the picnic. Music was furnished by Mr. and Mrs. F. Kowalke and Mr. Stokke. (Well, where are the pictures?—Ed.)

MANKATO, MINN.

The Red Crown Social Club, Mankato division, entertained the members and their friends at a dancing party held at the beautiful Cedar Grove Pavilion, Saturday evening, May 21. The transportation committee, under the direction of Chairman C. J. Humm, performed their duties very efficiently and the whole crowd was conveyed to the pavilion and home again without mishap or confusion. The Cedar Grove pavilion is situated about two miles from Mankato on the farm of Mr. John Sheurer, who very generously extended every possible courtesy during the evening. Chairman C. J. Nuebel, decoration committee, attended to the beautiful decoration of brewster green and old gold, Standard Oil Co. (Ind.) colors, which predominated. The Loyola Orchestra of five pieces played an excellent program of dance music which the crowd of sixty couples enjoyed until 12 o'clock. The officers of the Red Crown Club are now busy arranging for the annual picnic for members and their families which will take place some time in June. (We want pictures!—Ed.)

The girls of the Red Crown Club, Mankato office of the Standard Oil Co. (Ind.), tendered a very pleasant surprise to Miss Grace Lane, who will very shortly leave the employ of the company and enter a life partnership. The ladies arrived at the Lane home with material and equipment and proceeded to manufacture a beautiful quilt which they presented to the bride-to-be. Their work completed, the balance of the evening was spent in dancing, music and games, after which well filled baskets were brought to light and refreshments served.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

We understand Florence Flader entertained twenty of the champion noise makers at her home in Bay View recently at a Bunco party, and that Laurie, Norma and Sammy tied for first place as "bunk" shooters. Sammy was finally successful in landing first place, Edna walked away with second prize and Carrie was forced (?) to accept the booby prize. One member of the party was so confident of taking home at least one prize that she came prepared with a traveling bag, but—. Better luck next time, Lorraine. It must have been some party, as we hear Lillian so far forgot herself as to get real noisy and Inez is still hoarse.

Brodhead agent in the Milwaukee field reporting weather conditions on measurement card—"Cold! Frost! Ice! Hell!"

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Say, George Day, what happened when you and Klebba went out to New Brighton, that made you postpone two meals? Come on now, George, come clean.

Harry Gillette gave the "boss" a six pound pike recently. Mr. Cochran still thinks Harry caught it.

Henry Hauck, of the accounting department, was put on as salesman May 12th. All right, Hauck, let's go and sell the full line.

As a demonstrator of Semdac, E. H. Meier stands alone. His bus always looks new and he lets his friends know what does it. Do likewise, brethern.

R. O. Rask is our new Red Crown salesman. Rask knows motors and he'll soon know Red Crown. Business getting combination, isn't it?

P. J. Beale is the only man in the world who can carry a Packard expression while driving a "Ford."

St. Paul Warehouse, please, Mr. Freyberg there?" "Nope, he's in the country."

Mr. Fortner was "pinched" recently. He'll tell you why.

Fred Leider, of the construction department, is now selling the Full Line. Come on Fred, let's see what ya got.

Kewpie, our Kittenball catcher, plays the piano as well as he catches. Some pianist.

No one ever caught Miss Livingstone "sitting out" a dance. Not this Blanche.

Joe Huckenpahler certainly does enjoy Ford coupes. Well, Joe, a man lives only once—why not?

Conners, the salesman, while out with Holt recently, sold a livery man Semdac for his horses. When the liveryman learned Semdac was a polish he told Conners he had no intention of polishing his horses. Conners replied, "I'm not trying to sell you Semdac as a polish; it is also a disinfectant, and if you dip your horses in Semdac, all the flies will

patronize the other man's barn." He bought the Semdac.

Miss Paddleford and "Nik" Ericson are certainly enjoying "Nik's" coupe. Coupes are getting popular around here.

A new department has been born, the Service Station Department, with Jerry Freeman installed as Director General.

P. J. Mack drives a Ford for business and a Twin-Six Packard for pleasure.

If you want service, courtesy, etc., call on Ed J. Grest, service station attendant, 13th and LaSalle. If you're looking for trouble go some place else; especially if you are soliciting for a suit club.

Come on, St. Paul, line up with the Red Crown Social Club. Do you good.

Who won the Polarine, Kemme?

Hentschell's back on the old job with a new car. Let's put Red Crown down in front, Hench. Whad daya say?

Harold Damkroger, you finally got F. L. C. to St. Cloud, didn't you?

The Red Crown Kittenball team is the talk of Minneapolis; they won the championship of the White League, and are now in the elimination contest. The pitching of Ed Flavin, the superb catching of Kewpie Anderson and the major league support given by the rest of the team is putting the Red Crowns in the calcium. Preceding every game the office and sales force in five large trucks parade the down town streets. All Minneapolis knows the Red Crown Kittenball team. We are after the City Championship just as Red Crown has won the world's championship. If every Indiana division salesman could sell the Full Line like the Red Crown Kittenball team hits the ball, boys, we would need a half a dozen more refineries.

The Red Crown Social Club has been reorganized and if the first meeting is an indication of what is to come, we may look forward to some smashing times. Jim Connolly was elected president because of his executive ability, Mrs. Noyes was elected vice-prseident because of her social standing in the office. Miss Grosbusch was elected secretary because she is the fastest typist on the payroll and Ed Flavin was elected treasurer because of his honesty. A picnic of gigantic proportions is to be pulled off about the 1st of July. Notice how the Minneapolis division is coming to the front in everything. (Pix? —Ed.)

Jimmy Bullard drives what was once a Packard car.

Mr. H. A. Bieloh bought a new Oakland Six. When asked what he thought of it he said, "If she runs the next 100,000 miles like ahe has the first seven, boys, she's some wagon."

The girls in the office will not be out-done by the men and have therefore organized two Kittenball teams. The girls upstairs are a slippery bunch and have called themselves the Polarines, and the girls downstairs have called themselves the Semdacs, because they are sure they can polish off the Polarines. Miss Livingston is captain of the "Semdacs" and will also play third base. Mrs. Noyes captains the "Polarines" and will pitch. It is our guess, however, that as a pitcher she is a good stenographer. Because of Mr. Vincent's recognized diplomacy, and his popularity with the girls he has been chosen as official umpire and arbitrator. We understand the girls have ordered bloomer costumes. This means a heavy attendance at every game. (Pictures, pictures!—Ed.)

The Champion Kittenball rooter is Mr. Larkin. We never knew he possessed such a voice. Mr. A. C. McClusky runs a close second to Mr. Larkin.

SAGINAW, MICH.

Service Station 54, Lapeer, Mich., with L. W. Johnson and George S. Slough in charge won the Polarine contest. Mr. Johnson carried off a mighty good box of cigars, while Mr. Slough preferred the carton of cigarettes.

We are wondering why L. E. Patterson, superintendent of service stations, looks so longingly from the service station across to the hotel when in Lapeer. Must be he is "stuck" on the Texico "steno."

George Slough, Lapeer, has a bottle at the service station labeled "For Bathing Baby." Whose baby are you, George?

Now that the roads are drying up, our agent, A. B. Curkendall, Lapeer, is getting better acquainted, being a stranger in this locality. Beats all how these school ma'rms like to ride with our oil men.

BAY CITY

Born, March 6, 1921, Pauline Vivian Bellon to Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Bellon, 601 West Indiana street, Bay City. Mr. Bellon is truck driver at Bay City.

Born, March 10, 1921, Joseph Edward Metevia to Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Metevia, 1508 James street, Essexville, Mich. Mr. Metevia is tank wagon driver at Bay City.

PORT HURON

Port Huron held its first meeting of a series of instructions relative to Safety First, Loyalty, and Salesmanship. This was attended by service station men and tank wagon drivers. Talks were given by all.

Cy Bell and C. Leslie Bell make no excuse on account of bad roads. Believe me, they can sell Semdac Gloss and Eureka Harness Oil. Cy Bell won the prize for selling Semdac. When asked how he did it he informed that he did not go to any janitors of the rural schools but demonstrated it to the mothers.

The boys are busy installing the new storage tank at the warehouse. We are going to need a few more.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

A. M. Allen of the St. Louis main office has probably joined the carpenter's union. Did you see him stand on top of the table and saw the legs from under it? Suppose he was getting out of harm's way. (New idea for safety, Smith.—*Ed.*).

Roy Hilburn hopes the next salesmen's meeting will be held in cold weather. He was charged extra for using the lace curtains as a sleeping robe.

Clyde Lodge was so fussed about making the trip to St. Louis recently he forgot his grip, and everything, including the tooth brush he usually carries in his pocket.

Harve Stamps left his grip behind when he attended the recent salesmen's meeting in St. Louis. Harve is very particular about his appearance and got two shaves in one day in order to get his hair combed.

Mr. E. M. Tornquist, agent at Monett, reports the arrival of twins at his house on May 16. The boy weighed nine pounds and the girl weighed eight pounds. The little ones have been named Erik Eugene and Elizabeth Hannah.

"Dish," of the stock department, is so young and innocent looking, the solicitor for the jury wouldn't take his name.

Robert Tansey had his first experience in sewing recently when he caught the seat of his pants on a nail. The S. O. Co. sewing room (which is again

the stationery room) was closed to "visitors" during the operation. However it is rumored that Robert didn't mind the breeze on his B. V. Ds. because it was a hot day.

In a recent issue of the Stanolind Record it is reported from Sioux City, "Joe Gordon and Geo. Swanson still have the paddle they didn't break on Vera Weed's birthday." How come? Is this a new name for the place on which to use a paddle?

Mr. E. Engle dropped in recently, enroute to Kansas City in the interest of our equipment. We welcome his efforts and feel we shall benefit from his extensive experience. He is assured of the complete co-operation of the St. Louis division.

The Marshfield agent may have Hope and Faith in the goods he sells, but without Charity added his sales would not be increased.

Frank Turner informs the writer that he has had almost six lessons on the saxophone by now. Soon we will have to give Jefferson City the Chicago pet name "The Windy City" if this continues. Won't we, Frank?

If you want to know how to be happy though married, ask Tony Wilbers, truck driver, Jefferson City, Mo. He knows.

M. C. Wheeler, city driver at Jefferson City, Mo., intends to make the record on Mica Axle Grease. He came very near selling a pail the other day. Don't stop at the first attempt, M. C.

Mr. B. W. Fitzgerald, district superintendent at Jefferson City, Mo., has become a golf enthusiast, covering the course in as few as 130. He is used to large figures in his quotas. Bogy at Jefferson City golf course is 62.

Mr. Koob, agent at Versailles, Mo., drove out from St. Louis a new one-ton International, to be used as additional equipment at Versailles. On the way Mr. Koob was forced to sleep in the car and states that the truck as a sleeping car was not very satisfactory. Too much draught. We suggest that they put upper and lower berths on the trucks in the future to. Mr. Koob's accommodation.

Sam Hager, agent at Jefferson City, Mo., discovered to his complete surprise, that the service station pump at his bulk station was of a quick return type. We are never too old to learn, are we Sam? He says he is able to pump more gallons a day since this discovery. We are for you Sam—anything to make more gallonage.

J. E. Bower, service station attendant at S. S. 114, California, Mo., also discovered, like Sam Hager, that he has a quick return pump. St. Louis can surely be put in third place by the additional gallons that these two places can pump. It will also give you more time for violin lessons—Won't it, J. E?

It takes a married man to sell Perfection Oil in Jefferson City, Mo. Mr. Schubkegel, our salesman, and Truck Driver No. 3, G. C. Suggett, had better get busy. There are plenty of chances if you only try.

Truck Driver No. 2, T. H. Wilbers, of Jefferson City, is keeping his truck out of the ditches now, but he gets hung up in the fields by driving around the ditches.

District Superintendent B. W. Fitzgerald, G. Schubkegel and Frank Turner, station service attendant went out frog hunting the other night. Mr. Fitzgerald said he couldn't hit the frogs on the wing.

M. F. Wheeler, Truck Driver No. 1, of Jefferson City, is painting his Ford. We all hope when he goes out hunting with his newly painted Ford, he will have more luck than when he hunted turkeys.

Frank Turner, service station attendant at Jefferson City, is doing lots of fishing. Where do you get your bait, Frank?

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

That "weeney roast" at Stone Park was surely a humdinger. There is little doubt if any of the office force ever had a better time at one of our festivities. Nearly everyone was there. Paul Matthiades and Mrs. Cowles presided at the fireplace where they saw that the weenies were properly roasted and served. Jack Carter presided over the coffee pot. Gus Rath, Joe Gordon and Bill Young gathered fuel; Florence Krage saw that the table and eats were arranged for the big feed. Just who started that game with the marshmallows we don't know, but it sure developed into some hearty laughs and few escaped without getting a nice white face. Jerry McBride (the weather prophet) furnished good weather for the occasion (thanks, Jerry). Eleanor Growchosky made a successful jump across the creek with both feet. Never could have done it with one. Mrs. Cowles proved to be a good runner and showed up some of her much younger sisters in the game of "drop the kerchief." The only sad feature of the entire program was that Edna Morrison and Evelyn Peterson went to see the animals and lost out on the good sandwiches. The event will be remembered as one of the jolliest affairs that we have had in the social history of the office. It would be impossible to mention all the jolly good things of this affair. Pictures?—*Ed.*)

Traffic Willoughby became quite excited over a bonfire in the graveyard; afraid the whole place would burn down with people dying to get in.

Gus Rath seems rather popular lately. Girls is fickle, Gus; t'aint the car, Gus, tiz U.

We would suggest that when Ernie Compton takes the girls out for a spin and if there isn't room for all in the car that they have at least one foot on the running board. Safety first, Ernie, but remember the slogan "Let's Go."

Brother Landeck is quite worried over the bald spot on his head. Maybe if you had a 35-pound youngster on your hands to bounce up and down you would be baldheaded too.

Seemed rather natural to have Salesman Weber illuminate the dining room with his genial smile the past few days. Come again, Freddie; we miss that wholesome smile.

May 12th was gala day for Herb Mann. Herb blossomed out with checkered trousers. Sez the bunch make him tired; can't expect a feller to have the full outfit all at once't. If they will only give him a chance he will wear the coat and panama for the 4th.

When it comes to smiles, Paul Matthiades has 'em all cheated. Just pass that order window and see. Hand em out, Paul; good for the best of us, best for the rest of us.

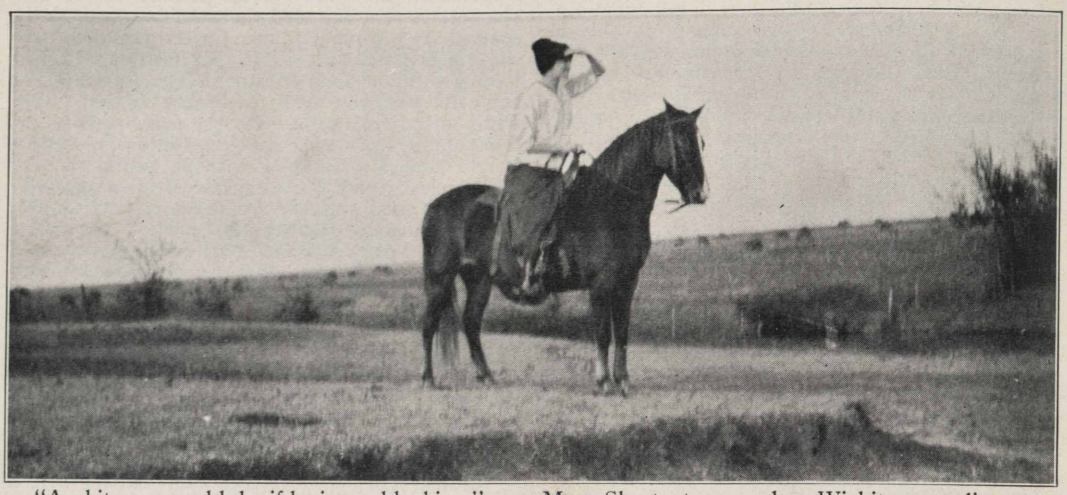
Mrs. George Neath (wife of our agent at Primghar) died very recently, after a very short illness. The sympathy of this entire division is extended to Mr. Neath.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Virgil A. Ballinger, four years in the Marines, has enlisted with the S. O. Co. for the period of the war. He is now located at one of the outpost service stations of Fort Wayne, and says he would rather shoot Red Crown Gasoline and Polarine than a musket.

We are now thoroughly convinced that spring is here when we observe Herb Inks, Spot Smith, Van Schrom, John Buzolits, along with several other of our wealthy employees, driving their cars to the office.

SHE'S SCOUTING FOR A RED MAN, BUT:



"A white one would do, if he is good looking," says Mary Short, stenographer, Wichita, according to our Wichita correspondent. Well, it shouldn't be hard to find one on the western plains, we should think. The pony's name is "Dolly."

Walter Loshbaugh of the barrel department, says that now the screens are up he won't have to swat flies any longer and can get out more barrel records.

The Standard Oil Bowling League spring season for 1921 closed April 18th. The Nite Lites, who had been leading the league, for twelve weeks were easy winners, closing the season with eight games to their credit. The Beavers nosed the Cordovas out of second place the last night and claimed that berth as their own. This automatically placed the Cordovas in third place. By taking two games from the T. H. I. O.'s, the Capitols were able to place themselves in fourth position, thus making the Premiers fifth, while the T. H. I. O.'s ended in sixth place, just outside the prize money. Throughout the entire season, the Nite Lites were not threatened seriously while other positions in the league were not settled until the final evening.

WICHITA, KAN.

E. O. Beard, traffic department stenographer, has resigned on account of ill health. W. O. Lamb is pounding out the letters in this department now.

Floyd Williams, stock department, reports a ten-pound boy, Floyd Robert, at his house.

The following office men, members of the 130th Artillery, 35th Division, attended the big banquent given at the reunion May 13-14: Walter DeVaughn: Clyde Hughey, Wm. Carrol, Paul Baker, Perl Hester.

Jesse Emerich, stationery department, sustained a fractured arm while attending some sort of "church doing's," as he explained. We didn't investigate, but in our own mind we bet he fell off the church steps.

John P. Flickenger, 06 clerk, underwent an operation at a local hospital recently. Hs is recovering rapidly and will soon be back at his desk.

Walter DeVaughn, equipment department, has been absent a few days on account of the illness and death of his father.

Ruth Vance, comptometer, recently gave a house party at her home. Those from the office attending were: Hazel Bledsoe, Amy Jewett, Glenn Brannaman, George Knight, Gladys McCormick, Jay Bennett.

Cora Westfall, coupon clerk, is slowly recovering from a severe attack of diphtheria.

Mr. J. G. Lanin, assistant to Mr. R. G. Stewart of the Chicago office, has been giving us a pleasant visit. Come again, Mr. Lanin.

Morris Edgar Carpenter, six-year-old son of the head of the traffic department, has been in bed (one day) ill of chickenpox. The little chap informs us that he wouldn't have gone to bed at all but his papa threatened to spank him. We admire the youngster's spunk but in this case his father was perhaps wise.

John Burley, order department, has resigned to take up a course in mining and petroleum engineering at the Missouri State University School of Mines, Rolla, Mo.

Mr. Archie Drake, former employee, visited the office recently. He is on a vacation from the Seabury Divinity School, Faribault, Minn., where he is studying for the ministry.

Amy Jewett, comptometer, is at home for a few days nursing a sore eye.

Recently the office girls gave a picnic in honor of Miss Lulu Shriver, formerly billing clerk but now resigned. Potato salad, ice-cream, home-made cakes and all the trimmings that go with a picnic dinner were spread before the participants who report a fine time—no casualties, mosquitoes or flies. Miss Wisdom Jackson is the new billing clerk.

* * *

There isn't much to life but this;
A baby's smile, a woman's kiss,
A book, a pipe, a fire, a friend,
And just a little cash to spend.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

H. S. Morton, *Vice-President*

Allan Jackson, *Vice-President*

General Manager

T. J. Thompson

Assistant General Managers

John L. Carter, Northern Division

N. R. Grimshaw, Eastern Division

R. G. Stewart, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. Thompson, *General Manager*

C. O. Wilson, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. Allen, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. Lewis, *Manager*
C. F. Hatmaker, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
R. A. Thomson, *Manager*
C. W. Flanagan, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
H. F. Warren, *Manager*
W. A. Brown, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
M. Storer, *Manager*
Amos Ball, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. Cochran, *Manager*
H. H. Keating, *Assistant Manager*

DUBUQUE, IOWA
P. J. Quinlan, *Manager*
J. N. Elkert, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. Shields, *Manager*
G. E. Webb, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. Lang, *Manager*
Ewald Brauns, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. Packard, *Manager*
P. A. Raupagh, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. Marshall, *Manager*
R. F. McConnell, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. Dodsley, *Manager*
C. L. Bailey, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. Galbreath, *Manager*
H. E. Bruce, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. Morton, *Manager*
Carl Monson, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. Griffin, *Manager*
J. W. Wilson, *Assistant Manager*

KEOKUK, IOWA
M. F. King, Jr., *Manager*
C. M. Vogler, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. H. Lambert, *Manager*
J. E. Monegan, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
H. A. Monson, *Manager*
M. H. Chesbrough, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. Lang, *Manager*
Ivan Prather, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. Cochran, *Manager*
W. H. Brown, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. Coleman, *Manager*
G. F. Phillips, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. Martin, *Manager*
T. P. Jones, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
L. J. Thompson, *Manager*
E. R. Soop, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Geo. M. Whelan, *Manager*
T. D. Warren, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. Robinson, *Manager*
L. W. Cameron, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. Thayer, *Manager*
B. F. Leonard, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. Guilfoyle, *Manager*
T. B. Clifford, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
M. F. Van Keuren, *Manager*
Martin Kelly, Jr., *Assistant Manager*

Oiling the Wheels of the World

GASOLINE is the major product made by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and in the manufacture of this most essential product of petroleum, this Company stands in the lead.

But gasoline is only one of the many products sent to the world with the unqualified guarantee of this organization; for as a manufacturer of lubricants it stands among the leaders.

No service performed by this Company is more important, more essential or more far-reaching than the work it is doing to keep the machinery of the world running smoothly and efficiently.

Of the many lubricating oils and greases sent out under its name, none is more widely known or more universally accepted, than those bearing the Polarine brands.

Polarine is a perfect motor oil. It was first introduced to the motoring world in 1908 when 1100 gallons were sold. Year by year the demand has increased until in 1920, 23,979,050 gallons were manufactured and sold to the car owners in the Middle West.

When first introduced there was but one grade of Polarine oil. Now there are four, each designed to meet the need of certain types of engines.

The development of four grades of oil, one of which will correctly lubricate any type or make of internal combustion engine, is but one of the essential services performed by the research department of this Company.

But lubricating motor vehicles is but a small item when the lubricating service of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is considered. Every type of machinery has been studied and an oil or grease perfectly adapted to keep the bearings running smooth and cool has been produced.

From the flying spindles of the loom to the ponderous bearings of the steel roller, each problem presented has been met squarely, fairly and with a deep understanding that to meet its needs was not only good business, but was essential if the Company was to live up to the ideals of service, to which it is committed.

While lubricating the wheels of the world is highly essential, it is but one of the many branches of service which the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is organized to perform.

In every department of its complex and highly specialized business, the same ideals of thoroughness, integrity and efficiency are insisted upon. The underlying principle in all is to give a maximum of service at a minimum of expense.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)
910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

2420

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 2 AUGUST 1921 No. 10

W. P. STENHOUSE

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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P. Woodlock
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Floyd Boner
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Div. 2—Matthew Groves
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STANOLIND
RECORD

Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
Publication office; 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 2 AUGUST No. 10

A LITTLE TALK WITH OUR BIG FAMILY

By ALLAN JACKSON, *Fifth Vice President*
In Charge of Sales Refined Oil and Gasoline
Standard Oil Company
(INDIANA)

As the person responsible for sales of refined oil and gasoline manufactured by this company I am going to ask the co-operation of all of the 25,000 employes, and of the members of their families, comprising a great body of 125,000 people.

I want not only that earnest co-operation I am getting from all members of the sales department, but I want the friendly and earnest co-operation of all members of the manufacturing department.

We are separate departments but we are all one family and it is to our self-interest to cooperate with each other.

If you are a stockholder in this company, as well as an employe, you have a double interest in cooperating with the sales department in pushing the sales of Standard Oil products. To make use of the Minneapolis slogan: "Make your stock pay dividends!"

But whether you are a stockholder or not, if you are an employe of this company, your success depends upon the success of the Standard Oil Company (Ind.). Greater sales mean more jobs, bigger opportunities for advancement, greater importance for the jobs you now hold. This is true no matter in which department you are employed; whether you are in the sales department or a refinery worker.

In the marketing department we have employed approximately 14,000 people. Of these 10,500 work on salaries, while about 3,500 are agents who work on commissions.

We operate in eleven States—Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Kansas, Missouri and part of Oklahoma. Our territory includes 650,000 square miles and has a population of from 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 people. This means we have from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 families in our territory and it is our endeavor to reach everyone of these families, to place a Standard Oil product in each home and to win from each of these families a feeling of respect and liking for this great company.

We now have three ways of reaching these people—through advertising, our tank wagon drivers and our service stations. The marketing department owns and operates some 2,500 motor vehicles, while there are 3,500 more owned and operated by agents. We maintain more than 1,250 drive-in service stations, and more than 3,600 bulk stations.

Through these mediums we are giving the people of the middle west Standard Oil Service, and we are selling them Standard Oil products. But we wish to reach them in another way, through you.

This great company employs nearly 25,000 people. Figuring four or five persons to the family this means there are from 100,000 to 125,000 people dependent upon this company, as you are and as I am, for their bread and butter. One hundred and twenty-five thousand people,

Continued on Page 3

Kansas City, July 1—On Thursday, June 16, the Kansas City Standard Oil Company (Indiana) folks held the grandest and most glorious picnic in history at Fairmount park, near here. We made a great splash, as you can see. We only fear that if Mack Sennett ever comes to Kansas City we'll lose seven of onr fairest and best. They are all boosters for the Full Line. Do you wonder it goes over so big in Kansas City?

MAKING NELLIE BITE AT A BAD ONE

Kansas City, July 1—Nellie Allen, who recently left the service of our company, played with the Full Line team at our picnic, and here we have her hiting at a bad one. The gentleman with the bat tickling his chin is Manager Griffin, who umpired the game, ably assisted by George Coldsnow.

Continued from Page 1

all pulling together, all boosting the Standard Oil Company (Ind.), its greatness, its ideal of justice and equity in its relations with its employes and with the public—125,000 people, all boosting Standard Oil products; how they could sell! how they could gain for this company the liking and respect of the people of the middle west!

Help us sell our products—help sell the full line! When you go to a garage be sure and ask for Red Crown. When you need lubricating oil ask for Polarine. Educate your family regarding the number and quality of the products made by this company, made and handled by you. Tell your neighbors and your friends about them. When you go to the store where you trade let it be known to the storekeeper that you are employed by the Standard Oil Company (Ind.), that you think and know it is the greatest company in the world, and suggest to the storekeeper, in a nice way, that you would be pleased if he would handle a line of Standard Oil products, the products you make. It will smooth the way when the salesman calls.

If you are a stockholder as well as an employe, make your stock pay dividends!

If you are an employe but not a stockholder, make your job a bigger one by helping make the company bigger.

The sales department asks the cooperation of every employe, no matter where or how employed.

BEG PARDON, LOBDELL

Mr. Donald M. Lobdell, director of industrial relations at the Casper works, was author of the article captioned "Every Man for Safety," which appeared on page 16 of the July issue of the Stanolind Record. Through an error by the editor, authorship of the article was attributed to Mr. C. W. Smith, safety director of the Standard Oil Company (Ind.). Forgive us, Slingy.

* * *

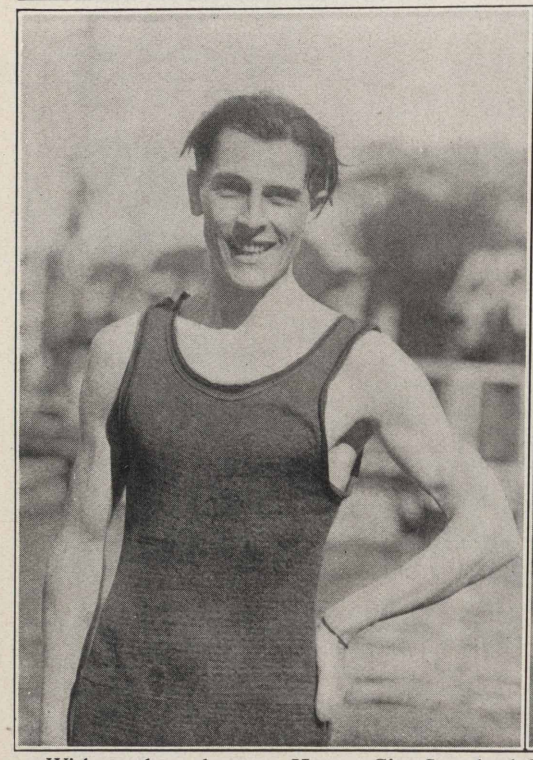
"Not even genius compares with grit,
And a man can't lose if he will not quit!"

Men's swimming contest at Kansas City's great picnic. The prize was a case near-hops. Note the enthusiastic start.

MR. GRIFFIN AND WILSON HAD A GRAND TIME

Kansas City, July 1—Being the bosses, Manager Griffin and Assistant Manager Wilson chased all the young fellows away and chose a seat right in the midst of all the beauty, while the rest of the fellows stood off and looked on enviously. Look at 'em, right in the center, lower row, Mr. Griffin in the upper picture, Mr. Wilson in the lower. We thought we better point them out for fear they would be completely overlooked in favor of their environment.

ONE WATER AND ONE WATERMELON CHAMPION



Without them the great Kansas City Standard Oil picnic couldn't have been a success. On the left we have Mr. McGary, who breathes pep, congeniality and deviltry. You can see to look at him he's just been doing something devilish. Incidentally he won the men's swimming race. On the right we have a stunt that wasn't on the program but created a lot of interest—Miss Girten, of the billing department gently munching a slice of watermelon, southern style, while the band played "Who'd a thunk it."

WHY THE KANSAS CITY PICNIC WAS A SUCCESS

Kansas City, July 1—Hurray for Sugar Creek! Their famous band needs no introduction for their achievements are now well known throughout the entire Stanolind field, but we want to tell the world that they were one of the main attractions at our picnic and contributed largely in making it the grand success it was. Fairmount park, where the picnic was held, is very near the Sugar Creek refinery.

BEAUTY, BRAINS AND BASEBALL

Kansas City, July 1—Here is our Full Line team, winners of the baseball game at the Fairmount park picnic. They used their brains on the diamond and take it from us they use them also in their work at the office. As to beauty—well, just look 'em over! Left to right, top row: Freda Harle, Nellie Allen, Aleda Fraher, Anna Enright; center: Bessie Bishop, Mabel Ellis; lower: Ollie Langdon, Gertrude Barry, Anna Dalton.

SUGAR CREEK BASEBALL

The following is the standing of our Sugar Creek Athletic Association baseball teams, week ending Friday, July 1:

	Won	*Lost*
Atlantic Red (Boilermakers)	3	1
Red Crown (Pipe Department)	3	2
Solar Red (Pressure Stills)	3	2
Perfection (Main Office)	2	3
Oleum Spirits (Tower Stills)	2	3
Polarine (Common Labor)	1	3

* * *

Sell That Full Line!

KELLY WINS HONORS

Stephen E. Kelly, son of W. E. Kelly, former employes' chairman of the Wood River J. G. C., graduated June 4 from St. Louis University with unusual honors. He won the gold medals known as the Byrnes Philosophy medal and the Gilfillan Cathechetical medal. All of the 307 graduates of this year's class at the university were eligible in the competition for the Gilfillan medal, while 24 were eligible in the competition for the Byrnes medal.

BILLY STENHOUSE

ON the outside cover of this magazine appears the portrait of William P. Stenhouse, office manager of the Whiting works and management's chairman of the Whiting Joint General Committee.

Billy Stenhouse is one of the big reasons for the great success of the Industrial Relations Plan at the Whiting works. When the plan first went into effect he was appointed management's representative and was immediately elected secretary of the committee. He served in that capacity during 1919 and 1920 and was this year selected as chairman of the committee by the appointed representatives, sharing the gavel with Dan Gallagher, employes' chairman.

Billy—as he is generally known throughout the refineries of the Standard Oil Company (Ind.), and he is pretty well known in all of them—was one of the first of the representatives, either elected or appointed, to grasp the fundamental idea underlying the Industrial Relations Plan. He understood that while he was appointed by the management, he was not on the committee so much to represent the management as he was to see that the acid test of justice and equity was applied to every matter of business. He is a hard fighter for what he believes is right and his fairness of judgment is evidenced by the support which other members of the committee are wont to accord him when he takes a stand.

His services to the Standard Oil Company did not begin with the inception of the Industrial Relations Plan, however. For years he has been one of its most loyal and efficient employes. He first became affiliated with Standard Oil in Cleveland, Ohio, September, 1885, as a messenger boy. Transferred to Whiting, he worked through the various positions in the Whiting office to his present position of office manager, to which he was appointed in 1913. He organized the office forces at the Sugar Creek and Wood River refineries when those plants were built.

In the early days at Whiting he played ball with the original "Whiting Grays," the greatest ball team the Calumet district has ever seen. He is still a great ball player—from the coaching line. He is an ardent Sox fan, buys his own stogies, is an enthusiastic motorist and fishes for small bass the year around, two weeks in the lake and the rest of the year in imagination. His greatest hobby is his family.

Here's to you, Billy; we're for you!

AGNES, QUEEN OF SWAT, GETTING HOMER No. 2

Kansas City, July 1—Here is Babe Ruth's only real rival—Miss Agnes Walker, of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Kansas City office. Friend Miles, our very star photographer, caught her just as she smashed out her second home run of the day. Look at the agonized expression on the face of the Full Line catcher, and the faraway look in the eye of Manager H. C. Griffin, umpire. He is probably thanking his stars that Agnes walloped the ball and saved him the hazard of deciding whether it was a ball or strike, for we'll tell the world that umpiring a game between two girl ball teams is the ultimate in hazardous occupations. In spite of Miss Walker's heavy slugging, however, her team, the Semdacs, went down before the grand assault of the Full Line.

JUST A BUNCH OF SOAKS!

They went in the water at the Kansas City picnic even if they couldn't swim. Left to right: Charles Gardner, Owen "Lefty" Ogden, Miss Fleeta Girten, Assistant Manager J. W. Wilson, Miss Nellie Dell and Les Hughes.

TRAGEDY AT WHITING WORKS

The Fourth of July was a day of tragedy at the Whiting works of the Standard Oil Company (Ind.).

In an accident, the cause of which may never be determined, eight men lost their lives, twenty-four were injured so as to be temporarily incapacitated for work, and twenty suffered minor hurts.

The disaster occurred when Still No. 95, of the Eighth battery of pressure stills, exploded. The explosion occurred at about 8:30 o'clock in the morning.

To the grief stricken families of the dead, the Standard Oil Company (Ind.) expresses its deepest and most heartfelt sympathy, finding its only consolation in the fact that the tragedy was not due to faulty construction, or to any human negligence, being describable only as an act of God. It was the more surprising because in the eight years pressure stills have been in operation at the Whiting works, they have not heretofore been responsible for the serious injury of even one man.

To the great body of Whiting employes who so promptly responded to the alarm and so bravely battled the fire which followed the explosion, the company extends its sincerest appreciation.

The accident was one of those unexplainable tragedies which man cannot foresee and so prevent, and though no human negligence played its part in bringing it about, the disaster should be taken as a warning by every employe who may at times be inclined to forget to practice Safety in his every movement. In almost any industrial plant, in oil refineries, in steel mills, danger is always present, but the hazard may be so minimized by constant watchfulness as to render accidents virtually non-existent, except in such rare cases as that at Whiting, where God seems to intervene in His mysterious way. That employe who fails to practice Safety in his every movement may be laying the foundation for an accident which may bring death to others and grief to stricken families. That tank wagon driver of the sales department, whom an assistant general manager, on an unheralded trip through his division, recently discovered smoking a cigar while atop his tank wagon, was not only risking his life: he was taking the chance of killing others and inflicting years of grief upon widowed women and fatherless children.

The Standard Oil Company (Ind.) is doing, and will continue to do, everything in its power to insure the safety of its employes. It urges every employe to do everything in his power to insure his own safety and the safety of those who work with him.

In this unpreventable tragedy the company sustained financial loss but it willingly and gladly would suffer tenfold that loss to bring back the lives of those who died.

THE DEAD

Gus Johnson or **Gustav Hokanson,** fireman, 2nd battery, pressure stills.

Fred Engle, inside helper, 8th battery, pressure stills.

Joe Paylo, assistant fire marshall.

Frank Stout, fireman, 8th battery, pressure stills.

John Dzurovisak, fireman, 3rd battery, pressure stills.

Thomas Reed, fireman, 9th battery.

George Wildrick, inside helper, 4th battery.

Fred C. Harbrecht, outside helper, 13th and 14th batteries.

TEMPORARILY INCAPACITATED

John A. Young, stillman, 7th and 8th batteries.
Elmer Murdock, fireman, 8th battery.
Oscar Barnekoff, watchman.
George Eberly, feed man.
Charles Daily, inside helper.
Andy Loptka, laborer.
Robert Stout, fireman.
John Furchak, laborer.
John Furtag, fireman.
Frank Furjan, 803 Schrage Ave.
Amon Johnson, inside helper.

STANDARD OIL BOOSTING SAFETY IN DETROIT

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) took a prominent part in the recent safety campaign put on in that city by the bureau of public safety of the police department, Detroit. Our trucks, decorated with posters urging proper observance of the traffic laws and bearing warnings of the punishment which awaits those who disregard them, are shown in the above. Following is a letter received by Mr. H. H. Keating, assistant manager, Detroit division, from George A. Walters, deputy commissioner, police department: "The executive committee of the Citizens' Public Safety Organization and the officials of this department sincerely thank the Standard Oil Company for the valuable help given us in our recent No-Accident campaign. The trucks which you so kindly loaned for the parades helped materially to make the campaign a real success."

Andy Hrehovesik, fireman.
Farrie M. Wyse or Wise, fireman.
L. Bicknell, fireman.
Valentine Spych, fireman.
Charles Thrailkill, inside helper.
John Zahari, outside helper.
William Slivka, outside helper.
John Sanji, ash gang.
Joseph Gidus, laborer.
Mike Poznanski, outside helper, tower stills.
Andy Lenntvorszky, plug gang.
Fred Blair, fireman.
Mike Collins, fireman.

SUFFER MINOR HURTS

Richard Grigson, fireman; John Hroskovich, stillman; Edward Hyland, plug gang; Herman K. Bierman, stillman; John Kosior, handy man; Sam Bensic, fireman; Willis Miles, foreman; John Hein, stillman; Louis Waskovich, pulling pits; Fred Kiesel, fireman; Charles Siggins, plug gang; John Stibula, helper; Harry T. Wade, electrician; Joe Karin, laborer; Andy Magarany, still cleaner; Paul Streko, plug gang; A. Hoertz, inside helper; Alex Rimmel, still man; Emerson Moore, plug gang; William O'Hara, plug gang.

* * *

Good salesmen like cooks, create an appetite when the buyer doesn't seem hungry.—*Through the Meshes.*

* * *

Don't hold down your job—Hold it up.

SIX NEW ANNUITANTS

Six employes have been placed on the annuity pay-roll since June 1, according to an announcement by Mr. E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer and fourth vice president of the company. They are:

John A. Brown, 1296 Myrtle avenue, Whiting, formerly stillman at the Whiting works. Was in the service thirty years and one month.

Robert Wilson, P. O. Box 715, Whiting, formerly still fireman, water drawer, etc., at Whiting works. Was in the service thirty-two years and one month.

W. H. Oakley, Anderson street, Crawfordsville, Ind., formerly motor truck driver for sales department. Was in the service nineteen years.

J. W. A. Smith, 402 So. John street, Crawfordsville, Ind., formerly motor truck driver for sales department. Was in service fourteen years and eight months.

Emory A. Drake, Oskaloosa, Ia., formerly agent in the Davenport division. Was in the service twenty-two years and four months.

Thomas E. Archibald, 836 Sherman avenue, Evanston, Ill., formerly agent at Evanston. Was in the service thirty-four years and nine months.

ALL TRACTORS AT GREAT SHOW USE RED CROWN

Fargo, N. D., July 1.—A national tractor show was held at Fargo on the days of June 28, 29 and 30. Thirty-nine tractors, representing practically every type and make, were entered. A French tillage tractor attracted no little attention. There were also several horse teams entered, but they were forced to withdraw, due to the extreme heat.

Each tractor was given a ten-acre plot to plow, disk, harrow and seed. A check was kept as to the cost and time of the operation. The majority of the tractors finished before the scheduled time and made very good records. These records were not made public, as per agreement.

No representative of competing tractors was allowed to speak to the operator once the tractor was under way.

Working under the watchful eyes of thousands, against time, where delay meant failure, we were especially pleased to note that ONE HUNDRED PER CENT of the tractors used Red Crown Gasoline or Perfection kerosene. Over FIFTY PER CENT used the Polarine or Stanolind tractor oils.

These people did not choose Standard Oil Company products by chance, or for the reason that they were easily obtainable. This was a national event, watched by the world. Each tractor operator was an expert mechanic. Expense was no object. Oils and fuels were picked for quality, which makes the above figures very gratifying.

Fargo was especially fortunate in securing this demonstration, as it brought the leading machine and implement men to Fargo, a large number of them for the first time. Among them were E. J. Gittens, of the J. I. Case Threshing Machine Company; H. A. White, of the Emerson-Brantingham Company; Mr. Slater, with the Allis-Chalmers Company.

COMPANY MEETING

Taking advantage of the presence of visiting engineers from other divisions and other prominent men connected with the company being in attendance at the national tractor demonstration, Mr. F. I. Packard, manager of the Fargo division, staged a Standard Oil Company meeting in his office on Wednesday evening, June 29.

About thirty people were in attendance at this meeting, representing nearly every phase of the sales department of this company from tank truck salesmen to assistant general manager.

The talks given were highly interesting and instructive and all present felt that this was one of the best Standard Oil Company meetings they had ever attended. Those who were called upon for talks were Mr. John Stack, head of our engineering department, Chicago office; Mr. Robert Carrington, engineering department, Chicago office; Mr. H. L. Witter, lubricating engineer, Detroit; Mr. G. W. Kemme, lubricating engineer, Minneapolis; Mr. J. R. Cook, lubricating engineer, Kansas City; Mr. R. H. Thomas, of the Fargo office; Mr. F. L. Cochran, manager, Standard Oil Company, Minneapolis; Mr. J. L. Carter, assistant general manager, from Chicago; Mr. P. A. Raupagh, assistant manager, Fargo division.

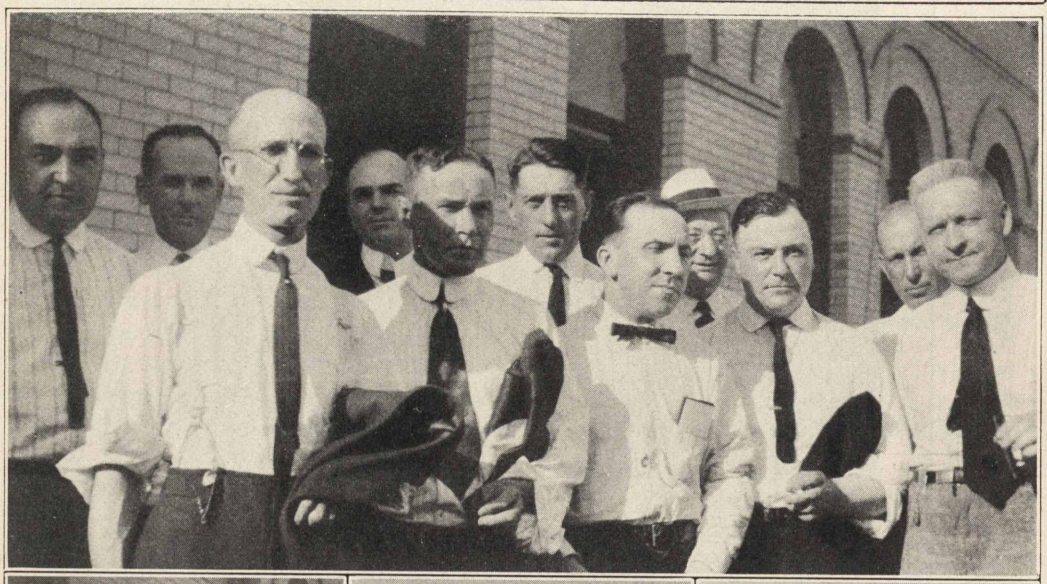
SADIE'S A WHIZ!

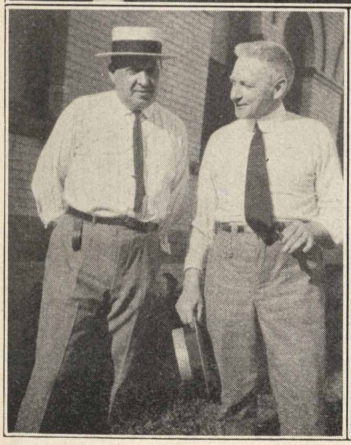
Peoria, Ill., July 1—Miss Sadie Markowsky is the champion coupon book saleslady of the Indiana field, we think. In the May campaign she sold sixty-six books, 28 in one afternoon. We don't want to be boastful but we don't believe this record has been equaled in the whole territory of the Standard Oil Company (Ind.) and we won't believe it till we see proof to the contrary. On June 25, when our June contest was held, Miss Markowsky went out and sold 50 books.

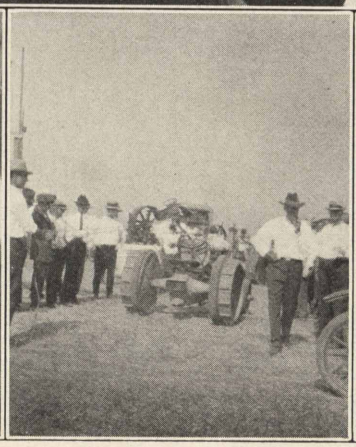
* * *

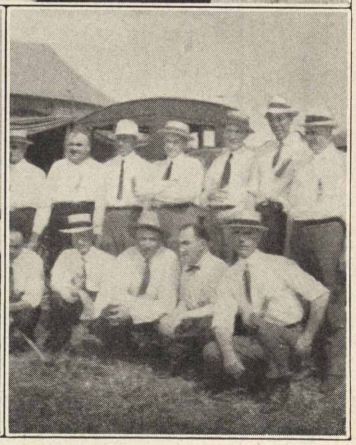
The shrewdest buyers in the world are not those who can pick the lowest prices—but those who can pick the goods with the highest merit.

WHY RED CROWN WAS KING AT TRACTOR SHOW









In the upper photo we have eleven good reasons why Fargo division is always high on sales of Standard Oil products, and why Standard Oil products were so much in evidence at the tractor show. Left to right: P. A. Raupagh, assistant manager; F. J. Lawrence, district superintendent; S. F. Hollingsworth, district superintendent; J. P. Beaton, assistant to manager; C. K. Hills, district superintendent; John H. Hay, district superintendent; R. H. Thomas, assistant to manager; Guy F. Harris, district superintendent; Duane Clapp, district superintendent; H. H. Hathaway, district superintendent; F. I. Packard, manager. In the lower left we have the Power Twins, Manager F. I. Packard and Assistant Manager P. A. Raupagh. In the center is a White tractor being demonstrated. It is controlled by two cords, and is being driven as one would a horse. To the right, lower, are the Standard Oil men who attended the show and made the Standard Oil program such a success, left to right, top row: J. F. Stribley, Fargo; Nick Ebeltoft, Fargo; Mr. Keme, Minneapolis; F. I. Packard, manager, Fargo; Mr. John Stack, Chicago; Mr. Caldwell, Fargo; F. L. Cochran, manager, Minneapolis; lower row: Frank Lawrence, Fargo; F. F. Hollingsworth, Fargo; R. H. Dodd, Fargo; R. H. Thomas, then of Fargo, since transferred to Chicago; Mr. Cook, Des Moines. The Record regrets that the individual photograph received of Mr. R. H. Dodd is not suitable for publication as he is generally credited with being responsible for the fact that Red Crown gasoline was used by all tractors, as well as getting a share of the lubricating business. The whole Fargo division is proud of Dodd.

* * *

"Never hear about malaria out this way any more."

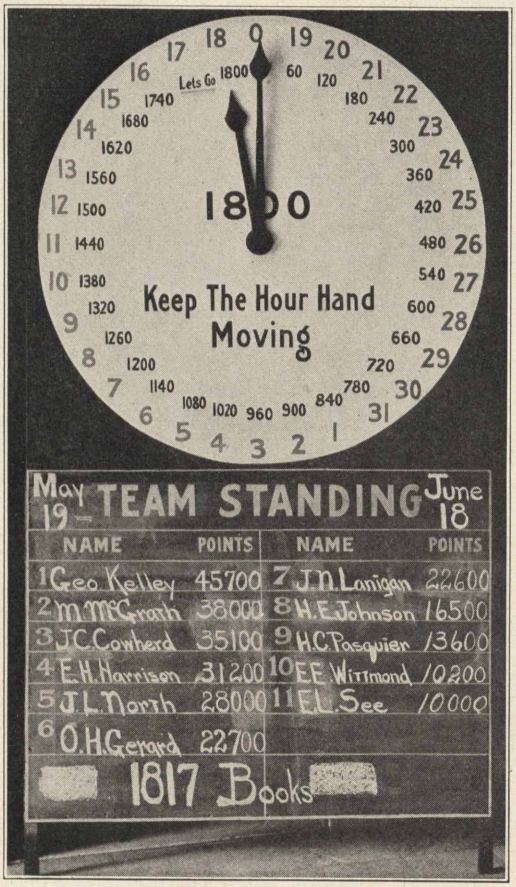
"No," answered Uncle Bill Bottletop. "Malaria gets terrible unpopular when there is nothing to cure it with except quinine."

"DON'T WE LOOK GOOD?" ASKS ST. LOUIS

St. Louis, Mo., July 1—Some of our best looking girl co-workers are on their vacations and all of our best looking men are away, but even at that don't we look good? Not only do we look good, but we are good. Watch St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS CONTEST AND PARTY BOTH SUCCESSES

St. Louis, July 1—The accompanying photograph shows the clock used to show the daily standing of the coupon book campaign which was conducted by the main office force at St. Louis. The campaign was put on for a period of 30 days from May 19 to June 18 inclusive, 88 people participating, including the entire office force, both men and women. The campaign was in charge of S. D. Skinner, chief clerk, who divided the office into 11 teams of 8 people each, including the captain. To stimulate results a daily bulletin was posted showing the standings of the various captains. The standing was based on the number of points earned and points were allowed as follows:



$10 book, regular customer, 100 points
$10 book, new customer, 200 points
$25 book, regular customer, 300 points
$25 book, new customer, 600 points

At the start of the campaign we set as our quota 1,700 $10 books or its equivalent or an average of about 20 books per person for the month. At the close of the campaign we found that the following total had been sold:

1,484—$10 books
133—$25 books

or equivalent to 1,817—$10 books. Six hundred and forty-seven of the $10 books and 87 of the $25 books, were sold to new customers.

The contest was won by Captain Geo. Kelley's team, who sold a total of:

326—$10 books
25—$25 books

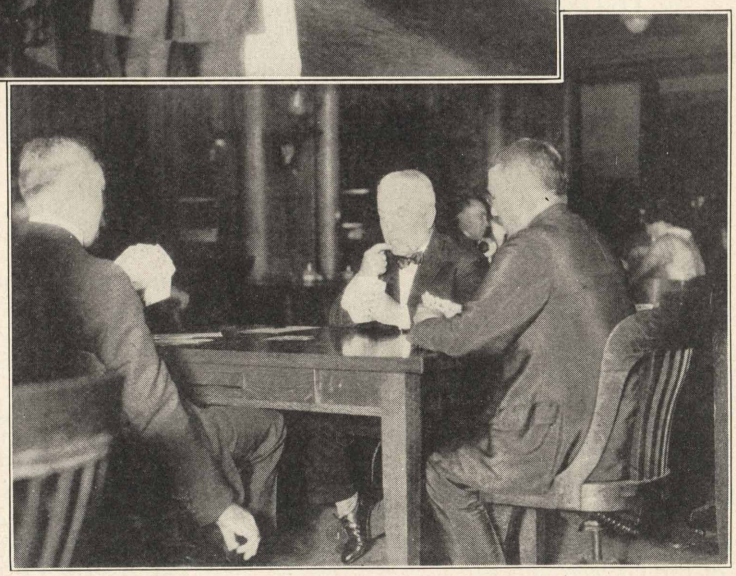
Mr. Kelley occupies a position in the record department but his team workers were from various departments around the office. Captains M. P. McGrath and J. C. Cowherd were in the second and third positions respectively at the close of the campaign. The former is our tank car order clerk and the latter occupies the position of stock clerk. Samuel Frantz, bill clerk, was the high individual on points, having sold 14 $10 books and 36 $25 books, all of which were new customers, as well as one $10 book and 5 $25 books to regular customers. T. P. Elliott was second, having sold 93 $10 books to new customers, also 59 $10 and one $25 book to regular customers. Mr. Elliott was our city collector and has since been transferred to the sales force, in which position he has our best wishes. Wm. Zipp, clerk in the stock department, succeeded in selling the largest number of books, having sold a total of 147 $10 books and 7 $25 books, most of

Continued on Page 17

ST. LOUIS CELEBRATES COUPON BOOK SUCCESS

During the coupon book sales campaign the St. Louis folks had a big party to celebrate the success which had already crowned their efforts and also to inspire even greater enthusiasm for the remainder of the campaign. The success of the party was second only to the success of the campaign.

A. P. R. WAS THE LIFE OF THE PARTY



St. Louis, Mo., July 1—The gentleman with his back to the camera is Mr. A. P. Robinson, our genial manager. Had he known he was to be photographed for the Record readers he probably wouldn't have been so modest. Do you think we enjoyed our coupon party dance? Well, just look at us. In the picture to the right we have "Commodore" Jones of Chicago, in a deep study. Hearts are trumps, and oh, boy, how he plays the game! Ask Jane, she knows.

Continued from Page 15

which, however, were to regular customers, which explains the reason for his having been beaten on points by Mr. Frantz.

Katherine Armstrong of Capt. Kelley's team and Jane Denehey of Capt. Gerard's team are to be commended for the spirit and "pep" and keen salesmanship shown throughout the campaign.

Jane sold 27 $10 books and 1 $25 book to new customers, as well as 78 $10 books and 5 $25 books to regular customers.

Katherine sold 10 $10 books and 2 $25 books to new customers and 82 $10 books and 12 $25 books to regular customers.

We had a number of interesting experiences come to light, and also had two or three complaints registered on the company's products, which we, in turn, passed to our district superintendent, where they were investigated and the customer thoroughly satisfied.

ALL OUR GIRLS ARE SINGLE, SAYS ST. LOUIS

St. Louis, Mo., July 1—All our girls are single. Special arrangements will be made to handle all letters received from boys of other divisions. If you can't give them a long vacation, boys, don't write. Some more of our good looking girls are on vacations but pictures will be furnished on request. This photograph was taken in front of the city hall. Left to right, top row: Aileen Hartt, Helen Coughlin, Roberta Jones, Millicent Ludwig, Jonquil Schell, Helen Pausch, Katherine Armstrong, Jennie Denehey, Thelma Thomure; lower row: Ruth Robinson, Margarter McCarthy, Sadie Gallagher, Marie Craig, Florence Warren, Elsa Hamburger, Nell Cox.

ALMOST A THIEF

Mistaken identity caused a hectic half hour for F. C. Behnke of a Standard Oil garage Thursday when he stepped into a Ford touring car at Pearl street and Ottawa avenue, slipped the key into the switch and drove off to find suddenly he was not driving his own car.

He rushed back to the corner, but finding no other Ford there hurried to police headquarters to report he had not stolen the car he was driving. Once more he returned to the Pearl street corner and this time found his own car half a block away. He brought the two cars to the police, showed how one key worked in both switches, picked out his own car after careful scrutiny and wiping his brow excitedly motored away.—*Grand Rapids Press.*

* * *

Robins are extremely sensible; while we are writing poems to them they are filling up on fish-worms.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

* * *

"A beautiful lady lawyer to defend a beautiful client. What chance have we to win this case?"

"Can't we get a few homely ladies on the jury?" —*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

CAPE GIRARDEAU IS AFTER A RECORD

The folks at Cape Girardeau are cherishing an ambition to lead the St. Louis division this year and they certainly do look as if they have great possibilities. Left to right, top row: Hugo Kim, stake truck driver; Ed. Haman, tank truck driver; Joe Selle, agent instructor; August Haman, agent; W. G. Borchelt, salesman; C. L. Ford, S.S. attendant; lower row: L. Roth, S.S. attendant; Miss Virginia Hoeller, stenographer and clerk; C. B. Hoeller, district superintendent; M. W. Gladish, salesman; J. J. Green, tank truck driver.

SERVICE BEATS FLOOD

Letter from the flood district, Garden City, Kan.: "Upon arriving here today, I found the bridge across the river still out. By noon there were about fifty cars on the south side of the river and most of them out of gasoline. Our agent here had his driver bring down a load of gasoline as near to the bridge as he could get. The owners of cars came across on a small foot bridge and carried over gasoline for their cars. Also the agent, Mr. Fansler, and myself carried over gasoline and before night every one was supplied with Red Crown and Polarine and on their way rejoicing. When the flood first came here our agent, Mr. Morris, and his driver, Mr. McKee, carried a 108-gallon barrel across the foot bridge, then carried over Red Crown to fill it and established a "first aid" station, where they served Red Crown and Polarine. They carried this across a very shaky foot bridge and have proved that the Standard Oil Company at Garden City does not stop for trifles when it comes to giving service. I think Mr. Morris is entitled to special mention for the work he has done in this emergency."

—Wichita Division.

* * *

If you think co-operation is unnecessary, watch what happens to a wagon if one wheel comes off.

* * *

Tommy—"Mamma, you must have a very big throat."

Mamma—"Why, dear?"

Tommy—"Because I heard papa tell Uncle Will that you swallowed everything he told you."

DR. HUMPHREYS COPS STANOLIND GOLF CUP

Dr. R. E. Humphreys, manager of the Whiting works, sometime contributor of literary articles to the Stanolind Record, and golfer more or less extraordinary, won the Standard Oil cup at the spring tournament of the Stanolind Golf Association, held at the Chicago Golf Club Tuesday, June 21. Yes, it was a handicap match.

Owing to the abstraction and subtraction of one Ledford, who figured 180 less 57 as making 103, Jack McCready was at first announced as winner, but revised totals gave the honors to Dr. Humphreys.

One hundred and ten members of the club participated, with enough visitors to make the number of players and eaters 144. This was unfortunate as the club had china service for only 100, but by dint of much dishwashing between courses everything was served in bang-up style.

Announcement was made that unless there is a change in plans the fall tournament will be held on Tuesday, September 20. After dinner, a short talk by Col. Stewart, and a rising vote of thanks to the Chicago Golf Club and Mr. F. H. Wickett, prizes were distributed. Winners were:

Dr. R. E. Humphreys, low net, 27 holes, 68, 50, 60, 109; Standard Oil cup.

J. Reilly, low gross, 18 holes, 42, 43, 85; grip.

H. J. Tobin, low net, Class A, 18 holes, 55, 47, 49, 76; clock. H. Lundquist tied Tobin, with a 61, 55, 53, 76 score, but lost the clock on the toss. H. B. Carpenter with 56, 50, 52, 80, was third.

J. T. Ely, low net, Class B, 18 holes, 66, 51, 59, 68. A. E. Clifford and E. A. Yale tied for second, with scores of 64, 56, 52, 70 and 66, 58, 54, 70, respectively.

G. Markey, low net, Class C, 18 holes, 77, 53, 57, 60. G. C. Wolke, second, with 75, 57, 66, 73, and D. T. Daegling, third, with 70, 63, 63, 76.

H. E. Beaubien, low net, odd holes, 35; tidy set. A. E. Clifford, Gus Lewis and G. C. Wolke tied Beaubien in this event but lost in matching for the prize.

F. P. Allen, low net, even holes, 33; Gillette safety razor. A. Roesler tied Allen but lost the toss.

M. Bergstrom, low gross, short holes, 10; Thermo coat.

W. T. Barrett, low gross, three long

REDUCE MANUFACTURING DEPARTMENT WAGES

Effective August 1st a moderate reduction of wages will be made throughout the manufacturing department of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), variations being made in the cases of different classes of employees in order to give the company a balanced wage scale in keeping with present economic conditions. This announcement was made to the Joint General Committees at the four major refineries on July 20.

Announcement of these reductions was made in the same manner as were the announcements of all general increases and of the reduction in wages which became effective Feb. 16, 1921.

The private payroll in the manufacturing department will be reviewed in the regular manner with a view of making such reductions as are warranted.

The Board of Directors regrets that conditions have made it necessary to reduce wages at this time but it has faith that the employees of the company will recognize, along with members of the board, the necessity of the adjustment.

holes, 17; Goodyear tire. J. C. Lee tied Barrett but lost toss.

P. W. Johnson, best nine holes, 31; Thermo coat.

W. D. Roberts, low gross, first nine holes, 47; golf bag. E. G. Seubert tied Roberts but lost toss.

C. E. Schatz, low gross, end nine holes, 44; pair shoes.

J. C. Lee, low gross, 3rd nine holes, 46; pair shoes.

C. C. Thorstensen, long drive, 270 yards; Thermos bottle.

E. Bogeyardus, blind bogey; Thermo coat.

Visitors: E. W. Lapham, low net, 82; twelve balls. R. W. McElroy, Jr., low gross, 87; twelve balls.

The Record refuses to accept responsibility for the accuracy or inaccuracy of the foregoing. It was furnished to us by the Hon. Bruce Smeed, secretary of the Stanolind Golf Club.

A Topeka business man employs two negroes to work on his gardens, which he personally oversees. One morning Sam did not appear.

"Where is Sam, George?" he asked.

"In the hospital, sah."

"In the hospital? Why how did that happen?"

"Well, Sam he been a'telling me ev'ry mornin' foh ten days he gwine to lick his wife 'cause o' her naggin'."

"Well?"

"Well, yestiddy she done overheah him, dat's all."

* * *

To those who talk and talk
This adage will appeal:
The steam that blows the whistle
Will never turn a wheel.

* * *

The man who to the highest rung
Goes easiest and best
Is he who always gives his tongue
Vast quantities of rest.

* * *

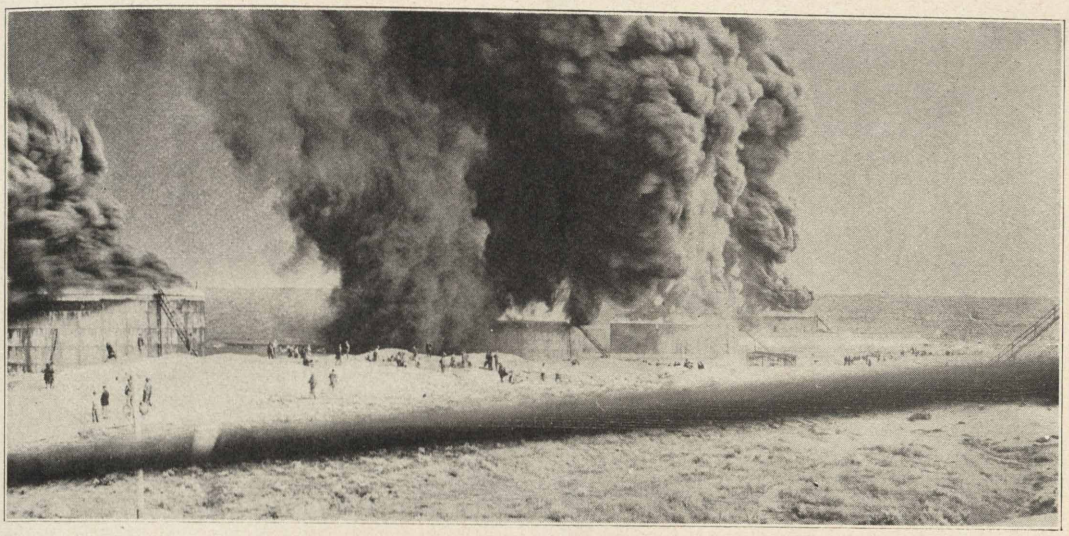
Now Mary had a swarm of bees,
She loved their buzzing lives;
They loved their Mary, 'cause
Their Mary had the hives.

* * *

"These stockings were all in this world," she said,
"That my poor mother left to me."
The lawyer said, as the will he read:
"What a beautiful legacy."

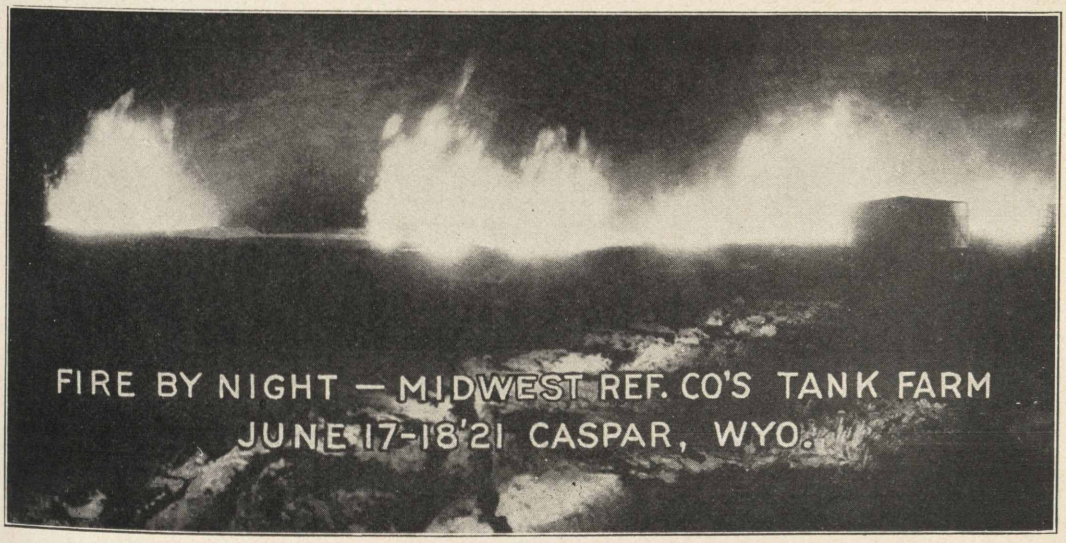
*Grand Rapids begs that the Stanolind family judge them not by the duds they are wearing here, but they also want to say that 'twas one wild night in Grand Rapids, that of May 21, 1921, when the local Stanolind bunch put on a dress-up party under auspices of the Standard Oil Social and Athletic association. Ben Porcupile, tank wagon driver, won first prize. He is the stoutly built gentleman on the left holding the little girl. He was costumed as Little Lord Fauntleroy! Fay Beckman won girl's first prize in the costume of a N. Y. Central engineer, with a package of Red Band sticking out of her hip pocket. She hid when the picture was taken. (Is she so unattractive as all that?—*Ed.)

CASPER S. O. MEN BATTLE MIDWEST FIRE

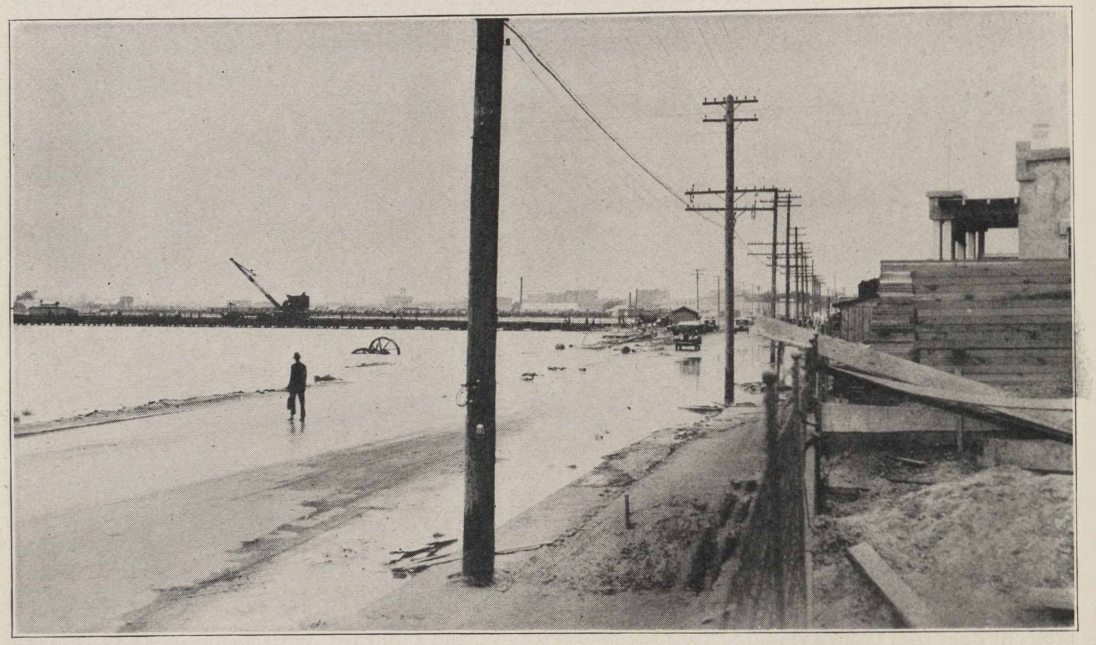


Casper, Wyo., July 1.—The big Midwest tank fire of June 17, in which one 85,000 barrel and six 55,000 barrel tanks filled with crude and fuel oil were utterly annihilated, was for many of us a first experience, and we hope it may be the last. Such a sight is surely appalling. However, our boys did their bit in protecting our own property, and helping the Midwest boys, and kept their spirits high throughout the long hours of hard work. Bob Heinz, our acid plant manager, and overseas boy, nearly lost his spirits and had a violent attack of trench blues and web feet when someone told him they were going to shoot a tank with a French "75." Bob, with much questioning, found out that the "75" was aimed directly at him with only the tank to be punctured in the proposed pitch of the projectile. "Oh, Boy!" a smudge of mud and water, and when quiet reigned once more we found Bob had dug himself in under the M. M.'s Dodge.

If the magnitude of that tank fire can be judged by the number of alibis it occasioned on this plant for ten days after—that was some fire. According to the amount and variety of clothes lost, a few of the boys should have been traveling in clean white Adam attire. As for tools and equipment, we didn't know we had so much on the plant until the orders started pouring in with the caption, "Replacement, Loss at Fire." Great amounts of supplies, including food, disappeared from the supply trucks, so that Bill Eads remarked he could see how a fire-hungered man could get away with sandwiches, shovels, coffee, axes, and the like, but when any one man or bunch of men got away with a length of fire hose, he was altogether non-plussed.

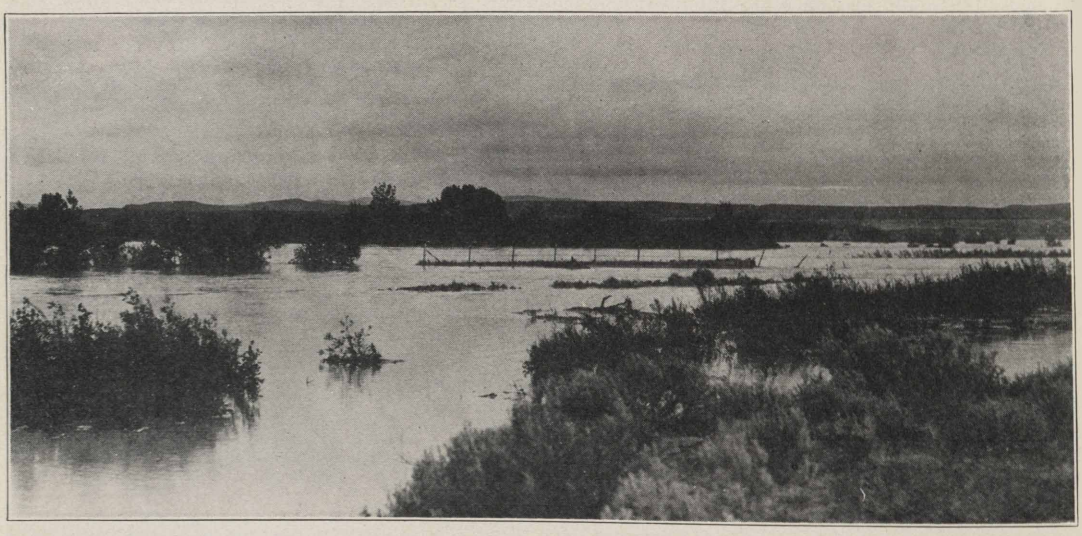


YELLOWSTONE HIGHWAY UNDER WATERS OF FLOOD



Casper, Wyo., July 1.—Here is the Yellowstone Highway, passing the Casper works, inundated by the flood waters of the Platte river.

ON THE FAMOUS NORTH PLATTE RIVER, CASPER



Casper, Wyo., July 1.—This is a scene along the famous North Platte river west of Casper. The river has recently been at flood.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN TENNIS TOURNAMENT, CASPER

Casper can not be a very dull, dead, uninteresting place in which to live when it was chosen as the proper place in which to hold the 1921 Rocky Mountain Tennis Tournament. The above photo shows the first round of the tournament being played on the Midwest courts. When this item appears in print, the tournament will have been lost and won and the affair will be ancient history, but Casper will have been placed on the tennis map of the country. Incidentally, if there were a Standard of Indiana tennis tournament, Casper would be represented; at present we can only accept challenges.

A WYOMING EPIC

In view of the rough treatment we gave
Casper in the June issue of the Record we
will *this once* break our rule against home-
made poetry—but other poets will please
note that "this once."
In Stanolind for June we note
A space so blank and white;
No one's to blame our space is bare,
We've more to do than write
Just figurin' up what's goin' on,
The pipes and stills and flues
A railroad bridge across the Platte
Some pumps and other news.

The boiler house and power plant
And Whittington's little "goat,"
A lot 'o holes and piles of sand
No wonder we never wrote.

And then again the river's up
And everyone is scared,
Great holes awashing in its banks
Not even the houses spared.

Had a helluva lot 'o rain,
And hail and lightning, too,
Tl at set some tanks of oil on fire.
So sn oke and blazes flew
Until for miles and miles around
The sky was black as night;
Then Mr. Editor think of that
We hardly think that *YOU* would write.

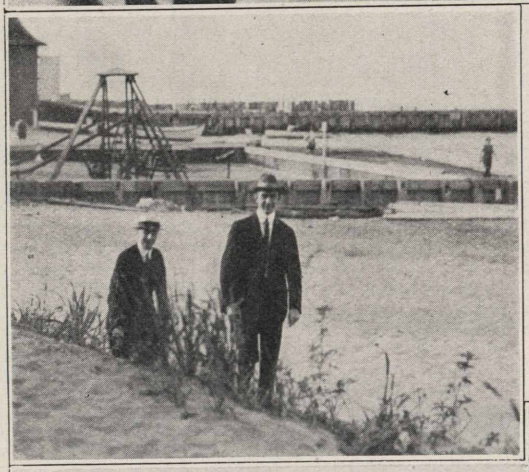
J. H. Camp, *water boy, Casper plant.*

* * *

"How do the Jones seem to like their little two-room kitchenette apartment?"
"Oh, they have no room for complaint!"—*Judge.*

* * *

"I wouldn't be a fool if I were you!"
"That's the only sensible thing you've said during this discussion. If you were I you certainly would't be a fool."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*

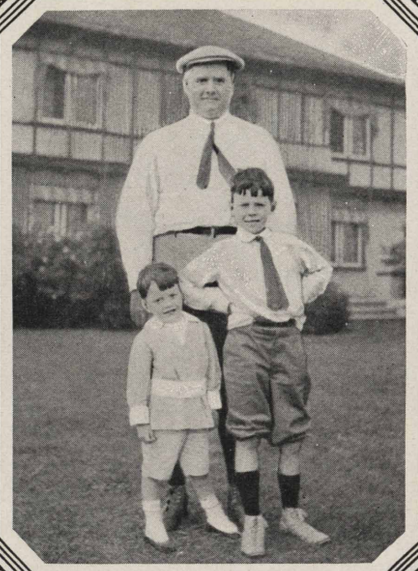


Forty folks from the purchasing department, home office, held a beach party off Kenilworth avenue, Rogers park, evening of June 16. Mr. Fred Bosworth, company purchasing agent and Mr. MacMeekin evidently think the eats are going to be good. In the upper picture we have Louie Baldwin passing the crackers. Below is the "spread."

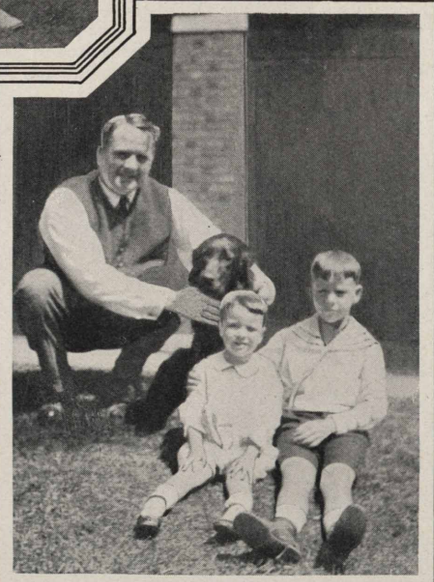
THERE WERE OTHER ATTRACTIONS BESIDES FOOD

Of course a lot of the folks went wading, swimming and canoeing when the purchasing department crowd held its great picnic, while some played ball and others sat around and wished they hadn't eaten so much. Above, left to right, we have four of the fair bathers: Florence Glasgow, Peggy Peth, Helen Tracy and Betty Martinitz. Below are the same four with two admirers they picked up on the beach. The girls also played ball and one Mr. Fred Bosworth at last found his real class as a ball player when he got into the game. The committee on arrangements consisted of Misses Nelson, Walker and Burns; on entertainment, Misses Raske, Peth and Rosenfield; on refreshments, Misses Widmaier, Thielke and Nelson.

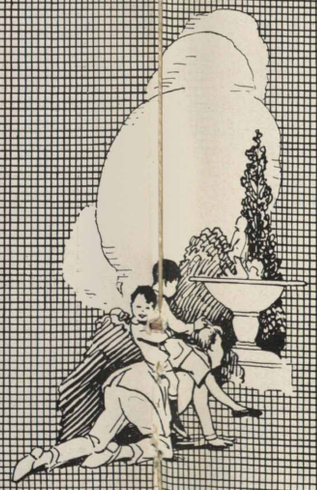
Where "Colonel Bob" Just Thinks He's Boss!

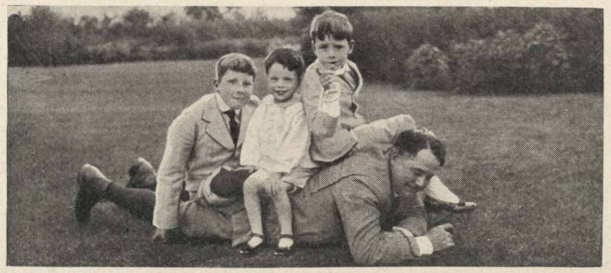


It is Col. Stewart's opinion that he is boss here as he is at 910 South Michigan, but we notice he is being thoroughly sat upon. The pictures were taken two years ago so we apologize to Master Donald Stewart, who recently donned long trousers.

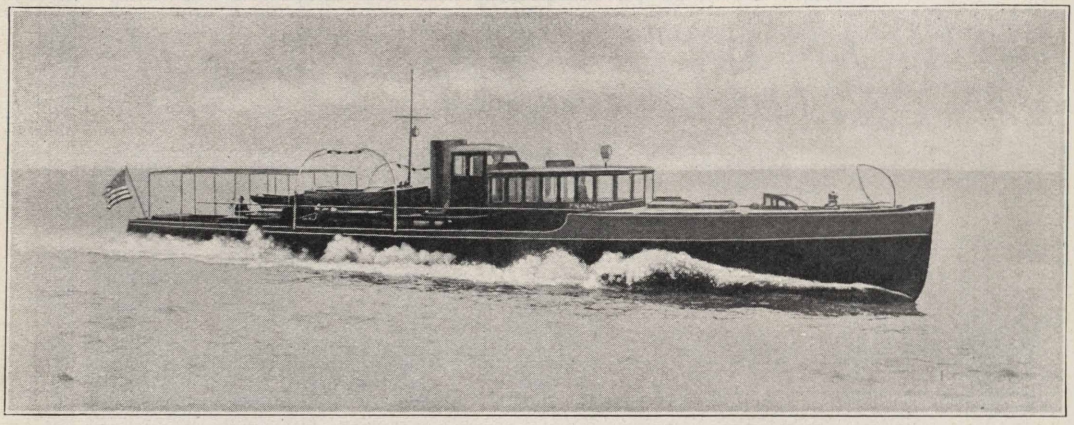


Nos. 1 and 2 - Col. Stewart and sons, Jack, now 7, and Donald now 13. The boys were 11 and 5, respectively, when photos were taken. No. 3 - Mrs. R. W. Stewart, with Jack, Donald and their dog "Maje." No. 4 - Jack, Donald and a Wheaton playmate (left), using the colonel as a cushion.





32.3 MILES PER HOUR ON RED CROWN AND POLARINE



Milwaukee, Wis.—When one lives near beautiful Lake Michigan one has great pride in this vast inland sea with its thousands of boats, large and small. Beautiful indeed are a number of the yachts but it has remained for the Great Lakes Boat Building Corporation of Milwaukee to construct the most wonderful pleasure craft launched in the United States, with gasoline used as the motor fuel.

The boat Frances was ordered for Mr. John F. Dodge of the Dodge Motor Car Company and was completed in the fall of 1920. It is one hundred and four feet over all with a fifteen-foot beam. The entire boat, both hull and interior, is constructed of selected matched mahogany. Its palatial interior has a number of staterooms for owner, guests and crew. The kitchen is equipped with all modern conveniences, including an ice machine.

Motive power is secured from four six-cylinder Murray & Tregurtha Company engines of 430 horsepower each. Test trips have been made in the past with high gravity gasoline as fuel, but it remained for a representative of the Milwaukee branch of the Standard Oil Company (Ind.) to convince Capt. Bauvais and Chief Engineer D. Bennett that the maximum results could be obtained only through the use of Red Crown Gasoline.

The reasons advanced for the use of Red Crown were so logical that a trial order was placed for 500 gallons and a test of two engines proved they were developing more horsepower than ever shown before. The boat builders, convinced that Red Crown was the best fuel to use in the test run, placed an order to fill the tanks (3500 gallons).

Realizing that Red Crown was all that had been claimed for it, only a little salesmanship was required to secure an order for Polarine. Thus equipped, the boat went into the lake for the test run, which would determine whether it should be accepted or rejected.

With so much depending upon its performance, flag flying, brasses glistening, engines working in perfect harmony, the start was made. For more than four hours the giant engines roared, turning the three propellers at more than fourteen hundred revolutions per minute and speeding the boat through the water at an average of 32.3 miles per hour.

Great was the feeling of jubilation among the engine builders, boat builders and Mr. W. J. Ziegler of the Dodge Company as they returned to the dock. Spray thrown over the boat on its trip was immediately taken care of by the deck hands, who went over its surfaces with Semdac Liquid Gloss to insure its beautiful finish.

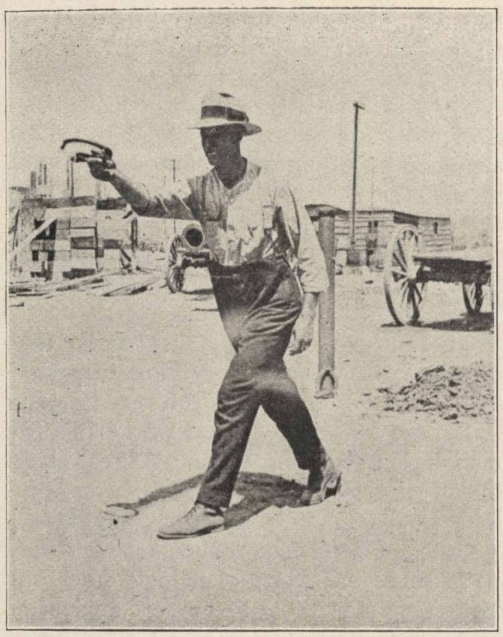
* * *

Cynical Cyrus says: "A girl that gets her hair bobbed ought to be switched, and she will be as soon as it goes out of fashion."—*Sun Dodger.*

* * *

Start the day with a smile and end the day with a sound sleep.

OLD IRONSIDES



Casper, Wyo., July 1—Bill Eads, this is positively the last time you appear in the Stanolind Record. The editor says you appear in print more than the whole Casper plant. They must feed you slow ones to hold up your batting average. Anyway, we'll dub you the Old Ironsides of the horse shoes and place an open challenge and back you against all comers in the Standard Oil Company (Ind.) field in a match of the ancient and honorable game of "barnyard golf."

FOREMEN'S MEETINGS POSTPONED

Foremen's meetings in the refineries, recently inaugurated, will not be resumed until fall on account of the hot weather, according to an announcement by Mr. J. W. Curry, director of industrial relations. They will be resumed, however, as soon as the thermometer shows signs of returning to normal.

Foremen's meetings were inaugurated in May at the Whiting, Sugar Creek and Wood River refineries, members of the Board of Directors attending the first meetings. At the time it was stated that the first meetings were merely the first of a series to be held in each plant, the executives of the company and the managers of the refineries believing that such meetings will be of great value.

"Meetings will be resumed as soon as the hot weather is over," said Mr. Curry. "Owing to the heat of the summer season, and because that season is also vacation time, it has been considered advisable not to hold further foremen's meetings till fall. This additional time, it is hoped, can be used to advantage by the industrial relations department in developing more definite plans for the work when it is resumed. This change in general plans does not, of course, prevent any plant from holding a foreman's meeting to take care of some special matter, should such a meeting seem advisable."

FOR OUR COOKS

For springtime lunches or meals at home, cottage cheese is a valuable meat substitute. It contains most of the protein of whole milk, part of the lime and phosphorus, and part of the growth-promoting substances. In earthen or glass containers cottage cheese will keep in a cool place for several days without souring or molding. These are some of the ways in which its preparation for the table, the lunch basket, or the picnic, may be varied:

COTTAGE CHEESE AND DANDELION SALAD

2 cups dandelion greens, cut fine — French dressing
2 tablespoons minced onion — Cottage cheese balls

Pour French dressing over the dandelions and onion, and allow them to stand for 20 or 30 minutes. Place 3 cottage cheese balls on each serving of dandelions, and serve the salad with boiled dressing.

OTHER COTTAGE CHEESE SALADS

Cottage cheese may be used to fill the cavities of tomatoes, canned pears, peaches, prunes, or celery stalks, and served on lettuce, with boiled or other dressing. It may be combined with dressing and nuts, parsley, peppers, or jelly, and formed into balls or a small loaf which is sliced and served on lettuce.

COTTAGE CHEESE LOAF

1 cup cooked kidney beans — 1 cup tomato juice
1 cup cottage cheese — 1 tablespoon chopped onion
1-2 cup ground peanuts — Pepper
1 cup bread crumbs — Salt
1 cup boiled rice — 1 tablespoon savory fat or drip'gs

Mix the ingredients well, and form the mixture into a roll. Brush it over with melted fat, and bake it in a slow oven for 35 minutes. Serve the loaf with a medium thick white sauce, to which may be added 2 tablespoons of minced sweet red pepper.

STANDARD OIL (INDIANA) AND THE COMMUNITY

"Standard Oil Company Asked No Bonus to Locate Here," Says Carlinville Citizen Who Is Under No Obligation to This Company, "And It Has Brought Comfort, Beauty and Wealth to This Community."

Under the caption of "The Standard Oil Company in Carlinville," the Carlinville Enquirer recently published the following:

"A few days ago W. B. Otwell (citizen of Carlinville) received a letter making inquiries as to how the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) had benefited Carlinville. As there was nothing private about the letter, Mr. Otwell was good enough to give us a copy of his reply which we are glad to print below as we think it very fairly represents the case.—*Editor, Carlinville Enquirer.*" The letter follows:

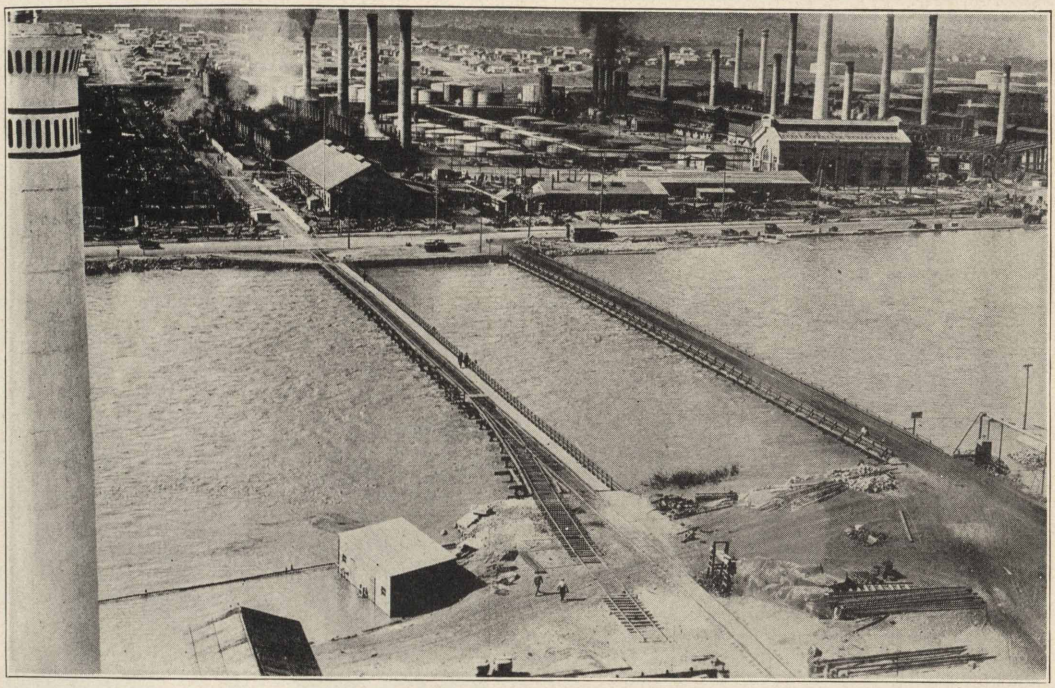
My Dear Sir:—You might have written to fifty men in town who could answer your question better than I but you couldn't have written to anybody who is gladder to answer than I am.

You ask how, in a general way, I think the "Standard Oil has benefited Carlinville." In the first place, I have never sold them a cent's worth of property of any kind, and they have never paid me a cent for labor or material. In fact we have had absolutely no financial relations of any kind. But having lived in Carlinville or near Carlinville all my life, and knowing the city as well as any man in it, I take pleasure in saying to you that no enterprise has ever come to Carlinville that has shown as large results in the interest of the city and all its people as has Standard Oil.

There have been lots of extra sidetracks and improvements in the railroad yards, grading the tracks and laying new tracks, bringing new engines into town to do switching and hauling. I may be mistaken but I am quite positive that the beautiful garages on West Main and North Broad would never have come to Carlinville except for the Standard Oil. The Fanning & Ross building on the west side of the square, the Loehr building on the south side, the Burton building on the south, the Ibbetson building on North Broad, the two banks on the square, the Stadler Hotel, the making over of the St. George Hotel, the Community High School in prospect, the cinder road from North Broad to the College. I personally know that the Standard Oil has spent $500,000 in new houses for its employes, they have spent a million dollars on their coal property at Schoper and $500,000 at Berry. Their payroll is running now from $185,000 to $200,000 per month. Their beautiful office on North Broad would be a credit to Springfield or any city, no matter where. Everything they have done has been done with the very best material and by the very best workmen. The trucks they drive in, the autos they ride it, the shuttle train that takes their workmen to Schoper and back, everything that I have ever noticed in connection with their operations, has been of a high order. It looks to me as though they are anxious at all times to do their full part toward everybody that they have any business with. They employ good physicians, rush their wounded to the hospital, have a comfortable auto ambulance sustained at their own expense. In order to satisfy myself, yesterday I went up to the offices of the Company and had an hour's conference with Mr. Clark, the local superintendent. He convinced me that the Standard Oil stands ready at all times to do anything and everything for the advancement of Carlinville, for the comfort of its workmen and for the general uplift of the community.

A number of years ago, there came a committee of men from St. Louis, hunting for a location in which to establish a clothing factory. We had a meeting in the Opera House and we had lots of speeches and finally we appointed a committee to go to St. Louis and look them over. We had dinner at the Planters Hotel. They entertained us pretty nicely and the up-shot of the whole thing was that they thought they would be willing to establish a little clothing factory in Carlinville if the citizens would give them a brick building free of taxes for five years and give them light and water for five years and a little bonus

CASPER WORKS, PLATTE RIVER AND EADS BRIDGE



Casper, Wyo., July 1.—This is a birdseye view of the Casper works with the Platte river and Eads bridge in the foreground. The bridge is named after the well known Bill Eads, of the Casper works, who superintended its construction.

of $34,000. Personally, I am opposed to bonuses for financial institutions. The thing fell through. Nothing was ever done with it. About the same thing happened with reference to a canning factory. But the Standard Oil came into Carlinville without asking a single thing except our good-will and I am sure they would have had that without the asking. Everydody appreciates the things the Standard Oil has done in Carlinville. Our banks never had as much money. We have more stores with more trade. Our population has increased faster in the past two years than it ever has and from the C. & A. windows on both sides from one corner of the city limits to the other, you can count hundreds of new houses, just by riding through our town. The larger part of all this work is a direct result of the Standard Oil having come to Carlinville. We have had to put up temporary wooden school buildings to accommodate the children. The churches have had large increase in membership and if there is a single man in Carlinville who is sorry that the Standard Oil located here, I have never seen him. The truth is, we are all glad of this great financial innovation.

Now sir, I have simply told in a brief way some of the things that have happened as a direct result of the Standard Oil having come to Carlinville. I will not make any predictions for the future but it is very bright. The Standard usually does things and keeps on doing them but it will be time enough to mention them after they have happened.

Any time I can be of further service to you, please command me.

Very respectfully,

W. B. OTWELL.

* * *

The Lady of the House: "I think you will not find me difficult to suit, Marie."

The New Maid: "I am sure not, ma'am. I saw your husband as I came in."

GOSSIP FROM REFINERIES AND FIELD

WHITING, IND.

The machine shop regrets the loss of Mr. E. S. Evans. Mr. Evans left Whiting on June 12 to visit relations in his old Welsh home in Wales, whom he hasn't seen for 34 years. He was well liked by all and in appreciation of his fine, sterling character, a committee, acting in behalf of the machine shop, presented him with a handsome traveling bag and a box of cigars, and wished him the best of luck. The committee was composed of R. Gradwell, W. Kinnane, J. Muldoon, H. Yant and A. W. Bumhour, chairman.

We regret to report the death of "Jimmy" McTague, 3½ years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. V. J. McTague. "Jimmy" was seen happily riding his bicycle around Whiting until two days prior to his death on May 5th. The machine shop extends its sympathy to their fellow workman and his family.

Chas. Kourting, an old timer in this company, has been honored with a pension, having served S. O. for twenty-seven years. The machine shop wishes him good luck, hoping it reaches him in Hegewisch, Ill.

A. W. Bumhour reported an interesting and enjoyable trip to Des Moines, Iowa, being absent from June 11 to June 16. He was there with the rest of the Shriners.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Klemm It is too late to introduce a "Just Married" sign now, but accept our best wishes instead. From the machine shop.

Here's some first hand information of the much discussed Stancit-Plan mystery (another machine shop affair, of course). We wish to be brief, so for further satisfaction of curiosity, please notice the occupants of John Plan's car on Saturday noons.

On June 25, C. J. Schroeder of the machine shop was discovered generously treating the shop men to the best sparkling drink in the world, and all they wanted at that. The well pump was over-taxed that day and upon investigation it was found that the afore-mentioned person was merely celebrating his fifth anniversary on the Standard Oil Company pay roll.

J. Jones had his silver gray locks sheared off, and A. Ritzko's brunette crop fared ditto, and they tell us it feels coller. We're almost inclined to believe them if it were not for the fact that at the same time A. Ritzko, Frank Klemm, and K. Kessler are raising the biggest mustaches they can produce. What's that for? Petruff had his hair cut off also, but he is too modest to talk about it.

"Johnny" G. Wise, the man who can crack a good original joke with a straight face, was asked why his name has never appeared in the Stanolind Record. He answered by using the same question. When asked what he ever did that might prove interesting to the Record, he related enough to make a separate "wit" edition, so we are obliged to omit his words for lack of space. Leave it to the machine shop.

On June 19, John Plau was seen leaving Whiting, elaborately equipped with several 85 cent reels, a couple of jointed poles, a bag of cork floaters, a barrel of sinkers, several gross of "shark goffs," four spools of No. 8 thread, and a five-passenger Elgin-Six. He was headed for somewhere in Indiana. Perch and Bullheads beware! John is on the war path.

The crane department vs. machine shop proved a hot game. The machine shop was leading until near the end, when the pitcher of the crane department fainted or something, and the machine shop generously gave them our star pitcher, Chester Kahl, with a double wind-up (both ways, forward and aft). From that minute on every man against the cranes was struck out in order. The score was 6 to 3, with the cranes claiming the game. Bob Gradwell, an old timer, made a home run hit in the 3rd inning. Nevertheless, the men put up a game, every man rolling the horse-hide in his best fashion. We might add that "Fat" Hanusen rolled his own (200 pounds of beef). P. S.—We forgot to state that the reason Kahl struck the men out so easy was because the batters couldn't see the ball on account of laughing so hard at the pitcher's double wind-up.

Another of the June brides at Whiting was the daughter of Mr. Geo. Zerwer of the Filtering Oils Department. Mr. H. Merle Daily of the Barrel House is the lucky man and we all agree he has fine taste. Immediately after the ceremony, performed by the Rev. Powell, the young couple started on their honeymoon. From Chicago they went to Buffalo, saw Niagara Falls, then went by boat to Cleveland. From there they intend to visit Mr. Daily's parents, at Anderson, Ind. From there they will move to Robertsdale, where their home is all prepared for them. A happy episode was the Zerwer's 23rd wedding anniversary, June 22 for it was on this day their daughter Lillian, was married.

A. W. Bumhour, manager of the Standard Oil Athletic Association ball team in the Industrial Baseball League, announces the following games have been played to date: June 4, Graver Tank

PLAYING "WE'RE AWFUL LONESOME TODAY"?

Do you like the wail and melody of the "uke?" You would have liked, no doubt, to have been with his rollicking crew at Cedar Lake a few weeks ago. These girls are Standard Oil Company Whiting girls. Left to right: Miss Doris Baine, Josephine Armstrong, Alice Jelke, Lucille Locke, May Jelke. Mr. Matt Locke, father of Lucille, employed at the FFF settling plant, is very proud of this picture.

Works vs. Standard Oil Company, score 3-6 (10 innings); June 11, General Chemical Works vs. Standard Oil Company, score 3-9); June 8th, Illinois Bell Telephone Company vs. Standard Oil Company, 4-6, and on June 25, a double header was played, Erie R. R. vs. Standard Oil Company, score 3-8, and Erie R. R. Co. vs. Standard Oil Company, score 4-9. Butler and Bartuska did the catching, and Cole and Bell pitched. Butler showed unusually good work during the games. On July 2, we are scheduled to play the Sinclair Oil Company. They too, must be shown Standard Oil Quality The Industrial League is composed of the following corporations: Graver Tank Works, East Chicago, Ind.; Standard Oil Company, Whiting, Ind.; Illinois Bell Telephone Company, West Hammond, Ill.; General Chemical Company, Hegewisch, Ill.; Sinclair Oil Company, East Chicago, Ind.

Baseball rivals of the Standard Oil Company take notice: Manager Bumhour has just signed up another crack player in the person of Eddie Pond.

Ed. Aronson, the boiler shop yachtsman, is spending some *time* in Joliet—on company business.

The boiler shop employees extend their sympathy to foreman John Zencka and also to Paul Jonotik, the former in the death of his father, and the latter in the death of his oldest son by drowning.

Miss Rose Ryan of the boiler shop office is away on her vacation.

Mr. J. R. Morrison, superintendent of the boiler shop department,is showing the boys some speed in his fine new Chandler.

The switching department defeated the new barrel house, Thursday evening, June 16, by a score of 9 to 0. No this was not a forfeit game, but it was a real one. The Hon. F. J. Schnell was on the mound for the winners, while Johnny Hlavatch struggled for the losers. The game was featured by good first class ball playing on switching department side, and you might know the result on the other side. For further information on the game ask Mr. Brown; he was the Ump.

Hats off for the switching department; they won again. This time they beat the tower still bunch by a score of 3 to 2. The batteries for the game were as follows: Schnell and Walsko, for the winners, and Sahner and McShane, for the losers. The main feature of the game was an unassisted double play by Mr. T. Adley, and it was Tom that knocked in the winning run after two out in the last inning.

Before Mr. Donahue left for a two weeks vacation he passed around pictures of some fourteen-pound muskies he caught on a previous fishing trip. Wonder what he'll have to show us on his return this time?

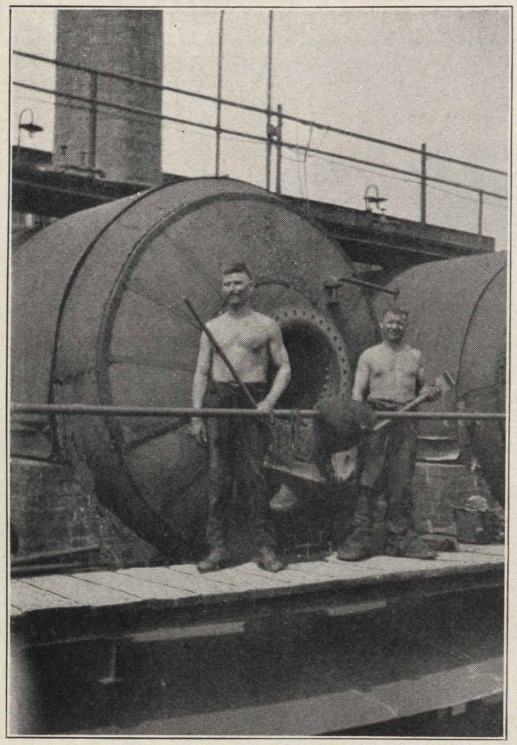
WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Wesley Koenneker, of the garage, went to Leesburg, Mo., on the 19th, where he will spend a two weeks vacation visiting with his aunt.

On Sunday, June 19, Harry Harrod and wife motored to Auburn. On account of the heavy rain, they were obliged to abandon the car and return on the train.

Miss Margaret Buck, daughter of G. W. Buck, crude still foreman, departed during the early part of the month for Florida to attend the summer school of the University of Florida. After the school term is over, Miss Buck intends to return and resume her duties in the Wood River schools.

A HOT ONE



Wood River, Ill., July 1—You sales department folks who think the weather is hot haven't the slightest conception in the world of what real heat is. Here we have Louie Marmino and Antonio Gioia, shell pressure still cleaners, just after finishing a hot one. They can tell you what heat is.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Peters are the proud parents of a baby boy, born May 28. Earnie is one of the helpers on the pressure stills.

Mr. Ben Robinson and family motored to Carlinville to visit his brother, E. C. Robinson, who is receiving clerk at the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) mines.

A. P. McCormick departed for Louisville, Ky. on the eve of the 20th, where he expects to remain on business for a few days. Be sure and return with something on your hip, "Mac."

Mr. J. W. Curry was here on the morning of the 14th, and remained over until the next day when he returned to his home in Chicago.

On Monday morning, June 20, M. E. Hartwig, head of the carpenter department, started on a two weeks vacation. Max does not intend to go away, as he has planned for the completion of his home which he started in the spring.

Mrs. Green, wife of Jas. Green of the acid works, was given a delightful surprise party on the eve of the 2nd, the occasion being her birthday. About twenty guests were present. Several musical selections were rendered and refreshments were served.

Walter Hubbard of the shipping department, is wondering who the good looking girl was he met on the railroad tracks and who invited him to go to St. Louis with her. Walter says that the lace hose gave him cold feet. Lace hose are conducive to cold feet, Walter, especially when worn in the winter time.

Things we can't imagine: Tom Gorman without his friendly smile; Frank Graham when he wasn't in a hurry; "Shanty" Garde being a woman hater; Oscar Crewes satisfied with life in general; Elden Walker really agreeing with someone; Lester Geltz having a girl; Bill Penrose working; Charlie Allen on a drunk; Several others when they are not; Leo loving anyone but Mabel; John Halloran in overalls; Chris Hausner playing the "Wang-Wang Blues" on the pipe organ; "Chip" Boals confessing that he didn't know.

Bill Penrose, our venerable janitor, may be old but he has young ideas, and he demonstrated same with two young ladies connected with a carnival which hesitated in Wood River for a short time. This, however, did not meet with the approval of Bill's wife—but the less said the better.

The main office has been repainted and varnished and looks like a million dollars now. The stationery room is in spotless condition and men coming in from the plant are warned to wipe their feet before entering, otherwise leave them outside. Old Dutch Cleanser has nothing on Mary when it comes to chasing dirt.

Mr. Owen is acting occasionally in the capacity of coach to the ladies tennis team. It's a brave man who undertakes to teach girls to play ball.

Kathleen Holloran of the laboratory departed on the 1st for Chicago where she spent two weeks vacation. While there, she visited relatives in Whiting. Kathleen is back on the job and wishes she was starting over again.

Harold Cartwright, Mr. Mambeck's chauffeur, was married on June 20 to Miss Bertha Crowe. While we are not acquainted with the birde, we cannot boost her stock as we would like; however, knowing Harold as we do, a little boosting along these lines would not go amiss. Anyway for the present, we extend our best wishes and congratulations and wish them many happy years of married life.

Edward Kerwin of the machine shop, who underwent a very serious operation of the head some time ago at St. Joseph's hospital, was removed to his home on the 8th. We are glad to report the operation successful and the patient in high spirits. This is Eddie's third attempt, and it is hoped his last one.

Geo. Dillender, who was confined to the hospital for the past three months, owing to an infection, was removed to his home on the evening of the 7th. George is beginning to feel like himself again and is well on the road to recovery.

Press Atkinson, one of Max Hartwig's veterans, has been transferred from the carpenter department to fill the vacancy made by Jess Taylor, who was janitor of the boiler house wash room. Press likes his new place fine and has got things shining.

Robert Keeling, the right hand man of Harry Schnaufer during the construction of the lubricating plant, has been transferred to the firing line of the pressure stills.

A. E. Gladden and C. A. Halsey received a message on the 17th, telling them of the sudden death of their brother-in-law, Chas. Moore, of Cleveland. Both gentlemen left for that place in the evening, accompanied by their wives.

Miss Gladys Manlove, one of our "hello" girls, departed on a two weeks vacation on the 16th of the month. Gladys left in the evening for Moline and Rock Island, where she expects to visit with relatives.

Frank Nolan, one of Steve Mikolia's dependables, who bruised his foot on the 28th of last month to the extent of having to be off duty until the 13th of this month, is back on the job and says that he will try to be more careful in the future.

Ruby Moore of the paint gang thought he put one over on the bunch on the 28th of last month, when he and Miss Lucy Clark motored to Jacksonville, Ill., and were married. Come thru with the smokes, Ruby; Burris was in on it all the time, but through an oversight neglected to mention it to one of the reporters.

Mrs. W. A. Tipton, wife of our congenial master mechanic, expects to leave in a few days for New York, where she will meet her son, Warren. Accompanied by him, she will then sail for Cuba where they expect to spend an enjoyable vacation.

Raymond Buck and J. J. Maloney and families formed a party and motored to Delhi on Sunday, June 5th. The trip was made safely and all reported a pleasant outing.

Carl Fox of the electrical department reports a visit of the stork at his house Wednesday, June 15, leaving a bouncing baby boy weighing 8½ pounds. Carl reports mother and baby as doing fine. Mrs. Fox will be remembered as Hazel Thompson, youngest daughter of Jas. Thompson, who was formerly night superintendent of the Wood River refinery, and who retired the first of the year.

Louis Burns of the storehouse, who has been in the employ of the company for the last five years, left last Saturday, June 12, to become a salesman for a St. Louis house.

Kenneth Beach, who has been attending Illinois U. at Champaign, arrived home last week for the summer. Kenneth and Charles Halsey, who has also been attending school, started to work on the 13th in the tin shop. The boys seem very ambitious.

Harry Cleveland, of the extra firing gang, who has been quarantined for the past six weeks, was out for the first time on the 13th. He reports that his family has fully recovered and that it feels fine to get back to work.

Karl Juhlin, fireman on the pressure stills, and Miss Bernice McClain were quietly married on the morning of the 15th. The newlyweds motored to Chicago, where they expect to honeymoon for two weeks. Congratulations.

Wm. Shawmeker of the employment office, who departed on the 28th of last month for Vienna, Ill., where his wife was visiting, reports a pleasant visit.

J. R. Carringer, formerly assistant superintendent of the Wood River refinery under the Clark administration and now superintendent of the Bayway refinery, was here on the 13th, 14th and 15th of the month, renewing old acquaintances. Ray is looking fine and it appears that the east agrees with him.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Crewes and son spent Sunday, June 15, in St. Louis with relatives.

Pauline and Leonard Smiley of Shelbyville, having visited here for the past week, returned to their home after spending a pleasant week with their brother and sister Virgil and Ruth.

Ed. Carmody, the veteran treater of the refinery agitators, departed on a two weeks vacation June 1. During his absence, Wm. Halton, helper, will perform the duties of treater.

Palmer Hawkins of the electrical department departed on the 1st for Westfield, Mo., to visit with his mother. Rumor has it that a certain damsel in one of Alton's popular floral stores seems very anxious as to his return. "How come, Palmer; put the editor next."

Steve Dvorsak, steam trap man of the pipe department, figured in a peculiar accident on the morning of the 9th. Steve, while repairing the gas line, was severely burned about the face and hands when same flashed. While the injury was not serious, it is very painful and for that reason we hope for Steve's speedy recovery.

Francis Manning, son of the veteran M. F. Manning, graduated in law at St. Louis univeristy last week. In order to get some practical experience, Frances has accepted a position with the Thos. Williamson law firm of Edwardsville.

Wm. Bacheldor of the balcksmith shop is preparing to start for Chatham, Canada, Sunday morning, June 19, in his machine. This is getting to be an annual affair with "Bill" and his family. We wonder if certain conditions in this particular spot of the world have anything to do with it.

Mrs. M. Nelson of Hopkinsville, Ky., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. E. Graves, of Whitelaw Ave.

Mr. Chas. Rice of the boiler house just got back from Dawn, Mo., where he motored with his family. He reports a good time excepting a little road trouble.

Harold Verner is building a nice bungalow on Lorena Ave.

Geo. Buck, crude still foreman, is a weekly visitor in St. Louis. Be careful, George.

Ike Crofton is busy painting his house. He has it marked off into squares and is painting one each night. He is also painting his chicken house black, so that the chicken thieves will not be able to see it at night.

Mr. Frank Levick and fifty priests attended the banquet held in honor of Father Kehoe's twenty-fifth year in the priesthood.

Mr. Bass Miller has joined the Friends of Irish Freedom. Hurrah for Ireland!

Wood River Lodge U. D. (Under Dispensation) was instituted here June 17, by Dep. Grand Master McIntyre of East St. Louis, with 105 charter members. The officers are as follows:

W. M.....C. R. Wilson
S. W.....C. R. Wagner.
J. W.....C. M. Fox.
Treas.....Wm. Bacheldor.
Sec'y.....Geo. Gusher.
S. D.....Fred. Berry.
J. D.....Herman Wuestenfeld.
S. S.....Roy McMillen.
J. S.....Harry Caufield,
Marshal.....C. M. Shook.
Chaplain.....L. L. Tuley.

C. A. Halsey, W. I. Jolley, J. J. Maloney, J. F. Halloran and John Kane motored to St. Louis Saturday afternoon where they attended the double-header between the Cardinals and the Pirates.

Wm. Whitthofft, crane foreman, and his family spent Saturday and Sunday, June 17 and 18, at Macoupin Creek fishing. "Billy" reports a catch of 16 bass.

Thomas Gildersleve, one of the most efficient men on the pressure stills, is planning to resign the middle of July. Tommy, as he is better known to the boys, started with the company on April 7, 1913, and has worked continually and faithfully up to the present time. Starting in the paint gang, it was not long

until he was transferred to the stills, and it was here through his efforts that he earned the place of stillman and today he acts as extra foreman. Tommy, through his thrift and carefulness accumulated a comfortable sum of money and with this he is planning to move his family to California and settle down on a little fruit farm he has purchased. Good luck and best wishes, Tommy.

CAN ANYONE TELL US:

What H. R. carries in that black bag when he goes to St. Louis. Not leading a double life, are you Hal?

Which of the two Paul loves best—Dorothy or Virginia— and if so state reasons.

If it is really true that a certain tall gentleman in the drafting department takes a keen interest in the stationery room.

Why Prof. Hausner should be referred to in the Times as "Rev." Hausner. We think the language Chris uses at times hardly merits this compliment.

They're at it again. The Wood Riverites regard horseshoes as a peer among sports and are indulging extensively in this fascinating pastime. There are quite a few stars in this line and we venture to say that our boys are able to teach President Harding some of the fine points of the game. For real meritorious work our Freddie Owen should be mentioned. We're for you, auditor, and here's hoping that you will not let C. R. Allen take all the laurels.

We wish to mention the fact that the Standard Oil Company at Wood River is going to be represented in the Alton City Tennis Tournament. The following were chosen to contend for honors: W. I. Jolley, W. V. L. Pithan, J. B. Wainright and C. S. Hausner. These gentlemen extend an invitation to the editor and his stars and to any and everyone for a little game. Our courts are in good shape and we shall be glad to wait on you. (We were there six weeks ago and all your tennis stars disappeared.—*Ed.*)

Some bird tells us that P. G. Kopp came near being arrested the other night. How come, Kopp? We cannot figure out how that was pulled off. One rarely hears of a cop who will arrest another Kopp.

Charley Halsey, son of C. A. Halsey of the boiler shop, who has been attending the law school of Washington and Lee, West Virginia, arrived home last week for the summer months. Charley started to work on the 13th, in the tin shop.

"Skip" Harrod, helper at the refinery agitators, accompanied by his wife and baby, spent Sunday, June 12, at Delhi. From all reports, they must have enjoyed themselves.

Since the passing of Grassy Lake, owing to the recent cinder fills made by the company, this body of water is no more. However, some of the old time fishermen of this vicinity have discovered a new one, since the recent rains, known as "Harr's Lake." Several wonderful catches have been reported. Anyone desiring any further information on this subject, kindly inquire of Phil Harr of the steam stills.

J. Flori, M. F. Manning's assistant, who has been off duty for the past week, reported back to the post on Monday, June 13. Jake, who has had more or less trouble with his stomach, is subject to these spells. It is hoped that the trouble will not return again.

Henry Dryden of Mikolia's gang is back in his old berth again. During the recent shifting around and laying off it appears that Henry was lost in the shuffle and was picked up along the firing line. This shift work, however, did not agree with Henry, and he concluded that there were places a lot worse than Steve's gang.

Wood River was visited by a miniature cyclone a few weeks ago when the wind caused considerable damage to the village and mild excitement in the main office by breaking two of the windows in the cashier's office. The crash was heard all over the building, little attention being paid however, many thinking it was merely Berner's shirt, which happened to be particularly "noisy" on the day in question.

Business, generally speaking, was suspended at the main office one Blue Monday morning when the vault refused to listen to Shanty Garde's coaxing, threatening, and finally cussing voice and strongly maintained that it knew not his combination. At 8:15 the prospects looked rosy for a day's fishing and Bill was getting desperate, when Mr. Halloran was pressed into service. Almost immediately the door responded to his persuasive touch and "business as usual" was the order of the day.

On page sixty-two of last month's "Stan,"
A picture we note of a well known man,
The artist tells us it's old Bill Pen,
But, ye gods, did Bill ever sweat like that—when?
This man is the picture of pep and vim,
So that proves beyond a doubt that it can't be him!

Mr. George Carstens of the acid works was elected delegate to the Modern Woodmen of America who are holding their encampment in St. Louis.

Starr Oulson and family spent Saturday and Sunday fishing at Piasa Creek. Starr reports having seen a freak of the finny tribe while gazing into the waters of the Piasa, this fish having a head like a carp, scales like those of a perch and a tail which resembled that of an eel and completely minus any fins. When questioned as to how the fish propelled itself, Starr replied slowly that he guessed the fish knew his business.

Mr. Reilly Heffron has been appointed foreman over the tube cleaners at Nos. 9, 10, 11, 12 batteries. Reilly is well liked among the men and should be very much of a success.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

That boy that Seth Spangler has been expecting for so long turned out to be a girl and Seth says it's up to the boys to get him "pickled" as he had agreed to do for them if the boy arrived.

After seeing the quart (?) or so of blood that oozed from H. B. Shoemaker's veins when he cut his big toe and hearing the agonizing screams that he gave vent to when the wound was being dressed, we would hate to think what would happen to him (and others) if he got a "regular cut."

Victor Hackett, rivet passer and "chip of the old block," has left the service of the Standard Oil Company and joined the navy.

The wife and mother-in-law of Frank McInturff, main pump house pumper, are paying a visit to their old home in Derby, England; the boys don't know whether to congratulate or sympathize with him. Derby is also the native place of Frank Woodward, refinery superintendent.

That ball game between the Fats and Leans was one "scream" and most of the screaming was done by the Fats in calling for the fire department to put the leans out as they were having such poor success of it. How those lanky birds did wallop the pill!

The stuff's all off, girls; Lloyd Gibbons was seen one evening recently perambulating down one of the prominent streets of Independence pushing a baby carriage. Oh, Lloyd! why didn't you tell us you were married.

Who is the "boss" of the shipping department? J. A. Hininger. Who is it that plays checkers and misses the last bus home? J. A. Hininger. Who is it that has searched the Stanolind every month for his name, but only in vain? J. A. Hininger. Now, Mr. Hininger, watchful waiting brings results, for your name is on Record four times.

A young lady by the name of Ellen Lenore came to live at the home of C. O. Taylor recently. Charlie can't say her name without getting his tongue twisted and invariably calls her Ellen "No More"; evidently he had nothing to say about it to begin with.

Roger Pryor is some "cut-up," at least you'd think so if you could see the bandages he is wearing. He blames his new(?) Ford for it.

Harry Bazzle would like to meet the fellow who was mean enough to steal the padding from the catcher's mit, and make him catch with said mit, a few balls thrown by Geo. Gallaher, who has some wing.

A prospective purchaser of Sugar Creek real estate recently inquired as to the price of land here. The answer was "200 gallons to the acre"; will say it is cheap if it is 200 of the Standard Oil kind, but pretty valuable property if it is the brand that is made "under cover."

Calude Blodgett, machinist, claims to have been raised on a farm. If he ever goes back we advise him to keep out of the pasture or he may be eaten up by the cows. Calude bought 300 day-old chickens from Andy Ewing of the air compressor, and forgot to supply them with "teeth" till their's grew. On cutting open the gizzard of several a mixture of tacks, small wires, glass and pins were found. Calude wanted it kept on the Q. T. but we pass it along to forestall like occurances on the part of other chicken fanciers. "You gotta sand 'em, down old top."

What we want to know is why Toby Woods, pipe fitter helper, refused that invitation to go to the sanitarium. The nurses there say that Toby is in "Dutch" because of his non-appearance at a time when his company was urgently demanded by one of them.

Christy Piper likes pipe fitting so much he says nothing is to be compared to the seasation of feeling it "go round and round." The boys say Christy has been "hitting" the wrong one lately and when he wakes up he will have to explain some of his queer statements of the recent past.

Farmer Frisby claims to be the "Champion Eater" of the Standard Oil Company at Sugar Creek and wants it understood that this announcement comes out by way of a challenge to anyone who thinks he is *there* when it comes to gormandizing; the time and place of this contest to be set by the J. G. C. and they to act as judges and determine the nature and quality of the eats. The J. G. C. has recently been fed up on bacon supplied by representative John S. Dickey and it is to be hoped it will be left out of the contest.

Buck Ross is thinking of ordering some gas masks before he tackles a job in the separator boxes again. Why not call on the "Garlic" crew, Buck? They are immune from all odor that would put any other bunch to sleep.

Eddie Webb, paraffiine pumper, is wearing a "shiner." Eddie says it was caused by a 12-gauge wire, but it looks more like the imprint of a rolling pin; anyway, we are giving him the benefit of the doubt, but his case being so very doubtful, we want to caution him to be more careful after this.

Our genial night superintendent, Alderman Ed. Lynn, has been stretching his imagination again. Since taking over a slice of Standard Oil stock and becoming a city father he has proclaimed himself to be "Lord of all he surveys."

Jas. O'Hara, Jr., is crippled again. This makes about the 'steenth time he has been disfigured lately. James now looks like a battle scarred veteran of many wars.

Since A. L. Shondell has taken on about seventy-five pounds of surplus flesh, and a majority of it under his belt, the boys in the paraffine works are thinking of installing a morris chair for his comfort.

Kenneth Jacques, of the shipping department, was recently united in marriage to Miss Anna Lober and the boys are still waiting for the smokes. Come across, Kenny.

One of Edison's queries was: "Where is the best China made"? Ben Wallace's answer is a certain dental shop in Kansas City and he carries a full line of samples in his mouth to prove his assertion.

No more will be heard of the young and talented saxaphone executor, Mr. Roger Pryor, in his famous solos with "Our Band." It seems that our eminent band master, Mr. Earl Jackson Cox, is a reincarnation of the 20th century David Harum. Earl crawled into the plant one day with an old model 1913 auto which he traded for a Ford. Then he traded his Ford for Pryor's saxaphone and traded the saxaphone to Tommy Kolar for another Ford. When Pryor is called upon for a solo hereafter he says he will crank up his Liz. In the meantime the community is demanding police protection against Tommy Kolar.

Charley Schwenk has started to build his new home and is doing most of the work himself. Charley is a right good workman and is putting the studding on the outside and the weatherboard on the inside.

Has anyone noticed Mr. Ed. Richmond's patent belt for holding up his trousers? Some class—on Mr. Richmond's day off, he decided to go down town and enjoy himself for the day as all shift men do, especially the bachelor variety. As he was strolling down Walnut near 12th St.—behold—in the window was a man demonstrating a patent belt for holding up your trousers. Ed. stopped and watched the demonstration for some time and was finally convinced that he sould not pass up a good chance to purchase a belt that would enable him to make a quick change when the whistle blew. He strolled in the store, no less than three minutes he was out again before he knew what had taken place, but to his amazement he had been fitted with one of the belts and was a few dollars short in money. He caught the next car back for Sugar Creek. Kansas City is too wicked for Sugar Creek citizens.

If R. S. "Slaughter" Chandler, first helper at the main pump house, would exhibit as much speed at his work as he does when off duty, Mr. Frank Woodward would not object to 72 miles and hour when at work, even if the police of Kansas City do. Instead of paying the judge $26 he would be able to make more than that by "stepping on it" at the plant.

Thomas Kolar of mechanical department office is driving a new Ford roadster now. You gotta hand to to the band members for having automobiles—almost all the band men have a car with exception of S. C. Chapman; no one knows what that four-wheeled vehicle he drives is called.

FRENCH PIG

Sugar Creek, July 1.—Miss Elizabeth Hink, daughter of Henry Hink, head watchman at this plant, says this pig is French because when she picked it up it said: "Oui, oui, oui!"

The Sugar Creek Red Cross gave a dance at Sugar Creek School House recently. Dr. Woodword was the chief entertainer, as usual.

Why not ask Sally Starks to join the Golf Club? Because the other members know he is a better player than they. He ought to be, he gets a lot of practice, first building north of the garage.

Now that Bill Cromwell's eye has began to take its natural color again, we wonder what his wife will hit him with next time.

Calude Burson boasts of having the only well ventilated car on the market—so much mud on it can't tell whether it is a Nash car of a Trash car.

John Shipley and Fred Miller of the mechanical department challange any couple employed by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) for the championship checker game of the Standard Oil Company.

The Gates Park Golf Club had an awful scare recently; it is understood that the grounds were taken from under them, but as we later understand that they will be premitted to practice on the links the rest of the summer, by that time half of them will have their fill of golf, especially the new members.

We can't hardly tell Chas. Fraher from Bradshaw since they are both wearing the same kind of straw hats. Chas. will probably leave his hanging on a tree down towards Atherton some night—Can't ever tell.

CASPER, WYO.

Jim Frazer of the boiler department is taking a leave of absence to go beyond Montreal, Canada, where he purposes to tie up and return with a Canadian Beauty Rose. Our best wishes, Jimmie, to you and the rose, and may the chorus be little ones.

E. L. Ruggles, also of the boiler department, has filed request for leave of absence in order that he might take unto himself a bride. E. L. and all other boilermakers so inclined have our best wishes.

M. C. Murane, of the refinery department, also gets in on this bride stuff, but his is not a case of going after the bride. He done went where he was gone and is all done and the best we can do is extend congratulations and that other old wish we all know so well.

Bob Gray, carpenter foreman, has recently left for New York City to meet and accompany his wife home. Mrs. Gray is returning after a visit of several months with the home folks in Scotland.

Warning to the ladies! K. R. Williams, labor foreman, has taken unto himself a new Ford coupe; 'nuff said!

Jack Curley, "Lil' Eva's" day nurse, has also gone bride hunting. He thinks Colorado is a good place for such hunting, but others say it's only good for bear; we'll see, however, and while we are waiting, Red Barnett will hold down Jack's job.

P. J. Regan has been advanced to assistant head of the boiler department, succeeding H. L. Ruggles, who has been assigned to other duties. Harry Rumsey will succeed Paddie Regan on tower stills.

Shortly after the cooling sprays had been installed on the gasoline tanks across the river, our genial engineer, Red Anderson, discovered the costly liquid running from the eaves of all the tanks. Then followed a mad dash to the pump house with a breathless announcement that the tanks were running over; but, Bert, we pump water thru those cooling sprays.

Herman Trowe, formerly lead burner and acid works shift foreman at Whiting, has recently come to Casper to make his home. But, oh Herman, Bob Heinze wants to know why you picked on the last house in the last block on the last street in East Casper. Is the answer Paradise Park?

Casper suffered a great fire and a great flood all in the same day, and on that same day Supt. Thompson and Director Lobdell suffered a dire calamity. These two boys, both friends of the chickens (feathered variety), had been nursing several broods of chickens both well and creditably when the flood flooded. Said chickens could almost take care of themselves, but not quite. Andy and Don both sent out S. O. S. calls. Don enlisted forces to knitt webb feet for his brood, while Andy recruited a squad to attach water wings to his flock. Don's knitted webbs got soggy and the hail punctured Andy's water wings, and the whole fleet of chickens was lost. Better luck next summer, boys.

Tom Goodman has recently been advanced to foreman of the machine shop, succeeding Mr. Towle, who has left the company's employ. We are glad to see Tom in a well earned place.

Dave Critchfield of the electric department steps into the limelight by announcing that he's the father of a very new son. Congratulations to all three, Dave!

News item from Casper Daily Tribune: "The dead man was walking along Yellowstone Highway when hit between the Standard and Midwest by the speeding truck."

E. C. Outlaw has recently returned from a trip to Seattle on which he embarked for the purpose of bringing his young son, a little Outlaw, to Casper.

Fireman Frank Tomlinson has gone to Wood River on his vacation and John Reudleman is acting as substitute nurse to the boilers in the new boiler house.

"Doc" Paulus and Dan Smith drove their Buicks to Laramie to inspect the premises of one Bill Morris. We hope that cloud bursts, bad roads, and long stretches of prairie won't make them candidates for the Ominios Club.

Bill Eades has gathered unto himself his band of old time ball tossers, and issued a challenge to the Ladies' Ball Team from the main office, to be played Thursday, June 30. Of course when the writeup of that game appears in the Record there will be snow on the ground, but then it will be a great story with which to reminisce.

F. M. Merritt, formerly clerk on payroll distribution, has returned after a three months visit to his homestead. He is once more at work helping the main office in the production of figures.

Murder will out and several people are wondering what is the best method of looking into a caustic line. Bob Heinz is the only one who holds the answer. Come on, Bob, don't be tight.

C. W. (Safety) Smith arrived in Casper Monday, June 27, bringing with him a bunch of pleasing words for the way the Casper boys were handling construction with safety. We thank you, Mr. Smith, and welcome you to our city once more.

Only one employe of the Industrial Relations office is not married, George Obermayer. His days of single blessedness are drawing near a close, judging from the letters he gets from a fair damsel named Ruby of Hartford City, Ind.

On Monday morning, June 27, 1921, Storehouse Shorty came to work in his new Dodge tourine. He drove 42 miles Sunday but has not quite learned the ropes with the result that when he arrived at the plant he was so busy using both hands and feet to get the tourine thru the traffic that he couldn't get his cigar away from his teeth; result—Shorty and the Dodge followed the cigar right up to Mr. Watchman—exit Shorty.

We seem to be collecting a great number of benedicts—June is sure some month for the boys and the brides. Anyway, on Thursday, June 9, Harley Barnett of the Industrial Department and Miss Ruth Pryor of Palisade, Colo., got all tangled up in a wedding ceremony and emerged as one. Fine, Harley, the best of everything for the new organization.

The Klu Klux Klan established a mighty poor precident when they set out to do their work on horses. We expect to see John Glendenning, Charlie Strickler and Truckie Allen appear in the famous white togs of the KKK next—they have the horses. Allen's double ended ostrich is amusing and instructive to behold. Stick might get a little more speed out of his flivver if he'd treat it to snuff occasionally. If John ever lets Brutus step in a hole, horse and rider will both be lame and we'd all have to return to the good old days before the horse.

HELLO BILLY!

Carlinville, Ill., July 1.—This is Billy McMillan, boss of John McMillan, manager of Mine No. 2. Billy is twenty months old.

If we could write up all the incidents of the famous Laboratory-Main Office baseball game, we'd certainly have a Nick Carter edition; this one was pulled by the man who managed both teams and benched Bill Eads because he earned the only run; the Main Office found no less a personage in this man than Mr. Mignolet—Jean: "Jourgensen, you go play left field and if the wind blows too hard I guess I'll have to play it myself." (If you don't know Jean this is lost.)

Last week the following conversation was overheard: "I understand the main office and timekeepers' crowd have challenged the laboratory and mechanical office bunch to a gall game." "Ha, ha!" "What's the joke?" "The Main Office." And this is how it all happened: After accepting the challenge with thanks the mechanics decided that the game would be a dead one unless the main office was represented by at least one real ball player, and decided to donate the services of one of their best men. Bill Eades was the one selected to play fairy godfather to the "brains." He started living up to his purpose in the first inning. When he went up to bat he spied a very pale and shaky main office man on third, rubbing his eyes and wondering how the duece he had gotten there. Bill pounded out a two-bagger and let the wandering boy on third ooze home. That was the "how" of the one score the main office crowd made, and after Bill had brot in that onery little run Manager Mignolet promptly put him on the bench for not

stretching the two-bagger into a home run. Ain't that a helluvanote! The game ended in the seventh inning with a score of 1 to 5. Take our tip and don't mention ball in the main office for a few days. They don't like to admit that the mechanics furnished the man who made it possible to mark that little one rather than a 0 after their name. We are glad to be compelled to disagree with the Editor that Casper is a "dead, dull, uninteresting place in which to live." That game itself would have been enough to make even an editor wrinkle his face and feel a smile comin' on.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

Miss Edith B. Ambrose, stenographer, left Sunday morning, July 3, for Tulsa, Okla., where she spent her vacation with friends.

Mr. E. C. Robinson, clerk, left Saturday, July 2, for Alton, where he and his family will enjoy a two weeks' vacation.

Miss Elizabeth M. Harkins, stenographer, was bridesmaid at the wedding of her cousin, Miss Bess M. Kerwin, to Mr. A. R. Ackermann, of Staunton, Ill., which was solemnized at St. Mary's church, July 4, at 8:30 a. m.

The following conversation took place during the noon hour between A. P. McCormick, construction engineer, of Wood River, and Jake Werner, janitor, of Carlinville general office, when Mr. McCormick came upon our worthy janitor, who was reclining in a chair with one foot upon flat top desk:

Mr. McCormick—"Jake, can't you get your other foot on the desk?"

Jake—"Yes, I could, but I'm afraid they might take me for one of the office clerks."

Mr. R. E. Hessenauer was called to Alberta, Canada, by the serious illness of his mother. We are pleased to report that the mother is now convalescing.

It is very evident that W. E. Kasten, one of our efficient general office clerks, has been rising before sun up, as he has had luscious dewberries on display at the office.

Mr. C. B. Petit, assistant general office manager, has been elected secretary and treasurer of the Hillside Country Club, which is now being organized in Carlinville.

MINES No. 1 AND No. 2

The other evening Rollin Smith received an S. O. S. call from Schoper. It seems our energetic clerk, "Bruno" Raab, was so busy "working" that he did not see the train leave, and the reason for the S. O. S. was that "Bruno" objected to walking into town.

We noticed our handsome top boss, Johnny Dunn, showing two fair damsels over the main hoist headframe. Lucky Johnny.

We are told that Gang No. 10 has an alarm clock now. What's it for, to tell time with or to wake them up?

John Gempp and Steve Fontilla have been made First Aid men in the Southeast section.

First Aid classes are being instructed by Drs. Botsford and Chamness. Dive in, boys, and get expert training while you have the chance.

Chas. Karrick is going to take a motor trip through Michigan and Wisconsin, July 1. Wish we were going.

Damon Thomas, captain and catcher of the Stanolind baseball team recently had a slight concussion of the head, due to a fall of slate.

Walsh Cain, shot firer, just bought a new Overland.

Andrew Giffin recently suffered a painful bruise to his foot, due to a piece of falling slate.

Jack Welch, former superintendent for the Peabody Coal Company of Kinkaid, has been made assistant mine manager at Schoper.

F. F. Jorgensen, general superintendent of the Superior Coal Company, visited the mine Wednesday, June 29.

It is said that our main hoist cager, John Swanson, injured his foot recently. Having received some medicine for his foot from the doctor, he drank it, and John hasn't worked since. Wonder what that medicine contained?

Arrangements are being made to hoist rock as well as coal through the main hoist.

Dan Schwartzenstruber (a good Irish name) is back at the material hoist engine after recovering from an operation.

The reservoir at the power house has become quite a swimming resort. A large number of people enjoy swimming there each evening.

Talk about keeping cool. Johnny Karr has the record. He recently went on a picnic attired in a bathing suit, straw hat and shoes. How did you put your hands in your pockets, Johnny?

Our latest hoist record at Mine No. 2 is thirteen hundred fifty ton.

Phillip Ward has purchased a Ford roadster.

Edward Madden has accepted a position with the Gillespie post office.

The Springfield Merchants met defeat at the hands of the Stanolinds, Sunday, June 26, the score being 3 to 0. A good game.

"Possum" Ryan has been having more trouble. This time it was a mule that kicked "Possum" on the leg.

Prof. Eddie Lewis, expert swimming instructor, is teaching a class of twenty-one girls, we understand, in fancy swimming and diving. He says he will soon have Mack Sennett green with envy. (Pictures?—*Ed.*)

GREYBULL, WYO.

Irvin Baker, fireman, if off duty from an attack of the grip.

Otis Bentley is visiting his brother in Deaver Wyo.

We understand Wm. Patterson is starting a cigar store, but from the samples he gave out we should judge he needs a fresh stock.

C. J. Tanner has a fine new baby daughter at his home and reports the mother and baby doing nicely. Congratulations, and thanks for the cigars, Charles.

Dave Starks and Miss Mildred Wilson were married Saturday, June 18, at Basin, Wyo. Many years of happiness to you. Those were fine cigars, Dave.

J. W. Seller, who has been on the sick list, is now able to be back on duty. Glad to see you back, Mr. Seller.

The members of the Standard Oil Benefit Association are now voting to elect officers for the next six months, and it looks like a hot race, judging from the interest being taken in it.

Everyone is wondering what's the matter with Manley. It is reported that he does an unusual amount of sleeping between shifts and that he no longer cares for the frivolties of life. However, one thing is certain, he is getting fleshy. What's the matter, Stub?

Edward Heckman, still cleaner, who has been ill with the grip, is back on duty.

Mr. H. G. Holstein, our chief clerk, is wearing a large smile, for his wife and son are at home after a visit with relatives in South Dakota, and H. G. is rapidly regaining his lost weight.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

This is to announce that Mr. A. Klein of the cost department took the fatal step June 18 and also our little friend from the same department, Mr. A. Aarlie, took his fatal step June 25. We all wish them good luck.

Mr. R. Kofoed, boss of the purchased oil department returned from Manistee, Mich., after spending a week's vacation there.

Mr. W. Eckerly, now with the purchased oil department, has taken over Johnny Wyand's job and Johnny has been transferred to the cost department. Here is hoping that they both make good.

We all notice that our friend Mr. Gasch had his annual hair cut on June 9.

We used to see Howard driving Miss Ruth D. down to work in his "yellow boat" in the mornings and Billie Ewald walking her to the train in the evenings. Now we hear she is taking the train in the morning. How come, Ruth, that you don't come down in that "yellow boat" in the morning?

Phyllis Jones, Jule Lundergan, Elizabeth Roche, Josephine McDermott, Eloise Sheehan and Helen Dundas, of the 6th floor, had a week-end party in a cottage at Flint Lake, Ind., June 11 and 12. Every one was given a chance to display their talent. Miss Sheehan is a whiz at pumping water. It took her three hours to pump a pail full Saturday and the pump is right outside the door. The whereabouts of Miss McDermott's soap was a question of great worry at all times, also as to just how seriously she should consider Dominick. However, she can peel peaches, the fuzz doesn't bother her. Miss Lundergan knew all the neighbors in five minutes and managed to get a ride in the only canoe on the lake. That didn't leave much time for work. Miss Roche, a rowboat, and a slow southern oarsman, got stuck going through a channel. She didn't mind getting out and helping push as the clothes she had on belonged to everyone but herself. Miss Jones washed the dishes and swept the floor Sunday morning and had to spend the next three hours in bed getting over it. Miss Dundas supervised the oil cooker and managed it so well it wouldn't light, thereby depriving the girls of tea and the dishes of hot water.

It gives the sales department employes great pleasure to welcome back among them Miss Sena Anderson. We sincerely hope that in the near future she will regain full use of her limb, which was injured in an automobile accident.

Look out for Bill Barrett and Charley Thorstenson. They swing a wicked golf club. At the Stanolind Golfing Tournament held June 21, 1921, Bill drove off the first tee for 315 yards and Charley for 270 yards in a driving contest, leading the entire field of Standard Oil Company employee players. Mr. R. H. McElroy, Jr., a visitor, was there with 275 yards, but visitors were not included in the contest. As Bill won a prize for low grass on the long holes, he was ineligible for the "Long Drive" prize and Charley copped it. For putting his strength behind that drive he received a dandy thermos bottle to carry cold ones in for the next tournament.

We now have two Carrs on the 5th floor, John and Bernard. If we can get an engine and a caboose we'll have a train.

Professor Slabfoot Roesler of the 5th floor demonstrated his prowess at the Stanolind Golf Tournament in company with Paul Johnson, Bill Barrett and Carl Bergeson. Slab had trouble getting in until he found a ball and was loaned a club, but he finally made it.

Carl Mentz of the 5th floor, was asked the other day how he happened to have that callous on his nose. He replied, "From Glasses." Ervin Joost, an amateur detective from Milwaukee, investigated and found that it was caused from "steins" previous to July 1st, 1919.

Mr. Gorvett's distribution department and Mr. Hansen's equipment department adjoin each other on the 5th floor. The distribution department has a clerk named Head and the Equipment department has a clerk named Foote. We figure that the two departments cover both ends very nicely. In fact we don't believe that any department has anything on us, although if Mr. Head stood on Mr. Foote's shoulders they would measure only about 6 feet all told.

Will Krueger, of the distribution department, 5th floor, left for a two weeks' vacation. Bill's last words were "Well, when it's over I'll come back and work 50 weeks for another one." Bill left for Muskegon by boat. Someone saw him going to the dock with a cork in his mouth. Can't you swim, Bill?

Harold Foote, our able appropriation clerk better known as "Inch," informs us of the arrival at his home of an eight-pound baby boy.

Aunt Ingrid Rummelhoff, stenographer for Mr. Gorvett of the 5th floor, is swaggering around the office with a broad smile since brother Eddie had an 8½ pound "Caddie" added to his family. Fore!

Will Kruger, Harry Kneip, Herbie Gleim and Fred Tamblyn of the distribution department, 5th floor, all left for their vacations at the same time. Wonder what's up? Probably organizing an office quartette and will come back prepared to entertain us with a few of the latest.

A. E. Gorvett, of the 5th floor, had his hair amputated the other day and with the fancy job performed he now resembles a "back o' the yards" prize fighter.

Our big Swede, Paul Johnson, of the 5th floor, discovered that he won a prize at the Golf Tournament after it had been given to another man. He looked like an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius until the genial secretary, Mr. Smeed, promised to take care of him. You can't slip anything over on the big "Swede."

L. H. Yocum and E. E. Kelley, who helped with the scoring and measured distance in the driving contest at the Golf Tournament, said "Never again." They both ran off about fifty pounds of good flesh, chasing up and down that hill between the the first tee and the green.

The officials of the Stanolind Golf Association are seriously considering eliminating the semi-annual tournament, as it is causing a tremendous drain on the stationery department for pencils and erasers.

James D. Callahan (the Babe Ruth of the golf links) says he will skip the short holes in the next meet and so far as he is concerned they can be done away with entirely.

After the tournament was over Lou Yocum and Ed Kelley hurried their applications in for the same job next year. Lou and Ed were worried for fear some one would beat them to it.

The consolation prize (a pair of barb wire hose supporters) goes to Henry Hendrickson. We gotta hand it to Henry, though, he counted them all.

John Ely, winner of the class "B" prize was presented with a pair of knickerbockers big enough for Col. Stewart. John is going to cut arm holes in the sides and dispense with a coat.

Since riding down with friends, our esteemed Mr. Butler gets to the office at 8.00 A. M. mornings. Good thing to have goods friends, hey Bill?

Our esteemed Mr. Elmes has just returned from his vacation, and from all indications—red nose, etc.—looks as if he had a very enjoyable time.

Attention Keokuk.—Joe Schurek of the manufacturing department, home office, has lost his heart to the little lady of Keokuk, Iowa, who participated in the mock wedding as Miss "Myke" Radasch, groom. Unlike the men in the Keokuk office, Joe envies Miss Helen Fegers her position in the picture. He says railroad fares mean nothing to him, and "distance only lends enchantment." He has also figured out how long it will take him to get to Keokuk in his Winton Six.

Wedding anniversaries are becoming plentiful for the boys of the manufacturing department, home office. F. A. Koehler used up one city directory and filled the telephone box with nickles inviting freinds. Also, C. E. Heybach announces that ten years of his young life have been spent in double harness. You look happy Cholly just the same.

The youngest old man in the manufacturing department, home office, Mr. E. G. Vail, announce that he has just celebrated his fiftieth birthday. More power to you, Ed.

Funny how A. R. Smith "beats" it down Boul. Mich. to the I. C. station since no female retards his speed. How come, Austin?

Since Crothers' wife come to America with little Crothers, the old man has more pep and does not complain about aching feet any more. How so, Porky, old boy?

"When they fall, they fall hard." This seems to apply to Eloise Sheehan and Jack White. When is it coming off, Eloise?

Mr. Gasch, the Beau Brummel of the bookkeeping department, 6th floor, came in Monday morning looking as though he had shaved his chin with a garden rake.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

We wish to top the list this month with news from the Cedar Rapids office. Thanks, Dorothy—"We are sorry to lose Mr. C. L. VanSickle from our force at Cedar Rapids but wish him every success in his new work. He is now district superintendent with headquarters in Oskaloosa. Mr. Leo Smith, salesman, left our employ June 1 to take up work with a stock insurance company. The son of M. A. Wright, service station attendant, was recently married. The Cedar Rapids office girls were the recipients of a box of candy given Mr. Wright in honor of the new daughter."

We Davenporters had our annual picnic Saturday, June 18, at the Watch Tower Park and everyone enjoyed themselves. We arrived at the grounds about 1 o'clock and immediately sat down to a big feed; that's the best thing this bunch does. After that we chose up sides and sure had a HOT ball game, those playing finding out how hot it was. As to the outcome of the game, no one could keep track of the score. The horse-shoe pitching contest was a huge success with Ray Ives and Bill Schnoor copping all honors. At this stage of the game there was a little excitement when a few of the boys, in an effort to cool off, took a dip in Rock River. Of course they had no suits, and were clad only in their undergarments. That is what caused the excitement. However, they enjoyed themselves, unaware of the excitement caused, and at least cooled off. There were all sorts of games, including breaking straw hats, leap frog, boxing and jumping and running contests. Then, of course, we ate again. In the evening a dance was held in the Inn. The party broke up about eleven. This was the first event held by the Social Club and we are awaiting the next.

Changes in the office are still being put in effect, the recent ones are Arthur Koch, cashier, and Hugh Birceland, general clerk, exchanging positions. We now have three districts instead of two, Mr. C. L. VanSickle being the new district superintendent. We extend congratulations. Also Harry Fabricius, office correspondent, is to be a full-fledged salesman July 1, with headquarters at Iowa City. The most interesting things in Iowa City are the Co-eds. Mr. Veach has also been promoted from service station attendent to salesman with his headquarters at Anamosa Iowa. Mr. E. A. Drake, agent at Oskaloosa, is now retired and has been succeeded by Mr. Henry Husson. "Rudie," the office boy, remarked that with all the changes he is still wearing out shoe leather running orders around the plant. We are glad to note he has at last developed speed and efficiency.

We nearly forgot the gossip of the picnic, so here it is: Bill Schnoor's little boy had a dime to spend and it seems the Merry-go-round owner received all of it, as that is where he spent the entire afternoon. Going home he said: "Daddy, I'm still going round."

Johnny Jost had a strange little girl to the dance in the evening, but we now know why Wilton is so interesting. West felt pretty good too. Fuzzy LaFrenz has sure improved in dancing lately, and gave a very interesting exhibition of the latest dance. Only he was either cold or got stage freight as he could only stand still and quiver. Vivian Dodds and Eva Greensides were afraid to ride on the Chutes, but they were forced to take the ride. Viola Rebb evidently liked it as she was taking the trip backwards. The figure eight also was kept busy, Damp and LaFrenz gaining life-long friends by treating the girls. Chrissie Rowher insisted upon sitting in the front seat during the trip through the mill. Even at that, she didn't pay much attention to the scenery. The girls beat the young men of the office in a game of indoor baseball, the reason being the boys were so polite they wouldn't put the girls out. Dewey on first base was kept busy tipping his hat to the girls as they came down the first base line. But it was too much when Kroy, the pitcher, assisted them home from third base.

On Saturday night, June 11, the men employees of the Davenport plant celebrated the occasion of retirement of N. E. Sage after thirty seven years of faithful service with this company. The entertainment was held in the Davenport garage. Some fifty odd friends of Mr. Sage gathered to pay him tribute and the affair was a great success. As a token of the esteem in which he is held by the employees Mr. Sage was presented with a gold watch to commemorate the occasion. Mr. Thomson made the speech of presentation and Mr. Sage startled the boys with his acceptance talk. The entertain ment was made a success by the untiring efforts of our friend Billy Young. Everybody wishes Mr. Sage continued health and good will.

Mr. Bragg, chief clerk, Mr. Clark, his assistant, and Harry Franck, of the credit department, and their wives, spent a delightful evening on board the Steamer Majestic at the telephone girls' excursion last Tuesday evening. We are hoping that the next time the tickets will go a little farther as we sure would enjoy a free ride.

DECATUR, ILL.

On Saturday, June 25, employees of the Decatur force spent the afternoon at Faries Park, putting on a picnic which was said to be one of the best ever held by this office. The office closed at noon, in order that all might have time to get ready to go out and spend one glorious afternoon, and from all accounts each and every person in attendance enjoyed themselves to the utmost. The first attraction on the program was the ball game between the married men and the single men. For 5 innings they battled with the married men in the lead, but as the last half of the fifth drew near, and also the rain clouds began to appear, the married men blew up and before they came down again the single men had chased across enough counters to emerge with a 6 to 5 victory. Herb. Hartman, of the iron barrel department, rolled 'em across for the single gents, while Ken Gardner pitched for the married men. After the ball game was over, there was but one thing on the minds of each and every player, and that was to hie themselves to that old swimmin' hole, said swimming hole being the beautiful lake in the park. After sporting around in the water for quite a while, supper was served in the pavilion. We think here is a chance to extend to Miss Cora Russell, chariman of the entertainment committee, and her co-workers, a vote of thanks and appreciation for the way in which the entire program of the picnic was carried out. Immediately after supper there was dancing. Other sports indulged in by the employees at the picnic were races, and a tug of war, the team having Mr. H. F. Warren, manager, and Mr. E. L. Kachehoffer, district superintendent as anchor-men, pulling the other side across the line. From all reports, it took a real team to budge those two acting as anchor men.

Frank Clark gave us a nice little surprise party one morning this month, by getting to work on time. Bully for you, Frank—you are showing some improvement.

J. L. Cashen made his regular semi-monthly visit to Morrisonville and HER, Sunday, June 19.

Some disturbance was noticed a few days ago in the neighborhood of the order department. On investigation we found Art Faster squeezing another nickle so hard he had broken the buffalo's leg and choked the Indian. Art still retains the nickel.

Salesman Salter has broken the Ford off C. O. Spangler's twin screw propeller and you would hardly recognize the old "boat"—yet she can still make the trip to the Kingdom of Calhoun and back quicker than anything without wings.

Edward Hartman, at Carlinville, Ill., has a new driver, name Henry Hughes. A few days ago, upon the return home of Mr. Hughes, he was greeted by an unfamiliar voice—that of his newly arrived son. Without waiting to get his dinner, he ran across the street to the plant and engaged Agent Hartman in a conversation that ran something like this:

Henry—"Ed, what do you suppose I've got over home?"

Ed.—"I haven't the slightest idea."

Henry—"The finest boy on the map. When I came home he said, "Hello, Dad, see what S. O. has done for you—I want to drive the big truck."

Agent Hartman doubts very much the language of the youngster, but Henry says its true as gospel, and has named him "Polarine."

Anna McShane remarked a few days ago that she was mighty glad the price of wax (meaning chewing gum) had been reduced, because she just can't work without the tongue and jaw agitator. Some say as how they don't see how she works with it.

Well the truth is out—Bernard J. McLean has at last used that marriage license.

Audrey and her "steady" went on a picnic recently. By the way, who is this so-called steady?

That man R. F. Gones, special salesman, is sure a heart breaker. The information now is that he has attracted the attention of one of the fair sex on the second floor. Come to the office, R. F., and we will go on a "still" hunt.

Today C. M. Ping, the mechanic, was found in the basement with his body half way in the ice-box, looking for something. What was it, C. M., a cold one?

The following was received on station auditor C. J. Watson's report of May 31, same being a report on condition of equipment: "Driver of truck No. 15855 needs a new carburetor."

Well, Mildred Fletcher sure batted 1,000 in the matrimonial league game played recently, one Saturday afternoon. Mildred showed her class when she appeared at the old S. O. office and remarked: "Girls, I have captured my meal ticket; it is up to some more of you now to show a little speed while there's a few left." The bridegroom is Merl Yount, now employed in the cashier's cage. We all wish to join in extending to them our heartiest congratulations.

Helen Herbert mentioned the fact that we might put in an account of her wedding, too. WHEN?

We have perfectly reliable information that James Cashen is now travelling over to Springfield once in a while. What's the attraction in Springfield now, Cash?

During the short vacation which Decoration Day brought about, a number of the employes of the Decatur office side-stepped Decatur for a little vacation, Mrs. Linn going to Moweaqua, Annamary Ellis to Blue Mound, M. Heath to his home in Atwood, Cecilia Tighe to Ivesdale, Rita Tofall, B. J. McLean, Howard Estabrook and J. L. Cashen to Morrisonville, Ill., Willard Crook hiked over to Chanute Field and watched the aeroplanes play.

Clyde Faut, Danville agent, has converted his Polarine car into a regular Ford and he is so proud of it that it is reported he uses Shoo-Fly on it to keep the flies away.

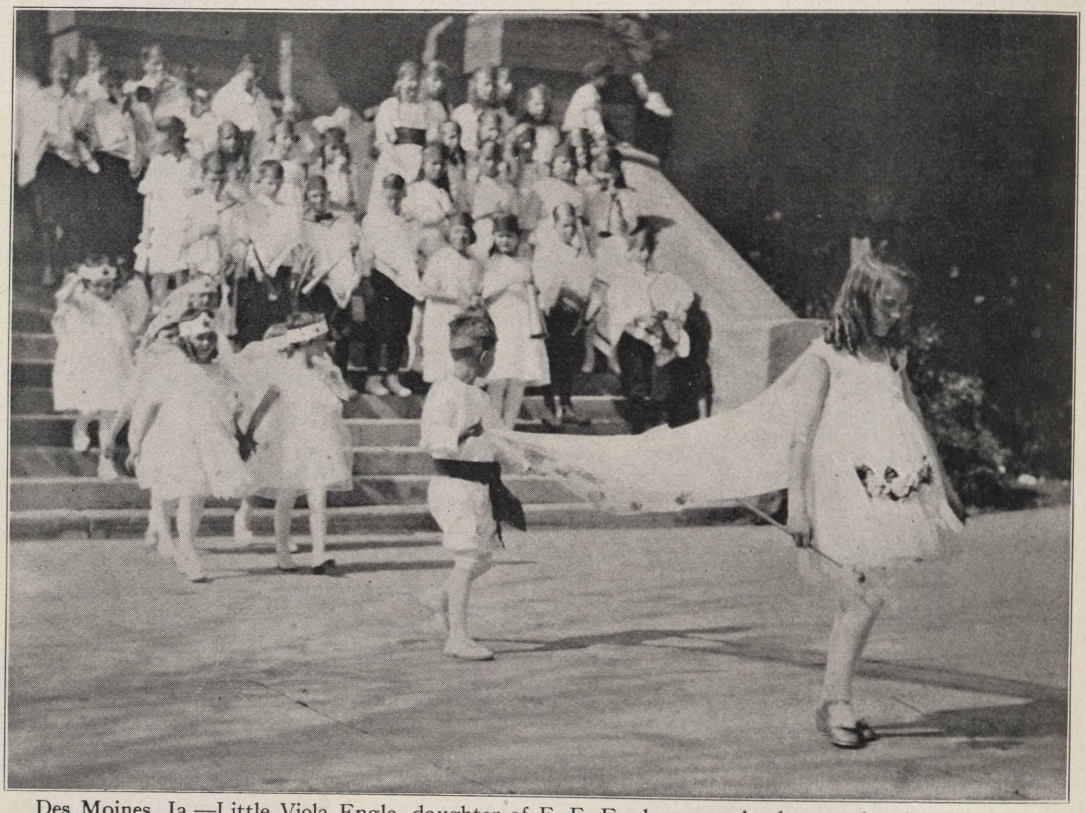
The children of driver Matt Briggs, better known as Jiggs, at Danville, Ill., are at the present time suffering with whooping cough. Here's hoping, Matt, that the next report will see them well and happy.

The Danville "bunch" are keeping close tab on Clay Gaummer, service station checker. Clay has been seen almost every evening in his coupe driving out to a farm house on the Catlin road. We are wondering if Clay is taking lessons in agriculture. The bunch predict another house-warming soon. How about it, Clay? Better make a "look around" and let us know.

Gene Lewis, warehouseman at Danville, Ill., recently paid a visit to Chicago.

Mr. H. F. Warren, manager, and Mr. W. A. Brown, assistant manager, recently visited the Danville station and service stations and spent the

THE QUEEN OF THE MAY AND HER COURT



Des Moines, Ia.—Little Viola Engle, daughter of F. F. Engle, general salesman for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) at Spencer, Ia., was Queen of the May at the May day fete held on the Spencer courthouse lawn. Here she is with her little courtiers.

night in the city. The Danville bunch extended to them a welcome with a "come again, gentlemen."

District Superintendent M. V. Bushman has gotten his trusty flivver broken to drive, and to keep it from getting factious he keeps it goin' at a steady pace. He says it will go through gates and doors now without cavorting around and side swiping.

DETROIT, MICH.

June 29th, at 2 o'clock, Joe Palmerlee, our engineer, and Evelyn Tighe, of the traffic department, were married at the Church of the Epiphany. This is the second marriage recently where all parties were office employes. Fred Brown, our assistant chief clerk, and Anna Gaynor, stenographer in the department, embarked on the matrimonial sea in April. We all wish them a long and happy married life.

We thought we would have to announce the engagement of Miss Frances Votrabeck in this issue, but we are forced to believe she has told the truth when she says the beautiful diamond ring she wore at the recent dinner party was borrowed from her sister and worn as a joke.

Even in the enlightened city of Detroit, it appears that some educating could be done. A lady telephoned the other day, inquiring of the operator, "Is this the Standard Oil Company?" Upon being informed it was, she further asked "Do you sell oil?" Of course the operator asked, "What kind?" and the lady came back with Oh, I don't know the name of it but I want some cooking oil."

We noticed in a recent communication from "Doc" Gherken at Monroe that he got so interested in the subject he was covering in his letter that he absent-mindedly signed his name "Grease Gherken" instead of "J. W. Gherken," as usual. We never knew he was that slippery before.

John C. Goldsmith, our cashier, sure is some coupon book salesman. He sold 36 books on Saturday, May 21. He ought to be on the regular sales force. By the way, Mr. Goldsmith has just received his twenty-year service button. Here's hoping you are with us another twenty years, John.

Chas. Knickerbocker, formerly agent at New Haven, is now directing his energies to another territory, having been appointed agent at Armada recently. We know it will only be a few weeks before he has as many friends in his new field of endeavor as he left at New Haven. Good luck, Charlie!

"Finol" Hamilton, service station attendant at Jackson, spends his leisure hours to some advantage when he is not on duty. You will always find him somewhere about town talking "S. O. Co. Products." Cliff says "Life is too short to sit around doing nothing." Pass this code around, Cliff; we need it.

On June 4, nine of "Betty" Tighe's (now Mrs. Palmerlee) friends in the office gave a dinner and theatre party in her honor at the Palestine House, in view of her approaching marriage. All of the girls were much insulted when the waitress passed cigarets before the last course, but upon examination it was found that they were whistles and the anger on the part of Miss Schlunt, who made the arrangements for the dinner, was soon turned to merriment when the joke was discovered. We have been wondering since if the tip she handed the waitress was "hush money." The party was pronounced a big success and we are glad that though "Betty" will not now be in the office, yet she is still "Tighed" to us, having married a Standard Oil brother.

At the baseball game a week or so ago, Mr. Cochran, our manager, tripped over a young lady's foot and in apologizing made the remark: "I thought when I saw our new Mack truck I saw something large, but guess I will have to change my mind." We are wondering if similar remarks made to the girls in the Grand Rapids office are what endeared him to them.

Lewis Omig has just recently joined the Standard Oil family, having been appointed agent at New Haven. Lew is a home grown product and has so many freinds in and around New Haven that his job ought to be "pie" for him.

Mr. N. R. Grimshaw, assistant general manager, made a flying business trip to Detroit a short time ago and we certainly were pleased to see his smiling face. It's hard for us to realize that he doesn't belong entirely to the Detroit division now and we hope he will be able to stay longer on his next visit.

If there is anyone in the Indiana territory who has any horses or mules for sale, we wish you would kindly get in touch with our agent, Eddie Fallon, at Jackson, as he is some "David Harum." A short time ago our manager instructed Eddie to sell the faithful span of grays who had served their time, so Eddie started out; but although he received a certified check each time, he was compelled to sell the team three times and the harnesses twice. We always thought it was "the *cat* came back." Eddie says he doesn't want to be on the list as a "Returned Goods Salesman."

Jerome Miller, bookkeeper, officiated at the recent ball game between the Sun Oil Company and our team. Jerome has it all over Billy Evans as an umpire.

Friends of Mrs. Owen Myers, wife of our Blissfield agent, will be pleased to hear of her rapid recovery from her recent illiness.

We were all glad to see Dean Treat, of Chicago, when he was here a short time ago. Hope he comes often.

Bessie M. Hicks, clerk at Lansing, now spends her evenings and Sundays riding in a new Reo Six. Her chauffer, always willing to grasp better ideas, now uses Red Crown and Polarine. (How about Semdac? You want him to keep it looking new, Bessie.)

Miss Florence Erhard gave a shower in honor of Miss Evelyn Tighe, Monday evening, June 19, at her home, which was pronounced by those who attended as one of the nicest parties of the season. We understand that the gifts were beautiful, useful and *unique*, several jokes being sprung on unsuspecting "Betty."

On a customer telling one of our salesmen recently that he believed a certain gasoline was more powerful than Red Crown because it had such an odor, the salesman replied: "Limberger cheese has quite an odor, too, but you couldn't run a car with it worth a darn."

R. E. McIntire, of the refined oil department, walked out to the telephone switchboard the other day and the operator, thinking he had probably tried to get her on the telephone and she hadn't seen the flash, quickly asked: "Do you want me"? He sort of hesitated, saying "Well, I-I-I didn't take down the receiver."

"Litch" Anstess and wife went to Indianapolis Memorial day to attend the 500 mile auto races. He says it surely was a thrilling race. By the way, he sold a coupon book while there. He certainly has an eye for business.

The following conversation between L. R. Mattson, salesman at Jackson, and G. A. Knapp, chief clerk, Detroit, took place in front of Service Station 144, Jackson:

Mr. Knapp: "Say, 'Matty," I rather like Jackson."

Mattson: "What is there about Jackson you like so well, George?"

Mr. Knapp: "Well I can plainly see that you ought to wear your goggles all the time."

We are all wondering now what they saw.

Howard Havens, sales writer, drove to his home at Jackson, Mich., to spend Memorial day. On his return to Detroit he had a blow-out and drove in on a rim. Howard, you would make better time and have a more comfortable ride if you would carry an extra tire.

In writing the dope for the Stanolind Record it is often necessary to work overtime and on a recent occasion of this kind the Editor kindly gave the overworked stenographer a ride home in his "Flivver." As they were traveling along they happened to hit an old rusty tin pan, setting it in motion. A youngster on the street happened to see it rolling along after the roadster and picked it up, running after the Ford, shouting, "Did you lose a part of your car?"

When Joe Palmarlee went into the office of one of the boat companies in Detroit to make arrangements for his wedding trip, he asked the girl in the office where he ought to go, thinking she would know the most beautiful spots her company advertised. Harry Witter, mechanical engineer, who happened to be standing nearby, noticing Joe's nervousness, told him he would probably go "Straight up."

Bib Vining, Jackson, spent the week end recently at Crooked Lake with his better half and a party of friends. He reports a very good time but says the fishing was rotten. Was it account of the lake being Crooked, Bob, or, was it—?

Here is one way to get iron barrels returned:

H. E. Woodmancy (Woody) to customer: "Mr. Smith, I find you have a barrel of ours which has been out a long time and we would like to have it returned at once."

Mr. Smith: "Why, I have had that barrel for several years and as you have left it that long, why not forget it?"

Woody: "Suppose you had discarded a suit of clothes and several years after decided to wear it again. If you found a $10.00 bill in the pocket you would take it, wouldn't you?" Woody got the barrel.

Miss Winona Hummer, bill clerk, makes frequent visits to Pontiac. We wonder what the attraction is. We hear it is her hair dresser but we will only take your word for that, Winona, until we hear different.

E. R. Lockwood, specialty salesman at Lansing, relates that a short time ago, while passing down the street he noticed a man trying to polish a car with just a plain cloth. After watching him work for a few minutes with apparently no results, Lockwood thought he had a good prospect for Semdac and asked the man to let him apply a good polish. Securing permission, E. R. took out his can of Semdac and soon had the entire car looking like new. The gentleman surveyed his car with pride while E. R. was trying to sell him a gallon and finally remarked: "It is a good polish all right; but takes too much energy for a fat man," then got in his car and drove away, leaving Lockwood wiping the prespiration from his face. Cheer up, maybe he told a friend who was thin and ambitious and he may buy ten gallons.

Harry Rodgers, formerly clerk at Hillsdale, has been promoted to city specialty salesman at Jackson. Good luck, Harry, old boy!

Gertrude Patterson went on a fishing trip to New Baltimore recently and states she did not even get a mosquito bite. We cannot figure out whether she had good luck or not.

G. A. Knapp, chief clerk, spent a day at Jackson a short time ago, and the Jackson reporter says "George gave us some new talking points and some extra pep and we hope he will come again real soon."

Eddie Fallon, agent at Jackson, is all smiles these days as the stork dropped around on May 28 with a bouncing 8½-pound baby girl. Eddie says "Marjorie" can say "Red Crown" already. Congratulations!

Miss Hazel Van Gieson visited her sister and family, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Younkman, in Saginaw, over Decoration day. Hazel reports she had a fine time.

H. E. Woodmancy, salesman at Lansing, reports that the farmers need rain and also Polarine. They are getting the Polarine but no rain.

Finol is a good lubricant but it won't take the noise out of electric fans when the racket is cause by a train standing on the track across from the office.

DULUTH, MINN.

Cupid is playing fast and furious around the Duluth office. Miss Rose Ceass, of the checking department, has left us and was married on June 14. Miss Quigley invited the girls out to her cabin at Woodland, in honor of Miss Ceass, and everyone was very enthusiastic about the delightful time they had. We don't see how Miss Quigley can tear herself away from the "farm," and we are wondering if we are going to be invited out again soon.

One of our ex-employes, Miss Marguerite Morrison, who has been living in Davenport, Ia., for the past year, came back to Duluth to be married. The ceremony was performed in the First Presbyterian Church June 7, and Dr. and Mrs. Reader will be at home in Perryville, Mo.. Our very best wishes go with Mrs. Reader, and we wish it was our luck to have her living in Duluth.

Rumor hath it that Elmer Wimmer, bookkeeping department, will have entered the army of benedicts before this goes to press. No, Elmer, we can't believe it, but we wish you all the luck in the world.

June vacations are immensely popular. Miss Norma Patterson, iron barrel department, has been visiting on the Range for a few days, with her sister, and has come home to loaf the remainder of her two weeks. She says it's such a lovely feeling to be able to dress up and stroll down the street during the afternoon.

Miss Olive Pugh has just returned from a trip to St. Louis, Kansas City, Des Moines and Chicago, looking as sassy as ever. She isn't giving out any information other than the wonderful things she had to eat and the bargains in blouses, etc., which she was able to pick up, but the look in her eye portends something. She promised to keep a diary of events so that we could get a second-hand thrill, but she is suspiciously silent. "It's cool in Duluth," and we think there might be someone up this summer to prove it.

Mr. M. F. Sullivan, new president of the Duluth-Superior Credit association, is combining business with pleasure in that he has been appointed one of the delegates to the creditman's convention at San Francisco. He has promised to call on Miss Lillian Nelson and Miss Mabel Borgstrom, ex-employes of the Standard Oil Company, who are now living in San Francisco. We expect some interesting items when he returns, providing he reports in detail.

P. A. Johnson, cashier, is enjoying his vacation in the Buick roadster. By the road, a Buick certainly has it all over a Nash when it comes to speed, even if it does carry three in the front seat!! We wouldn't swear as to who was in the front seat with Pete, but telephone operators are supposed to know everything, so you might ask Miss Pomeroy.

A. B. Hutchison, A. P. A., leaves us for a week's vacation. Neither Budd nor Mr. Larson are so husky as Hutch, so we're hoping Mr. Vann stays out of the city until Hutch's return, unless, of course, Miss Nelson takes him in hand. Ye shall know by your sunburned noses and blistered necks. French River is a wonderful spot, and we are wondering if Eleanor Johnson kept the time honored rule of a pancake feed for breakfast? Does anybody know how many a Buick and a Ford roadster can carry. We look back with envy on the parties of last summer, and we hope Eleanor will have lots of 'em this year.

News goeth abroad that Miss Page is being taught the difference between a spade and a club, ready for a few games the coming winter! Ye Shades of her Presbyterian Ancestry!! What's the girl coming to?

Has anybody noticed the flowers on Miss Pomroy's table lately? She doesn't know whether someone inadvertently laid them there while removing their hat, or whether Mr. Fitzgerald is paying court. Anyway, she puts them in water and is enjoying them.

"Please pass the gasoline" is a byword just now. We have had the entire sixth floor redecorated, and a "fresh paint" sign terrifies no one—they sit down on the newly painted radiators, slide up against a wall, and then scurry around for gasoline—or is it Naphtha they use? Elmer Wimmer doesn't care, anyway, because he has to get a new suit to be married in.

We wish Mr. Marshall wouldn't work overtime, thinking up those fiendish schemes for getting the office force to work on time. The new roll call system is very embarrassing. If Miss Nelson should slip on the lower step, the purchasing department record would be ruined. And why be so hard on Mary Whelan this hot weather?

Miss Hattie Dwyer is back from a two weeks' vacation in Chicago. Work on the sales writer's desk will now go on quietly and serenely, as usual.

There have been a series of promotions in the Duluth office, and we congratulate 'em all. Mr. Mark L. Chase, former clerk at Hibbing station, is now station examiner. Mr. Beaupre has been taken off the books and is now a station examiner. Fletcher McKenzie has been transferred from the traffic department to the checking desk. "Ollie" thinks it's a shame to take Fleck out of Room 702. Wilbur Hyde, filing clerk, has taken over Fletcher's duties. Mr. Charlie Foster has been made general clerk, which makes Henry Carlson assistant cashier.

We have a brand new Red Crown customer in Melvin Cullen. We understand he has a new car. That will be just fine to transport picnic material to Lester Park, or the lake shore.

Folks, have you heard about moving day? Miss Leah Fontaine has torn herself away from Mrs. Dickinson's, and is ensconced in the darlingest bungalow, and "it's just like being married." Girls, when she dines him in that ducky dining room, how long is Charlie going to hold out?

Russell Congdon of Hancock, Mich., is now working in the Duluth office, sales promotion and advertising department.

Mr. Webb, assistant manager, and Mr. McRae, superintendent district No. 1, have just returned from a trip through Shell Lake, Webster, Spooner, Sandstone, Hinckley, Tamarack and Wahkon. We look for an increased revenue in the way of "BIZ" along that route!

Harry LaLonde, salesman at Bemidji, witnessed a slight argument between his Ford car and a railroad gasoline speeder near Littlefork. Harry claims he would have enjoyed it more if he hadn't been sitting IN the car at the time! Nobody hurt, for which we are thankful.

"Going down SIX"!! Ladies please take the left elevator, and the gentlemen the right!!!

EVANSVILLE, IND.

When our Mr. Fisher, warehouseman, returned to work Tuesday after taking a couple of days off, everybody lined up with the glad hand for congratulations. However, he promptly advised us congratulations were not at all in line. Strange how we all had the wrong dope. Nevertheless we'll have to admit we were wrong, as his arguments are further substantiated and born out by our friend and fellow co-worker, Mr. Otto Voelkman.

Service Station Attendant Clarence C. Coogan is reported to be recovering very nicely at St. Mary Hospital, this city. Clarence was severely burned when an automobile which he was filling with gas caught on fire.

James Clark, age 10 years, son of Mr. George Clark, city service station driver, took suddenly ill at 10:00 p. m., June 17, and passed away the same evening. Chalmer Marion Williams, 3 years and 4 months old, son of Mr. Morris Williams, plant service station attendant, became seriously ill on the afternoon of June 16, and died during the night. Both these bereaved parents have our sincere sympathy.

FARGO, N. D.

Word comes from Dickinson, N. D., of the marriage of Harold Worlsey, one of our station examiners, to Miss Margaret Gleason, who was formerly employed at the Fargo office. Both are live wires, and I am sure have the well wishes of the entire Fargo division.

Mr. George Root, of the check department, holds the record for speed at Fargo. George left the office at ten o'clock a single man, was back to work in one hour a married man. 'Atta boy, George, when you make up your mind to do something, do it quick.

Paul Tehelka, our newly elected Social Club president, tells a good one on himself. When sending a telegram one afternoon, the Western Union girl asked him who was sending it. When he answered "Te-hel-ka" she reported him to the manager

Harry Overby, of the order department, seldom gives any clue as to what his inclinations are toward women. However, the other day he gave us a real clue. Harry phones the telegrams to the telegraph office. He uses the customary code, such as O in Ohio and O in ocean. However, on this occasion he was distinctly heard to say, "O, as in Olga"—We have only one Olga at the Fargo office.

We can hardly see the need of the local ball team getting out in the hot sun to play ball when the Fargo office force has the results all doped out before hand. Why wouldn't it be a good plan for them to just step over to the Standard Oil office and get the results, thus avoiding a lot of hard work?

It is with deep regret that we learn that Mrs. Tiegen, formerly of the credit department, has been ill with pneumonia. Mrs. Tiegen, you have the sincere sympathy of all the Fargo office, and we hope that you will soon be enjoying your usual good health.

It we had only had a kodak the other day when Jake Stall and Ella Ramstad were reading poetry in the basement, it would surely be worth looking at.

K. E. Burleigh, general clerk, and his wife, spent their vacation in Meajord, Ont., Can., Mr. Burleigh's old home.

H. S. Westmiller claims that he lost six pounds working the pumps at the Service Station one day. Hugh, you still have quite a waistline.

W. W. Thomas, of the station examining department, is some correspondent when out on the road. If you don't believe it, ask Mrs. Gertus—she knows.

Messrs. Carnine, Asleson, Erdahl and Gotto spent Sunday fishing at Lake Franklin, Minn. What chance has any "poor fish" against a chief clerk, assistant clerk, general clerk and credit man?

Albert Bjorge of the bookkeeping department recently took unto himself a wife, formerly Miss Marie Rogstad, of Detroit, Minn. We don't know "marry" but if Albert is as good at picking wives as he is at figures, we want to know "marry!"

Well, girls, Blanche has one! One what? Why, ring, of course; passed out by "Jack" Snyder the snappy little bookkeeper. At the rate such things are happening, a single person will soon be a novelty at the Fargo office.

Einer Bjorge, hurry up! We are expecting a little news in regards to you and Miss Sue Hoffman for the next issue.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

We have some very precocious children in the Grand Rapids field. Martha, daughter of A. Lindquist, our agent at Arcadia, Mich., whose age is 7 years, came home from school one afternoon, when a representative of the Grand Rapids office was at that station, and he asked her how she was and inquired about her studies. Yes, Martha was far advanced, she said she knew the capital of every state in the union. "What is the capital of Indiana?" asked the gentleman. "Whiting," was the reply.

A visitor arrived at the home of Mr. and Mr Martin Timmer, to stay. He arrived on June 24 and they have decided to call him "John." We have a hunch it will be "Jack." The boys are always lucky in events of this kind; they all found a nice cigar on their desk that morning. Well, the girls are patient—anyway, they're still waiting. "Daddy" is in the lubricating department in the Grand Rapids office.

We are thoroughly convinced that the month of June, "the month of roses," hath charms. Howard Dykema decided it was time he was picking his "Rose" so he solemnly stepped up to the altar with Myrtle Rose and promised to love and cherish her forever. Howard is station examiner out of Grand Rapids.

A few of the girls in the Grand Rapids office are thinking of moving to Wayland as matrimony seems to be in full swing in that town. Last month one of the boys there had the knot tied. Otis Hansen, of the garage, went right over to Wayland and decided he wouldn't travel the rough path of life alone. Ellen Waite is to make life sweeter for him. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Hansen!

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Daane are the proud parents of a 7½-pound son born to them on June 23. Mr. Daane is salesman in the Grand Rapids field.

Sometimes one has to travel a long way to find one's life partner. John Van Auken, formerly of the Standard Oil Company, Fargo, N. D., now in the sales department, Grand Rapids, passed the cigars on the 28th. John says that the distance between Fargo and Grand Rapids isn't long at all. Best wishes for a happy future, Mr. and Mrs. Van Auken.

We welcome the following new agents in our field, who have joined us to "Sell the full line": Roy Sterkins, Byron Center; W. Brisbin, Conklin; Chas. Edson, Ellsworth.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Leslie Baker was no sooner crowned "Parawax King" than he started after the lead over the other drivers on "Medium Heavy."

George Dietz, Service Station 58, Indianapolis, claims one disadavantage for the large lawn—keeps him busy turning down salesmen for tractor lawn mowers.

We (the correspondent) is "going great" on predicting all these many high dives into the matrimonial pond—haven't muffed yet. 'Spect we will start on Richard Brennan next and earn a real reputation as a prognosticator, Dick being about the last of the old guard.

Still this boy Sullivan tries hard to have all the girls understand that he is a woman-hater, making of it a sure sign that Sully is weakening fast.

Fred Peine, assistant chief clerk, is getting along fine with the heat, since some one donated him a 16-inch window sqeegee, beating a handkerchef all holler.

Louie Albrecht has gone and done it—purchased a Chevrolet speedster (vintage of 1891). It is interesting to note he limited the seating capacity having observed the trials and tribulations of others with extra lounging room.

L. F. says it may be a sea-going hack but it suits "me and my gal," so little else matters, eh Lew.? The whole deal calls for a line or two of froth from the second floor poet: "Twinkle, twinke, little star—Loie Albrecht and his one lung car."

Alvin Jones, formerly of the South Bend office, and our latest addition to the iron barrel department, can never be accused of sleeping on the job—he wasn't here over a week until he was calling most of our eligible fair sex by their first names.

Return billing on foreign cars brought out an honest confession from G. A. Dean, Middletown agent who replied to the traffic department's last appeal thusly: "I think I have at last the above matter straightened out and through my thick head." Sell the full line and forget your affliction, Mr. Dean.

Samuel C. W. Wilson is handling out the "perfectos" over the arrival of Helen Nell, a new addition to the family.

Chester Tryon, iron barrel checker, thinks he can throw a baseball a full city block. To date his exhibition has been confined to "thinking" which might be just as well for his pocketbook in the long run.

"Loop the loop" is a rater common expression, but V. J. Gasper of service station construction., has a different respect for the words since he turned the trick and came out with a peeled ear and a broken top to his Ford. Lucky is no name for how he started his flip, when hit by a speeding Buick, and ended his flop down an enbankment, standing on all four tires.

A. Bode's famous-in-its-day Premier, after a brief siege of tuberculosis of the differential, has departed these parts in favor of a Reo, over the David Harum route. Adolph says he has his mind all set on a Rolls-Royce or a Lafayette, so traders, beware.

From this observation post, can't say that styles in office-boys ever changed very much, but our latest arrival, James Harvey, simply upsets the dope. Weighing around 190 pounds and every inch a man from his No. 11 EE "gondolas" to the Jim Corbett hair cut, he is going to make it tough on any one inclined to be rough on every new "kid."

Our "availables" evidently did not strike a responsive cord in two cases for two of our young men took Horace Greeley's advice and sought happiness nearer the setting sun; which announces the marriage of R. E. Poland to Miss Ruth Skinner at Mattoon, Ill., and of Alvin Schreiber and Miss Naomi Rogers, at Hamilton, Mo.

Miss Elizabeth Dashiell, stenog to the traffic department, has been using up a lot of week-ends at her former home, Greensburg, Ind., We get it from a close observer that a farmer boy from that point is attracting her attention—because a sparkler adorns "that" finger.

All jokes aside, we think, really, Nelle Sage should give us that photo for the Record. As Al Taffe says "You can't tell Nelle, it might find you a mate." (If it's unconventional we must have it.—*Ed.*)

Vaudeville lost a headliner when Pauline Kline promised Robert (Tacky) Green to make up a "team" and then backed out.

The transfer of John Stoner from tank wagon work to the sales force and of Vinard Buckner to tank wagon superintendent, called for a surprise party at the Stoner home where drivers, garage men and draymen had a real social session. Whole families turned out and the attendance easily passed the 150 mark, which called for twelve gallons of ice cream, more than enough cakes (every woman brought one), flowery speeches, music and a dance, not mentioning a Masonic charm for the surprised J. M. Stoner and last, but not least, a POLARINE SOCIAL CLUB was organized with Frank Dudgeon

lub. driver, president; Forest Keelen, circuit driver, secretary and Everitt Stanley, garage foreman, treasurer. It is the intention of the "Polarines" to conduct regularly scheduled "blow-outs" wherever they can find a house and yard big enough. The officials hope to pass the 24 gallon ice cream mark at their next meeting. It is easy to predict a future for the "friction reducing" Polarines. A social club along these lines has been needed badly and the boys back of this movement are willing to "bust city limits" and let everybody connected with the Indianapolis division come in.

POLARINE CLUB NOTES

Now, many of you have been whistling and humming for years, so you are musically inclined—the Polarines are organizing an orchestra, glee club and maybe a band, if the talent turns up. All available discord material should get in communication with one of the officials.

Seems as if they ought to ring in a watermelon feast a little later. There are several unguarded patches around the city, and as many keen eyed circuit drivers.

In choosing a name, Elmer Daniel's suggestion met with unanimous approval for "where Polarine flows there is no friction." Thanks, Elmer, for the deep thought.

From all accounts, Jim O'Kelly sings a little tenor, sings a little baritone, and also sings a little bass.

Forest Keelen, the silver tongued orator of the "bucket toters," added new laurels to his already established reputation. Some speech, Moisy, all but the part where you wanted to sell Jim Crowe an owl.

As each woman brought a cake, an auction was held on the left-overs—so the champion cake baker question did not come up for settlement, but $7.35 went into the treasury towards some ice cream, next meeting night.

Say, this Tony Kirsch has always been telling us how he is boss at his house, but you ought to see him get set down by Mrs. Kirsch when he raised his 90 cent bid to $1.00 on one of the cakes. Evidently the Mrs. knows cake values and Tony can't string us any longer, now.

Pres. Dudgeon says the new club will not be run on the "Newport" plan and all employes and their families are cordially urged to join—dues, 50 cents per "blow-out."

Our best bet on checkers, Geo. W. Austermiller, reports some progress against Mr. R. C. King, Room 305, Chicago office. In fact, G. W. admits it will be a disaster for R. C. Not having any word of Mr. King's version, it is up to him to reiterate that George moves a wicked checker.

JOLIET, ILL.

Hats off to Frank McBride, the popular left fielder of the Standard Oil Baseball Club, who made the first home run in the Joliet Factory League. In the E. J. & E. Ry. vs. Standard Oil game, Frank, better known as "Red," stepped up and hoisted a "Babe Ruth" over the left field fence. More power, Red!

Walt Schauland seems to have made good at first base. Although a swell fielder, he seems a little weak with the stick. A little more batting practice, Walt.

The baseball team is developing into a regular outfit. We won't recite any of our past experiences, but with the addition of Smith behind the bat and Fricke in the infield, we will make several teams in the circuit sit up and take notice.

Berney Muentnich says that herefater when he goes to Wilmington on a truck ride he is going to keep away from ferris wheels, as they get you on one and won't let you off. Berney claims to have had the longest ride on a ferris wheel of any human being in existence.

June would not be June without a wedding or two, and so we wish to express our regrets at losing two of our girl employes during this month, for better or worse. Miss Catherine Fay, one of our comptometer girls has been with the company over four years, and we will all miss her, as she doesn't use a comptometer to figure out how to be good natured. All the luck in the world, Catherine. As a remembrance the office force presented her with a beautiful silver fruit bowl and knives. Miss Naomi Archambeauldt, the stock department stenographer, is to be wed this month and is leaving the office after being associated with the company for a year. We know Tom will make her happy for she said so. Our heartiest congratulations and wishes that he will. Naomi was also presented with a gift as a remembrance.

We are pleased to welcome to our organization Miss Mary Jane Norton, who comes from the Dubuque office in the capacity of dictaphone operator. She volunteers the remark that our office is a wonderful place to work in, particularly so in comparison to the limited, second-story affair that served for the old Dubuque office.

Ray Nelson has his little red Ford out again. Coming down Cass street the other morning the traffic cop held out his hand to stop him, but Ray drove the Ford right under the cop's arm and kept right on going.

W. W. Watson who came close to winning the coupon book sale with 47½ to his credit, received a box of cigars for his good work. Bill is now boosting Polarine, "the perfect motor oil."

The Safety First idea has always been held extremely important at the Freeport (Ill.) station, and what to do in an emergency has also been drilled thoroughly into the force of employes. That's why the Freeport Record carried the following news item: "As Dr. J. M. Stilson, driving his car, neared the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul tracks in East Freeport this morning, the gasoline pipe of the automobile became disconnected and the car took fire. Employes of the Standard Oil Company, whose offices are near by saw the burst of flame and rushed to the doctor aid with fire extinguishers. Meantime an alarm was sent to the fire department, but the blaze had been quenched by the Standard Oil men before the firemen arrived."

KANSAS CITY, MO.

The transfer of J. Ross to Des Moines was a surprise to his many friends here but his promotion to the position of assistant chief clerk was no surprise—we expected big things of him and our expectations were realized. The best wishes of the office force go with him.

Miss Aleda Fraher, who suffered a very painful injury a short time ago when she caught her hand in an electric fan, is back on the job. She did not suffer any permanent injury but says she got an awful cold chill. (The fan isn't bent much.)

John Warren has recently displayed the most uncanny strategy. Ask him why it happens that he has suddenly resorted to the telephone directory for combination from which to figure "check figures."

This man Helling is far ahead of the rest of the bookkeeping department. He got a balance on iron barrels during one noon hour. He plays chess.

While we were sorry to see Miss Wood leave us, yet we envy her the trip to California, where the oranges bloom the year round and flowers are on the trees in mid-winter. We expect to see her in the movies soon, but as some said "Humh, she didn't commit no crime; how can she get in the movies."

Miss Gertrude Barry of the billing department, was transferred to the auditor's dugout recently. However, she returns occasionally to sling 082's.

Verily June is the month of weddings—Miss Hazel Wallis, who resigned last week, was united to Mr. Raymond Tilton, a world war vet. This makes about the fifth wedding in the ranks of the office force in June and brings to mind that old utterance, "There's one born every minute and two to take 'em." And they lived happily ever after. Here's hoping.

Art Peterson, whose cognomen appears in these columns frequently, and who is becoming exceedingly notorious, has returned to hand his hat in the stationery department again after a short but "sweet" honeymoon at Excelsior Springs. He has decided to live in the U. S. A. and not Rosedale as formerly stated. Pete, tell 'em who rules the roost.

Ledger "C" has finally won a ticket to Swope park. They still lead the field with three Green stars in a row.

Mrs. Pippit, nee "Bo" Haas, was presented with a handsome "perking" coffee griddle. It was the occasion of her wedding. The lucky man was an outsider. Wonder why, with such nice people, that the company doesn't make it contingent upon employment that they pick one of the home boys. There ought to be a rule about that. But luck to you, "Bo."

In spite of all the documentary evidence to the contrary, Thomas Beef Evans (Old King Pessimest) still argues that "it can't be done." Tom, there's only one way to get that star—the Green one—and that is by shaking out without thinking-kinda automatic.

When beads of prespiration ooze from our foreheads and we twitch uneasily in our chairs to keep from becoming glued thereto, we look over at Bill Sala in the stock department and envy his cut-for comfort hair. He looks anything but het up, in fact he wears that satisfied look which can only result from either imbibing of cold stuff with foam on it, or those BV's that are always advertised with the wearer looking like an ice berg with the thermometer at 110 in the shade.

Speaking of ancient history, we understand that Miss Margaret Hunter, who formerly worked in the stock department has been in town and gone again without even calling on us. No doubt she felt like a stranger after such a long absence, or her isolation in the Colorado mountains may have made her backward; in any event we hope to see her before she returns to Colorado.

Freddie was disappointed a few weeks ago. The traveling auditor already had an engagement for lunch. If Freddie only lived in Atlantic City he would have lots of chances to go to lunch with that Dempsey person.

Crenshaw is still carrying water. Looks pretty promising, men.

Miss Zohl is very welcomed. Glad to meet you, hope you stay the rest of your life. And, incidentally, it may be said that someone has recently shown very good taste in the selection of additions to our family.

And while we are on the subject of new additions, Charlie Hogan, official toter of the mail wagon, has a new arrival at his house. It's black and weighs some 1000 lbs. Now, it's a ford!

Miss Martin, you will find that in Ledger "D." Ware, you're wanted on the 'phone.

During the month Frank Seward was made correspondent for the "C" and "D" ledgers. And Parsons still maintains that there was some kind of a frame-up. He says it was like being down in the best restaurant in town with your best girl—and your money in your other trousers. (Serves you right for having two pairs of trousers).

Miss Woody, former switchboard operator, whose hair shone line a snow covered field on a moon-lit night, is now slinging numbers for long distance customers of the Kansas City Telephone Company.

Dan Davison was seen at the picnic riding the merry-go-round, with his countenance a solid mass of smiles. The only inducement he would accept to dismount from his hobby horse, was an ice cream cone.

Eddie Frohm, of the tank wagon department, is getting in trim for a battle with Jack Connor, middleweight champaion of the Y. M. C. A. Eddie wants his freinds to know in time so they can be on hand with flowers—a boquet if he wins and a wreath if he loses. The battle will be fought on August 1 at Convention hall. (Dempsey take notice.)

Miss Wells was seen at the picnic carrying a full suitcase around. Picnics ARE rather dry things some times, aren't they, Miss Wells?

The horseshoe game scheduled for the picnic, was either played under cover, or called off. Due to the scarcity of horses in these parts there is a terrible horseshoe famine at present and perhaps sufficient number of shoes could not be procured for the occasion.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

The girls of the La Crosse office enjoyed a shower at Pettibone Park, Tuesday evening, June 28, given in honor of Mrs. George Marti (nee Ella Womeldorf), a bride of two weeks. Some of the girls indulged in a plunge in the Mississippi while others were interested in other sports. Mrs. Marti was presented with several pieces of cut glass after which a delicious lunch was served and the party dispersed wishing the honored guest a long and happy married life. On June 15, immediately after Miss Ella Womeldorf changed her name to "Marti," the office force was treated to a large box of candy which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. Marti has returned to her desk after spending a brief honeymoon in Iowa.

Mr. J. H. Lambert, manager has gone to Chicago where Mrs. Lambert submitted to a serious operation. We all join in wishing her a speedy recovery.

Mr. E. R. Remp spent the week of June 12 at Red Wing, Minn., and Chippewa Falls, Wis., on service station sales promotion work.

Miss Alice Ortwein spent a most delightful vacation at Minneapolis and Tonka Bay, Minn. We have heard some good fish stories but she reports having caught 24 before breakfast.

Two new stations have been added to the La Crosse Division: Bangor, Wis., Mr. Roy F. Ruland, agent; Fairchild, Wis., Mr. Walter W. Zank, agent.

Mr. J. E. Monegan, assistant manager, attended a manager's meeting in Minneapolis, Friday, June 24.

Mr. A. J. Goddard, district superintendent of the western field, visited the La Crosse office, Monday, June 6.

Mr. C. B. Bullis, district superintendent of the northern field, visited the La Crosse office, Friday, June 10.

Mr. H. O. Daugherty, of Chicago, visited the La Crosse office, Tuesday, June 7.

Miss Estelle Teugel was transferred from the Dubuque division to the La Crosse office. She entered upon her new duties June 13 as stenographer to Mr. S. L. Levy, district superintendent of the southern field.

Mr. E. R. Remp left Tuesday, June 14, for Red Wing, Minn., and Chippewa Falls, Wis., to boost service station sales at these points.

John Benesh of the iron barrel department, has been transferred to the saleswriting department to succeed Zita Knothe, who resigned June 15.

V. D. Camp has been appointed agent at Blooming Prairie, Minn., to succeed L. A. Smith.

Helen Ferguson has just returned from a week's vacation at her home at Mauston, Wis.

The fourth meeting of our Social Club will be held Monday, July 11, at Pettibone park in the form of a wiener roast. A special feature of the evening will be a dance in the pavailion. They say there are no lights in Pettibone park in the evening.

Our in-door baseball team is doing well. The last game was played at Copeland Park; the score was 14 to 2. The other fellows had 14.

Sprained ankle must be the latest—Nettie Huttenhow, Linda Lubs, Alice Ortwein and Mr. Hale have been suffering with them.

Ellen Wood is using Red Crown in her bicycle now and has no trouble winning a race with our competitors.

Harold Pardis has just returned from Canby, Minn., where he attended the wedding of his sister.

With the Standard Oil and other local concerns operating under the daylight saving law and movie houses and other places of amusement under standard time, peculiar conditions develop—longer evenings and less time to sleep.

Wanted—Some one to guard Jack Rubin's chair during the hours he is absent from the office.

In gossip from the refineries we read of "boils" trying the patience of Whiting employees. Cold sores are the little pet peeve of the La Crosse office. We are open to suggestions as to a quick, sure cure.

We put her over in a far corner with a mahogany fence around her and hoped to have her for keeps, for Florence Young is one our stars in stenography to say nothing of her genial personality and wining ways. Recently she displayed a diamond. Congratulations poured in and excited inquiries as to when the big event was to take place, brought the answer "Not right away." (That will help some, Florence.)

MANKATO, MINN.

The Red Crown club, composed of the Mankato employes of the Standard Oil Company, held its annual picnic Saturday, June 18, at Joe Hardegger's beautiful Point Pleasant resort on Lake Jefferson. The club members and their families, to the number of about 200, left the company's office at 8:00 o'clock in the morning, the big equipment and commissary truck having preceded them. Those who were fortunate enough to procure room in the big Reo speed wagon bus, furnished by A. G. Lewis of the Minneopa garage, report a most comfortable ride. The kittenball game was played at 10:00 o'clock, according to schedule, between the Red Crowns and the Polarines, the latter winning by the close score of 15 to 18 before a huge crowd that packed the hillside. The new bath houses, just completed by Hardegger, were in great demand all day long, a jolly crowd of swimmers filling the ideal beach from early morning until late at night. Mrs. Sophie Anderson, chairman of the "eats" committee, and her efficient assistants, the girls from the office, served both dinner and supper in wonderful style, the preliminary work being done by the wives of the men of the Red Crown club. The members of the club are very appreciative of the many kindnesses extended by Mr. Hardegger and his men, who did everything in their power to make the visitors comfortable.

M. H. Chesbrough, assistant manager of the Mankato division, spent Monday and Tuesday, June 6 and 7, in Faribault and Martin counties, spending some time in Winnebago, Minn. While in Winnebago Mr. Chesbrough had an interesting visit with Mr. W. W. Howe, former commission agent at that point. Hr. Howe, who is now over 87 years of age, speaks with great pride of his 30 years of service with the Standard Oil Company (Ind.), and it was with distinct delight that Mr. Chesbrough listened to Mr. Howe recount his experiences of former years with the greatest company. Mr. Howe retired from active service with the company in 1912, and is now on the annuity list, still a true Standard Oil Co. (Ind.), booster in heart and spirit.

The district superintendents of the Mankato division, R. E. Scott, F. A. Sackett, C. S. Farrell and G. A. White, met with Manager H. A. Monson and Assistant Manager M. H. Chesbrough on Saturday, June 11. The superintendents all report that business conditions in Southern Minnesota are brightening up and confidence of the buying public is increasing daily. Crop conditions were reported as excellent, all indications pointing to a bumper crop and an early harvest, small grain being further developed than usual for this season of the year.

Miss Grace Lane, stenographer in the sales promotion department, was married on June 8 to Mr. W. Pierce Jones, of Rush River, Minn. The parties and showers extended to Miss Lane by the office force and friends were too numerous to put on record here. Miss Lane had been with the company for four years and we firmly believe that Standard Oil Company business will advance by leaps in the vicinity of Rush River when Mrs. Pierce Jones gets settled.

The office force of the Mankato office has two kittenball teams entered in the Mankato Amateur Athletic Association tournament which opens June 12. W. P. Scherer, sales promotion department, and president of the Athletic Association, called the men of the office together and they elected D. L. Ling and H. G. Anderson captains of the Red Crowns and Polarines respectively. Practice commenced immediately and, from the initial speed shown, the Standard Oil Company teams should stand high at the end of the Twilight League season.

The Mankato Amateur Athletic Association opened the kittenball season auspiciously on Monday, June 10, when the Polarines of the Mankato office force decisively defeated the Ardees of the Hubbard Milling Company by the score of 20 to 2 A large crowd attended the opening game, which was marked by the excellent sportsmanship which prevailed.

On Tuesday, June 13, the Red Crown team of the Mankato office met and defeated the Little Giants of the Little Giant Manufacturing plant, by the close score of 15 to 18. Hard hitting AND COMEDY fielding featured the game on both sides

R. E. Nuebel caused much adverse comment by striking out at a most inopportune moment but we'll forgive him—he saw a customer for a coupon book in the crowd and didn't want to lose him.

The Polarines and Red Crowns met on Tuesday, June 21, for their regular game in the official schedule and the Polarines romped away with the game to the top-heavy tune of 26 to 9. No alibies were offered. Says Captain D. Ling of the Red Crowns: "The best team didn't have a chance."

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A picnic-dance of Standard Oil proportions was held at Bass Lake recently. It was given by the Red Corwn Social Club and was attended by about 150 employees. After a delightful supper the married and single men played a game of kittenball. The married men won four to one, due principally to the sensational fielding of Mr. Cochran and the speedy base running of Mr. Brown. Other things that contributed to the married men's success was Jim Connolly's head work, Eckman's major league catching, Tom Keenan's Alexander—like pitching and P. C. Dickey's good judgment in permitting somebody else to catch the flies. Some one gave Joe Huckenpoehler, the umpire, a bottle of Minnehaha pale just before the game and Joe had a hard time keeping his eye on the ball. Henstschall, the salesman, was also among the "also played." After the game everybody danced. An old fashioned square dance, called by Mr. Shaugnessy of the warehouse force, was the hit of the evening. A most pleasant surprise was sprung on us when Mr. Vincent brought Mrs. Vincent to the picnic. Everybody was surely glad to know that Mrs. Vincent is well again and getting along so nicely. This picnic-dance without question was the biggest and most successful ever given by the Red Crown Social Club. Another event of this kind is being planned which will even eclipse the last one.

A meeting of the northern division managers was held at the West Hotel in Minneapolis, Friday, June 24. It was reported that all of the managers were enthusiastic over the outlook for the sale so Standard Oil products in the northern division. Mr. Carter, our assistant general manager from Chicago, presided over the meeting.

The summer term is on at the university and all the school "marms" are here from the country. All of the men are eating at the university NOW.

Miss Ankerson and Miss Napier have a cottage at Lake Minnetonka. One night recently Tyl thought the lake was coming in on her, but in reality it was only raining—through the roof.

Sending in three, four and five 029's in a day is almost getting to be a habit in the Minneapolis division. Each salesman is on his toes and the result has been some big orders. W. W. Johnson, H. E. Hoglund and C. E. Keith had big banner days.

Haskell made a pretty display of our products in a large hardware store on Western avenue and now all of the other city salesmen are trying to outdo him.

Over 200 players shot off the tee in the qualification round for the Red Crown cup at the Glenwood Golf Course. The Red Crown trophy is causing more talks in golf circles than any other cup that has been up for play.

One of our employees in a fit of curiosity wanted to find out just how well Red Crown gasoline was known. "Did you ever hear of Red Crown?" he asked the first party and got this reply, "Did you ever hear of Christopher Columbus"? To the second party he asked the same question and got this reply, "Did you ever hear of Jack Dempsey? That was enough. We will furnish this party's name on request.

Miss Adeline Hongger, stenographer in the construction department, was the "guest" at a party given recently in her honor at the home of Mrs. Noyes, west shore of Lake Calhoun. Adeline said "Yes, Arsur," and the consequence was a marriage June 25. About thirty girls from the office attended the party and Adeline was given two beautiful polychrome candle sticks. We understand the marriage went through smoothly and Adeline wasn't scared at all. Her name now is Mrs. Arthur Dessler, and under that flag we wish her health, wealth and happiness. What more could a bride ask?

When Joe DeRome stopped chewing Climax tobacco, four others also stopped.

Heine Luedtke, salesman, was laid up recently with a case of poison ivy. Heine says he got it while putting up Red Crown signs. Under those conditions, Heine, it is O. K.

Heine Luedtke pulled a good publicity stunt at Long Prairie, Minn. Heine induced all drivers in the motor races to use Red Crown gasoline and Polarine oils. A small sign announcing this was erected directly in front of the grandstand and it was also announced to the 4,000 people present. No doubt, the sales at Long Prairie will increase.

Mr. Hunt, city salesman, just to prove that he can do business while on the move sold a coupon book to a stranger on a street car.

Mr. Cochran, our manager, and Mr. Freyberg, district superintendent, spent several days in Mr. Freyberg's field in Wisconsin. They visited many stations and had talks with each agent. Mr. Cochran was very enthusiastic with the prospects in the eastern division of the Minneapolis field. Our plant has taken on the appearance and action of a real live pulsating organization. The new machine shop is modern in every respect and will perit Mr. Dickie, the equipment superintendent, to keep Standard Oil trucks in tip-top shape. Many improvements have been made which have added to the convenience and pleasure of the employees.

The Lake Street Association of Commerce held a three day celebration. In the big truck parade the most conspicuous representation was the Standard Oil company, and how those trucks did shine! Many complimentary remarks were heard from spectators regarding the appearance of our trucks and drivers.

Gust Lenns, service station attendant in St. Paul has no use for gypsy fortune tellers. It recently cost him $10.00 to have a fortune told, although he thought he was paying only 25 cents.

H. J. Bomford was with us for a few days. Mr. Bonford says "The Minneapolis division employees are 100 per cent Standard Oil;" also said we had some of the prettiest girls in the division. We knew it, Mr. Bomford, but a verification from you is appreciated.

PEORIA, ILL.

Mr. H. M. Bader, bookkeeper, is the proud father of a brand new 8-pound baby, born June 2. She has been named Mary Jane. Here's hoping that ere long she will win the coupon book campaign.

Bob Watson, our popular mail clerk, is suffering from sunburn. He took a bicycle ride to Manito, Ill., a distance of about 25 miles, to accomulate a coat of tan, but the sun back-fired and he came home with lots of blisters on his neck. A heavy application of ivory white petroleum put the smile

back on Bobby's face and he is now our greatest booster for petrolatum.

Oliver Hurst, our mail clerk, was slightly injured when he fell off his bicycle on his way to work on June 17. The said Oliver was practicing "loop-the-loop," an act he was intending to put on for the Elks' Frolic here. No bones were broken and hurt outside of his disposition.

Mr. Marion Francis Worley, assistant chief clerk is contemplating a trip to the lakes on his summer vacation, with the intention of regaining the hair he lost in 1912 while on his honeymoon. Really, girls, he's a handsome man, but when that baldness gets covered up—Oh! Oh! words will fail to express it.

Milan Veeder, one of our tankwagon drivers, is enjoying camping life up the river. Mr. Veeder's cottage is close by the I. V. Y. Club where he can take advantage of the club's beach. Mrs. Veeder had a weather-eye on Milan as the costumes and nymps in that locality are rather catching.

Mrs. Irene Taylor resigned her position in the clerical department on June 6, after having been with the company for some time. Mrs. Taylor will devote her time in the future to baking chocolate cakes for Lynn and on account of her winning disposition will be greatly missed at the office.

Swimming is a popular sport among the girls and boys of the Peoria office. (Pictures?—*Ed.*) Quite a few parties have enjoyed the cooling dampness after a strenuous day at the office. The last stag swimming party took place on June 15, and the following "Apollos" playing tag with the fish: R. L. Waugh, Harry Lessig, E. E. Forney, J. J. Sherwin, P. C. Hanson, M. F. Worley, W. H. Flanagan, W. S. McCready (who acted as chaperon and life-saver).

Ralph Waugh, cashier, is right there when it comes to stepping off the new dances—the Petroleum Toddle being his favorite. Girls, save a Fox-trot for Ralph at our next Standard Oil Company dance or you'll regret it, as Ralph says: "Not speaking boastfully I can keep up with the best of them."

Peoria office employes and members of the SOCO club enjoyed another of their popular events in the form of a picnic supper and dance on June 4, afternoon and evening, at Bradley Park. One of the features of the afternoon was the baseball game between the married and single men. As usual the poor old married men got walloped by a score of 18 to 8. Pete Eberle striking out 36 of them. A very appetizing supper was served at 6:30 at which everyone was on time. An orchestra furnished music thruout the evening at the park pavillion where everyone danced the evening away. (Pictures?—*Ed.*)

Girls, get your eyes peeled! Serk's going to get all dolled up. He has an order in for a couple of new gowns (beg pardon, social error), suits, and if you think clothes don't make the man, try walking down the street without any. Serk is a good looker, and no doubt he will look handsome. He's single, so don't all speak at one time.

Miss Katie Adams is evidently taking a course in professional wrestling and we would suggest that Strangler Lewis look to his laurels. That old saying, "the bigger they are the harder they fall," is all bunk, judging from one of the stunts Katie recently pulled off. How about it, Katie?

The morning issue of a Peoria newspaper has for one of its features, "One Minute Interviews." Recently the following question was asked of various local people: "Shall girls be instructed to wear their skirts longer?" Mr. J. V. Serkowich, the Peoria correspondent for the Stanolind Record was one of the interviewed. His reply to said question ran like this: "They should be instructed not to wear them so long. The cleaners and dyers need the business." Serk means well.

BERT ANNO DIES

Peoria, Ill., July 1.—Mr. B. J. Anno, our agent instructor, died suddenly at East Lynn, Ill., June 13. Mr. Anno, on the previous Thursday, suffered a slight attack of heart trouble, but after the week-end rest at home felt better and started out on his territory early the following Monday morning. After having his lunch at East Lynn he complained of being very weak and friends helped him to a doctor's office, where he died. Mr. J. R. Coleman, manager at Peoria, rushed two men from Peoria by automobile to look after the remains and render any assistance to Mrs. Anno that was possible. The body had been removed from East Lynn to Danville, Ill., when Mr. Phillips and Mr. Battin arrived there, which necessitated an all-night drive on the part of Mr. Phillips and Mr. Battin. Funeral services were held at the Anno home, 1303 South Main street, Bloomington, Ill., and the body shipped to Lincoln, Ill., for interment. Bert Anno had been in the employ of the Standard Oil Company in different sales capacity for about fifteen years and was well thought of by every employe and customer with whom he came in contact. The Standard Oil Company employes sent a beautiful blanket of flowers. The following salesmen acted as pallbearers: Mr. Harley Caldwell, Mr. Perry Barnes, Mr. E. W. Ritchey, Mr. I. W. Hanback, Mr. H. A. Davis, Mr. J. R. Beaver. Other representatives of the Peoria office and field attending were: Mr. C. F. Eberle, district superintendent; Mr. W. I. Wantling, chief clerk, Peoria; Mr. G. F. Phillips, assistant manager, Peoria; Mr. Cruzenberry and Mr. Zinn of Bloomington plant; Mr. F. E. Howard, agent, Farmer City.

Extra: Mr. Chris Ludwig of the warehouse crew went and shaved it off. He did look older in a mustache and it was red and everything. He looks ten years younger now. What's the attraction, Red? Our old friend Hank is growing one so I guess the world is going the right way after all.

The good old summer time has arrived. The birds are singing and Duke has rigged himself all out with a new wool coat designed in long, graceful lines. You know that kind, folks, what make you look like what you ain't. He may look like a preacher but Duke Lessig believes in keeping cool and what's the length of one coat in anybody's life.

Mr. Elmer A. Eberle, of the equipment department, got an order for himself of one marriage license, and was united in marriage to Miss Isabele Harrer, one of Peoria's most beautiful girls, on June 8. The office force, along with their best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Eberle, presented them with a beautiful mahogany clock as a wedding gift. What more would one fellow want, a beautiful bride and a beautiful clock? Here's wishing you both oodles of luck.

It is rumored that we will soon be able to boast of a girl golf champion in our midst. Miss Parkhill will cheerfully answer questions and give suggestions. How about it, Ruth?

Girls, girls, here's your chance. Simon Mayer makes generous offer to teach swimming. By the way, Simon, what will the little flaxen haired girl say about it?

Recent changes and promotions in the Peoria office are as follows: Miss Anna Prager, transferred from the billing department to the iron billing department as assistant to Mr. J. J. Sherwin; Miss Bertha Rimmey, transferred from the accounting department to the record department.

Mr. S. C. Small, former agent at Gridley, has been appointed salesman in that territory, succeeding Mr. G. F. Thompson, who will take the Forrest, Ill., agency.

Mr. John Veeder, formerly foreman of the garage and machine shop at Peoria, Ill., has been promoted to supreintendent of motor equipment of the entire field. John is a thoroughly experienced mechanic and automobile man and we know he will make good in his new position. Mr. C. H. Matthews assumes the position left vacant by Mr. Veeder's appointment.

It is gratifying indeed to the employes of the Peoria office and division to know that another member of our sales force has been selected for promotion in another field—this being the third appointment we have been honored with within the last two years, Mr. M. H. Chesbrough having been made assistant manager at Mankato, Minn., Mr. P. J. Quinlan, elevated from assistant manager to manager at Dubuque, and last week Mr. W. H. Coleman, for a number of years salesman and more recently having charge of the smokestack end at Peoria, being appointed to the position of district superintendent at Saginaw, Mich. These appointments prove to us that hard work and sincere efforts do bring about promotions and advancement for us and verifies to us the statement by Mr. N. R. Grimshaw at our sales meeting in January that only hard work and merit will be recognized. It, therefore, behooves all of us to redouble our efforts and work harder than we have in the past. These promotions also prove conclusively to us that the great company for which we all work, has our interests at heart and our success and future depends entirely upon our own efforts. The appointment of Messrs. Chesbrough, Quinlan and Coleman speak volumes for the ability of our manager, Mr. John R. Coleman, to train and develop salesmen for better positions and advancement with this company. Of course, we all regret losing Mr. W. H. Coleman, as everyone liked Henry both in the company forces and in the city of Peoria, but we are proud indeed of his appointment and that he was selected from the Peoria Field. May the best of good luck follow him in his new work.

Mrs. J. Alice Munea, *forelady* of the stenographic room, Peoria, has returned from her trip to Des Moines, accompanied by her husband, J. Bill Munea. She attended the Shrine convention on the week of June 13. Mrs. Munea was very much taken up with the hospitality shown by the people of Des Moines and reports having had a wonderful time.

Miss Marg. (Sis) Hopkins, steno at Peoria office, is spending her vacation at Dowagiac, Mich. She reports that fishing and swimming are very good and that the mosquitoes are very ambitious.

SAGINAW, MICH.

The Saginaw office enjoyed visits from Mr. N. R. Grimshaw, assistant general manager, and from Mr. Hafer and Mr. P. H. Wilcox, of the auditing department, during the month of June.

We are sorry to lose two of our stenographers at the end of June. Mrs. Osborne leaves us to make her home in California, and Miss Marvel Henderson is going to—well—by the looks of the "sparkler' on her left hand, we judge she is going to become a sailor on the sea of matrimony.

We were glad to hear of the birth of twins to Mr. and Mr. Morris Robinson the early part of June. Mr. Robinson was formerly tank wagon driver at Saginaw, but is now agent at Mt. Morris.

CHEBOYGAN

Monday, June 20, saw the last of the happy days of our office-and-warehouseman, William Frederick Schmidt. Bill, on that fateful day, took unto himself a wife, Miss Anna Bilitzki. After a honeymoon of three days at Petoskey, they have begun housekeeping at the Chimner apartments.

ALPENA

Many questions were being asked as to the reason for the sudden rise in the river, but investigation soon revealed the fact that "Mike" Tomczak, warehouseman, had again dooned his bathing suit. "Mike" balances the scales at 215 pounds.

Since "Joe" LaLonde, our night watchman, has become a member of the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan, he has plotted out a space on the warehouse grounds, and artistically arranged the words "Red Crown Gasoline" and "Polarine Oil" in the miniature park. We think "Joe" is considering this as his final resting place.

The slogan "Have you plenty of Polarine" and "I will fill your radiator" have become so much a part of the attendants at Alpena, that Frank Rousseau, of Service Station 37, recently tried to fill the radiator on a Franklin car.

Earl J. Murch has entered the employ of this company at Alpena as warehouseman, succeeding F. Rousseau, transferred to Service Station 37.

Louis LaFlure has been transferred from Service Station 37 to cashier at the Alpena office.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Mr. T. R. Dawson has been appointed district superintendent with headquarters at Springfield, Mo., and succeeds Mr. Erzinger, who has been transferred to the Kansas City division.

Mr. C. R. Ewing has been appointed agent, Joplin main plant, to succeed Mr. T. R. Dawson.

During the hot summer evenings, on week days, especially, swimming parties are quite the vogue with the office force. (Pictures?—*Ed.*) Various pools in the city are visited. However, Bob Quain has a preference for the Lorelei. Johnny says she can swim so much better there.

Miss Mae Le Faivre and Frank W. Koecher, our general clerk, were married on June 16th. The wedding was a quiet affair on account of the recent death of the bride's mother. After the ceremony, supper was served, only the immediate relatives attending. The bride and groom will be at home at 1465 Goodfellow after July 1st.

Tempus fugit—however in this instance, it was carried home by Mr. Koecher. All of Frank's co-workers derived much pleasure in presenting him with a handsome eight-day clock, and a pair of silver candlesticks.

K-K-K Katie! Here's wishing you success. I know you'll have it for you have the spirit known as "championship stuff."—Sincerely, G. B. Hill.

Mrs. Claudia Dorrance, stenographer in the district superintendent's office at Jefferson City, intends to supply the Stanolind Record with "peppy" gossip about our J. C. bunch in the near future. When can the news be expected, Claudia?

Roberta Jones, of the card record department, spends her Sundays at Dupo, Ill. No doubt she and Harry have a wonderful time, as it is difficult for her to keep awake the following Mondays. Next time, Bobby, make your trip on Saturday.

Mr. Burnett, of the checking department, says it is the Webster Groves Local that causes him to show up late occasionally. You've got the right idea, Tommie. Never place the blame on the fair ones, if you want to get along *with* them.

O. J. Terschulse, service station agent, Washington, Mo., was married on June 21 to Miss Hoelscher. After the ceremony at the church, a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride. "Ott" has recovered from his attack of "nerves" and Red Crown customers comment on the speed he has shown lately.

Aug. Luebbers, salesman, is having designs made for a houseboat, and intends to have one built, if he and family are forced to move again.

It is indeed a pleasure to report that our former credit man, W. S. Wittmond, who left us on account of ill health about May 1, is recuperating. Bill is spending the summer in the country, where the nights are cool, and the "eats" fresh and plentiful.

"Stew" Butler had a real poker party while his wife was in New England. No objection was made by the police, as most of the players were Standard Oil Company salesmen and 'twas a long way to pay day.

Now that our coupon book contest is over, Louis Schmidt will have to chase around and find a new excuse when late in the morning. Every time "Smithy" was late during the campaign, he said he was delivering a coupon book.

It might be of interest to *some* to know that our assistant cashier, Ratz, while on his vacation, secured possession of considerable real estate. His temper, a new suit, and that "pee wee" straw were completely "mussed up" when he tried to emulate an elephant and push a Ford up a hill during a rain storm. Spinning "rears" and real wet Red Bud clay make a good combination to make black suits gray. Clarence still remembers some of the cuss words he used on the trip.

The winning team in the coupon book contest, Mr. Kelley, captain, was presented with an ornate and much decorated waste paper basket, containing a box of especially selected candy—a gift from the captains of the losing teams. Mr. Skinner, campaign manager, in a very neat speech, made the presentation. The entire office force enjoyed the little by-play and gave Kelley and his team mates "the glad hand."

Mr. N. H. Reed.—Take notice. H. J. Bemis was overheard to say recently that it was his intention to put on heavier clothes, in view of the cold weather in St. Louis. This sounds bad for old Chicago weather.

Mr. L. W. Cameron, assistant manager, at St. Louis, has decided to request the Board of Directors of the Missouri Athletic Association to omit banana splits from the menu hereafter when Mr. R. G. Stewart and N. H. Reed are in town. (What's the yarn?—*Ed.*)

Jane Denehey says: "Divil a bit do I care what gasoline my swateheart uses." Bemis should look into this matter at once.

Elmer J. Wieham, formerly service station superintendent at St. Louis, has been promoted to general salesman, with headquarters at Montgomery City, Mo.

Alex. Mitchell has succeeded Elmer J. Wiehan as service station superintendent in the city of St. Louis.

Miss Armstrong's lucky number is 300,777. Ask her why.

Friend "Slewfoot" Schoknecht recently had quite an experience while enroute from the twelfth floor of the Syndicate Trust Building to the ground floor. It seems a little lady stepped into the elevator just ahead of Slew and with his usual free and easy manner Slew threw his arms around her and said, "I know its O. K. to put my arms around this little lady, because she's one of our girls." Thereupon the little lady remarked from the depths of his arms, "Excuse me, Sir, but I don't work for the Standard Oil Company." The free and easy manner vanished, a dull red spread over Slew's face, everybody in the elevator laughed, Slew's arms relaxed their hold, and tipping his chapeau politely, he apologized thusly: "I am *so* sorry and I indeed humbly b-e-g y-o-u-r p-a-r-d-o-n.' Another roar of laughter from the passengers—another red flush on Slew's face—and the funny part of it all was that the young lady in question *was* one of our own sweet girls.

"Arkansaw" Ray Hotto was so enthused over the Dempsy-Carpentier fight that two-thirds of his salary check was put in the hands of betting commissioners. The boy from Arkansas hills is sadder and wiser and financially poorer since he made the bet, to wit: That Carpentier would not be physicall able to answer the bell for any round, up to and including the 12th. Lloyds, Limited, of England, please take notice.

Yes, Florence, J-o-h-n-n-i-e is an engaging way to spell the name, and is short for John—however, when you know him real well, you might call him Ah-hem, Jack.

Mr. E. L. Kachelhoffer visited our office recently. We are always glad to see our old friend. The country air certainly agrees with E. L. K.

SIOUX CITY, IA.

Mr. Thayer and Mr. Leonard attended a managers and assistant managers meeting at Minneapolis last week.

Mrs. Tinder is back from her vacation, having motored down to Pittsburg, Kan., her former home. Reports a fine time.

Jeanette Harrington is spending two weeks at the Harrington farm.

Mr. Elster was a week-end caller at Sioux Falls recently.

Mr. Chilson attended a meeting of sub-station checkers at Minneapolis last week.

Mrs. Clemens is wearing the smile of happiness these days, her daughter Ruth having returned from Council Bluffs for the summer holidays.

We were sorry to learn of the death of the little nine months old daughter of Mrs. Pence, formerly Wanda Perry of this office, who is a sister of Mrs. McCuddon, and daughter of Dell Perry, our veteran truck driver.

The picnic at Saunders brought out a large crowd, a rainbow of bathing suits (everybody laugh), and the best of eats. (Pictures?—*Ed.*)

At Parker, S. D., a country gentleman drove up to our S.S.132 and said to the attendant: "I don't like that Standard Oil gas but give me some of that Red Crown gasoline; I like that fine." Our attendant, of course, gave him Red Crown and he went away happy.

Assistant Chief Clerk Peterson was called home last week by the serious illness of his father, at Minneapolis.

Did you hear about the coupon book contest at Sioux City? The girls said they could beat the boys selling coupon books any half-day they would care to tackle it. The boys thought the girls couldn't sell "popcorn at a picnic." The afternoon of May 20 was set for the contest, and the results we are glad to mention. Miss Barnable sold 28 books, Miss McDermott 25, Miss Donegan 20, Miss Kelly 14, Mr. Elster 22, Mr. Schleth 18, Herb Mann 11. Totals for the office were: 192 books sold by the girls, and 133 sold by the boys. The girls also secured 53 new customers and the boys 39 new customers, a grand total of 325 books for the afternoon with 92 new customers. The boys agree that it's up to them to see that the girls get a dinner. Miss Harrington showed her ability as a saleslady while being caught in a heavy storm at North Riverside by soliciting the garage man while it was pouring down. The result was that she placed 13 coupon books while the rest were watching it rain. Good for you, Jeanette.

George Swanson, of the bookkeeping department, invited the office force out to his cottage for a picnic. The crowd was due to arrive at 6:00 o'clock but was detained by a terrific thunder storm just before they reached his place. They sure were a bunch of drowned rats. After the storm they managed to reach the cottage and the surprise of the evening was that fact that all the "eats" were perfectly safe and unharmed from the storm. Aside from getting wet everyone had a very jolly time. Lots of eats for all, and to say that George has the finest place to entertain a large crowd is putting it mildly. Mr. J. L. Carter, being in the city, joined the bunch.

Mr. W. O. Dixon, of the Chicago office, was a pleasant caller at the Sioux City office for a few days recently, in the interest of equipment.

Mr. B. M. Burt, of Chicago, was with us recently for a few days, in the interest of construction in our field.

One of the most interesting visitors that we have had in Sioux City for many days was Mr. E. Taylor, who gave us his steriopticon lecture on the manufacture of gasoline. Every picture and every line of his lecture was educational and interesting and certainly the employes of the Sioux City office and sales force are indebted to him.

Mr. Thayer returned yesterday from a few days' trip over our field, looking after construction work in progress, especially some of our new filling stations.

Thursday evening at 6:00 the girls of the office, who showed the boys how to sell coupon books, were given their dinner. The dinner was served in our office dining room (the best little dining room in town), and served by the boys. Mrs. Cowle prepared the dinner in her usual splendid manner, and everyone reports that the eats were "just fine." Miss Weed was called on to tell how she managed to sell her books. Miss Barnable explained her troubles on that day, and Miss Kelly told how she turned the trick. Ben Werner told his experiences and Mr. Elster, who won first prize, also responded. Mr. Thayer and Mr. Leonard gave us short talks. Herb Mann, Gus Rath and Jack Carter hold all honors as rapid dish washers, washing everything fast and furious without breaking any. We will be looking for them at the next dinner.

Mr. Leonard and Mr. Burt visited several points in our South Dakota territory last week. Station and construction work at the various places were inspected.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Gena Murphy and Emma Ireland were overheard one day discussing "How to be Happy, Though Married." Said Gena—"If a man loves a woman he will give up smoking for her sake—but if she loves him she won't ask it." "Well," said Emma, "probably more girls would be willing to tackle the cook stove if they could jerk it around with a steering wheel."

Elsie Coutour always wears a veil when she goes motoring with Delcamp. On the way out to Hudson Lake one night Del. whispered: May I kiss your hand?" Elsie removed her veil "No," she said, "I have my gloves on."

Our worthy tank car clerk, L. G. Hug, says that in the future he will drive his father's car between midnight and 4:00 A. M., when the "Eyes of the Law" are closed in peaceful slumber—fines for stalling traffic on the main boulevard come high these days. What did the judge say, Les?

Miss. Mamie Gibbons, stenographer in the order department, has returned from a week's vacation, spent at Culver, Ind.

If ever the "Sky Blue Law" goes into effect, it's going to be pretty hard on Charlie Maggert, for he won't be able to run over to the grocery store on Sunday morning in his bath robe.

Now that the Bullards have a new Overland sedan, Mrs. Bullard has taken to driving just like a duck takes to water; only she seems to like to bump into other cars parked along the curb.

During the coupon book campaign, the girls stopped at naught. Catherine Strantz came very near giving Louie McGann an order for her casket, to get him to buy a book, but no luck. The service station across from Louie's beat her to it.

Miss VanAkin called on John Mandish one evening and sold him a book, but the next morning Miss Van was missing at the office. We're wondering if Mr. Mandish "set 'em up."

Some folks are just naturally lucky. They're home sick for just half a day and right away they

get flowers from their friends. Ask Howard Blohm how he liked the bouquet sent him on the morning of June 14. That was some party, eh, Howard?

We understand that George Gale, of the specialty department, attended a "Blue Law" meeting one night. The speaker, nearing the end of a lengthy discourse, shouted: "I want woman's dress reform—I want cigarette smoking reform—I want moving picture reform," when George was heard to say, in a bored tone, —"What you NEED is 'chloroform'."

Miss Florence Mountjoy, stenographer in the specialty department, is enjoying a two weeks vacation.

WICHITA, KAN.

Cecil Abrams has joined the iron barrel department as the new steno.

Cora Westfall, former coupon clerk, and Fred McDonald, former salesman, tumbled into the matrimonial sea recently. Surprised most of us but we are glad they fell in.

Clark Wisley, shop, extracted a lot of sympathy from his freinds until they learned that he was wearing that bandage on his head just to keep his hair out of his eyes when working on "tin lizzies."

"Doc" Cave, warehouse superintendent, recently made a flying trip through the east. As he wouldn't tell us a word when he came back, this "write-up" ends here.

D. M. Harwood, repairman, had his leg broken by a Missouri Pacific train near Oxford. He is in the hospital at Winfield recovering.

From Garden City comes the news that a son has been born to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Johnson, date of the happy event being June 12. Mr. Johnson is attendant at Service Station 93. Mother and babe are doing fine.

John Burley, formerly of the order department, has a new boss. Cards are out announcing that Miss Olive Champion assumed command at Newton, Kan., on Monday, June 20. These young people are "at home" in Rolla, Mo., where Mr. Burley is taking a lubricating engineer's course.

Word has been received that Roy Wylie, who left the office April 15 for Wyoming, has been enjoying some real mountain trout fishing and hunting big game in that state Roy has a shack built on his claim and is expecting a Wyoming lassie to go into a life partnership with him. Success to you, Roy.

A. O. Martin, cashier, and family, visited his sister, Mrs. Dr. Brown, and friends in Kansas City recently.

J. H. Black, bookkeeper, has been ill for about ten days.

Miss Avis Bowdre, cashier's cage, received a fine bouquet of jasmines a few days since. Who is the giver, Avis?

Notwithstanding the fact that we give a hearty welcome and loyal support to our new manager, Mr. Qunilan, it is with deep feeling of sadness that we bid "Van" good-bye. Our best wishes in all his future endeavors follow him.

* * *

"I want some intelligent men as hospital orderlies," announced Lieut. Worley. "Any pharmacists in the company?"

A flaxen-haired individual shuffled forward.

"Ye gods!" said the lieutenant, "are you a pharmacist?"

"Shure ay bane pharmersis," was the indignant reply. "Vy ay bane work on pharm all mae life."

TO THE WORTHLESS

Don't work till you're weary; you always can quit—
If your job is too tedious, forsake it;
Some fellow that's filled with a little more grit
Is always quite willing to take it.
He'll do all your work and a little bit more,
And grin and keep on when he's tired,
Without getting grouchy, or peevish or sore,
And he'll land in your job when you're fired.

Don't spend all your time at the beck of a boss—
If his orders annoy you, why, stop;
Some other fellow will come right across
And do all the work in the shop.
He'll settle right down to a gruelling grind
And do things that you wouldn't try,
And if you observe him you'll presently find
That he'll be the boss, bye and bye.

Don't wear out your life in an effort to rise—
It is easy to stay where you are;
But just keep your eyes on the fellow that tries,
And you'll find he can go pretty far.
And maybe his name and his fame will adorn
Full many a newspaper headline
On the same cold and frosty and unhappy morn
That you take your place in the bread-line.

—*Exchange.*

* * *

Willie: "Pop, what are 'ancestors'?"

Father: "Well, I'm one of yours, your gran'dad is another."

Willie: "Oh, I see. But why is it that folks brag about them?"—*New York Globe.*

* * *

"Darling, I've made up my mind to stay at home."

"Too late, George—I've made up my mind to go out."

* * *

Doctor: "Your boy is all right. All he needs is a little soap and water."

Anxious Mother: "Before or after meals, sir?"

* * *

Know where you're goin', and keep movin'.

DES MOINES S. O. GIRLS ENTERTAIN SHRINERS

Des Moines, Ia., July 1—"You boys go home; girls, come and dance," were the orders of the Tangier Patrol of Omaha who furnished delightful music and entertainment Wednesday, July 15, in front of the Standard Oil office in the Capital City Bank building, the second day of the Shrine conclave. You can safely bet that the Shriners of the United States left Des Moines with a warm spot in their hearts for the Standard Oil Company for the girls sure got busy entertaining them. Note pretty Hilda Summers, newly acquired prima donna of the Dubuque office, doing her bit to entertain one of the visitors. Perhaps a romance has been started—only time will tell.

WORRY

Why is it that when there is gravel in your shoe, or something sharp sticking into you somewhere in your clothing, you will remove it as soon as you can, but when something happens which troubles your mind, when you have made some blunder, some bad mistake, which has terribly humiliated you, instead of removing it from your memory, you keep it there?

If men could only once see the fearful havoc, the wearing, rasping, and grinding out of the delicate life bearings caused by the worrying, fretting habit, they could never again be induced to indulge in it. I have seen a strong man so completely exhausted in a few days by the waste of vitality, the shrinkage of brain power, caused by the poison of fear, worry and anxiety, that you would think he had actually been suffering from some malignant disease.

What would you think of a man who, because he had lost a cow, should go and kill his horse? It is an absurd suggestion, isn't it? Yet such a proceeding would be more sensible than for you or anyone else, because of some misfortune or loss, to throw away such precious brain capital and vitality capital, in worrying and fretting over it.—*From New Success.*

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

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ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

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Assistant General Managers

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N. R. GRIMSHAW, Eastern Division

R. G. STEWART, Western Division

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C. W. FLANAGAN, *Assistant Manager*

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W. A. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
AMOS BALL, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

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H. H. KEATING, *Assistant Manager*

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G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

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EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

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P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
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R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

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C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

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H. E. BRUCE, *Assistant Manager*

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CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

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J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

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C. M. VOGLER, *Assistant Manager*

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J. H. LAMBERT, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
W. H. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
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T. D. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

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L. W. CAMERON, *Assistant Manager*

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T. B. CLIFFORD, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
MARTIN KELLY, JR., *Assistant Manager*

"One of the Greatest Economic Problems Is Distribution"

PRESIDENT HARDING in a recent address declared that "one of the greatest economic problems, if not the greatest, is distribution. There can be no doubt of the position of the good roads movement in the solution of the problem. I believe that Federal and State Governments must not only create good roads but they must insist upon the maintenance of good roads. A good road gone wrong is a streak of memorial to neglect and waste. The roads we build must be built for use in the distribution of products rather than for merely pleasure riding. We must foster the use of motor trucks."

The expression of the chief executive of our nation is but a confirmation of the experiences of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) in the conduct of its business.

The problems of distribution are of paramount importance and in effecting this distribution, good roads are a primary essential.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has in operation more than 4000 motor trucks engaged in distributing gasoline, kerosene, and lubricating oils to ultimate consumers in 11 Middle Western States. It is the business of this department to attempt to furnish Standard Oil products to whoever may require them, wherever he may live.

To supplement the tank wagon, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) maintains a net work of service stations, located on the main traveled highways, every few miles in the country and every few blocks in the city.

Through its highly specialized organization, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) manufactures from crude petroleum the three factors necessary to a solution of the problems of distribution.

Stanolind Paving Asphalt for good roads—enduring roads.

Red Crown, the high-grade gasoline, for power—tremendous power.

Polarine, the perfect motor oil, for lubrication—correct lubrication.

In the manufacture of these products, the Company has set as a measure of value, specifications which it believes insure the user the utmost of service at a minimum of expense. Its products are made to exact standards, and these standards are based upon a careful, exhaustive study of the conditions under which they will be used. All are uniform in quality and go to the consumer with the Company's guarantee that they are exactly as represented.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)
910 South Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

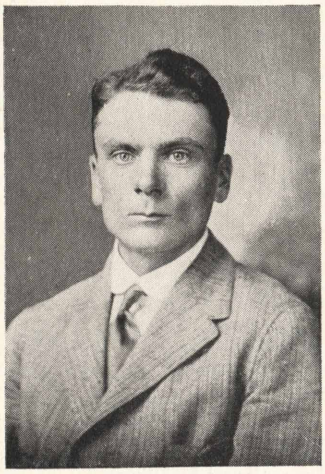
2507

NEWMAN-MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

VOL. 2 SEPTEMBER 1921 No. 11

MICHAEL A. CAULEY
Employees' Chairman, Sugar Creek J.G.C.



A. O. HODGES
Management's Chairman, Sugar Creek J.G.C.

Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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J. E. Evans, *Assistant Superintendent*

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STANOLIND
RECORD

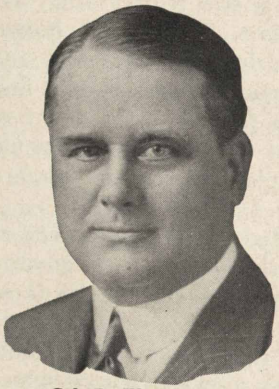
Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
Publication office: 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 2 SEPTEMBER No. 11

COL. STEWART SPEAKS IN PLAIN TERMS

Chief Executive of Standard Oil Company (Indiana), Addressing Bar Association of South Dakota, Declares for Regulation of Big Business When Necessary But Decries Unwarranted Interference

Col. R. W. Stewart, Chairman of the Board of Directors and Executive head of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), on Wednesday, August 3rd, addressed members of the Bar Association of South Dakota at their annual convention at Watertown, S. D. His address, as reported in newspapers of the Northwest and elsewhere, follows:


Col. R. W. Stewart

The growth of governmental bureaucracy and paternalism, unwarranted interference with industry, and the growing tendency in this country to try class legislation as a specific for all economic ills, were denounced here last night by Colonel R. W. Stewart, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), speaking before the Bar Association of South Dakota. He made a plea for less government in business and more business in government.

He declared that "before conditions in the United States can be expected to return to normal, it is absolutely essential that the burden of taxation be reduced and equalized and the only effective way to reduce taxation is to reduce the activities of government and insist on the fullest measure of efficiency."

Colonel Stewart said that he was not attempting to advocate the entirely unrestricted operation of big business; that he welcomed government supervision of industry insofar as it is necessary to prevent all unfair practices, but that he deprecated that class of interference that works harassment to business without serving any good purpose; that "beyond seeing that improper practices are not resorted to and that the necessary burdens of taxation are equally distributed, the government should not lay its clumsy hand of interference on either industry or agriculture."

"The free operation of the law of supply and demand," said Colonel Stewart, "will more fully result in the general average prosperity of the country than any legislation aimed to advance the interest of any particular class."

Colonel Stewart is well known to the legal profession in the Dakotas as he practiced law at Pierre and Huron for years before becoming affiliated with Standard Oil.

"Artificial respiration will not revive agriculture or any other industry of the United States," asserted Colonel Stewart, speaking of class legislation. "Legislation to be effective must be enacted with the sole purpose of helping all the people. No class must by governmental enactment be singled out from the great body of people for special favor. In every instance individual initiative should be given the widest scope consistent with the rights of others.

"Our citizens should remember that every increase of governmental interference, the establishment of every bureau, every

regulation of business, necessarily brings with it an increase in taxes. Bureaucracy has so grown that we are fast drifting into a state where we will have one federal employee for every taxpayer who is not on the government payroll. Every time the farmer, or anyone else, asks for some sort of new regulation or the establishment of some new commission or bureau, he simply helps forward a movement to increase his own taxes.

"The recent outburst of price-fixing and governmental interference with business and private affairs in this country was heralded with all the clap-trap and fine coloring of things professedly new to the wisdom of mankind, yet it is interesting to recall that price-fixing and this same interference with the affairs of the individual were tried and failed in the days of ancient Rome. A great deal that goes under the name of progress is in truth reaction. A great many of the so-called reformers have not read their histories.

"Many movements go under the name of reform when the only thing they stand for is change—generally a change for the worse. There is a certain type of citizen who is ever preaching the doctrine of discontent, holding that the new must be better than the old, the untried better than the tried. They forget that progress in government has ever been a matter of slow growth; they forget also that what it has taken mankind thousands of upward-struggling years to develop may be lost in a day, that overnight, as in Russia, a great people may be plunged into the very abyss of disorganization. The economic nostrums propounded by their leaders as a panacea for the ills suffered by the body politic are not progressive but reactionary. Practically all of them were tried in ancient Sparta with dismal failure, long before the dawn of the Christian era.

"I am a reformer in the sense that I believe in true progress but I do not recognize any man as a reformer whose progressiveness consists merely in the advocacy of the re-establishment of old, and discredited, governmental restrictions and regulations applied to the individual in such a manner as to be a deadening influence upon his initiative.

"In a large way, the only new thing in the theory and practice of government in the past 300 years was the establishment of the representative Republic of the United States of America, and the very genius of our institutions has been the giving of the fullest play to individual initiative. That is what has made our country great; yet the discontented among us seem either to forget, or do not know, that never in the history of the world has there been a nation, comparable to ours in size, where the people, taken as a whole, have been as well fed, as well clothed, as well housed, as well educated and circumstanced in all that goes to make life worth living, as are the people of the United States. This has been accomplished under the Constitution of the United States, and that Constitution is still a breathing, living, vital document, worthy of honor, obedience and the deepest reverence, and those who would tear it down should first be called upon to prove to the point of demonstration that that which they would substitute in its place is a step forward and not backward.

"It was intended by the framers of the Constitution that the federal government should restrict its activities to those things which were of general interest to all the people, and that the states should exercise all of those reserved powers which more intimately affect the daily lives of the people. There has been a great tendency in recent years to break down this limitation and to increase the activities of the federal government by the establishment of departments and bureaus with supervisory powers over all the activities of the individual citizen. Our citizens should remember that every increase of governmental interference, the establishment of every bureau, every regulation of business, necessarily brings with it an increase in taxes.

"We have had a startling exhibition of the government's operation of railroads, resulting in their disorganization, deterioration and inefficiency, and the loss of hundreds of millions of dollars. The railroads, again in the hands of their owners, are making a struggle for rehabilitation and a revival of their former efficiency, and it is

to be hoped that from this time on they will be entirely divorced from politics and political action; for whenever politics gets into business, it takes a heavy toll both in taxes and in a regime of inefficiency.

"In this country we must have liberty, justice and equal rights and opportunities to all under the law. There should be no dividing line of classes. The interests of agriculture and industry are identical. Each gives honest employment and each should reap a fair return. One can not survive without the other, and neither should harbor the idea that it can best serve itself by trying to fasten the main burden on the other.

"The same is true of labor. It is folly for highly paid labor to expect to buy its food at an unduly low price, and when food prices are high and agriculture is earning good rewards, it is unjust to ask labor to work for an inadequate wage. Agriculture is inseparably linked with industry, and the men who are employed in industry, and they must stand or fall together. Neither can suffer without injury to the other, nor can any one or both of them suffer without injury to the entire body of people.

"I am not attempting to advocate the entirely unrestricted operation of 'big business.' I welcome government supervision of industry insofar as it is necessary to prevent all unfair practices, but I deprecate that class of interference, of which we have had too much, that works harassment to business without serving any good purpose. I would like to see justice done for the sake of justice. I would like to see every man and every corporation be permitted without hindrance, to go to the very limit of his or its ability in making this the greatest productive country in the world, so long as in doing so the practices pursued fall within the lines of honesty, justice and fair dealing. Beyond seeing that improper practices are not resorted to and that the necessary burdens of taxation are equally distributed, the government should not lay its clumsy hand of interference on either industry or agriculture."

Speaking of the relationship which should exist between employer and employee, Col. Stewart said:

"In directing the activities of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana I have tried to bring the management and the men close together in, what seemed to me to be, the most natural way. I have gone out among the men and have told them precisely how much the company takes in and how it pays the money out. I think I have been able to give my fellow-workers a clear, and perhaps a more enlightened view of the part played by capital in the carrying on of at least one great industry. There is not a single stockholder in our company who owns more than ten per cent of its capital stock. When I became Chairman of the Board we had 4,600 stockholders. Today we have 19,000 stockholders, and now that we are making it easy for all of the employees of the company to become stockholders we shall soon have 25,000. In four of our plants seventy per cent of all the employees are stockholders of the company.

"We have instituted in our manufacturing plants an Industrial Relations Plan. The employees under this Plan elect their representatives upon a Joint General Committee, composed in equal numbers of these elected representatives and representatives appointed by the management. This committee acts upon such questions as wages, hours of work, working conditions and kindred subjects. By this means the humblest employee has his voice in all questions affecting his employment, has a forum to which he can present any question of injustice and a point of contact is created and preserved between each employee and the management.

"This welding of the employees into the body of the business seems to me to be a good thing for all concerned, including the public. It makes all those who work in the industry a part of it. They share its prosperity. It gives them a broader viewpoint, and I know will make them more thrifty and contented. This natural and unforced co-operation should bring better results than could possibly be produced from any governmental regulation or restriction or any other outside interference.

"There is no panacea for hard times except the panacea of national sanity in governmental matters, supplemented by the determination of the people to put forth to the fullest extent their God-given energy in the productive industries of the

(Concluded on page 5)

RED CROWNS TAKE LEAD AT SUGAR CREEK

Sugar Creek, August 23. By a burst of speed in mid season, the Red Crowns have toppled the Solar Reds from the premier position, which they have occupied for several weeks.

As a result, interest in the Sugar Creek Athletic Association race is running high and a flock of hard fought battles is anticipated during the balance of the season.

The Oleum Spirits team, which has been threatening the league leaders, promises to pull a sensational eleventh hour finish.

It's anybody's battle from now until the flag chase is over.

PLAN FIELD DAY AT WHITING

Preparations are under way, as we go to press, for the Field Day celebration to be held at Whiting, on Labor Day.

After looking over the personnel of the committees in charge, it appears that the success of the affair is assured.

Following are the committees:

D. J. Paskwietz, Chairman
Chas. Groat, President.
C. C. Craswell, Secretary.

COMMITTEES

BOXING AND WRESTLING
Chas. Groat
Ted James
Frank Schlater

DANCING
Chester Schlater
Eugene Grogan
Leo Mulva
Jas. LaPert
Mike McGowan

BASEBALL
Al Bumhour
James W. Burton
Lawrence Fraley

TENNIS FINALS
Chas. Miller
D. M. Brenner
Ragnor Carlson

TRACK EVENTS
F. Glair
M. R. Schmidt
Geo. Watts
Paul Barber
Wm. Eggers
P. J. Sweeney

PUBLICITY
Jas. Griffith
Robert Curtis
D. F. Purdy

MUSICAL
A. L. Meldahl
Geo. Ceiga
Edw. Julier

CONCESSIONS
W. N. Bercaw
C. C. Craswell
Joseph Stanley
W. O. Walker
Geo. Winslow
Ralph White
Jas. T. Parker
Ed C. Gehrke
N. A. Emerson
S. Nicholson

STANOLIND RECORD REPORTERS
R. O. Compton
R. C. Curtis
D. Parks

(Continued from page 3)

country. There is no relief to be found in robbing Peter to pay Paul. Artificial respiration will not revive agricultural or any other industry of the United States.

"The prosperity of the nation, if it depends upon one thing more than another, primarily depends upon agriculture. But many of the regulations designed originally to aid the farmer—devices which were expected to give him cheaper freight rates, by land and sea, or which were expected to furnish him commodities at a lower price—have had the opposite effect and are now embarrassing him as well as working injury to everybody else.

"Legislation to be effective must be enacted with the sole purpose of helping all the people. No class must, by governmental enactment, be singled out from the great body of the people for special favor. In every instance individual initiative should be given the widest scope consistent with the rights of others.

"Speaking now, if I may, as a representative of big business, I would have the people realize that a big country needs big business and big men. If we are to hold our place in the commerce of the world, our government, our people and our business must go hand in hand, each proud of, and glorying in, the strength and prowess of the others.

"There should be no presumption that simply because a man is rich he is bad, or that because a corporation is large it is a malefactor to be crucified. Judge both the individual and the association of individuals by their respective conduct.

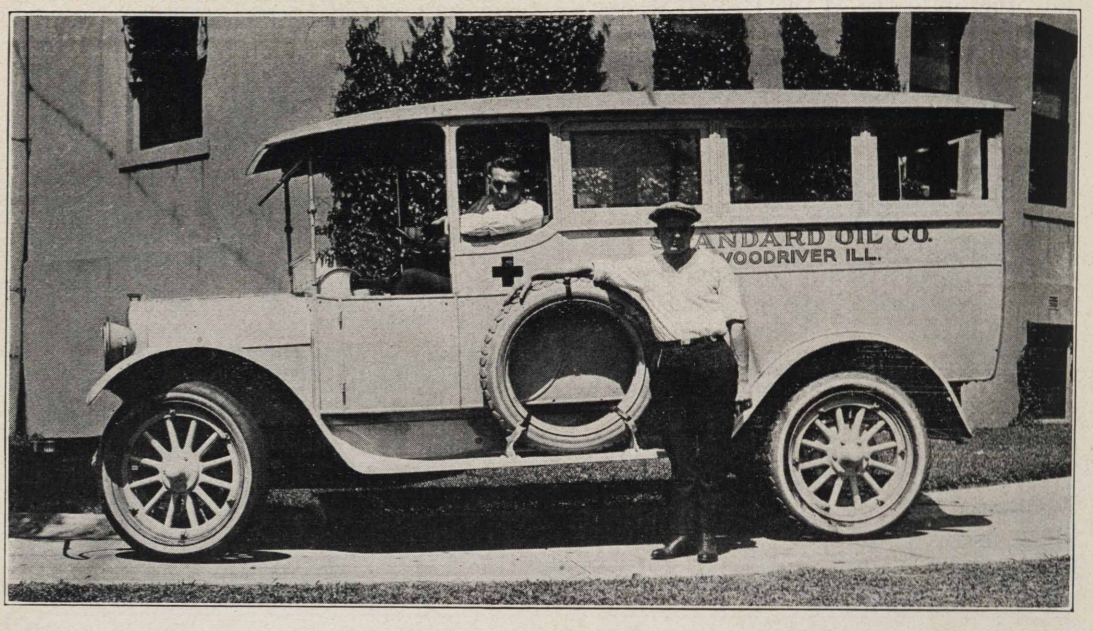
"I believe that the public should realize that bigness is not a crime nor yet a fault, but that it is in every way commendable, and that wealth, honestly acquired, is not a badge of shame but the outward and visible manifestation of that inward vigor and vitality without which there can be no true success.

THE BOARD OF STRATEGY IN SESSION

Joliet's Marketing Committee combines the A-B-C of Success—ability, brains and courage. Left to right: L. O. Brehm, Sales Promoter; C. M. Monson, Assistant-Manager; E. E. Morton, Manager; R. L. Prussing, District Superintendent; J. M. Pohl, Chief Clerk, John Sontag, Joliet Agent; G. B. Ball, District Superintendent; J. S. Connell, District Superintendent.

Here are the District Superintendents of the Western Division, attending a meeting in Chicago, to learn the latest and best methods of selling the "Full Line."

WOOD RIVER REFINERY GETS NEW AMBULANCE



By C. F. HALL, *Safety Director*

A stranger, resplendent and imposing in dress, recently walked authoratively into the plant without going through the preliminaries of obtaining a pass at our portals. In consequence, it was necessary to put Gus Haller, our famous local detective, on the job. Gus immediately trailed said stranger to the new garage. After stealthily sneaking up to the garage entrance, it was found that the stranger had monopolized enough space to house a battleship. Gus' attention was suddenly called to the sign and decoration on the stranger. A red cross and the words "Standard Oil Co., Wood River, Ill." were so prominently displayed on the suit of grey that someone exclaimed, "Halt, Gus! Drop your gun, the new man has been decorated for bravery. See the cross he wears?" Haller, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, approached the stranger who introduced himself as follows: "My name is S. O. Ambulance. My business here is to transport all those who do not heed the lessons of 'Safety First' to the Alton hospital, where they may learn that 'taking chances' never pays.

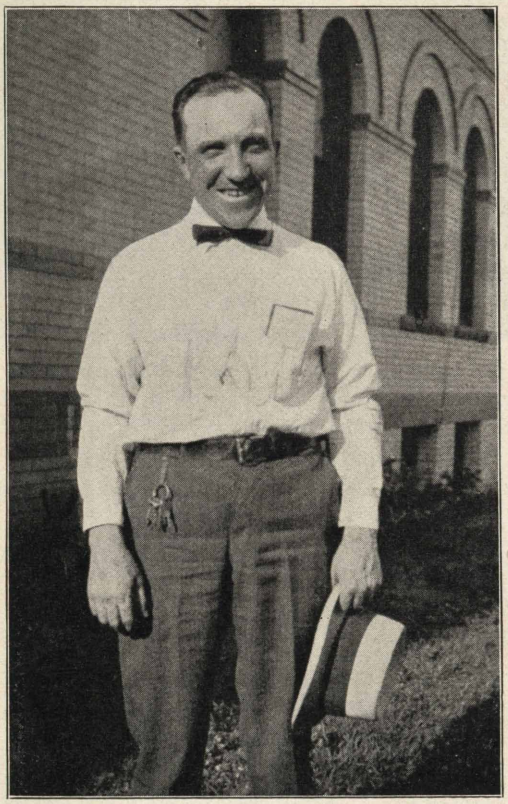
"I have the best of intentions. Although I shall put my best efforts into my work and live up to my duties as a Standard Oil employee, I much prefer to remain in this comfortable garage alongside of Mr. Cadillac. I am not fond of exercise. I do not enjoy speeding over the country roads in order to hurry some poor fellow to the operating table where death may be waiting for him. A poor fellow goes to work in the morning with all the confidence in the world, with prospects bright and rosy, with a happy family—a wife and three kiddies at home, and then before nightfall an accident and a mad rush to the hospital.

"Mr. Ford, your former ambulance, tells me, and I could scarcely believe it, that 90 per cent of your accidents are the result of pure carelessness. He also tells me that the management, the foremen, the First Aid Division and the Safety Department are working overtime trying to make the employees see that Safety should be 'First' and not 'second,' that the 'chance taker' is an undesirable employee and that it is for each employee's own comfort and happiness that he practice to the fullest extent the rules of Safty.

"Give my regards to the other employees, and tell them to 'preach and practice safety all the time' and I'll have my fondest wish realized. For then I can remain in this garage without carrying a message of woe to the homes of those who believe in Safety Second."

Note. If you have not seen the new ambulance, look at it, but resolve never to ride in it. It is at the new garage, and is a great improvement over the past facilities for taking care of the injured. The employees are deeply appreciative of this new service that has been made possible.

IT WON'T WEAR OFF



Mr. R. H. Thomas, known to his hundreds of Standard Oil friends as "Dick," recently left the Fargo office to become lubricating assistant to Mr. R. G. Stewart at Chicago. In addition to taming unruly tractors in the Fargo field, Dick always had time to engineer social stunts for employees and supply the "Record" with the latest gossip from the Northwest.

GARAGE MEN HOLD PICNIC

The picnic of the Chicago Garage Owners Association held at Dellwood Park near Joliet, Illinois on July 27th was voted a decided success. About twenty Standard Oil Salesmen and Office Men attended.

A ball game between the Garage Men and the Associate Members featured, the Associate Members avenging the defeat of last year by slamming out a victory to the tune of 18 to 7.

Utz, Loutitt and Blix of the Standard Oil Company featured both at bat and in the field. Utz pitched a stellar game, letting up toward the end after his teammates had given him a big lead. He also contributed to a large extent in the run getting. Loutitt slammed out a two bagger with the bases full, scoring a few minutes later, himself. Blix got three hits, scoring as many runs, one being a steal of home in the second inning. He also played a bang-up game at third base. Mr. C. F. Hatmaker piloted the team, giving advice from the side lines and rattling the opposition at every opportunity. The game next year is looked forward to with interest as each team now has won a game.

In the various races, Drinan and Blix were the best of the S. O. Co. representatives. Drinan placed second in the tire rolling contest while Blix was second in the free-for-all dash. If any one wants his tires changed, he had better call on Drinan for he has demonstrated his ability in handling them.

Line up of the ball game:

Associate Members		*Garage Association*	
Homes	1st B.	Jacobs	1st B.
Kennedy	R. S. S.	Jacobs	3rd B.
Utz	P.	Emery	C.
Gerwig	L. F.	Jacobs	2nd B.
Bates	C.	Majacka	R. F.
Blix	3rd B.	Gardner	L. S. S.
Marshall	2nd B.	Feltzes	R. S. S.
Loutitt	R. F.	Mashick	C. F.
Cohn	L. S. S.	Grossman	L. F.
Dawkitte	C. F.	Jacobs	P.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Ass'n. Mem	0	7	2	9	0	0	0	18	20	0
Gar. Ass'n	1	0	1	4	1	0	0	7	9	3

JOLIET "CALLS" THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

In the June issue of the Stanolind Record, appeared a picture of the Kansas City Manager presenting to one of the young women of his force, a large and beautiful bouquet. The story accompanying the picture revealed that the flowers were purchased by the Board of Directors for presentation to the employee in question, because of her pre-eminent success in selling coupon books. Her record is fifty-four $10.00 books in two days.

We folks at Joliet think we have a real coupon book champion in Miss Mary McMillan who sold 97 books in a recent Campaign, and respectfully suggest to the Board of Directors that in dispensing their token of appreciation it would appear that they have sent their flowers to the wrong address.

MINERS PRACTICE RESCUE WORK

Carlinville, August 25. These men are practicing the use of new breathing apparatus for use in mine rescue work, fighting mine fires.

With it a man can stay in an unbreathable atmosphere for three hours at a time.

Teams are being trained in their use at present.

The men shown are, left to right: Steve Fontilla, Andy Peters, T. W. Starbuck, Ralph Millhors and John Gempp.

WESTERN DIVISION SUPERINTENDENTS MEET

District Superintendents of the Western Division met in Chicago recently with Assistant General Manager R. G. Stewart. Improved business conditions were reported from all sections of the territory.

MAYBE TEN OF THEM WILL WEAR UNIFORMS

St. Louis, Mo.—These are the rookies of the main office and warehouse. Some of them have showed wonderful ability with the old ball and bat and after a careful selection and much practice it may be that ten men out of the bunch will be fitted with uniforms and placed on the diamond as the St. Louis Standard Oil contribution to the national game.

THE "DO IT NOW" CLUB, PEORIA

The above shows the champion garage and machine shop crew of the Indiana field, located at Peoria, Ill. Their slogan is "Do It Now" and as you see from the picture they are equipped with tools and "raring to go." Reading from left to right: John Veeder, foreman; C. H. Guy Richards, Clarence Gibb, R. E. Kellogg. This crew keeps the equipment going in the entire Peoria Field. They are considered the best mechanics in Peoria.

THE RECORD MAKER

Here is the Cadillac in which Manager E. E. Morton of the Joliet Division made a record-trip of 400 miles in 24½ hours, a short time ago. Mr. John Connors is at the wheel—in fact, he is at the wheel quite frequently, being an expert manipulator of automobiles, and when John drives he always gets in a jam, the crowds gather so fast. Take a Town like Elgin or Rockford, for instance, the folks there used to think that Normal was in session; but now they know it is only John Connors driving through town. Yes, girls, we'll agree, that the combination of Connors and Cadillac is irresistible. Do you see that classy little lantern on the running board? No, Mr. Morton does not use it like Diogenes—to look for an honest man. Its a mighty handy thing for those flying night trips and beats a "spot" hands down.

NOT FIVE BAD EGGS, JUST ONE

Decatur, Ill., July 1—The correspondent who took this picture guarantees the fact that the egg was "bad." From left to right: Mrs. Louis Pensinger, Mr. Louis Pensinger, of the order department; Mrs. Russell White, Mr. Russell White and Mrs. K. B. Gardner, wife of the Stanolind Record correspondent.

* * *

The detail had just arrived near the front lines when the captain looked around and noticed a private, hatless and coatless.

"Where's the rest of your uniform?" he demanded.

"Back where we came from."

"Go back and get it."

The private vanished and later reappeared, correctly uniformed, but without his rifle.

"Where's your gun?"

"Left it back where we came from."

"Listen!" bellowed the captain. "You're a fine soldier. What were you in civilian life?"

"Plumber's assistant." —*American Legion Weekly.*

* * *

"I've borrowed our neighbor's phonograph for this evening."

"Giving a party?"

"No, but I'm going to have one quiet evening at home this winter."—*Boston Transcript.*

HUBBYS' LUNCH BOX

The wives of the men who go to work each morning realize that what they prepare for that noon lunch-box is most important in the health and comfort of their men. Men who are doing hard manual labor need, with their cup of hot coffee at noon, food that is both substantial and appetizing. Some women tell us that they spend as much trouble and time getting up this cold, noon lunch as they would over a hot meal, and they are right to do so. However, they can make their work easier if when planning and cooking the night meal, they prepare something that will go into the next day's lunch-box as well.

This does not mean that the working man who must carry his noon meal should be given "left overs." Far from it. For instance, boiled beef for supper provides first class sandwich filling for the next day

JULIAN ELTINGE HASN'T ANYTHING ON HIM

Parker Dale Dumbauld, eight-year-old son of Mrs. Elsie Dumbauld, cartage department, Wichita division, displays remarkable talent in both music and aesthetic and interpretative dancing. These are some of the costumes in which he has appeared.

There are few hungry men who do not appreciate cold beef sandwiches, but you can make them nicer by adding a chopped and lightly salted white cabbage leaf, chopped green, or sweet peppers, or some thin slices of dill pickle.

Or, suppose you have pie for supper. A cold quarter of it will not be half so nice in the lunch as would a little pie baked in a saucer at the time you bake the big one for the family.

Men who work hard need what we call protein food; of these meat and eggs are the best examples. When you serve an egg with ham you do not need so much ham as when you eat it with bread alone. A fried ham and egg sandwich is both good and hearty. So is a sandwich of crisp bacon and thin slices of hard boiled egg.

The mainstay of the cold lunch is generally meat and bread in the form of sandwiches. For this reason vary the sandwich materials as much as possible. Use different kinds of bread—some days whole wheat bread, homemade brown bread at another time, or a crusty roll in place of the usual slices of white bread. The fillings, too, can be varied and still be hearty. Dry sausage is good, and so is a cold fried sausage slipped inside a nice fresh roll.

With the sandwiches a man needs a relish. There is room in the lunch-box for a small jar with a screw top in which you can put a relish like a cold slaw, or a salad of chopped apples, celery and onions. For some reason many men laugh at salads but at the same time they like them.

Don't forget that the man needs something sweet. Sugar adds energy. Doctors tell us that chocolate is an energizing as alcohol without the bad effects of the latter. That is why it is worth while making good cake for the lunch-box; cake is real food, not only a dessert.

Put up the food daintily. Don't use pieces of newspaper, or even coarse brown paper next to food. Save pieces of clean tissue paper and the waxed paper that comes inside many cracker packages to wrap the different items of food. Keep everything separate and the contents of the lunch-box will not only look better but taste better.—*Santa Fe Magazine.*

* * *

"Is she very pretty?"

"Pretty? Say! When she gets on a streetcar the advertising is a total loss."—*Boston Transcript*

THEY LOST BUT THEY WERE HANDICAPPED

Kansas City, July 1—Here we have our Semdac team. They lost to the Full Line but claim they played under a handicap, as the Full Liners had "rolled 'em" and so had greater freedom of action. But take it from us, both teams are worth going much farther than Fairmount park to see play. Left to right, top row: Thelma Johnson, Anna Wilhelm, Emma Russell, Ruth Downing; center: Lucretia Sloan, Cora Ficke, Eva Wyatt, Nadine Hill; lower: Agnes Walker, manager.

An elderly man was persuaded by one of his sons to go with him to a football game.

The son, intent upon giving his father a good time, had bought two seats in the grand stand.

"Now, said the son, joyfully, "you'll see more excitement for your $2 than you've ever seen before."

The old man grunted.

"I don't know so much about that," he said. "Two dollars was all I paid for my marriage license!"—*Houston Post.*

A gentleman who acts as chauffeur of one of the elevators in the Widener Building in Philadelphia was talking.

"The judge certainly did soak him," he said. "He sentenced him to three years and ten days. Now I understand the three years all right, all right; but what was the ten days for, I'd like to know?"

"That was the war tax," said a quiet citizen who got aboard at the tenth floor.

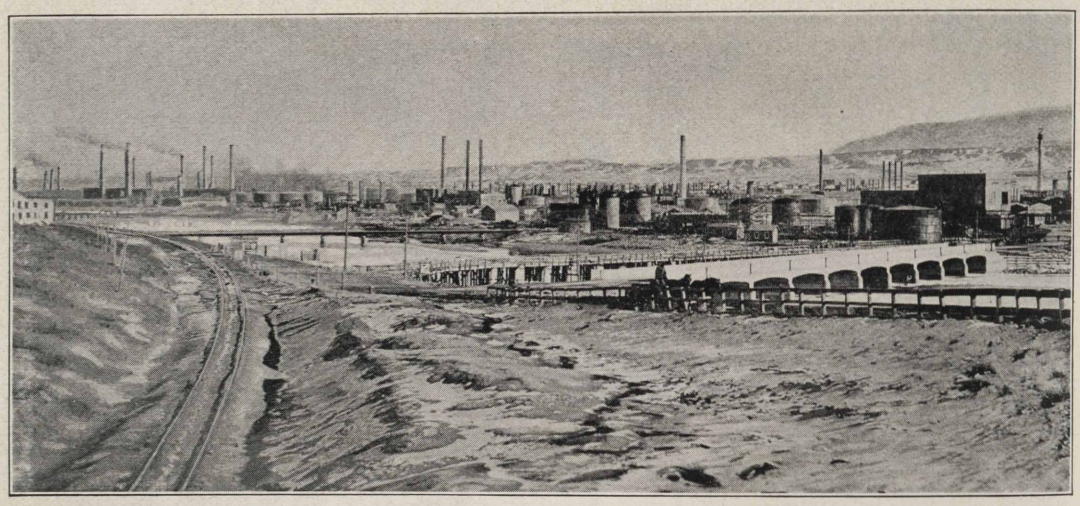
HUM OF MACHINERY SUPPLANTS HUM OF ROULETTE WHEELS

Cow Town, Springing Up Amid Sage Brush of Wyoming, Transformed Almost Overnight from Dot on the Desert to One of the Most Thriving Industrial Centers West of the Mississippi River

By Lewis J. Price, *Timekeeper's Office, Casper Works*
Standard Oil Company (Indiana)

Thirty-four years ago the writer, while on a trip of exploration, had the good fortune to make a temporary camp within a few miles of the place where the City of Casper now stands. At that time nothing was to be seen but a vast area of land covered with bunches of grass, sage brush, sand dunes, and an occasional band of antelope or elk. Nothing greeted the ear by day but the bark of the prairie dog, or the whir of the rattler. There was nothing to break the awful silence of the night but the howl of the coyote, and the chirp of the night hawk, as they were gathering their means of sustenance.

Thirty-four years is but a short span in the reclamation of a vast desert but it has been long enough for the hand of man to divert the waters from the various streams and cause them to flow over the several valleys and to make them blossom in expectant frutition, and to dot them with comfortable and happy, if not luxurious homes. And as the valleys became productive, flocks of sheep and herds of cattle began to make their appearance, and flock-masters located their homes here, prominent among whom were the Hon. Patrick Sullivan, the Hon. B. B. Brooks, Major Ormsby, F. E. Place, Hugh L. Patton, Peter Nicolaysen, Robt. Taylor, Kenneth McDonald, Eugene McCarthy, Samuel Conwell, C. H. Townsend, A. J. Cunningham, Chas. H. King, J. W. Price and many others.



Casper, Wyoming, As It Appears Today

It was then that the Chicago & Northwestern Railway builded its road into this community, and the little town of Casper was started as a supply point for the ranchers and stockmen; and, to use an idiomatic expression, it was "some burg." We were not so numerous but the busiest mortals that ever graced any community; did not even take time to sleep, in fact in certain businesses the doors were opened and the key thrown away, and the clink of glasses and the rattle of chips, and the hum of the roulette wheels furnished music sufficient to break any monotony that might peradven-

ture be hanging around. And this was Casper, and thus it continued to be with a reasonably normal growth and many thrilling incidents until about 1909.

Of course a long time prior to this oil was known to exist in commercial quantities in portions of Salt Creek, and as early as 1889 a well was drilled in what is known as the Shannon Field in Salt Creek, and in 1891 Dr. Fred Satathe built a small refinery where the Oil Well Supply Co's. storehouse now stands. Oil was hauled by team from the field to Casper, and there refined and manufactured into various lubricating oils, but the transportation and other facilities were of necessity too crude and expensive to be permanent.

For several years prior to this time, however, Cy Iba of Casper and Iver Johnson of Cheyenne, with many others, had the greater portion of the Salt Creek field located under the placer mining laws, and attempted to keep their clains alive for many years by annual assessment thereon to the amount of $100.00 a claim. This assessment work consisted mostly of road and bridge building and sinking discovery holes with spring poles and drills, which was all right and sufficient to show good faith, but was not calculated to develop the productivity of the field to any appreciable degree.

It was not until about 1909 that any real steps were taken along lines looking toward the permanent development of the field and the building up of the oil industry. It was about that time Verne Z. Reed of Colorado Springs became interested in the Salt Creek oil fields, and formed the Midwest Oil Company, built an up-to-date refinery, and a pipe line connecting the refinery at Casper with the wells at Salt Creek, a distance of about forty-five miles. It was then that Casper was placed on the map as an oil center, and the town began to look forward.

Then the old timers, who by their pioneering spirit had kept Wyoming from entombing Casper in sand and sagebrush, began to realize that their little town was a permanent proposition, and hoped that some day 5,000 people would be housed within the city's modest limits. As years rolled by old hopes began to lag, bright visions grew dim, and that period of marking time, out of which must come progress or oblivion, seemed at hand.

The coin was tossed and fell in Casper's favor. The Midwest plant grew somewhat and in 1913 reached that point in capacity which made it desirable for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), in the interest of finance and conservation, to bring the Burton process to Casper, and force Wyoming crude to give up all its gasoline content instead of only 15 or 20 percent as formerly. In that year this company started and completed its initial plant lay-out of twenty pressure stills, six cokes, and six continuous stills, a boiler house, a mechanical shop, and a few storage tanks.

The sites of the Standard and Midwest refineries, were they privileged to speak, might relate a history, interesting, romantic and more or less militant, for upon this ground Indians had established their camps, and this area, together with much of the neighboring country, was the scene of many bloody encounters before our early day pioneers were finally able to wrest the country from them, and transform it to a safe range for their cattle and sheep. These hardy nation builders, could they cast an eye over this once familiar bit of river bottom, the Valley of the Platte, where once they were wont to lead their herds to water and shade from the noon day sun, and where a fording of the river for entry into the town for supplies was a more or less hazardous task at most seasons of the year, would see an industrial perspective astounding in detail, and gigantic in size, the accomplishment of which has probably not been equaled between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains. It is a perspective of which even the men who put thru the initial plant layout treated as more or less of a fairy tale whenever the subject of expansion came into conversation.

The old days of watering herds and seeking shade in the river bottom are passed. Where once the pioneers forded the stream on the old country road now stands a modern concrete arch bridge which is shown in illustration on page 14. On the downstream side of the new bridge may

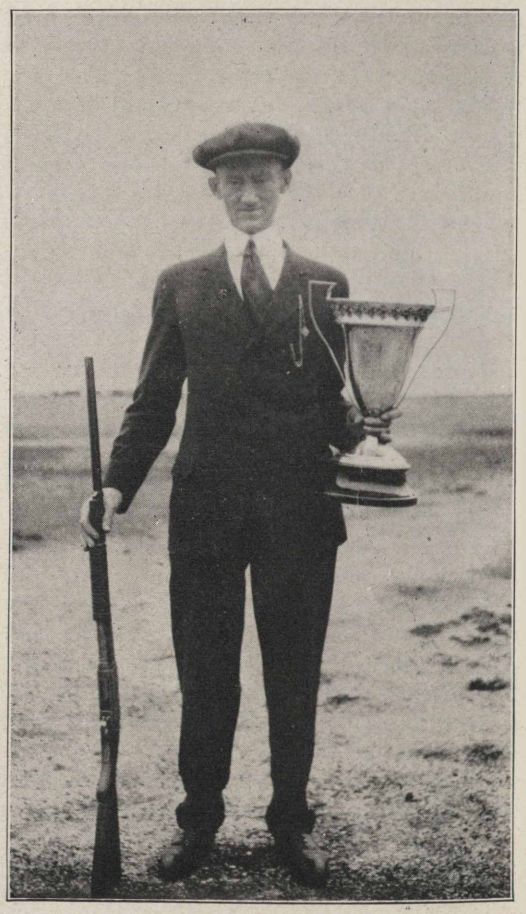
be seen the old country bridge which stood for years as a land mark, but which has now passed into history along with many other signs of the early days. The old watering spot is now the site of a line of six batteries of pressure stills, and two Eads bridges span the river at this point.

The geat activity, which must be apparent to even a casual observer, started on October 26, 1920, at which time the plant had grown from the modest initial layout, already mentioned, to 140 Pressure Stills, 18 Tower Stills, 6 Continuous and 2 Steam Stills, with 2 Boilerhouses, and a considerable increase in tankage. With this then as a starting point, it is readily seen what a vast amount of work had to be done to shape and place the material into a finished refinery of triple our present capacity.

From that memorial day until the present time, thanks to Wyoming's wonderful climate, work has been carried on each day at every point where the famous Appropriation 105 calls for new or additional building. Three steam shovels were used to open up the ground for footings and foundations, and no sooner were these fairly away from the banks than the carpenters and brick masons were in the holes after them setting forms, and laying flues. Immediately the shovels were out and starting in on another footing, concrete was running into the one just vacated. Steel soon began to arrive and to the din of the workers already making wonderful records was added the shrill tattoo of rivet hammers. With concrete running at the rate of eight hundred yards per day, pipe lines going in as fast as ground could be prepared, flat steel taking on recognizable shapes, increasing water supply, and reclaiming building sites from the Platte River, we were indeed in the midst of an industrial development whose perspective is astounding.

What will be the net result of all this moil, and toil into which our workers have been called, and to which every man has answered with whole hearted performance? Two boiler houses with 20,000 horse power capacity will furnish steam for the operation, of two hundred and seventy-five pressure stills, thirty-six coke stills, sixteen tar reducing stills, eighteen light oil rerunning, six steam stills, three pump houses, a continuous pressure treating plant, an acid restoring plant, and tankage sufficient to handle all the oil for this operating equipment. Maintenance equipment will consist of a new mechanical shops building without equal west of the Mississippi, a very modern storehouse, two locomotive cranes, and a caterpillar crane, a locomotive, and a fleet of ten auto trucks. Surely this is an inventory very pleasant to countenance for the management, employees, and citizens of Casper.

MARKSMAN



Roy Granger, who won the Stanolind Target Trophy contested for by Whiting employees last year under the auspices of the Whiting Trapshooters' Association.

SHE'S DECORATIVE AS WELL AS USEFUL, WE SAY

Peoria, Ill., July 1.—Attached please find picture of Tom Cade, one of the hustling general salesmen out of the Detroit office. This was taken on Decoration day, and Tom believes in decorating, as you will note from the overalls on Mrs. Tom Cade.—G. F. Phillips, assistant manager, Peoria division.

THIRTY AMERICAN HEROES

The American Leaders Who Have Added in Some Definite Way to Human Progress, or to the Sum of Human Happiness, Include Statesmen, Pioneers, Discoverers, Inventors, Naturalists, Poets Historians, Reformers and Patriots

Ask for these books at the library in your town

(A certificate, bearing the seal of the United States Bureau of Education, signed by the Commissioner of Education, will be awarded to each person who gives satisfactory evidence of having read all the books on the accompanying list.)

In the selection made for this course of thirty names from the list of American leaders the aim has been to present those who have added in some definite way to human progress or to the sum of human happiness.

The true heroes of human advance—statesman, pioneer, discoverer, inventor, naturalist, poet, historian, reformer, patriot—are workers for humanity in many places and in many ways.

By application to local or State libraries readers may be able to borrow these books. The Bureau of Education does not furnish them.

In writing about this course please address the Bureau of Education and refer to the "Home Education Division Reading Course No. 9," or as "Thirty American Heroes."

THIRTY AMERICAN HEROES.

1. COLUMBUS.
   Columbus the Discoverer. *By Frederick D. Ober.*
2 FATHER MARQUETTE.
   Heroes of the Middle West. *By Mr. M. H. Catherwood.*
   Father Marquette. *By Reuben Gold Thwaites.*
3. WILLIAM PENN.
   William Penn. *By Rupert S. Holland.*
   The True William Penn. *By Sidney G. Fisher.*
4. WASHINGTON.
   Washington, A Virginia Cavalier. *By Wm. H. Mace.*
   George Washington. *By Woodrow Wilson.*
5. FRANKLIN.
   Benjamin Franklin. *By E. Lawrence Dudley.*
   Autobiography of Franklin.
   Life of Franklin. *By John T. Morse.*
6. HAMILTON.
   Alexander Hamilton. *By C. A. Conant.*
   Alexander Hamilton. *By Henry C. Lodge.*
7. JEFFERSON.
   Life of Jefferson. *By H. C. Merwin.*
   Life and Writings of Thomas Jefferson. *By S. E. Forman.*
8. DANIEL BOONE.
   Daniel Boone. *By Reuben G. Thwaites.*
   Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road. *By H. Addington Bruce.*
9. GEORGE ROGERS CLARK.
   How George Rogers Clark Won the Northwest. *By R. G. Thwaites.*
10. LINCOLN.
   Men Who Made the Nation. *By Edwin Erle Sparks.*
   A Short Life of Lincoln. *By John G. Nicolay.*
11. LEE.
   Life of Lee. *By Bradley Gilman.*
   Lee, the American. *By Gamaliel Bradford.*
12 HORACE MANN.
   Horace Mann, Educator, Patriot, and Reformer. *By George A. Hubbell.*
13. HAWTHORNE.
   Life of Hawthorne. *By George E. Woodberry.*
14. PARKMAN.
   Life of Parkman. *By Charles Haight Farnham.*
15. SIDNEY LANIER.
   Life of Sidney Lanier. *By Edward Mims.*
16. MARK TWAIN.
   Boy's Life of Mark Twain. *By Albert Bigelow Paine.*
   Life of Mark Twain. *By Albert Bigelow Paine.*
17. MORSE.
   Masters of Space. *By Walter K. Towers.*
   Letters and Journals. *By E. L. Morse.*
18. FULTON.
   Robert Fulton. *By Alice C. Sucliffe.*
19. MCCORMICK.
   Cyrus Hall McCormick. *By Herbert N. Casson.*
20. Thomas A. Edison. *By Francis Rolt Wheeler.*
   Life of Edison. *By Dyer and Martin.*
21. BOOKER WASHINGTON.
   Up from Slavery. (Autobiography.)
22. TRUDEAU.
   Autobiography of Edward L. Trudeau.
23. JACOB RIIS.
   The Making of an American. (Autobiography.)
24. JOHN MUIR.
   Story of My Boyhood and Youth. *By Muir.*
25. JOHN BURROUGHS.
   Our Friend, John Burroughs. *By Clara Barrus.*
26. MARY LYON.
   Life of Mary Lyon. *By Beth Bradford Gilchrist.*
27. FRANCES E. WILLARD.
   Life of Frances Willard. *By Ray Strachey.*
28. CLARA BARTON.
   Life of Clara Barton. *By Percy H. Epler.*
29. ALICE FREEMAN PALMER.
   Life of Alice Freeman Palmer.
30. ANNA SHAW.
   Story of a Pioneer (Autobiography).

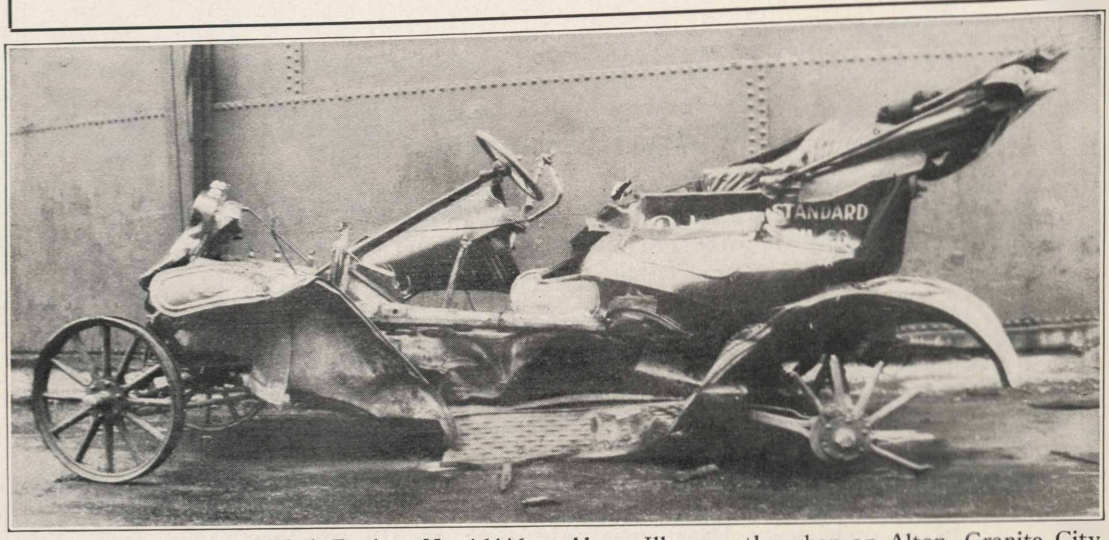
Mutual Understanding

I DECLINE to recognize any conflict of interest among the participants in industry. The destruction of one is the ruin of the other; the suspicion or rebellion of one unavoidably involves the other. In conflict is disaster; in understanding there is triumph. There is no issue relating to the foundation on which industry is builded, because industry is bigger than any element in its modern making. But the insistent call is for labor, management and capital to reach understanding.

The human element comes first, and I want the employers in industry to understand the aspirations, the convictions, the yearnings of the millions of American wage-earners, and I want the wage-earners to understand the problems, the anxieties, the obligations of management and capital, and all of them understand their relationship to the people and their obligations to the Republic. Out of this understanding will come the unanimous commital to economic justice, and in economic justice lies that social justice which is the highest essential to human happiness.

—Warren G. Harding

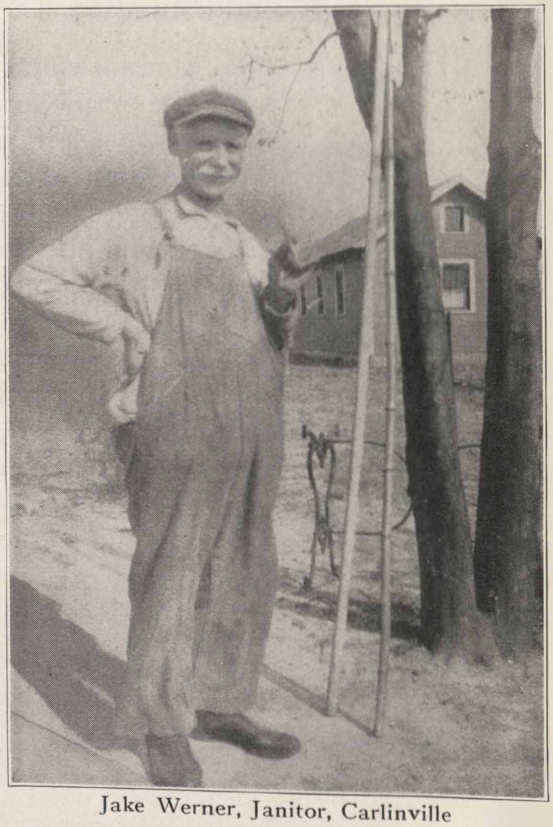
YES, WHITE GETS A NEW ONE



Damage to Salesman White's Ford car No. 16446, at Alton, Ill., recently when an Alton, Granite City & St. Louis Traction Company work car broke loose on Carroll street, running down hill, jumping track at curb at Third street, and running into White's car which was parked on Third street. We do not know whether H. C. had this pre-arranged or not; he was, at the time of the accident, selling the "Full Line."

PEOPLE'S CHOICE

Fargo, N. D., Sept. 1.—Ladies and gentlemen, the next speaker will be Mr. Harry Green, president of the Fargo Standard Oil Social Club, and popularly known as "the people's choice." The great success of the many recent parties given by the club has been largely due to this gentleman's pep.



Jake Werner, Janitor, Carlinville

MICHIGAN CITY IS A DISCRIMINATING PLACE

South Bend, Ind., Sept. 1.—This picture shows A. H. Pinnell, tankwagon driver at Michigan City station, in the midst of specialties he sold recently in the rural districts. A. H. says he is going to sell enough specialties to bury the truck from sight.

WHY THE FARGO OFFICE MEN ARE JEALOUS

Fargo, N. D., June 1.—No wonder the Fargo office girls visit the warehouse so often. Office boys, beware!

WHEN LIGHTNING HITS A STORAGE TANK

Wood River, Sept. 1.—The Wood River works recently had its second loss in four years caused by lightning. The aftermath is shown above. The tank had a capacity of 25,000 gallons, but was not full at the time. It sure made a mess, but no one was injured.

THEY NEVER FORGET!

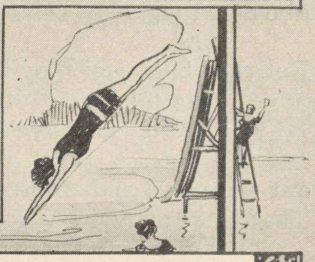
Once a Standard Oil man, always a Standard Oil man—they never forget! And there's a reason. We'll let Mr. Luther Skellenger, former attendant S. S. 124, Ottumwa, Iowa, tell it. Mr. Skellenger started to work for the Standard Oil Company as tank wagon driver on January 3, 1898, and worked at that till September, 1915, when he was promoted to service station attendant at Ottumwa. He was the first service station attendant in the Keokuk field. Placed on the annuity roll on March 1, 1921, Mr. Skellenger writes: "I feel so thankful toward the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) for their great kindness to me that words fail to express my feelings. For fourteen months they gave me full pay while sick and now thay have placed me on the Annuity Payroll which will provide a living for me during my old age. I served the company for nineteen years as tank wagon man and three years as service station attendant. During all these years of service the company has treated me most kindly and has always been reasonable in its requests. I would say it is a fine company to work for."

* * *

Long Lean—"I hear you had a battle with Helen the other day."

Short Stout—"Yes, she sneered at my apartment so I knocked her flat."—*Gargoyle* (*Michigan*).

ECHOES OF PLAY DAYS AT MANKATO



1—Part of the bunch in swimming at Lake Jefferson, Red Crown Club Picnic, Mankato Division. 2—Miss Heinze, Miss Ryan, Mrs. Lynard, Miss Hunt of Mankato Red Crown Club. 3—Left to right: Miss Esther Herbert, Miss Audrey Wood, Miss Mary Waukwitz at picnic of Mankato Red Crown Club. 4—Left to right: Son and daughter of E. O. Mitchell, mechanic, Mankato Division. Charlene Monson, daughter of H. A. Monson, manager, Mankato Division. Ruth Chesbrough, daughter of M. H. Chesbrough, assistant manager, Mankato Division, at Red Crown Club picnic.

WHY HE DIDN'T GET A RAISE

TO BE HAPPY

You've got to be straight to be happy,
  You've got to be square as a die.
Through wrong may come infinite pleasures,
  But they fade, and they fly.
You've got to take life at its noblest
  If you want to have gladness that counts,
Want the verve and the zeal of the spirit,
  That lifts you along as it mounts.

And, oh, how it pays, out of goodness,
  To draw for each day as we strive
Some measures of clean, healthy gladness
  In our work, and for being alive!
You've got to be true to be happy,
  Be true to yourself over all,
And be blind to the lure of the evil,
  And deaf to its powerfull call.

To set up high standards and keep them,
  With the records so straight and so true,
For nothing can ever condemn them,
  If that is your creed, it will do.
You've got to be clean to be happy,
  You've got to be steadfast and pure
If you want what life gives that is earnest,
  That will help, and will hold, and endure.

—*Baltimore Sun.*

* * *

Mrs. Goodsole—"I am soliciting for the poor. What do you do with your cast-off clothing?"

Mr. Longsufferer—"I hang them up carefully and put on my pajamas. Then I resume them in the morning."—*Boston Globe.*

MILD MOVIE

"Wuz it a good show, Buddie?"

"Naw, only four killed!"—*New York World.*

* * *

"I gave that beggar a penny, and he didn't thank me."

"No. You can't get anything for a penny now."—*Karikaturen, Christiania.*

* * *

Wifey—"Marriage soon ceases to be a matter of billing and cooing."

Hubby—"Oh, the billing part sticks all right."—*The Bulletin (Sydney.)*

A RECORD IN EQUIPMENT MAINTENANCE

Kansas City, Sept. 1—Here we have Mr. I. L. Dayhoff and his Ford roadster, No. 5976. This machine has been in constant operation since July 1, 1914, has traveled 110,000 miles, and is still running every day. It has consumed 5,500 gallons of Red Crown gasoline, 380 gallons of Polarine, 110 pounds of Polarine Cup, 150 pounds of Polarine Transmission Grease, and has had three gallons of Semdac applied to keep it glossy. Its average mileage on tires is 10,000 miles; on tubes 15,000 miles. Cylinders bored at 6,500 miles. Compression up to standard. Never had any accidents, though it has killed three black cats, one on Friday the 13th. Mr. Dayhoff is salesman in charge of the Lawrence, Kan., territory, and has been with the company since September 1, 1911.—H. C. Griffin, manager, Kansas City Division.

FROM ONE WHO KNOWS

If you don't feel just right,
If you can't sleep at night,
If you moan and you sigh,
If your throat feels dry,
If you don't care to smoke,
If your food makes you choke,
If your heart doesn't beat,
If you're getting cold feet,
If your head's in a whirl—
Why not marry the girl?
—*Submitted by Milwaukee.*

* * *

The cost of everything else has gone up but HAPPINESS and SMILES and KIND WORDS are as cheap as ever.

CERTAINLY SO

Teacher (after lesson on snow)—"As we walkout on a cold winter day and look around, what do we see on every hand?"

Pupul—"Gloves!"—*Life.*

EVERLASTINGLY TOO LATE

Doctor—"Hang that telephone—I was too late."

Wife—"What, was the patient dead, darling?"

Doctor—"Dead? No, he was all right again."—*London Opinion.*

STRATEGY

"Boy, take these flowers up to Miss Dolly Footlites, Room 12."

"Gee! You're the fourth guy wot's sent her flowers today."

"Eh! What's that? Who sent the others?"

"Oh, they didn't send up any names. They just said: 'She'll know who they come from'."

"Well, here, take my card and tell her these are from the same one that sent her the other three boxes."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE BEST OF BLESSINGS ARE LITTLE ONES

1—Donald and Norman Long.
2—Martin James Shallenberger, age 5 months.
3—Kenneth Leeman.
4—Mildred and Joseph Libertine, Jr., and Dad.
5—Frank W. Jeffries, age 10 months, St. Louis, Mo., grandson of F. J. Walts.
6—Mrs. Chester Rawton and Daughter Betty.
7—Frances Katherine Welch.

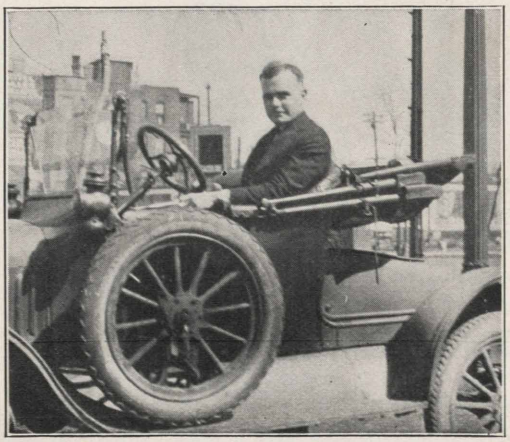
SOME LITTLE MEMBERS OF OUR BIG FAMILY

8—Steve Cameron says: "Me for Standard Oil always!"
9—Paul Carlson.
10—Robert Stanley Skinner, born July 12, 1920.
11—Yvonne Des Jardins.
12—"Peaches" Butler recommends Finol for carpet sweepers.
13—Keeley Kids. Front row, left to right: Marie and Earl. Back row: Irene and Raymond.
14—Arthur Kelley.
15—Ruth Marie and Roland A. Frantz.

SEVENTY-FOUR YEARS OF SERVICE AT JACKSON, MICH.

This quartet represents seventy-four years of continued and efficient service at our plant at Jackson, Mich. They are on the job every day. Left to right: George H. Salisbury, C. B. Fisk, J. D. Thorn J. M. Baldwin.

SUPERVISOR



C. C. Englefield is service station supervisor for District No. 4, south side, Chicago

Toinette—"Why was that player put out?"
Tony—"Off his base!"
Toinette—"Oh, crazy!"—*Rutgers.*

* * *

"Sir, when you eat here you needn't dust off your plate, the indignant restaurant keeper said.
"Beg pardon, just force of habit," said the baseball umpire.—*Washington Times.*

* * *

Editor—"We can't accept this poem. It isn't verse at all; merely an escape of gas."
Aspiring Poet—"Ah! I see; something wrong with the meter."—*The Medley* (*New York*).

* * *

Dick—"While you were standing in the doorway saying good-night to the sweet young thing, did it ever dawn on you—
Harry—"Naw; I never stayed that late.—*Kentucky Kernel.*

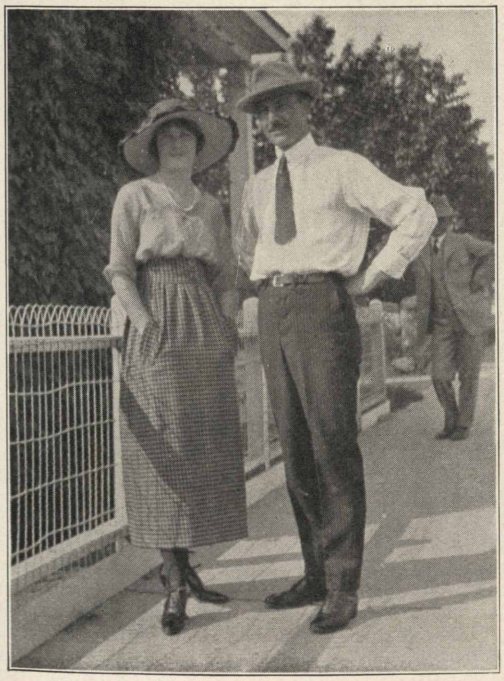
* * *

Elsie—"Mamma, George Washington must have had an awful good memory, did't he?"
Mother—"Why, my dear?"
Elsie—"Because everywhere I go I see monuments to his memory."—*The Christian Advocate* (*New York*).

NEW TRUCK? NO, IT'S AN OLD ONE KEPT NEW

"Been blowing yourself to a new truck?" Driver Connor of Des Moines was asked the other day. "Nope, keeping the old one new," replied Connor. It's Pierce Arrow No. 7726, is in its sixth year of service, and is as good as ever. Speaks well for both the truck and Driver Connor.

NEW JOB; NEW BRIDE



Mr. A. N. Bailey, recently appointed agent at Pontiac, Mich., has reason to feel happy—he's got a brand new job with the best company on earth, and, as anyone can see from this picture, has at the same time acquired one of the most charming brides on earth; we can't say more because we're married ourself. Mrs. Bailey, by the way, is considerable bowler, having bowled with a Standard Oil girls' team a few years ago and winning all the honors. It is no trick at all for her to bowl 175; but just watch her husband bowl 300 in the Standard Oil Selling League!

* * *

"I am always moved by the sound of music," said young Phathead as the clock struck eleven.

"Let me play something for you," said Miss Uplate, with sudden eagerness.—Jack Canuck, Toronto (Canada).

MUCHLY MUSIC

Tim—"A pretty girl is like a melody."

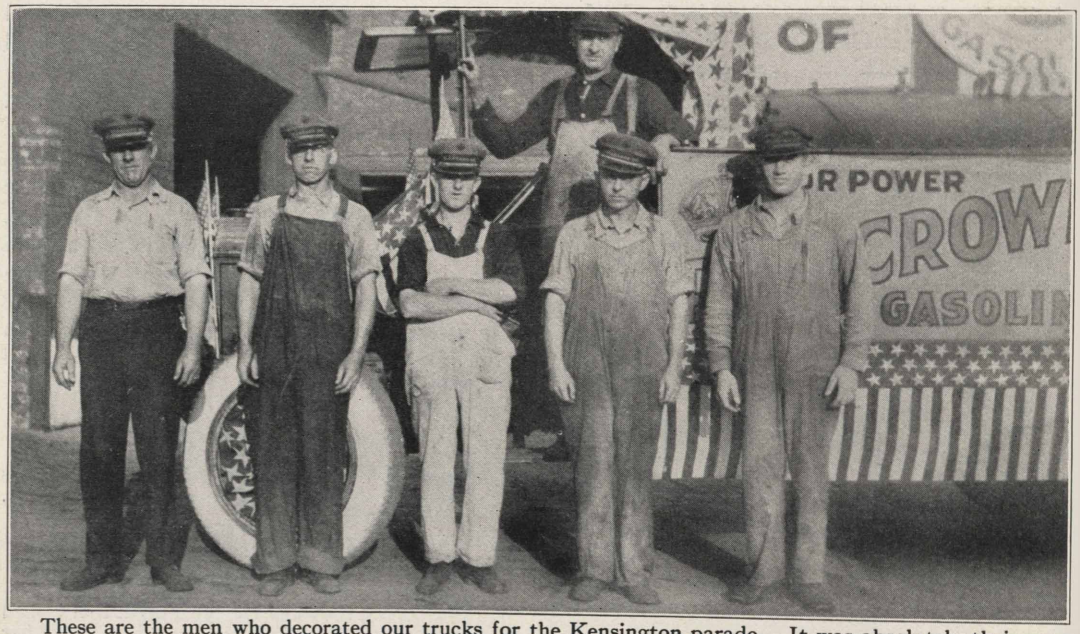
Jim—"Yes, I saw one the other night that looked pretty sharp, and she knocked me flat, so I sent her a note."

Tim—"What did she say.?"

Jim—"Oh, she told me not to play around."—California Pelican.

BOOSTING STANDARD OIL AND CITY OF CHICAGO

Standard Oil truck occupied a prominent position in the big parade sponsored on June 30 by the South End Business Men's Association of Kensington, south side, Chicago. This is in dictrict No. 4, Chicago division, W. F. Bannister, district superintendent. Chicago city officials who were in the reviewing stand showed interest and enthusiasm when our big Mack came along with a sign boosting the Pageant of Progress, to be held at Municipal Pier, Chicago, July 30 to August 15. Jay Eastin, shown in the above, drove the truck.



These are the men who decorated our trucks for the Kensington parade. It was absolutely their own idea and the interest shown by them, from the time we started to decorate the trucks till we returned from the parade, was certainly the spirit of Standard Oil in the Chicago division. Standing in the truck is J. Speier, driver. Others, left to right: Jay Eastin, John Gross, S. L. Cook, V. E. Hussman, James Browning. All are drivers.—W. F. Bannister, district superintendent.

STANDARD OIL PROMINENT AT PAGEANT OF PROGRESS

Chicago—Featured by the elaborate exhibits of hundreds of American manufacturers, the Pageant of Progress Exposition, Chicago's great industrial show, ended on August 14 after a fortnight's run at the Municipal Pier.

The photographs on the following pages tell of the important part our Company played in the Pageant. Popular opinion acclaimed our exhibit as among the most attractive at the show. It was unique in its dignity and simplicity—a happy departure from the ordinary oil and grease exhibit. Although our lubricating oils and specialties were effectively displayed, not a can nor a barrel was in evidence. Antique furniture, by courtesy of the Stratford Furniture Company, made an attractive setting for the exhibit. At one end was the model oil well and tank farm in operation, erected by Mr. O. A. Kapsa. Easy chairs and distilled drinking water at the booth were features of which thousands of Pageant visitors availed themselves. Over 100,000 advertising booklets and gauge sticks were also distributed among our guests during the exposition.

Mr. Orson Combs, of the Advertising Department was responsible for evolving the unique design of the exhibit. During the show, Mr. John Sayers of the Chicago Sales Department was in charge, his genial ways and courteous attention to visitors contributing greatly to the success of the show.

Mr. W. F. Louttit also of the Chicago Sales Department, administered the affair from the Home Office.

CHARADES ATTRACT ATTENTION

One of the novel features of the Pageant was the parade of exhibitors' "posters," which were in the nature of charades. Products were identified by characters, rather than by names or trade-marks.

Our Company's entry was headed by a large replica of our booklet, "What Is Good Gasoline?" in which marched Mr. Joseph Drinan, of the Chicago Sales Department. The answer to the question was portrayed by a brilliant red crown on the head of a queen in royal robes, whose train was carried by tiny pages. The role of the queen was taken by Mrs. Edward Curtis, wife of one of our Chicago salesmen, and the pages were Helen and Marian Curtis. The robe was a duplicate of the costume worn by Queen Isabella, of Spain, in 1490.

PAGEANT OPENED WITH PARADE

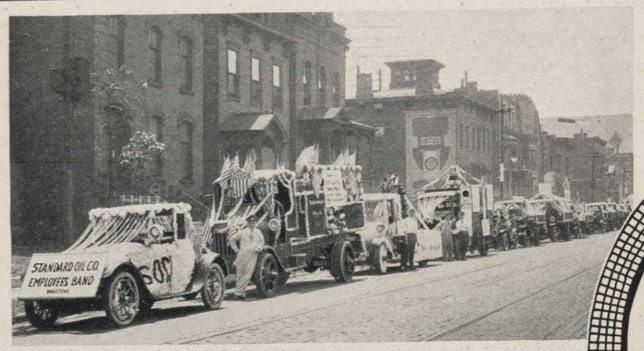
Comprised of sixteen floats, the Standard Oil Division of the street parade held on the opening day of the Pageant, was warmly received along the line of march. The division was headed by Grand Marshall C. F. Hatmaker, who supervised the entry, and the Whiting Refinery band in uniform.

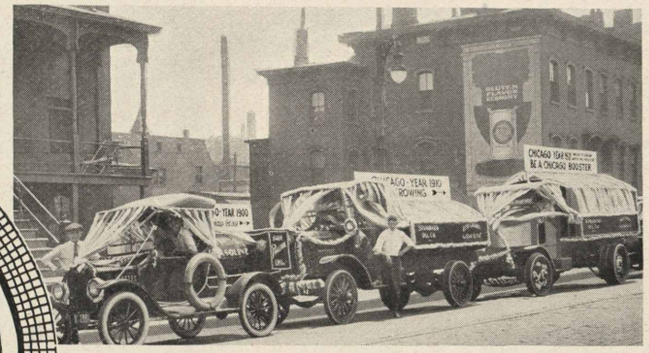
Our memorial float, carried out in purple and white motif, in honor of our twelve employees who lost their lives in France, was a distinctive entry. In response to a request from the American Legion, it was used by that organization during the entire Pageant.

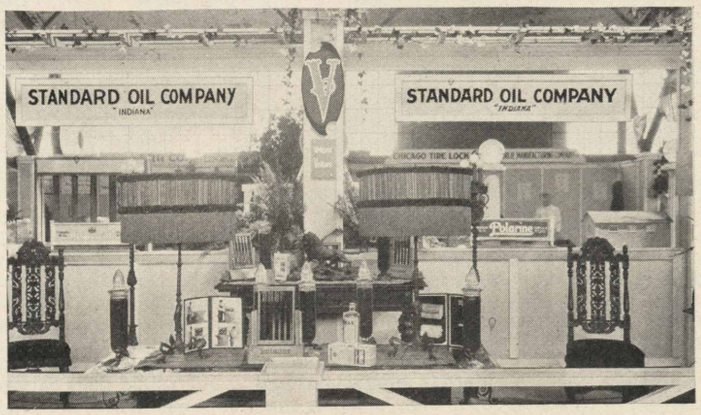
Another effective group of floats depicted the growth of Chicago during the last two decades. This was represented by three of our tank trucks, of 200, 1,200 and 2,400 gallon capacity, respectively.

Through the loyalty and enthusiastic efforts of our employees, Standard Oil's part in the Pageant of Progress was an extremely creditable one.

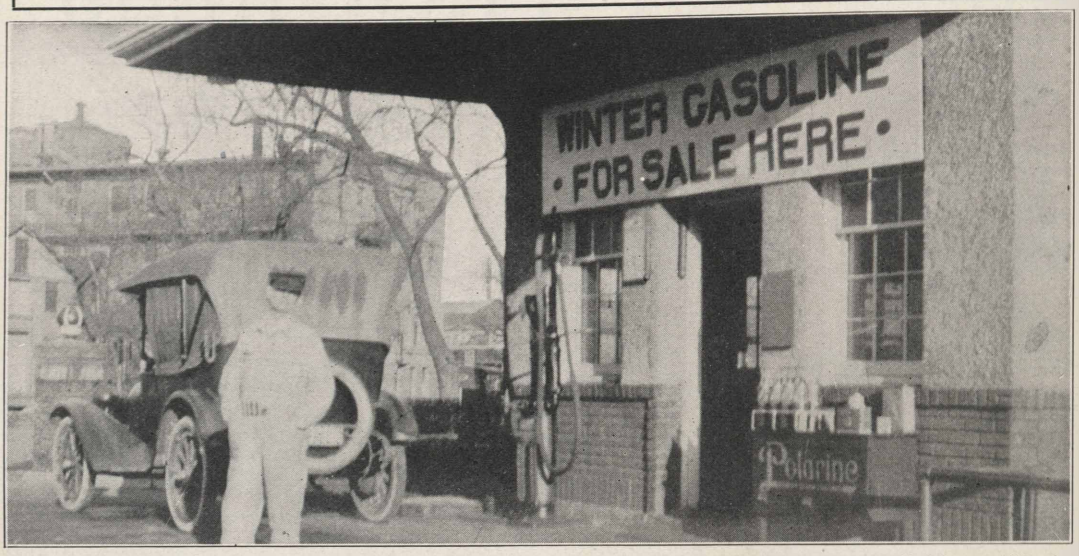
STANDARD OIL CO. AT PAGEANT OF PROGRESS







MR. CONNOR, OF SS 10, ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

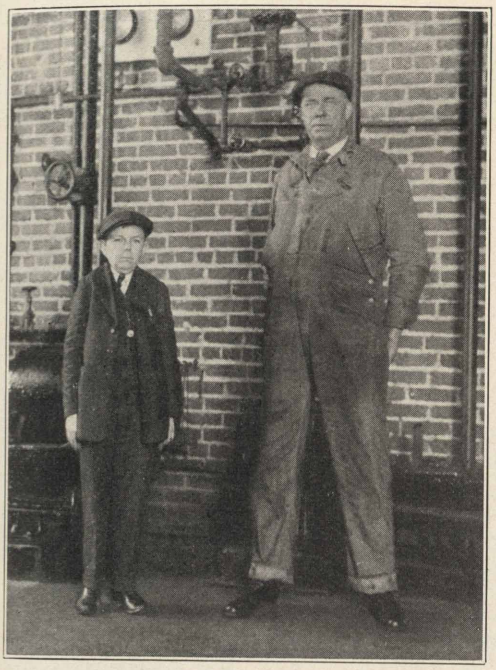


"Mr. J. Connor is an old time service station attendant," writes the Davenport division. "He is thoroughly sold on S. O. products and thoroughly sells them. It is with pride we mail you his picture for publication. He is our ideal of a service station attendant."

HE DUG HIMSELF IN, SAYS O'BRIEN

Saginaw, Mich.—Alfred Braithwaite, our genial agent at St. Charles, was becoming very profuse with his compliments to our Stanolind Correspondent and it became so noticeable that the said correspondent asked Al what it was all about. Al knowing that correspondent O'Brien was of a very retiring turn of mind, thought he could trust him with his secret. It developed that Al was very intent on getting his picture in the Record. Well, O'Bie, contrary as usual, told Al that this privilege was only extended to those who merited it and that he should "go fetch." The story is told in scrutinizing the picture. It shows to what extent Al was determined that he'd have his way. It seems that he drove his tank truck into the muddiest hole in his territory and the darn truck wouldn't sink in far enough so he dug a hole and then drove his right front wheel into it, jumped out and lo and behold there happened along just at that minute a camera man. Nice work, Al. Here's hoping that you remember where you dug that hole so you don't get in it sometime when you don't intend to.

KANSAS CITY



Size of one's body doesn't tell the story of one's efficiency at his work, and these two highly efficient gentlemen from our Kansas City division prove it. The serious looking gentleman on the left is Fred Crabtree, efficient switchboard operator at the Armourdale plant. On the right is J. E. Thompson, efficient engineer at the Ninth and Hardesty plant. Mr. Crabtree is 44 years old, stands 4 feet and 6 inches in his gunboats, and weighs 85 pounds. Mr. Thompson is 44 years of age, is 6 feet and 2 inches tall, and weighs 224 pounds. Crabtree allows as how if so much hadn't been turned under for feet he would have been a tall man.

* * *

Teacher—Can you tell me the shape of the world?

Pupil—Pop says its in a hell of a shape!

* * *

Ethel—Who was that new girl I saw you with last night?

Jack—That wasn't a new girl. That was my old girl painted over.

* * *

A suffrage meeting was drawing to a close. The speeches had all been made and the meeting was thrown open to questions by the audience.

Said the presiding officer: "Now is there any woman here who would like to ask a question? Don't hesitate to ask any question you'd like to; any question at all about any phase of the woman question."

For a few moments there was silence. Then a woman arose and asked: "May I ask any question at all?"

"Certainly," said the speaker persuasively. "What question would you like to ask?"

"Well," said the woman, "I'd like to know how you got that smooth effect over your hips."

ANNOUNCE FALL GOLF MEET

Chicago, Aug. 22. Over the signatures of Mr. S. S. Gano and Mr. Bruce Tweed, respectively president and secretary of the Stanolind Golfing Association, the following notice has appeared:

Our Fall Golf Tournament will be held at Olympia Fields Tuesday, September 20, 1921.

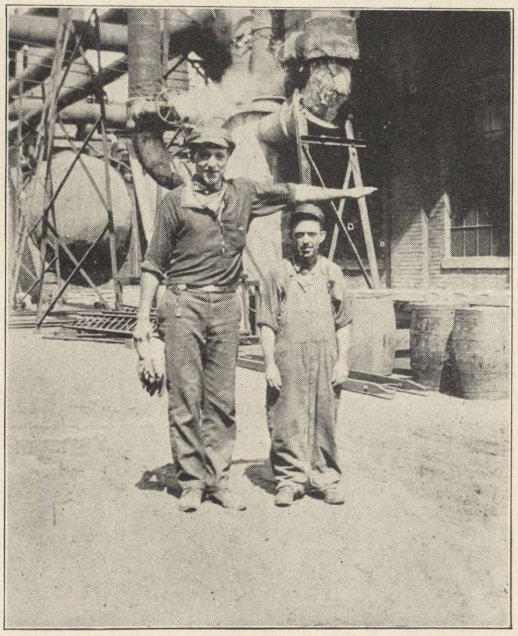
Special assessment—$6.00—should be paid at once. This will cover Ground Fee, Lunch and Dinner.

Entry blank enclosed should be properly filled out and turned in now. Do not delay until September 15. Entries close September 15.

Handicap based on score first 9 holes—over 45. Maximum 25 for 9 holes, same as last tournament.

Prizes will be awarded as usual.

—AND WHITING



Along with the other picture above, we want to present the Manufacturing Department's entry in the "Mutt and Jeff" Contest.

We don't need to say "Reading left to right" when we tell you that Albert Willis is 6 ft. 1½ in. tall and that Louis La Marbe is 4 ft. 11½ in tall. They are employed in the Welding Shop at Whiting.

A ST. LOUIS WEDDING PARTY

St. Louis, Mo.—Mr. F. J. E. Barry, driver at our South Broadway station, has taken unto himself a bride, and here they are. Left to right, upper row: F. Lammert, F. J. E. Berry, A. Berry; lower row: Agnes Berry, Mrs. F. J. E. Berry, and G. Hoffmeyer.

SHE LANDED IT

Look at that smile and then dare ask who caught the biggest fish! Madelyn Balzer, iron barrel clerk of the Mankato division, got the number of the biggest pickerel in Madison Lake, near Mankato, Minn. Madelyn swears that he weighed eight pounds and that she got him into the boat all alone. But you don't have to believe that—maybe He did help a little bit.

* * *

Initiative is doing what should be done without being told.

* * *

"Waiter, this coffee is nothing but mud."
"Yes sir; it was ground this morning."

* * *

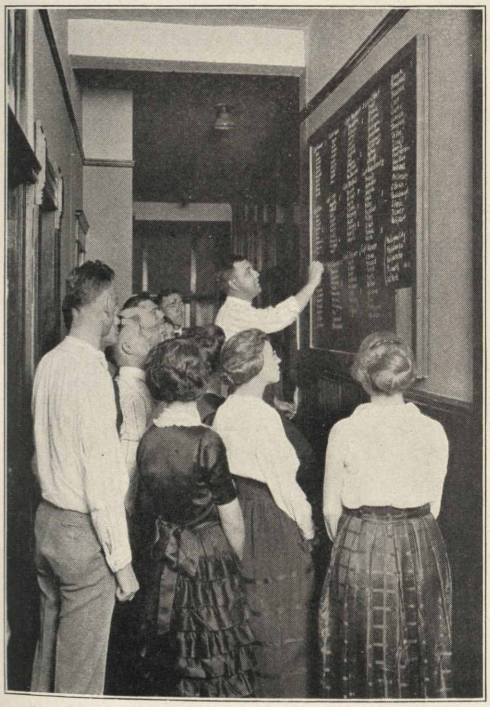
The quiet boy at the foot of the class had not had a question, so the teacher propounded him this one: "In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?"

"Dead," was the calm response.

SAFETY ALWAYS

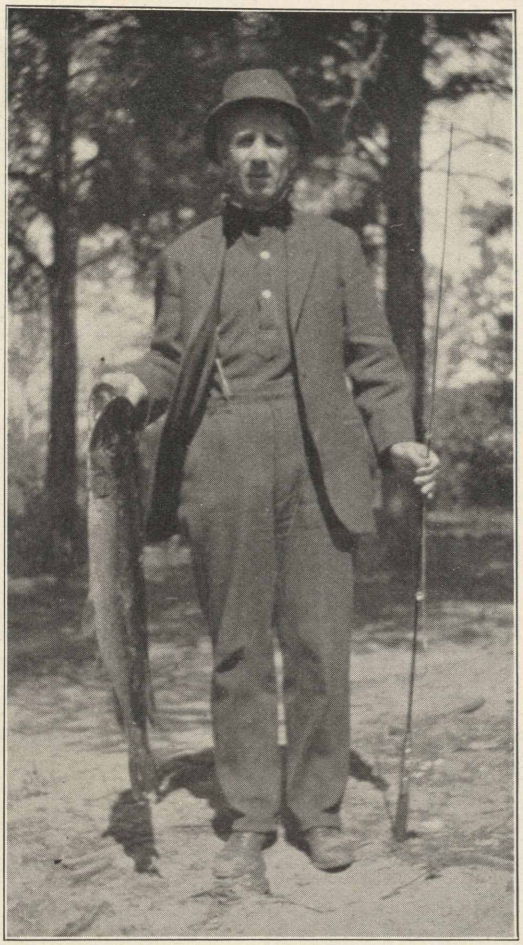
Not Safety First but Safety Always is the slogan of Henry Boude (Doc) McCoy, new safety director at Sugar Creek. Doc was born in Independence, Mo., March 17, 1886, and is a graduate of the Independence High School. He also attended the Georgia Technical Institute at Atlanta. Much of his life has been spent in the railroad business where he acquired excellent training for his present work as safety director. He entered the employ of this company in April 1918, and was appointed safety director of the Sugar Creek works on August 1, last. Mr. McCoy is married and has one child. He is very popular among the men of the plant and is sure making good as safety director.

COUPON EXCHANGE



South Bend, Ind., July 1—No, this is not the New York stock exchange. It is a glimpse of the South Bend office when enthusiasm was running high during the coupon book contest. It was difficult to get by the bulletin board in those days.

MYSTERY



Nearly a year ago we received this photograph of Frank Ellison, chief clerk at Duluth, who claims to have landed this fish, but as Mr. Gano, who gave it to us, refused to guarantee that Mr. Ellison had really caught it, and admitted that so far as he knew it might be the resort's pet fish which is used for advertising, we refrained from publishing it while we conducted an investigation. Our investigation has been unsuccessful so we are passing the mystery on to our readers.

* * *

"Have you any of those hollow book forms that look like the real thing?" asked Cournel Niffkins.

"We don't carry anything of that sort," replied the salesman. "May I ask what you want with them"?

"I'm restocking my library; I have just found that some of my best volumes leak."

PICNIC SHOWER FOR A BRIDE-TO-BE

La Crosse, Wis.—Hattie Rochelt and Lottie Klandrud entertained the Standard Oil girls at Myrick park, Saturday afternoon, June 4, in honor of Zita Knothe, a June bride. The afternoon was spent playing indoor baseball and the girls proved to be close rivals of the boys of our indoor baseball team. We all hope Jack Rubin, our camera man, did not get lonesome as he was kept busy all afternoon taking pictures of various groups. At 6 o'clock a sumptuous supper was served to thirty girls. The table was prettily arranged, the center piece being an immense bride's cake. The bride-to-be was presented with one-half dozen sterling silver salad forks and a silver sandwich tray.

SPEEDING THE BRIDE ON HER WAY

Those Davenport girls got together again at a no-men-admitted party and had another sumptuous feed on the occasion of bidding Miss Edith Roth a fond farewell as she prepared to embark upon the well known sea of matrimony.

POLARINES, FIRST; RED CROWNS, SECOND IN DETROIT REFINERS' LEAGUE

Detroit, Mich.—From a poor start to a glorious finale tells the story of the progress of our two teams in the bowling league. When the schedule was completed the final standing showed the "Polarines" as champions and the "Red Crowns" the runners-up. All competing teams were dined and feted at a banquet held at the Board of Commerce. At this dinner the "Polarines" were presented with a silver trophy emblematic of their championship, which remains in their possession for one year. This trophy becomes the permanent possession of the team that succeeds in winning it twice. Having the first leg on this trophy, the "Polarines" stand a good chance of securing permanent possession of it. The "Red Crowns" maintain if the season had been longer they would have been on top. Better luck next year! Above are the Polarines, left to right, upper row: R. E. McIntire, scorekeeper, Fred Zahn; lower row: Fred Brown, Tom Lannin, Charlie Patterson, Walter Satler.

PROUD OF DAD

And Lawrence Jamieson, age 13, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is also proud of the big truck his father drives. Incidentally, his father, Robert Jamieson, has reason to be proud of Lawrence, who is so interested in dad and his truck that he drew for the Stanolind Record an excellent cartoon of the Big Six which supplies Grand Rapids' service stations with Red Crown Gasoline. The Record regrets that for space reasons it is unable to use the cartoon, which is unusually good work for a boy of 13.

JUST A SAMPLE FROM DAVENPORT

Davenport, Iowa—This is just a sample of our brand—wait till we get them all together sometime.—H. R. Fabricius, Correspondent. (We are waiting with anxiety.—Editor.)

FUTURE PRESIDENTS

Introducing Clifford and Melvin Dease, the two biggest men in Michigan. Melvin is to be the president of the United States and Clifford president of the Standard Oil Co. in 19—? They are the sons of Salesman Roy C. Dease, formerly of Port Huron, now specialty salesman in Flint and they're both 100% Standard Oil. The other day a friend of Roy's asked Clifford whether his daddy had anything with a kick in it, a question not at all uncommon or out of the ordinary in Port Huron. "Sure," said Clifford, "Red Crown Gasoline."

"Three balls!" yelled the umpire.

"Now's your chance to soak it," shouted the excited pawnbroker's clerk to the batsman.—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

"To what do you attribute your great age?" asked the city visitor of Grandpa Eben Hoskins.

"I can't say yit," answered Grandpa cautiously. "They's several patent medicine fellers dickerin' with me."

THE CASH BIRD

The bluebird brings happiness, but the stork brings a $200 tax exemption.—*Buffalo News.*

* * *

Sam: "What do you miss most since you moved out into the country?"

Pete: "Trains!"

* * *

A village girl eloped in her father's clothes. The next day the local paper came out with an account of the elopement, headed: "Flees in Father's Pants."—Ladies Home Journal.

Policeman—"You can't hitch to that pole."

Mr. Hollis, Sugar Creek—"Why not? It says 'Fine for Hitching.' "

* * *

There is an auto to every sixteen people in the United States. The population should therefore be roughly proportioned as six riders to ten dodgers.

* * *

Oldboy—"What's become of the old-fashioned girl who said, 'Ask father?' "

Newguy—"She now has a daughter who says, 'Give it more gas, George; the old man is gaining on us.' "

FLOATING DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI

Phyllis Jones and Elizabeth Roche, Sixth floor, Chicago office, have just returned from a delightful trip down the Mississippi river. It makes us all want to take the trip after hearing about the good meals, wonderful scenery, etc., especially the etc. (Our Minneapolis and LaCrosse folks will say no one really knows what beautiful scenery is until they have taken a trip UP the Mississippi and not down, and they have good reason, for the scenic effects of the upper Mississippi, as viewed from a river boat, make even the much-advertised beauty of the Hudson river look like 30 cents.)

FARMER FRISBY AND CYCLORAMUS

Bellerophon and Pegasus had nothing on Farmer Frisby and cycloramus when it comes to covering territory. Farmer Frisby, by the way, is the well-known labor foreman at Sugar Creek.

NOT WORRIED

He—"If I were to die you'd never get another husband like me."

She—"What makes you imagine I should ever want another like you?"—*London Mail.*

REAL DAYLIGHT SAVING

"Is your boy in favor of daylight saving?"

"I reckon he is," replied Farmer Corntossel. "If he goes on stayin' out o' nights, pretty soon he won't be usin' any daylight at all."—*Washington Star.*

WHERE ANYTHING GOES

"No, I know nothing about music."

"All you have to do is to jangle this cow-bell."

"But suppose I come in at the wrong place?"

"You can't do that in jazz."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

SAVING TROUBLE

Motorist (after hitting pedestrian)—"You were trying to cross in the middle of the block."

Pedestrian—"What difference does it make? If I cross at the corner you will knock me into the middle of the block, and we might just as well begin here."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

KEEP AWAY FROM LOW WATER BRIDGES, SAYS BILL

St. Louis, Mo.—William Rasmussen, mechanic in this division, had a narrow escape from drowning recently at the Bucholz crossing on the Joachim, about a mile south of DeSoto, when he was bringing a truck into St. Louis for repairs. When he reached the creek he found it swollen, but as the low water bridge was still in sight he drove upon it. The water, however, had undermined the far end and when he reached it the front wheels of the truck went down. He waited for help in a pouring down rain while the water rose higher and higher until finally the current turned the truck over. Rasmussen succeeded in climbing on top and began yelling for help. Rescuers got a rope into his hands and hauled him ashore, exhausted.

DRIVERS AND WAREHOUSE MEN AT DAVENPORT

Standing, left to right: F. C. Lauritzen, Walter Steinman, William Schnoor, Charles McLeod, H. Young, Jerry Preston, J. H. House, D. Exner, William Wickleman, John Collier, Charles Collier; sitting: V. J. Schultz, P. B. Parsons, William Young, Dave Sparr, Tony Kretsch.

Waste Not—Want Not

THE greatest obstacle in the path of advancement and success of the average worker today is waste; and the most valuable quantity wasted is time.

Everybody is aware that for the wage earner the element of time is divided into three divisions—work, recreation, rest. But only a few are alive to the realization that from each of these divisions flows a little stream made up of wasted moments. And these little streams, flowing on through life, merge into one swiftly moving current of lost golden hours—hours that can never be reclaimed.

The place to dam this River of Wasted Hours is at the source. You cannot hope to check its onward rush at the middle, much less at its end, where it broadens out into a whirlpool that gently sucks you into a vortex of mediocrity.

If you are a waster, you must cut out the waste. When at work give of the best that is in you. Continually strive, by setting up goal after goal. The ladder is high and the rungs are many—and slippery. If you are giving only six hours of effort—and that half-hearted—out of the eight you are being paid for, you are wasting two hours of constructive endeavor every working day. How can you hope for advancement?

When at leisure make the most of it. If your work keeps you away from the sunshine and the fresh air the greater part of the day, all the more reason why your spare time should be spent out in the open as much as possible. And if out of your liesure you cannot find time for at least one hour of upbuilding study a day, thus fitting yourself for a more responsible position, how can you hope to succeed

The harder a man works, the more he should value his hours of rest. Hours that are spent in dissipation, instead of laying up a store of energy for the morrow's task, are wasted hours; they are hours that leave the workman heavy-eyed, dull, lethargic. How can such a one hope to get on?

Harbor your resources. Be like the athlete who wins a long-distance race.—*Coal Age.*

Initiative

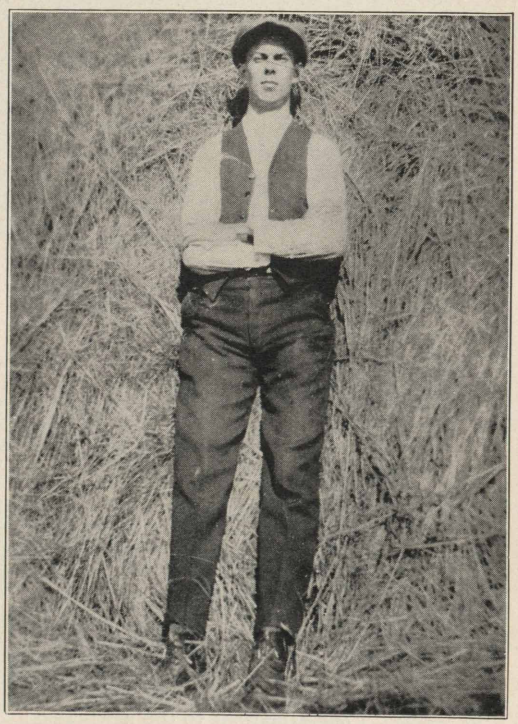
THE world bestows its big prizes, both in money and honors, for but one thing. And that is Initiative. What is Initiative? I'll tell you: It is doing the right thing without being told. But next to doing the thing without being told is to do it when you are told once. That is to say, carry the Message to Garcia: those who can carry a message get high honors, but their pay is not always in proportion. Next, there are those who never do a thing until they are told twice: such get no honors and small pay. Next, there are those who do the right thing only when Necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honors, and a pittance for pay. This kind spends most of its time polishing a bench with a hard-luck story. Then still lower down in the scale than this, we have the fellow who will not do the right thing even when some one goes along to show him how and stays to see that he does it: he is always out of a job, and receives the contempt he deserves, unless he happens to have a rich Pa, in which case Destiny patiently awaits around the corner with a stuffed club. To which class do you belong?—*Elbert Hubbard.*

EX-SERVICE MEN OF S. O. CLAY AVE. PLANT, DETROIT

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 1—Every man in this picture has served under the Stars and Stripes in time of war. They are now employed at the Clay avenue plant of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) at Detroit. With the exception of William Gatlin, superintendent, they all served in the recent World War. Mr. Gatlin was in the Spanish-American war as well as in the Boxer uprising in China. Left to right, top row: Bernard Kierman, fireman; William Campbell, mechanic; Kenneth Maslen, mechanic; Daniel Schlotter, mechanic; Charles Dayo, mechanic; N. E. Crider, tank wagon driver; O. B. Reid, clerk; W. C. Cover, clerk; lower row: Jack Williams, mechanic; Ernest W. Hobbs, mechanic; Jack Bennett, welder; Al. Steppe, garage foreman; Glenn Scholar, mechanic; William Gatlin, superintendent; George Pollock, warehouseman; A. Thibault, tank wagon driver; Foss De Wind, tank wagon driver; R. G. Dennis, cashier; Jerry Newton, salesman.

HAS HOPE CHEST

This is C. T. Bergeson, former head of the Chicago stock department, now on the road for home office. The above picture was found in his desk after he left. It was taken near Muskegon, Mich., one day last summer when he fell asleep leaning against a haystack. But Bergie isn't as sleepy as he looks, girls—he isn't married yet but he has a hope chest clear full of nice things.



THE CAR LINE WILL BE EXTENDED TO SUGAR CREEK—

When Jenkins speeds his car at 50 per.
When still cleaners refuse to eat garlic
When Main Office ball team heads the league.
When H. O. Roth lives in one house at least a month.
When Martin Grinter goes on a diet.
When Lyle Hildebrand quits going to the Globe.
When Joe Brewer quits trying to raise chickens.
When Roy McMains no longer loves "Star"
When G. W. Thompson knocks an Overland.
When Wallie Hodge takes no interest in sports.
When Chapman quits white-washing his shoes.
When Cox refuses to attend a band concert.
When Jim Hindes quits all his side lines.

21 YEARS AGO AND NOW AT BLUFFTON, IND.

In the smaller picture we have Mr. W. H. Gregg and all there was of the Standard Oil Company at Bluffton, Ind., twenty-one years ago. The larger picture shows the Bluffton plant as it is today. Left to right: W. H. Gregg (the same Mr. Gregg), L. B. Linn, C. Myers, and H. Crosbie, tankwagon drivers; R. B. Mitchell, agent; C. Ulery, mechanic; J. H. Miller, salesman. Note his smile—it never comes off. Bluffton is in the South Bend division.

WHEN THEY FALL!

Wood River, Ill., Sept. 1—When they do fall they fall hard! After 54 years of single blessedness James George Jones, better known as Jimmy Jones, motored with Mrs. Elizabeth Janssen, of East Alton, to Carlinville and got married. After a short honeymoon the newleyweds returned to East Alton, where they will reside. Jimmy, who is considered one of the pioneers with this company, started to work for the Standard Oil as a boilermaker at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1887. While his service has not been continuous, Jimmy has worked in every refinery of the Standard Oil Company (Ind.), and also the coal mining department at Carlinville. He has nine years to his credit at Wood River. The bride is a sister of our chief watchman, Gus Haller. Congratulations to the newlyweds!

WHITING, IND.

WELDING SHOP

Mr. Oliver, Superintendent of the Welding Department, while looking at the recent fire was asked by his assistent, Mr. Kinsock, if he ever saw anything like this before?

Mr. Oliver replied, "After the first argument the wife and I had, the house looked worse than this."

Mr. Geo (Slim) Kirchoff was appointed manager of the Welding Department Base Ball team and Mr. Roland Schafer, as captain. Rollie is peeved over losing the first game to the Can House by a score of 8 to 6. That's all right Rollie, Mullaney will know better next time.

Ed. Dust has resigned his position of cleaning Andrew Oliver's pigeon coop. Come on, Welders, there's an opening.

Walter Byrne, must have a Case over at Indiana Harbor. More power Walter.

Mr. George J. Kaminsky, is reporter for the Standolind Record in the Welding Department. Good-by pencils.

John Taylor, had his watch stolen by burglars last week. I guess John took revenge, he comes to work now with a ladies' watch. Watch out Girls.

Mr. Bobt. Dooley says he is on the list to get married. Who's the lucky girl Bob?

Come on you horse-shoe players. Mr. Oliver and Mr. Kinsock claim they are the S. O. Co. Champions. Mr. Kinsock beat Mr. Oliver 21 to 8. Mr. Oliver says his arm was sore.

Mr. Taylor was writing a letter the other day and he began it:—' I will now take my typewriter in hand to drop you a few lines."

FILTERING OILS DEPARTMENT

Mr. Fred A. Wilhelm, foreman of the Filtering Oils Department, who has been with the Company twenty years and foreman for ten years, was elected in June to the School Board of Hammond, Indiana. Mr. Wilhelm has a broad view point on matters of education. He is a veteran of the Spanish American War, always maintains the standards he has strived for and is in every way a patriotic citizen; well able to carry his three years on the School Board to a successful finish.

Dr. R. H. Reeves, in charge of the hospital, decided to join the ranks of the Benedicts, a short time ago, when he married Miss Iva Anderson, Edwardsport, Indiana. Good luck and happiness to them.

CLEAN UP AND SAFETY DEPARTMENTS

Chas. Gordon, foreman of the Clean-Up Department, slipped away last month and acquired himself a life partner. Good luck, Charles.

Wm. Rose of the Clean Up Department, has been promoted to the position of assistant fire marshal of the plant.

Jack Prentice, general foreman of the Clean Up Department, is spending his vacation down on the old farm at Delphos, Ohio.

Wayne Matthews, foreman of the Clean Up Department, was killed when he drove in shallow water while bathing at the Whiting Park beach. His fellow workers extend their sympathy to the bereaved family.

Pat Woodlock of the Pipe Shop Toolroom is contemplating a fishing trip to Cedar Lake next month.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

L. Snow, of the pipe gang, says if it wasn't for "Liz" he would not get to work in the mornings, and if it wasn't for "Liz" he would not be late in the mornings, too. She busts her tire sometimes—then she gets tired too.

What's the speed limit in Sugar Creek now? 12 or 42 miles per hour? We saw Earl Rockey doing both those speeds in one hour last week.

The Ball team of the labor department went to Blue Mills and played the village team. They were treated in royal fashion by the boys of that place and anticipate returning for another game soon, not being discouraged over the loss of the game by the score of 14 to 1.

Wilbur Bressie, the ex-jit-driver says he feels like a worm since that chicken in Independence picked him up.

Jim Helberg has been placed where he can harden up a little. He lays that "flop" by Bill Beatty to his soft condition; the alibi evidently acting as a boomerang.

Bill Stump has been reading Civil War History and was especially interested in the battle of "Bull Run." It finally leaked out that Bill had one of his own. The bull found him in the berry patch. Bill is all right now.

The pipe shop whittling contest has been resumed and Joe Carpenter has a man gathering up all the soft pine in that vicinity.

While cleaning No. 144 tank recently Addison Ware fell on Jim Mallison and "pinned" him down and Referee Van Gundy declared Addison the winner of the first fall. The Athletic Committee have matched this pair of "rasslers" for a finished match to be pulled off at the next "Smoker."

Joe Shipley is looking for advice and instructions on the strenuous game of checkers. To date he has tried every trick or move suggested by his friends. We refer him to Morris Butler, the shark of the Main office, who recently trimmed Arch Hicks so thoroughly that Arch has been looking glum ever since. Of course he has his alibi now and lays it to that seven and one-half per cent.

The Boys in the Main Office are loud in their praise of H. O. Roth as a deep thinker. We concur in their opinion, in fact we go them one better and say that he is such a "deep thinker" that none of his thoughts ever rise to the surface.

Our amiable head timekeeper, C. E. DeLand, since becoming city clerk of this western metropolis, has acquired the bearing and polish of a retired bank president, causing one to suppose that his life is a bed of roses. But when the pay period is nearing its close he and his Nemesis, Wm. Moseley can often be seen in "friendly?" discussion, over the possibility that the roll will not be out on time.

The family of Farmer Frisby, Labor Foreman, are are spending two months in "Old Kentucky" visiting the old homestead in Owensboro and friends in Mt. Sterling.

The Common Labor ball team have had Boll Cramer, pitcher, and Frank Evinger, catcher, in reserve so long that they are getting a little stale and are aching for a chance to "shop up" some of the other teams.

The homes of J. M. Davis, pipe coverer, and Tom Hartigan, Boilermaker Foreman, were brightened recently by the addition of big, healthy boys. The "handle" to Davis, Jr. is William Eugene, while young Mr. Hartigan responds to the name of Martin William.

Harmon Moore, of the canvas room, and Miss Welma Stratton were married recently and are making their home in Independence, Mo.

Since the plant jitney has been taken off the rumor is that all foremen will be furnished with bicycles, with the exception of Frisby, who has a Hobby Horse.

Lyle Hildebrand received a letter from Art Fleishman, jitney man running between Independence and Sugar Creek, asking him to please pay him ten cents a day for every time he takes the Nurse back and forth between Independence and Sugar Creek. Believe Lyle would gladly pay him a $1.00 before he would give up his job.

The Main Office have at last found out what is becoming of all their muslin—Has anybody noticed Professor Galloway's new breeches?

GREYBULL, WYO.

E. C. Starks and J. E. Robertson completed a tour of Yellowstone Park with their families recently and report a wonderful trip.

Those two Casper Pictures in the July Record remind us that L. B. James, fireman at this plant lays claim to the S. O. Championship in horseshoe pitching. James says he was run out of Arkansas for "Skunking" the champion of that State. Casper please take notice.

Mr. D. M. Lobdell of Casper, stopped a moment on his way thru Greybull to say hello to old friends. Come again Mr. Lobdell.

Nearly all of the boys who have been fishing this season have caught the limit.

Jimmie James says "No wonder Red Carnell can catch more fish that I can at Paintrock. He dives for them."

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Wm. Patterson who underwent an operation recently is improving.

* * *

The bashful petty officer was on leave and was having a hard time making conversation.

"I suppose you've been in the navy so long, you're accustomed thoroughly to sealegs," she suggested.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

H. Raines of the welding department, is wearing a broad smile these days. Of course there is good reason. His wife recently presented him with a baby girl. Congratulations to you and yours.

Mrs. J. R. Carringer and daughter, Mary Virginia, of Elizabeth, N. J., expect to arrive in Wood River on or about August 1, where she will remain a month visiting friends and relatives.

Russel Durham, appeared on the scene recently with a beautifully colored optic. Russel says that he got hit in the eye with a ball. All right, Russel, we'll take your word for it this time.

Speaking of colored "lamps"—we are curious to know how a certain small boy in the shipping department came by the suspicious looking appearance he presented recently. He confesses he can't remember how he got it but that he was in St. Louis on the previous night. What are our babies coming to?

We are all rejoicing with Mr. Frank Harris in his good luck in winning the Chevrolet offered by the American Legion. Frank is very modest about his possession, still takes the same size hat and vows there is nothing in the rumor that when he goes joy-riding he can be traced by the trail of dead dogs, cats and chickens strewn along his path.

A. Girard of the pressure stills, is the proud owner of a new Dodge touring car. "Al" has no long trips mapped out yet, but for the present expects to tour the neighboring towns with his family.

Miss Wilma Bustine, daughter of John Bustine of the carpenter department, recently departed for Toronto, Canada, where she expects to make a six weeks' visit with relatives.

Homer Madden, tinner, who left the employ of this company some time ago, opened up a tin shop in Wood River and reports a good business.

Albert Hoppert, small son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoppert is ill with infantile paralysis.

Hugo Heying of the labor department reported the death of his three-year-old daughter. We all extend our sympathies to Mr. Heying and his family.

Luke Kane of Whiting is here on a two weeks' vacation visiting with his mother. Luke, who formerly worked here, never forgets Wood River.

Mrs. Archie McBride and son, Richard, of Du Wald, Okla., are house guests of Mrs. James McNally of Maplewood. Mrs. McBride will enjoy an extended visit in Wood River and Alton.

Wm. Halton of the refinery agitators joined the ranks of the automobilists, the first of the month. Bill is a firm advocate of "safety first" and don't care who knows it. He is being tutored in the art of driving by Ferdinand Schueler, who reports that he is progressing nicely.

John Parison, one of our pressure still cleaners, is the proud father of a 10-pound baby boy.

Sammy Williams of No. 3 Pressure House, reports that he and his wife celebrated their crystal wedding anniversary on the 28th. Eighteen couples were present and a general good time enjoyed. Sammy and the wife received several pieces of cut glass.

James Hicks of the pressure pump house, expects his new seven-room bungalow will soon be ready for occupancy. Jim says he is tired of paying high rents and expects to have more than receipts to show at the end of ten years. Good luck, Jim!

Born to P. Kaser of the welding department, an 8½-pound baby girl. Mother and baby are doing fine.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lenhardt of Elizabeth, N. J., accompanied by their eldest child stopped off at Wood River enroute to Denver, the middle of the month. Mr. and Mrs. Lenhardt, at one time were residents of Wood River. Johnny informs us on his visit that he has been transferred to Cuba as general manager. We are glad to hear of your promotion and wish you well in your new work.

Gilbert Smith of the Pressure Stills reports that his two children are sick and threatened with infantile paralysis. We sincerely hope that he is mistaken.

Mr. Alfred Olson, our veteran watchman, who has been recommended for retirement on annuity, departed the middle of the month for Tulsa, Okla., accompanied by his wife and nephew. The party made the trip in Mr. Olson's new Ford and spent a pleasant two weeks.

The people living on farms surrounding Wood River have been busy working in the field, harvesting their wheat, which looks promising. However, owing to the present drought the corn is beginning to show signs of needing moisture.

Friends of Chris Mayford, a former employee, will be pleased to learn that he is doing well on his poultry farm near St. Joseph, Mo. He has 180 acres devoted to poultry and has approximately four thousand chickens.

Jack Davey of the machine shop, came in all smiles the A. M. of the 1st, the reason being that the stork visited his home and left a bouncing baby girl. This is Mr. and Mrs. Davey's first child. "Congratulations."

Charles Baker of the paraffine department is breaking into the "Big League." It was reported that he purchased a Ford Coupe. One of the boys of that department asked what he intended calling it, "Henry or Lizzie," and he replied "Henry," as he already had a "Lizzie." How come, Charley?

It is reported that in Heads Addition they have formed a cooperative moving organization. The other evening on passing Jas. Wainright's place, it appeared that the whole neighborhood was lending assistance, thereby enabling Jim to move in one evening.

Walter Shampine of the crude stills enjoyed his 32 hours off on the 21st, by spending the day at the home of his In-laws, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hawk, of West Alton, Mo. He was accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Harvey Moore, house man at No. 1 Pressure Stills, reports a visit of the stork at his home on July 6th, and left a bouncing baby boy to cheer their home.

K. Grebel of the carpenter department has left the employ of the company. Kenneth has a very good offer with an Alton contractor, which he deems advisable to accept. Good luck.

The entire plant extend their sympathy to Joe Everson of the Gas Absorbers, in the loss of his wife on July 27th, 1921.

Wm. Van Meter, one of our locomotive engineers, had the misfortune to lose his car in a fire that occurred in his garage on July 10. While the loss is not total, it will necessitate considerable repairs. He feels very grateful to the Wood River Volunteer Fire Department for their efforts and wishes to extend his thanks.

Mrs. P. J. Monks, wife of our combustion engineer, accompanied by their children is spending the summer with her parents at Litchfield, Ill.

F. Fortschneider of the pipe shop, one of Malonie's efficient helpers, and a representative of the Athletic Association, has left the employ of the company to join the Oklahoma Baseball Club. His efficient fielding and consistent hitting on the Alton Blues Baseball Club, of which he was a member, will be greatly missed by all the fans.

The dancing party recently given for the benefit of the Wood River Athletic Association at the new Valley Park Pavilion, Alton, Ill., was a financial success as well as an enjoyable affair.

The Association is deeply indebted to the members of the Red Crown band for the splendid concert rendered on that occasion. Music lovers of Alton were unamimous in awarding "Our Band" a place in the front rank among local musical organizations.

The committee wishes to extend their thanks to Messrs. F. G. Clifford, S. J. Halloran and C. Burris for their able assistance.

The committee was fortunate in securing the services of an able orchestra of eight pieces, which furnished the latest music in snappy style.

The new Valley Park pavilion was crowded to capacity, with two hundred couples on the floor at one time, the bouquet goes to the association for the selection of such a place, which amply accommodated the crowd.

Due to the industrial crisis only hard work saved the occasion from being a white elephant. The committee extends their thanks to the members of the association for selling tickets and their "Mouth to Mouth Advertising."

The success of this affair has instilled a new spirit in the social line and we may look forward to another enjoyable evening when our district returns to "Normal."

The committee is pleased to report as follows:

Gross receipts	$183.75
Disbursements	111.40
Net	$ 72.35

Committee: E. Walker, W. McDonald

MAIN OFFICE NOTES

Lester Geltz, of the main office, has just returned from a week's vacation. Lester states he enjoyed the change of "surroundings" greatly and reports an immensely interesting trip to Shiloh, Tennessee aboard the river steamer "Kentucky." While at Shiloh, Lester relates, he inspected the historic battle-field, saw the great battle fought again for six-bits and bought bullets dug from sacred ground.

E. J. Schulte, of the main office has acquired a new Ford "see-dan."

They say that Eldon E. Walker has "tennis" aspirations. It was well known that Walker graced the S. O. Co's courts on Saturdays only,—a fact that caused but little comment. Walker was approached and asked to play in the evenings during the week but his statement that he was busy was accepted with out a tinge of suspicion. It now leaks out that Walker "shook" the gang to play a few sets of tennis with some atheltically inclined damsel on the Shurtleff College Courts. No. wonder Walker was busy. "Walk" admits he enjoys playing tennis with the ladies. *Hot doggy! Forty Love, Walk'. You win.*

Fred Schulz, of the Brass Foundry, is wearing a smile these days that ne'er comes off. Fred begs to report the arrival of a bouncing baby girl at his home on the 29th of July. Both mother and baby are doing nicely.

SAFETY COMMITTEE MEETS

A splendid meeting of the newly organized Safety Committees was recently held in the Industrial Relations room. The meeting was well attended. Every department was represented.

Mr. Hall, the Safety Director, presided. In announcing the purpose of the meeting, he gave some very interesting pointers on safety work at the Wood River refinery. He is a sincere and energetic worker and should receive the best cooperation and encouragement from every individual in the plant.

Mr. S. A. Beach, superintendant of the Wood River refinery, gave a very inspiring talk, in which he emphasized the fact that the idea of "Safety First" is not only to prevent more serious accidents but it is also to encourage the workman to take proper care of himself. He also indicated that safety suggestions by workmen should either be brought to the attention of their respective foremen, their representatives on the Safety Committees or to the notice of the Safety Director. In concluding his speech, Mr. Beach strongly urged, with the increase in complicated operations and expansion of the plant, that "Safety First" should receive strong cooperation and support.

Mr. F. J. Gainor, assistant superintendant, made a brief talk on Safety work in general, and strongly supported Mr. Beach's remarks for the cooperation of all present in protecting the refinery from minor as well as major cases of injury. Mr.

Gainor said that the Board of Directors were backing the movement and urged employees to back these plans to the limit.

Mr. John Flanagan, the capable First Aid director, gave an excellent summary of the work accomplished in his department for the past six months. He said that it was imperatively essential from a safety, economical and efficiency standpoint that every employee see that he receive First Aid attention as quickly as he could do so. Mr. Flanagan concluded with a plea for the strong support of every employee in the plant in regard to Safety work. At the conclusion of the speeches several questions were asked by committeemen. After these were discussed, arrangements were made for the divisional Safety Committees to meet in separate units at different stated periods, to take up the general matters that might be brought up by workmen relative to better Safety Protection.

JOHN FLANAGAN,
First Aid Attendant,
per C. F. H.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

Mr. R. R. Seibert of Cedar Rapids, submitted the following article from the London Punch, which he thinks is good advice to pass on to all "Record" readers. SAFETY FIRST: The following rules of the road have been forwarded by an English resident in Japan, who has copied them from the central police station at Tokio: At the rise of the hand of the policeman stop rapidly. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him. When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the horn; trumpet at him melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage tootle him with vigor and express by work of the mouth the warning "Hi, Hi." Beware the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode an exhaust box at him. Go soothingly by. Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway. Avoid entanglement of dog with your wheel spokes. Go soothingly on the grease mud, as there lurks the skid demon. Press the brake of the foot as you roll round the corner to save the collapse and tie-up.

We have in the warehouse two new employees, Mr. Edward Carlson and Mr. Warner Warren. We welcome them to our family. There are also two new faces in the accounting department, Miss Ida Berg and Miss Edna Weber.

We introduce Mr. John Grogan, the gentleman driving the service station truck, which keeps the Tri-City service stations filled with Red Crown. "Cyclone" has a new Ford that runs on its reputation.

Cecil Bartles, stake truck driver, has moved to Rock Island, Ill.

Mr. Howard Yound, tank wagon driver, has resigned and has started an auto painting shop at Buffalo, Iowa. Success to him.

DES MOINES, IOWA

Miss Dolores Leaf entertained the Dictaphone Department, and a number of the young men from the Dubuque office at an informal party at her home. Gee, we had a swell time! Oh, that angel-food cake ! ! ! !

Another diamond has made its appearance in the office. It is on the finger of Miss Margaret Duffy. Mr. Carr certainly can pick the diamonds! ! We have suspected this for a long time, and have our old shoes laid away for future use.

Miss Strubel, who was transferred to this office from Dubuque, returned to her home a few weeks ago, and underwent an operation on her tonsils. She is recuperating slowly. We sincerely hope that she will be able to return to the office very soon.

Miss Colleen Krisinger of the Check Department left the office on July 15, but would not tell the date. On July 25, she became Mrs. Kenneth Koht. The office extends to her best wishes and congratulations.

Lily Hall says that her swelled face was not caused by a mule kicking her, but from having a wisdom tooth pulled. Just as you say, Lily.

R. E. Brinkman, Tank Car Order Clerk, has purchased a new "Henry." We all like to ride, Brink.

Miss Nell McMahon is still confined to her home by sickness. She is steadily improving and hopes to be at her desk soon.

Mark Wood, Assistant Traffic Clerk, has been transferred to Dubuque where he will take up other duties. He was succeeded by Ed Running of the Tank Car Department.

Jack Welch, famous tenor of the Des Moines office, has been placed in charge of the sales writers. Things will sure *Hum* there now.

LuVerne Rowley, Equipment, says Woodward, Iowa is the best town in the world. Say, Verne, what is her name?

Mr. J. G. Lannin, of Mr. R. G. Stewart's office, was a Des Moines visitor August 10.

DECATUR, ILL.

On July 5th the Stanolind Fellowship Club held their regular monthly meeting in the local offices of the company. After the regular business was transacted, the following newly elected officers who are to serve for the ensuing six months, were installed: W. A. Brown, president; Louis Pensinger, vice-president; Frank Dorr, second vice-president; Mrs. Creighton, recording secretary; C. G. Owens, financial secretary; Arthur Faster, treasurer.

President Brown appointed his committees with chairmen as follows: Frank Clark, chairman, entertainment committee; Nina Meyers, chairman, sick committee; M. J. Pierce, chairman, athletic committee; M. C. Cline, chairman, membership committee. Mr. W. A. Brown gave a short talk before the Club, setting forth the good which this organization had done since it started.

A little talk by our new president seemed to please everybody and Mr. Brown announced the next meeting place as somewhere outside the local office—a place where he had never been and where few of the members had ever been. The result is overwhelming curiosity

In "Lover's Lane," that is from Water Street to the local office, there are a great many things discussed, both by Company employees and outsiders, for example:

Outsider—"Who is that distinguished looking young fellow walking just ahead of us?

Standard Oiler—"Why that's the office boy, alias Handsome Claire."

Outsider—"Is that so? Well, I thought he must be the manager's son."

As usual, Henry Busch was late again today (no date given), but he had J. Willard Crook of the Traffic Department, in tow. Now J. Willard is young and innocent and still has an excellent reputation for promptness. Lay off'n that stuff Henry, don't you teach J. W. no bad habits.

Some people tell only the good things which they hear, others tell everything. F'rinstance: They say Eurit E. Schroeder, city salesman, otherwise

known as "Fat," went out to the Country Club with the express intention of selling the "FULL LINE" to the manager, but somehow Eurit lost himself, and landed in the kitchen. The cateress, a lady of jolly disposition, quickly saw an opportunity to have her little joke, and, being short of help, she buttonholed Fat and pressed him into service without any unnecessary formalities. We don't know whether he landed an order or not, but the concensus of opinion at the Country Club is that "Fat" sure wields a wicked dish cloth.

Zerola Patterson, otherwise known as "Doc", is one girl in this office who is continually keeping the rest of the bunch guessing as to what she is going to do next. Recently she bought material for a white canton crepe dress. Immediately everyone registered suspicion. We have information that her friend from Detroit is coming home for a vacation. Zerola says she's going to kill two birds with one stone. Question: Do we help her entertain her friend or send pie knives?

Audrey Scruggs put the "glycerine tears" exhibited by the movie actresses to shame when she all but got down on her knees and asked for help when a little mouse appeared upon opening up her desk. If you can do that when you want to, Audrey, you had better start for Hollywood.

Overheard among the "beach nuts" near the bath house at the picnic staged by employees, at Fairies Park:

"Well of all things, is that Pete Cantoni out there in the water with all those women?"

Sure, did you ever know Pete to miss an opportunity?

Well, well, I never knew before they had a steamboat on this lake. No, no, that's not a steamboat—that's "little" Wilbur Dawson trying to float.

Cora Russell and Audrey Scruggs hunted around all evening for a man, one who could swim and row a boat—"Safety First."

Did you see the new one Lloyd Francis brought with him? That boy is certainly there when it comes to "quick changes." He has a girl for each day of the week and two on Sunday.

We noticed the side that "had the pull" with the boss won the tug-of-war.

When preparations were being made for the ladies 50 yard dash Carrie was heard to say: "Bess, you had better 'roll them a little higher' "—and she did.

Did you notice that handsome long-haired young man gliding around and clinging to his partner on the dance floor, just like he knew how? Well, you may not believe it, but that was our office boy, Mr. Houran, who is always THERE when you want him HERE.

Mr. F. S. Larimore was seen emerging from the dining hall wearing a broad smile, wiping his lips with the back of his hand, and at the same time gazing here and there.

Unconfirmed rumor has it that one of our Danville, Illinois, representatives went out not long ago with a member of the fair sex. While he was trying to steal the young thing's heart she nearly pinched his pocketbook.

Well, well, well, Crippen says he can swim under water now.

Our service station checker, Mr. Howard Estabrook, was seen talking to a little fairy, at service station No. 97 and naturally we are interested. We are still wondering who "she was."

Well, Mac has at last used that much talked of license and has taken the fatal plunge, leaving "single blessedness" forever behind.

Out of curiosity to see the new bride, and pure and unadulterated love for Mac, quite a little crowd gathered at 895 West Main Street, bearing congratulations and an electric toaster. The party ended with an automobile ride and "something to eat." Part of the crowd captured the groom and putting him in Clyde Hanna's car drove all over the corn country, finally, at the ungraceful hour of midnight, depositing him on his front veranda. The first lesson in unnecessary explanations followed.

Replying to a letter regarding the loss of a number of wrenches, one of our agents said:

"M. C. in reply to your letter would say that one of these wrenches was broken and the other was lost off the truck the other day while sick."

In a recent issue of the Stanolind Record there appeared a picture of a family of 8 boys. Art Faster, who is nothing if not sympathetic, remarked "Say, can you imagine dishing out spending money for that many kids?" Quite a foresighted fellow, Art.

SPECIAL. Henry Busch came in on time once last week.

Pierce Crippen is able to give anyone a regular lecture on the "Wonders of the Deep" after his prolonged stay at Woodbine Park.

Clair Houran, talking over the phone to his chief side kicker: "What does she look like? Does she look stupid?" Assured that she did, he agreed to go along. No doubt the two of them had a "deucedly stupid time."

Have you noticed that long face on Louis Pensinger for the last three weeks—a lonesome look? The Mrs. has been to Chicago. Ha! Ha!

Pete Cantoni says that his office is like a deserted village since he employed "Miss Dictaphone."

On Saturday, July 23, a number of the young ladies in the office, included in the party being Misses Carrie and Bessie Delaney, Rita Tofall, Zerola Patterson and Mary Wolfington ventured to explore the city of St. Louis, staying over Sunday. Griffith, or Pathe, or Godwyn or someone saw them and now they are getting offers to do comedy stunts at Hollywood.

Our office boy, Claire Houran, states that there are many advantages in being in a family where there are two or more older brothers. To illustrate:

In having his suits pressed at a local cleaners, he practices economy by charging it to one brother one week, and the other brother the next, so neither will feel badly. That's all right, Clair, but why don't you try it with the barber?

Mildred Kemper has certainly got something on all the rest of us in her everyday work. She always has one thing to look forward to each day and that is her little sojourn at the telephone desk, where the continual buzz of the different phones, assisted by the cool breezes which float through the main door, lull her to sleep, where she is suddenly awakened by some persistent individual who really desires to talk over the phone. Mildred says it's a "grand and glorious feeling."

* * *

If you don't believe in cooperation, just observe what happens to a wagon when one wheel comes off.

* * *

Rural Youth—Hey, pop, the old goat just et a jackrabbit.

Ditto Adult—Gosh durn it all! Another hare in the butter.—*Tiger* (Princeton).

* * *

"I say, have you a cigarette?"

"Sorry, old dear, but I'm all fagged out."—*Show Me* (Missouri).

WHEN THE LITTLE MISS STARTS TO SCHOOL

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Labor with what zeal they may, something still remains for mothers to make for their little ones, but the work is not much of a task when the matter of material and style are decided on. In materials we find plain chambray, small plaid and checked ginghams, light and dark sateens, dotted swisses, voiles, organdies and taffetas, all in pretty, live colors (with a spice of black and navy blue) make up the color story as told by the shops; chambrays, ginghams and sateens for utility clothes; organdies, swisses and taffetas for special occasions.

Nothing is in greater favor than amusing little peg-top bloomers of plain chambray, in blue, green, light brown or other colors, made with round neck and elbow sleeves. Very simple stitchery is the usual finish for them. Dresses with bloomers to match are cut either in the smock pattern with small yoke, or with a short bodice and knee-length skirt. A pretty model appears at the left of the two shown above, made in this way. White lawn is much used for collars and cuffs and colored floss provides cross stitch or outline embellishment and sometimes quaint, small flower motifs. Odd-shaped pockets are featured on all sorts of dresses.

The pretty dress at the right might be made up in white or light colors. A strap decoration on the shoulders and at the front and back at the waist-line invites an embellishment which appears in a little simple embroidery. Button-holed slashes at the ends of the waist straps allow a sash to slip through them, tied in a bouyant bow, with loops and ends at the left side.

There are many long-waisted frocks and gay ribbons add their enchantment to the other delightful details of organdy, swiss or batiste dresses. Dark blue or black taffetas have allurements in embroidery as clusters of red silk cherries or cross-stitch patterns in colored silks.—JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

Messrs. Manbeck and Clark were hosts to a party of S. O. Company and C. & A. Officials lately. Among them were Mr. R. H. McElroy and wife. Mr. McElroy is Traffic Manager for this Company.

The Atwater Elevator is making use of the switching facilities at Schoper, generously granted by the company, and are busy loading wheat at the mine.

The hard road is now open to Girard. This road connects with the cinder road to Schoper, and we now have an open road all winter between Schoper and Carlinville.

Phil Ward is the proud owner of a "Tin Lizzie". He says he took her for better or worse. Probably!

Schoper recently made a record of hoisting over a thousand tons of rock in one day.

Andy Giffen recently purchased a new 1921 Model Studebaker.

Jim Killian, Blacksmith Helper, is going to visit some friends in Pike County. While there he will deliver an illustrated lecture on efficiency in coal mining. The lectures should be well attended as Professor "Kill 'em" is a noted expert on coal mining methods.

Several First Aid Teams which have been organized are practicing for the National First Aid contest, which is to be held in St. Louis, beginning September 1st. We hope to see our boys as prize winners by the time this is published.

Several Mine Rescue Teams are being organized for the Mine Rescue contest.

It must be very embarrassing to resemble a noted criminal, and few of us would like to go thru the harrowing experience of our good natured Wireman, Johnny Law who on a visit to St. Louis, was picked up by mistake by the police. He soon proved his identity, however, and was released. They must be very efficient down there to get our harmless "Law Abiding Johnny."

"Rick" Kelly got even with the garage man by selling his machine.

Harry McWilliams, Night Boss, has resigned, and James Hailstone, has succeeded him. "Butch" Wilkinson, President of the Local, succeeded "Jimmy" Hailstone as Face Boss.

Claude Lloyd's chest expansion bids fair to equal Jack Dempsey's and he wears a smile that reaches from ear to ear, all due to the fact that his wife presented him with a fine nine pound baby girl. Both mother and baby are doing nicely.

That part of the Stanolind Addition lying south of Rice and between Johnson & Summer Streets, has been favored every night recently with nocturnal band concerts and serenades. The musicians are mainly drummers and most of the instruments appear to be tin cans, tubs, etc. The serenaders are called the "White Mule Quartet." As yet there have been no casualties.

The Second Mother's Club of the Standard Addition recently enjoyed a pleasant outing and picnic at Dickerson's Swimming Hole.

Mr. R. E. Hessenauer, clerk, attended the funeral of his mother, which was held in Alton, July 31, 1921. Mrs. Hessenauer died in Red Cliffe, Alberta, Canada, July 25th.

Our own Chas. Fitzgerald is spending his leisure moments on the Golf Links of the Hillside Country Club, preparing to meet the Chicago office champion, Mr. C. J. Nugent, who, we hear, will spend his vacation in Carlinville.

SCHOPER NEWS ITEMS

George Bacon, our own diminuitive trip rider, and incidentally a second "Whistling Bowery Boy," has taken his "Life Sentence" recently. We extend congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Bacon, wishing them a pleasant voyage upon the "Sea of Life."

Tommy Thomas, star catcher and captain of the Stanolind baseball team, and Benny Bashton, a machine runner, have left our employ and gone to Colorado, where Tommy expects to play League baseball.

Frank Gushas, a miner in No. 19 gang, has purchased the West End Hotel.

Tommy (Heavy) Davis, a machine runner in Gang No. 19, has left and gone to work as an electrician for the Peabody Coal Company, at Kincaid, Ill., where his father is superintendent.

The wheat on the company's farms is being threshed and the yield is as good as the average this season.

To approach the Cement Gunning Machine, one views again scenes so vividly depicted upon "Flanders' Fields." The men must wear goggles and respirators as a protection against the flying sands. One wonders who signals a "coming gas attack."

Tom Paul, our superintendent, just received a new Ford Sedan, with all the latest trimmings

"Rick" Kelly, will soon leave the Addition to live in a pretty bungalow recently purchased, farther down on Johnson street.

Ralph Hall wears a smile these days. He was recently presented with an eight-pound baby girl. Mother and child are doing splendidly. Done any night walking yet, Ralph?

CHICAGO, ILL.

Prof. Al. Roesler needed his undertaking outfit the other night. He sat in a 25 cent seven card stud with the deuces wild and was knocked for a row of soda crackers. He says the black coat and stripped trousers would have been appropriate to go home in.

Mr. Edward L. Briggs visited relatives in "Beantown" a short time ago and reports having a fine time. We all missed him and his favorite cry "Have you paid me for them eggs?"

Charlie Meier, statistical department, has a new Buick six and claims to be the most skillful one-armed driver in the city. Line forms on the right, girls.

Anyone desiring to learn the ancient and honorable game of golf can apply to Bill Barrett or Lou Yocum. They guarantee quick results. P. S.—The beginner has to learn fast or go broke.

Golf makes bugs out of some people. What do you think of a bird who leaves Logan Square, gets to Chicago Lawn at 2:45 a. m. and wakes up a respectable citizen of that community and invites him to play a round. Anyone suggesting an appropriate name for this bug (John Legenza) wins last Sunday's newspaper.

Two more golf bugs—Miss Clara Darrow and Miss Catherine Lundergan. Both young ladies are stenographers on the Fifth floor and took a trip to Marquette Park recently to demonstrate that they could pound the golf ball as well as the typewriter keys. Both are Alexa Stirling in the rough. (Miss Lundergan admits she was in the rough most of the time). We would like to see our girls included in the next Stanolind Tournament, which, of course would necessitate a new line of prizes. More power to our girls!

Miss Stockley of the Distribution Department, Fifth Floor, came to work one morning not long ago, all out of breath and limping badly. We thought perhaps she had interrupted a flivver on the "Boul Mich" but were very much relieved to find that only her french heel had broken under the strain. We always thought that Miss S. was well heeled but find that at times she isn't. However, with the volunteered and skillful services of the Janitor, four pounds of glue and a two inch wood screw the heel was made as good as new. (poetry) All's well that ends well.

See Betty Crain for the latest boat schedules. Also for a description of old Lake Michigan by moonlight (moonlight must not be confused with moonshine).

Boys, if you are thinking of taking an auto ride, beware! Don't let Ingrid Rummelhoff in on it. Recently, she was invited to ride to Deuce Lake with Mr. Gorvett and family and he had a dozen blow-outs on the way. He claims that "Ingie" jinxed the trip.

W. G. Long has located the "fountain of youth." He tipped off J. D. Callahan and now instead of going straight home at five o'clock they saunter up the "Avenue" to look 'em over. Conrad Stuff.

Mr. John Carr of the Equipment Department is now wearing glasses. What's the matter, John, are they wearing them too short or are you getting old?

Miss Anna Rommell of the Equipment Department and Miss Evelyn Swenson of the Distribution Department, went up to Evanston to take a little dip; also to secure a coat of tan to show the boys of the office. The young ladies did not know when they had attained sufficient tan and overstayed their welcome with the sun and instead of securing a coat of tan, they received a good burn.

Miss Lillian LaVelle is back at her desk after a seven weeks leave of absence, part of which was spent in a hospital. She looks like a million dollars and we are all glad to have her with us again. (Bob Williams says "make it DE—LIGHTED.")

Mrs. F. S. Wall left the service of the company August 1st. She will take a trip to New York and expects to be away for three months. Her many friends hope she will have a good time and will regain her health.

The Misses Sena and Rae Anderson were called to Manistee last week by the sad news that their father had passed away. We all extend them our heartfelt sympathy.

Herman Rummelhoff's residence was struck by lightning during the terrific storm we had the evening of July 7th. The chimney was demolished and the house was set on fire but the fire was put out before the fire department arrived. Fortunately no one was injured and the loss was fully covered by insurance.

We are more than glad to report that Mrs. J. A. Reynolds is recovering nicely from the serious operation she underwent at St. Luke's Hospital. This is welcome news to "Jerry's" host of friends.

* * *

FOR SALE—Palm Beach Suit—See Mr. Ernest (Speedy) Jenkins. Purchased three years ago at (Walk-a-flight-and-save-$10.00). Reason for selling —have outgrown it. Will take second hand Dodge as part payment.

TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT, CHICAGO

While we have no doubt Dave Radcliffe is a splendid checker player and that it is quite by accident he sweeps his opponents' men off the board with his sleeve, we have decided the game must be played in the future with sleeves rolled up.

Margaret Salmon was all primped up during the middle of August. Milton Kahn, formerly employed in the traffic department, returned from Denver to spend the week of August 15th in Chicago.

Have you noticed the expression of pleasure on the faces of several of the girls of the traffic department when the milkman appears. Wonder whether it's habit formed in their babyhood days or the basis of a romance.

Grethel Esler will be glad to furnish fishermen with angle worms upon easy terms.

The last issue of the "Record" was not a bit interesting to the girls to the traffic department. No mention was made of J. C. Tyrrell.

No, dearie, Art Nelsen is not wearing those yellow sox on a bet. Here's the story: Being short of time, he asked A. L. Rich to purchase him three pair of *cream* colored sox, and just look what Rich bought.

Casualty list:

The following will have more respect for "Old Sol" for the future:

Minnie Hodson—scorched.
Clifford Tyler—half baked.
Bob McFarlane—well done.
Gertrude Cornils—shy considerable epidermis.

Florence Aline Yohnston of the traffic department bane gone to Nor' Dakota to make vacation and we yust got postcard sayin' she have good time yumpin' in Lake Melissa, up in Minn'sota.

R. C. King and Andrew Gump spent two weeks in July serving angle worms to the fish in Shady Rest.

The employees of the traffic department are sorry to lose two of their co-workers, Ward Olmstead and Glen Spikens, who have found it necessary to give up their positions on account of ill-health.

Look what the stork brought:

To Mrs. Elmer Pritz—1 son.
To Mrs. Hazel Mergner O'Keefe—1 son
To H. T. Zaremba—1 granddaughter.

HIS SMILE IS BIGGER THAN EVER

Most of you remember our old friend Clarence Bergstrom, formerly employed in the Chicago Division, who from all reports has been very successful in his law practice and real estate operations. Well, he is now happier than ever, and that's going some. Reason—He made the biggest deal of his life in taking unto himself a better half. He was married on July 2nd to Frances Miller and left immediately after the ceremony for motor trip through Michigan, using good old Red Crown of course. We wish him luck.

DETROIT, MICH.

Messrs. Fleming and Morrissy, of the Accounting Department, recently broke the "jinx" of the Detroit Tigers by being present at a ball game which they finally won. Since they are such good mascots it's too bad they can't attend more frequently.

Harry L. Alger, tankwagon driver, who was confined to his home during the month of June with scarlet fever, is back on the job again.

Leonard G. Smith, "B" station agent at Dundee, was married June 15 and the happy couple are now settled and living in Dundee. We all extend congratulations.

William Guynn at West Detroit reports the arrival of a baby boy at his home. Bill passed around the cigars, which were good.

Note: The Editor can smoke his pipe. (Nix, he rolls his own, Ed.)

Oscar Kirchwey, our former assistant stock clerk, has returned from California and is with us again. His many friends will be glad to know of his return.

Hugh Brown, our Mason agent, recently started to give a semdac demonstration on the linoleum of a farmhouse kitchen, intending to clean just a small spot to show the excellent results from using Semdac. He, however, dropped the gallon can and spilled so much that he had to clean the entire floor. He made such a fine job of it that he sold the balance of the can for furniture polish.

Sam Gemberling, our General Clerk, recently spent a few days at Middle Straits Lake. He says the fish are not biting. Better luck next time, Sam.

Edward F. Collins and Marie O'Hagan were married at Holy Redeemer Church Thursday, June 30, at 10:00 A. M. Eddie is taking his bride to the Thousand Islands, wishing he could stay a week on each one. We hope he don't stay away that long.

By the way, the engineer at West Detroit received congratulations that should have belonged to Eddie Collins. The lady offering them was misinformed as to the position occupied by Mr. Collins and did not know the name of the Engineer. No wonder he looked at her in amazement!

Mr. V. V. Green, our genial SS Superintendent had the trap door of the scrap iron box fall on his foot recently. Those who know Mr. Green know how "sot" he is, so in spite of all the good advice of his friends, he continued to hobble around. One of the men who had not heard him being urged to stay at home remarked "It's too bad you have to stand on your feet so much" and Miss Schlunt, the telephone operator, who had lost patience because he would not listen to her good advice, butted in with the remark "He wouldn't if he would use his head." We always thought Mr. Green was *rather* athletic, but—

The other day Mr. Bill Packard and Mr. Short stopped at Ann Arbor, enroute for Whitmore Lake, where Mr. Packard *said* they were to look up empty barrels. Possibly they were, but Whitmore Lake is famous for its bathing beauties.

C. E. Gurney, specialty salesman, Detroit, is the proud father of a husky son.

"Frenchy" La Montaine has just announced the arrival of an 11 pound baby girl at his house. Superintendent A. N. Schneider, who contributed this information, when questioned as to the baby's name, replied "How can the baby have a name when her dad hasn't passed around the cigars."

The following letter was received from T. W. Rickerd, our agent at Ann Arbor:

"Perhaps you are wondering why you have not heard from Ann Arbor lately. We have been told several times in the past that we, as a city, have the pleasure of entertaining some of the prettiest young ladies from all over the land. But we did not realize this individually until we moved into our new office on Main Street. We really have been so busy becoming accustomed to the sights of Main Street, after spending so many years in "Frog Hollow," where our old office was located, that we just forgot the Stanolind Record." Tut! Tut! T. W.

Clifford Bath, clerk in the Accounting Department, was away from the office a few days, attending the funeral services for his brother who was killed in action during the World War and whose body has just been returned home from France.

We are informed that Assistant Manager Keating, had a race with the stork at Addison, recently when he offered his car and services to Perry Babcock, our agent at that point, to quickly bring the mother of Mrs. Babcock, to his home. The Stork won, however, for when Mr. Keating returned, our agent and his wife were the proud parents of an 8½ pound girl. They have named her Phyllis June.

DULUTH MINN.

Walter Nelson and Dick Carlson, salesmen, have both done excellent work on window displays in their territory. They have the knack of putting in displays that bring forth favorable comment in the local papers. This is good publicity for S. O. Company. "More power to them!"

Peter B. Peterson, agent at Webster, claims his name stands for "Push Polarine." Peter is proving it, too. He called on two country stores the other day and caught the proprietors in the act of scrubbing the floors. Two cases of Semdac resulted. Hurrah!

Special Crank Case Service has been installed at our SS No. 1, 10th Avenue East and Superior Street. It's popularity is proved by the fact that over 225 cars have used this service since it was inaugurated on May 27th. Attendant Pat Gormley is in charge and his motto is "Treat them so they will come again."

Mr. Sullivan, Crediman, is back from his trip to San Francisco, and reports spending a jolly time with Miss Nelson and Miss Borgstrom, talking over the affairs of the S. O. Co. We have it from unimpeachable authority that they also dined and danced.

Doesn't "Brownie" swing a wicked tennis racket? Garnet McRostie seems willing to take her on at any time, judging from the inter-office telephone conversations. Garnet does some excellent work on the Duluth Boat Club Bantam Four Rowing Crew, and is a great booster for any kind of outdoor sport.

Speaking of outdoor sport, can anything beat a supper cooked over an open fire? Several of the girls hied themselves out to a little spot on the Lake shore that Norma knows about, and proved that they could make a roaring fire, boil coffee, weiners and corn just as well as a seasoned woodsman. It is said that mere man was not present.

Mr. Leonard Anderson, has been transferred from the Iron Barrel Department to Hibbing, Minnesota, as clerk, where he has set up housekeeping!

Mr. A. B. Hutchinson has sworn off practicing second story work. There was a little job to be done on the roof, and in sliding in Mr. Craig's

window Hutch encountered a spike which bore no red flag. There was a r-r-r-ripping sound, and much colorful language. Business of lifting him off the spike. He was given "time off" to visit the tailor shop up the avenue, and whilst standing in the barrel he had time to consider reimbursement for the 50c paid out. We have no doubt but that if he sends in his Ol7, properly receipted and O. K.'d IN INK OR INDELIBLE PENCIL, that he will be reimbursed in the regular way.

Mr. Sullivan and Miss Elenor Johnson thinks it's a shame that there is so much plate glass in the drug store downstairs. You might just as well have it sent up on a tray, Mike.

Mary Whelan just loves hair nets, but you have to get up so early in the morning to put one on!

Miss Leah Fontaine, Checking Desk, is entertaining her sister, from Escanaba, Michigan, for a few weeks.

On receipt of our last price decline, telegrams announcing that fact were at once sent to all agents. Mr. Miller is our new agent at Iron River, Wisconsin, and in his reply he said, ' I got the telegram but don't understand it. You got FORTNITE on it. Does that mean two weeks from now?"

A few of the girls spent a Saturday afternoon at Fond Du Lac recently. Next time they intend to picnic some place where the mosquitoes are not first cousins to the elephant. Do you think Lill and Esthyre noticed the mosquitoes?

We have frequent inquiry about our old friends, Mr. I. H. Battin and F. W. Dingley, retired salesmen. Come out of your shell and tell us what you are doing. A blank piece of paper and stamped envelope was sent to one of the office force, by "Dad" Battin. Who could resist that appeal for news from the old stamping grounds?

Anyone knowing a formula for removing mud stains and other stains acquired from falling in a gutter, pleased communicate with Miss Nelson, Purchasing Department.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

SOME PARTY—OH BOY !

After Form 24 was completed, the Stock Department took an outing on the Meramec River. We discovered a most excellent swimmer in F. W. Koecher, who challenges the world for a mile dash in the Mississippi—money no object—as the poor fellow is married now.

Mr. Campbell, of the Stock Department, is some fisherman. After having several bites, without any luck, Mr. Fritz took a deep dive near the hook and Mr. Campbell brought up "A" fish, about four inches long.

Our official photographer, Mr. Cotton Cowherd, was on hand and served a hot lunch. That's all true—some of the 'dogs' were red hot.

Fritz woke up about 4:30 a. m. and saved his appetite till lunch, when he made up for his lost breakfast. Cotton never cooks breakfast—he sleeps.

Bob Leeman, of the Stock Department, was rather bashful, but woke up and put on the gloves with several of the boys. When asked about the blood on his upper lip, said he burned it with a cigarette. (Is that so, Bob?)

Smitty finally succeeded in teaching Frank Koecher how to float. It took several hours, but Smitty is one that never gives up.

North seemed a little uneasy with the gloves on, for fear both eyes might be discolored and be unable to find his way to K———s residence that night.

Cy Pasquier was not feeling well, but the bunch soon got him in a good mood and he seemed to enjoy the day.

Dischert was afraid of the water, which seemed strange to us, so we decided to give him a real bath and dropped him in.

Frank Watts spent most of the day asleep, so that he could keep the owls company. Night life has no terrors for the Dean of the Stock Department. Ask any of the Stock boys.

Mr. E. N. Shallenberger has been appointed District Superintendent of the Southwest territory, with headquarters at Springfield, Mo., succeeding Mr. Dawson, who will return to the Home Office at Chicago.

A blithsome laddie arrived, July 27, to grace the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Sweet. The mother claims the baby is sweeter than the family name, and when age permits, the boy will answer to Roger Sweet, Jr., probably "Junior."

George Dain took a cruise with the Naval Reserve recently with New Orleans as the final port of call. Near the oldest town in Missouri the Navy stuck on a sand bar. Some of the boys were sick and some had their feet wet. Eventually the Navy cancelled the trip and returned home. George will probably confine his paddling to the Meramec until that "14 feet to the Gulf" slogan becomes a reality.

E. F. Grimmer, Assistant Credit Man, has returned to work, after an enforced vacation.

J. N. Lanigan, formerly Order Clerk, has been promoted to Promotion Clerk. E. J. Whelan succeeds Mr. Lanigan.

Thomas ("Bud") Long expects to take up the study of law. Tommie contends it is wiser to have a poor answer than none at all. One learned in the law can more readily P. T. B.

The District Superintendents from this division attended a business meeting in Chicago recently. Some of them visited the refinery at Whiting before returning home.

Streckfus excursion ads will be carefully read by Helen Coughlin after her experience the other evening. Helen and her boy friend arranged to have a good time on one of the river excursion steamers. After a hurried trip to the boat they were advised by the officials that "No whites permitted."

Miss Jonquil Schell seems to have a way with the men. One Saturday afternoon not long ago, Eddie Plage, one of the liveliest boys in the office, beat Ernie Pavlick's time by taking Johnny to dine at the St. Louis Inn. The happy couple enjoyed the dinner and the absence of the waitress. Eddie said he hoped she enjoyed the evening "because it cost a great deal of money."

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Westminster Presbyterian Church was the scene of a pretty wedding at 8 p. m. on July 7 when Reginald Christian and Madeline Wilson promised to love and honor "As long as we both do live." She was a charming bride. Here's good luck and much of it, Mr. and Mrs. Christian.

It seems that the "Matrimonial Bug" has escaped again and has found its way into the Grand Rapids garage. It's just one wedding after another. The warehouse also has been seriously affected.

It's funny how we miss some people when they are gone. It did seem good to see Marvin Brower back on the job after being ill for over a week. It's the smile that does it.

Mr. Ed Venema is back again after spending his vacation fishing, etc. at Baptist Lake.

Mr. Wilbur Force is on his vacation. We understand he is attending a musical convention in Chicago.

Mr. Roy Fonger and family spent a few days at Bostwick Lake. Roy said he caught the "whales." He has a picture to prove it. We are of the opinion that it's a good thing pictures can't talk.

There was much excitement in the Grand Rapids office one morning, expecially among the fair sex, when they received a report from New York that the ladies were rouging and powdering their knees. We asked "Dad" Windslow as to the propriety of the fad. Dad answered, "Oh, that's alright for some of them." Wondering what he meant—some of them.

Miss Corrinne Eckert of the Credit Department has sent her trunk up to the Northern Peninsula. She is going to spend her vacation with mother, whom she hasn't seen in two years.

Miss Marie Theis, stenographer in the Service Station department is doing some extensive traveling. She espects to see Montague, Holton, Charlevoix, Chicago, 'n everything. They say Marie, that "He who travels can tell tales." We're wating for you to come back.

Miss Sophia Coeling, Comptometer operator in the Grand Rapids office is spending her vacation by the wild sea waves of Lake Michigan. She is at Highland Park an ideal place for Romance. Watch out, Sophia, we need you here.

Mr. Joe Pettit and Mr. Roy Van Orman have joined the SOCO family and are going to "Sell the full Line." Go to it, boys, we're for you.

It was a pleasure to see the various faces in the office register delight upon seeing Mr. H. R. Cochran, our former manager, now manager of the Detroit field.

Mr. L. J. Thompson, Manager of the Saginaw Division, paid us a visit recently.

The Standard Oil Social & Athletic Association have entered its ball team in the State Tournament, which is to be held in Grand Rapids during August and September.The "Oilers" meet Reed City in the initial play, August 21st.

Miss Mildred Quimby says she enjoyed her vacation. She ' flivvered" to Missaukee Lake and stayed there a few days to enjoy the breezes.

A certain gentleman was seen promenading down Monroe Avenue the other evening, holding in his arms a little poodle dog. Now the stenographers want to know why some people prefer dogs to girls. Don't be jealous girls.

We welcome the following new Agents: Mr. D. W. Dickens at Boyne City, Mr. H. L. Scribner at Constantine and Mr. V. Hoyt at Schoolcraft.

Another gentleman from the Garage decided it was cheaper for two than for one—so Miss Meryl William became Mrs. Lionel Williams, Good wishes to you both.

Miss Florence Baker of the Billings Department is having a great vacation according to word just received from Denver, Colorado. Florence and "the crowd" motored to Denver and, say she "The beauty of it is, we only had one puncture."

The "man " and the "sons" of the Stock Department are on their vacation. George Zyl**man**, Carl Osten-**son** and Harry David-**son** are enjoying themselves while we work, and the Stock Department suffers. Hugh Pier-**son** thought he would wait till the rest got back.

Mr. Fred Voss, of the Grand Rapids warehouse, has taken unto himself a wife. Before she became Mrs. Voss on May 28, she was Rena Wolfe.

Mr. Fred Willitts, on July 4 was united in holy matrimony to Miss Marie Was. Mr. Frank Brusge is happier than ever since he married Miss Anna Busch.

Mr. Merritt Beisel, of the Grand Rapids warehouse, always liked to linger about two blocks from the warehouse. No wonder, for there in an office lingered Miss Miller, his lady love, who recently became his bride.

Mr. Marcus Patton is with us again, after having suffered with two broken ribs. Glad to see you back again.

On June 17 Mr. Ed Stevens, of the Grand Rapids warehouse, was presented with a 20-year service button and he is proud of his record.

Miss Roma West, stenographer in the Grand Rapids office, is spending a fortnight in Charlevoix. Roma says vacations certainly are great, especially where there are nice coast guards, nice lake, good swimming, etc.

On July 20, Mr. James G. Grady, of the Grand Rapids warehouse, received a 20-year service button. You can be proud of it, Jim, only a few of us are as faithful and constant.

Mr. Russell Christopher, truck driver, is off duty suffering from an attack of pleurisy.

Mr. H. K. Nicolls, salesman in Kalamazoo, Michigan, is the proud father of a baby girl. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Nicolls.

The wedding was over—the bride and groom stood in the doorway of the church receiving congratulations and good wishes. One of our girls was going to congratulate the groom. She was about to say "Congratulations," when the groom kissed her. In her excitement instead of "Congratulations" she said "Thank you." We wonder if she really felt that way about it.

Vacations raised havoc with some of the office employees. Literally speaking, we had a "Half-baked" crowd. We are still wondering whether one or two days of frolic are worth all the suffering afterward from sunburn. And, again, we are wondering how one acquires sunburned knees from swimming. Lenore Gillis had an equator on her forehead, and it was easy to guess where her bathing cap left off.

Miss May O'Connor has decided that it isn't worth while, but she knows what's good for burns now.

Miss Mildred Quimby has decided to take a mechanic along the next time she takes a trip in her automobile. She says being stuck on the road for the night makes one feel like—sleeping the next day. Ruth Solomon agrees with her.

Miss Hope Champlin is back again after spending two weeks in Chicago and at Silver Lake.

Mr. Jos. J. Nevotti, of the Chicago office, who spent a couple of days with "Dad" Winslow, of the Grand Rapids office, was very much impressed with the city and the Grand Rapids SOCO plant. Come back again, Mr. Nevotti, we're fond of compliments.

Mr. Phil Merritt of the Garage, says some people spend their holidays in a funny fashion. He still bears marks of a recent adventure. Mr. Merritt's family escaped injury but he received a broken nose, broken finger and a lacerated hand. Two strangers lubricated with moonshine caused the trouble. It cost them $100, costs and damages.

Mr. Fred Billsborrow, of the Grand Rapids office, is wearing a 20-year service button which he received on July 20. He expects to sell the SOCO line for some years to come.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Since our last issue, a welcome is in order for the following new faces: Miss Gladys Pearson, "compto" operator; William H. Jordan, sales writer; Cyrus Briles, circuit driver and Virgil Blue, trade record department.

Assistant Manager Howard Bruce has been having a real fight with an infection in his foot which has been pronounced erysipelas. You bet the entire bunch is "pulling" for his speedy recovery.

Mentioning for the renown of the bookkeeping sector, one Walter Thomas, who from his own accounts appears to be the combined embodiment of a Babe Ruth, a Ty Cobb, and a ground coverer far in excess of Donie Bush or the once famous Honus, besides being a no mean press agent when it comes to covering the story of his speed and cunning as a member of the brier jumping b ıll club whose performances are confined to the deeper jungles of Rush County and vicinity. This bit of news comes from his neighbors in the "Safeguard" rogues gallery and is strictly substantiated evidence throughout.

If the lack of news from the Indianapolis substations is due to a timidity on the part of possible contributors that their handwriting can not be deciphered or that their spelling will "get them in Dutch," this column wagers his fishing clothes (which got him in Dutch) against Ye Editor's ability to flip a wicked stick at auction bridge that we can get the meaning out of anything this side of Sanscrit. "B" doesn't stand for "bashful" Mr. B. Station Agent, let's hear from you. LET'S GO!

Frank Sheperd, (better known as "Shep") our popular Brazil, Indiana, agent, has returned safely from a vacation which was mostly thrills, for Shep has been to Chicago. Briefly told, his experience with cities has been confined to occasional visits to Terre Haute and Indianapolis. Recently he decided to include Chicago. Frank wondered if he could meet the Windy City traffic rules and not get run over or lost. But he did neither—he carried a carefully prepared pencil diagram of his line of march from the depot to the hotel and there he stayed. About all 'Shep" can remember about his trip is that his room was on the sixteenth floor of the hotel and he could get ice-water by simply turning a faucet.

At a recent fish-fry, some first class evidence points to the fact that Earl Thompson, John McCallian and O. Kortepeter must have gotten their fill of fish, at least when they left the table, the unfed cried, "Where's the fish?"

Salesman Manville H. Gant reports an enjoyable time on his motor trip to Washington, D. C.

Bill Teppig and associates of the sales writing division insist that "x" stands for faucets, making it about deep enough for whales to swim in.

Agent Instructor William Frohliger admits Walter Thorn, agent at Gaston, Indiana is some guy. Then we found out that Walter had sent Bill back to Indianapolis with four pounds of honey and eighteen roasting ears. Who mentioned lobby?

One of our first floor girls acknowledges more than mediocre success with the blackberries and chiggers in the vicinity of Martinsville. In numbers the "scratch-producers" ran a close second to the berries.

After several months of trying to hold his coughing Briscoe with piano wire, Roy Kean finally gave up hope. So his C. B. is seen no more around these parts.

George Dietz, S. S. 58, took a flyer in the trucking and heavy hauling business. George can now hand out plenty of sound advice to any one intending to take up this line of work.

Miss Ruth Huff, compto operator became Mrs. Eichman on July 27, so Ruth will be patting piedough now, instead of the little white keys.

The Polarine Social Club continues to grow. The last "blow-out" at Columbia Park easily passed the 250 mark in attendance. Flowery speeches were cut short to give more time for dancing and other forms of intelectual diversion as the Polarine sessions are run on the twilight plan. The treasury must be in a healthy condition when it can put up for a private park and give away ice cream and cake besides. Next session calls for a "regular" jazz band, which means an overflow meeting. The following was reported by one of the "wall-flowers" present.

It was no place for S. G. Kurtz, R. A. Brennan, I. E. Sullivan, J. F. Osterbrink, et al., for all the women and children made it far from a bachelor's retreat. Ott Wittlin and Tony Kirsch looked almost natural, serving *soft* drinks. John Stoner drew the wrath of the crowd by trying to auction the surplus cakes, thereby breaking up the dance. Delbert Wilmeth (with apologies to "Of course, I know you, Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle") entertained with an excellent demonstration of a memory test. Ed Wilson and his Palm Beach was one of the many features. Oh, yes, Chester Tryon brought his best girl along. Adolph Bode was noticed on the fringe of the crowd, probably looking to "swap" flivvers with some one. Quite a sprinkling of girls from the office shows the club is gathering interest and 50c pieces. A saxaphone solo by Clarence Swift, of S. S. 122, accompanied by his sister, brought out a round of real applause. Secretary Forest Keelan plans to get out a series of his famous hand painted posters for the next meeting.

JOLIET, ILL.

POPULAR AGENT LEAVES SERVICE

Mr. E. C. Bartels, agent at Rockford, has resigned from the company service. Mr. Bartels was extremely well liked at Rockford and he has done splendid work in the Standard Oil Company's (Indiana) employ. The company and fellow employees regret his departure and wish him every measure of success for the future. He is considering going West.

HOW HE DOES IT

Mr. E E. Morton, manager of Joliet, and Mr. C. M. Monson, assistant manager, took a trip to Rockford the other day. Mr. Morton did not like the ancient appearance of Monson's hay helmet and informed him that he needn't expect to ride in a Cadillac if he couldn't wear a better looking hat. Thus confronted, Mr. Monson, in company with Mr. Morton, immediately visited an adjacent haberdasher and, after purchasing his own hat, found that E. E. had calmly selected a new one for himself and included it in his (Mr. Monson's) bill.

A certain party in the Joliet office, after thinking the above over, concluded that the skillful manner in which it was handled indicates a familiarity with the procedure, and sincerely hopes that he is not invited on any trips when Mr. Morton begins to think about fall suits and overcoats.

PROMOTIONS AND CHANGES

George Ball, since April, 1916, rural correspondent of the Joliet field, has been promoted to acting superintendent of the Eastern District.

Lewis O. Brehm, lately handling refined oil and gasoline correspondence at Joliet, has been placed in charge of the sales promotion in this field.

Walter J. DeGroat, formerly agent at Aurora, will be Mr. Brehm's assistant.

E. Hoch has been appointed temporary agent at Yorkville in place of W. E. Pine.

E. G. Grace, recently stenographer to the District Superintendent at Freeport, has been placed in charge of the record department in the Joliet office.

PERSONALS AND GOSSIP

L. D. Pesavento, traffic clerk, has been sick with an attack of pleurisy for the past two weeks.

Ann Swenson has become an aunt. The pretty little niece is called June.

A. Lauer is a recent and quiet addition to the stock department. We like quiet people here.

Gus Carlson is a new man in the sales department. His genial smile bids fair to make him very popular, especially with the ladies.

Agnes Paton says she is saving money. We wonder why. Do you know anything about it, Carl?

Dewey Martin made a classy catch in the Public Service Game. Although a recent recruit to both office and team he is showing real ability.

O. Horan of the equipment department, is proving a valuable acquisition to the force, also.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Mr. Cochran, our manager, attended a meeting held at Willmar, Minn., by Mr. N. R. Hareid, District Superintendent, and his salesmen. We understand it was a genuine business "developer."

The Red Crown Kittenball Team won the championship of the White Division, but when they went into the elimination series they kissed the dust for the first time.

The Girls Kittenball Team has disbanded. Everything was all right until some one mentioned bloomers, and wholesale resignations followed. Oh, Well! Girls is girls. We know the Editor was counting on a picture of the girls team and it would have been a star picture. Oh, well!

R. F. Connors, salesman in Mr. Freyberg's territory, was promoted to District Superintendent and will have charge of the Wisconsin territory of the Minneapolis Division. All of the employees are glad to see Mr. Conners promoted. He was a "Full Line Salesman" in every sense of the word. Another demonstration; conscientious effort always brings reward.

On August 20th the Standard Oil employes of Minneapolis and St. Paul held a gigantic picnic at Spring Park, Lake Minnetonka, Races and other events were pulled off, the result will be shown in the next Stanolind Record.

Mr. Cochran has been carrying his arm in a sling for the past few weeks. In some manner he injured the knuckle joint in his right hand and an infection started. It is our hope that by the time this appears in print the hand will be entirely healed. It takes more than an infected hand to keep F. L. from the office.

Mr. J. L. Carter, the Assiatant General Manager from Chicago, is a frequent Minneapolis visitor. We do not mean that he visits Minneapolis, but rather that he comes here to tell us of the good work we are doing and to keep us on our toes. We're on our toes all the time Mr. Carter, and are we always glad to see you.

The big Minnesota State Fair opens September 3rd, and the classiest exhibit on the grounds will be that of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Farmers from Minnesota and all surrounding states visit the fair and we are making the most of our opportunities to interest them.

E. A. Osher, the St. Paul salesman, is selling the FULL LINE. If you doubt this statement, ask O. B.

Hauck and Klebba played golf at Glenwood recently and after the game Klebba received an invitation to ride on the rear of Hauck's motorcycle, not knowing that Hauck at one time was a racer. Klebba had two bags of clubs on his shoulder with the iron parts of the clubs up near his head. When Hauck said "Are you already? " Klebba said "Yes," and, as he puts it, "he never left any place as fast in his life." The golf clubs beat a tattoo on the back of his head and almost caused concussion of the brain. WARNING—Don't ride with Hauck

Mr. Vincent, our Chief Clerk, sprained his ankle while playing kittenball with the neighborhood "boys." Some mother's son lined one out in J. C.'s direction. J. C. leaped in the air and speared the ball but when coming back to earth his right ankle failed him, with the result that "heez" wearing tennis shoes.

At the Annual Salesmen's Meeting held the first part of the year it was agreed that the District Superintendent whose field was low on Polarine sales would "buy" the dinner for the others. N. R. Haried swears he'll do no buying because his men are hitting the ball. H. A. Damkroger says that since he heard Mr. T. J. Thompson and Mr. Carter talk at the Dyckman June 27, he is positive he won't buy. R. F. Connors, new in the ranks, says he has no money to spend on dinners. O. B. Freyberg, who is guiding St. Paul's destinies, has the assurance of his salesmen that he won't buy. Mr. Brown, our Assistant Manager, is willing to wager 5 to 1 he won't pay the bill. All District Superintendents are up and coming and it will be "some" battle. All set, D. S.'s, let's go.

A meeting was held at the Dyckman Hotel July 27 and attended by Mr. T. J. Thompson, General Manager from Chicago, Mr. J. L. Carter, Assistant General Manager, Chicago, the Managers and Assistant Managers from Minneapolis, Duluth, Mankato and Fargo and the District Superintendents from the four named points. Mr. Cochran, our Manager, was absent because of his infected hand. Mr. Thompson addressed the assemblage and his talk carried sincerity and force. Much comment was made concerning the impressiveness of Mr. Thompson's address. Mr. Carter spoke at length and clearly defined the purpose of the meeting and the benefits that would be derived. During the afternoon session the following speakers were heard: District Superintendent Harris, Fargo; District Superintendent Freyberg, Minneapolis; District Superintendent Sackett, Mankato; District Superintendent La Rue, Duluth; District Superintendent Hills, Fargo; Mr. Beaton, Fargo. Mr. Thomas, of Chicago, also spoke. Matters of interest to the company were discussed. It was an absorbing meeting and highly successful.

The St. Paul and Minneapolis Service Stations staged a Semdac selling contest in August that was a whale. We hope they both won.

NO FALL HAT OUTCLASSES THE SAILOR

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For sports, for travel, for street wear, there is no hat that outclasses the sailor, and therefore it returns with every season, summer and winter, in unending variations. It seems impossible that one type of hat could present itself in such an exhaustless number of modifications of the original sailor shape, but width of brim, height and shape of crown, character of material used and other items in the construction of sailors, make the endless little points of difference that maintains interest in this trim bit of headwear.

The sailor hat, like the cloth tailored suit, for which it makes so good a companion, should be selected in as good a quality as one can afford to buy. Being so simple, it must have something to offer that is noteworthy, and this something is found in fine materials and irreproachable workmanship. At the upper left of the group a lovely example appears with square crown of hatter's plush and brim of milan hemp, faced with the same braid in white. The contour of the brim edge is soft and rolls upward a little. For neatness and trimness such a sailor invites comparison with other styles of headwear. Its band is of heavy grossgrain ribbon.

Another black satin, similar in shape, but banded with a wide faille ribbon, appears at the right in a rough, high-luster braid. Its brim also rolls slightly. Between the two, a small sailor, which has been shown in many colors, appears in gray, with band of pale gray ribbon. It has a straight brim, which one finds often supporting an upright length of hair braid about its edge and boasting a cluster of cherries matching it in color.

Two aristocrats in milan complete the group, one at the left, in navy blue, has a flange of blue satin on the under brim and a drape of the satin about its crown. The large buckle at the side is made of the milan braid. The straight-brimmed, square-crowned sailor in black milan at the right is suitably finished with a band of heavy faille ribbon.

—Julia Bottomley.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

The file room possesses an improvised orchestra, of which Mr. Landis is sole proprietor, conductor, musician and audience. With the aid of a couple of pens, an ink well, lamp shade and a few other articles, he does jazz in a way that would make a "profesh" hang his head.

Shades of Grandma, but this is awful! Agnes Walker and Lucretia Sloan have been and went to a tonsorial establishment and had their domes trimmed. The question, "Do girls have ears" is settled forever. They have.

"Fairmount" Nordburg is the proud papa of a brand new five passenger Henry.

Mr. Guett, formerly ledger clerk, after thirteen years with this company, has retired from active work and has moved to California, where he will rest up.

George Moffett, until recently on the sales force, is now with Mr. H. A. Lewis in the Chicago office.

Dan Davison's wife has been away for three weeks, visiting in California. Dan says his grocery bill for the past week amounted to 30 cents, which would indicate that he is grieving too much to eat, or else—but Dan has lots of friends.

Tommie Higgins made a trip to Des Moines, where he attended the meeting of the head auditors, bringing back with him Mr. Hobien of the Chicago office.

The stock department lost its accommodating stenographer, Miss Mabel Ellis, who accepted a position with a law firm.

P. J. Quinlan, manager of the Wichita Division, was in the Kansas City office for a short visit on the 21st.

Miss Charlotte Gaffney, who threw as wicked a switchboard as ever was thrown in these parts, is ill again. She was presented with a bouquet of flowers by the office employes.

The credit department is to lose Miss Kitty Hull, who is resigning to accept a position with the John Deere Plow Co. Miss Hull has been with the company since it moved over from Armourdale and leaves a flock of friends who wish her good luck in her new job.

Miss Louisa Wood writes from San Francisco that she is enjoying every moment of her stay there. Who wouldn't if they gained five pounds in two weeks. We wonder why every ex-employee moves to California.

Marvin Ewing has resigned his position in the Tank Wagon Department. Marvin has been with the company for several years and has made a large number of friends in that time.

Independence, Mo., is to be the scene of a scandal for Samuel Stine has an engagement with Miss Melvia Miller. Samuel Stine, as everybody knows, is the wild little Irisher in the file room. Sam insisted that Melvia allow him to call on her at her domicile. His dad owns a coal yard, so we predict a hot time in Indep.

R. E. Zarker has moved himself and family to Kansas City, Kan., and now resides on State street. Why not move on over in the U. S., Ralph?

Miss Julia Carstensen has been absent for some time, due to a serious attack of typhoid fever. However, she is improving and expects to to be back again soon.

Say, have yuh noticed Joe Helling steppin' out in a new pair of trousers, have yuh? Systematic saving and conservation has to do with this.

Co-operation between departments is beginning to manifest itself more each day. For example: Dave Gardesky of the Stock Department and Ellelene Martin of the Billing Department, are promoting a better understanding between those departments. To say nothing of "Major" Crenshaw and Agnes Walker, Al Hughes and Queenie Lewis; Les Hughes, who is following in his brother's footsteps, and Nell Dell. These summer nights is wonderful, ain't they?

Miss Crawford of the cashier's cage, lost a niece a short time ago as the result of an automobile accident and the following day another niece died from sickness.

J. C. Dawson, a recent addition to the Sales Department, was absent not long ago on account of sickness, but a rumor went the usual rounds that he was homesick. When yuh sit back in a hot office with your sleeves rolled up to your chin thinking of fried chicken, home grown watermelons and the ole swimmin' hole, who wouldn't get homesick, except them as what never had a home.

Reginald Gilbert Anthony Bressete was a visitor last week. We suspect he was soliciting for new members for the Amherst Club, but we are not certain. Anyone present who doesn't know about the Amherst Club, should ask Chet King.

We also had a visit from Jess Salzberg, formerly clown of the Stock Department. Jess was collecting unpaid debts and also scouting in the interests of the Near East Relief Campaign.

For the past couple of weeks the Stock Department has been busy trying to compile the semi-annual inventory.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

The members of the Standard Oil Social Club recently enjoyed some "big doin's." Members were transported to the bathing beach some in a truck, others in more luxurious cars. Some indulged in an hour's sport in the Mississippi while others enjoyed watching Art Wanner, the champion diver of the club, perform stunts. Later a delicious lunch, which proved the efficiency of the Serving Committee, awaited the ravenous crows at Pettibone Park. After having formed the habit of "Selling the Full Line," it was not at all difficult for the members to "Eat a Full Line." A short business session was held, Mr. Chas. Buchert, Vice-President presiding in the absence of Mr. E. R. Remp, President. At 8:00 o'clock the orchestra arrived and the evening was spent dancing in the pavilion. At 11:00 o'clock the party dispersed, reporting a delightful time and anxiously awaiting the next outing.

Mr. W. H. Sandman, has been added to the sales force in the Northern field, succeeding: Mr. W. C. Sumpmann.

Mr. W. H. Rosener, joined the sales force in the Western field, succeeding Mr. G. E. Vollum.

Mr. Perley C. Walter, succeeds Mr. C. E. Walter as agent at Viola, Wisconsin.

The following new stations have been added to the La Crosse Division: Brownsdale, Minnesota, Ira W. Syck, Agent., Fountain City, Wisconsin., Alvin Scheidegger, Agent.

Mr. Harold Scholberg has been transferred from service station No. 36 to No. 1.

Mr. Fred Jacqueth, has been promoted from teamster to stake truck driver. It would take forty box cars to hold all the stock he hauls out in one day.

Mr. Joe Hale evidently needed help and recently he entered into partnership with a very charming young lady. We wish them many years of prosperity and happiness.

Someone please tell Alice Ortwein that a woodchuck is not a bird.

Are you planning to build? Submit your plans to E. H. Evenson, Contractor & Builder. Office hours: 5:00 P. M. to 8:00 P. M. (Adv.)

District Superintendent, C. B. Bullis & Salesmen of the Northern Field, held an enthusiastic meeting at the La Crosse office recently.

District Superintendent, A. J. Goodard and salesmen of the Western Field held a similar meeting.

We deeply regret to report the death of Mr. George R. Hartson, Salesman in the Northern field, which resulted from injuries received when his roadster collided with a truck on the highway between Chippewa Falls, and Eau Claire, Wisconsin, Sunday, July 3rd. Mr. Hartson had been in the employ of this Company for six and one-half years, during which time his affability and uniform courtesy to customers, made him a general favorite. He will be greatly missed both by the Office and field forces.

Mr. H. W. Rennebohm of the Order Department is so busy disposing of off-brand stock that he hasn't time to gather news items this month. We hope Mr. Rennebohm can find time to read the news anyway.

Miss Ruth Levy, who has been teaching school at Hancock, Michigan is spending the summer with her father, Mr. S. L. Levy, District Superintendent of the Southern Division.

MANKATO, MINN.

Monday evening, July 11, the Red Crowns took the fast Northern States Power Company team into camp by the close score of 3 to 1. This game was the fastest of the season and was featured by clever fielding on both sides.

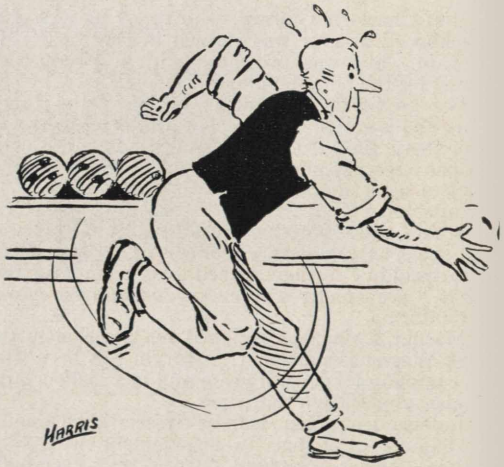
Manager H. A. Monson, in company with Assistant Manager M. H. Chesbrough and Service Station Superintendent W. R. Clark, motored through the southeastern section of the Mankato Division on July 8. On their trip the party stopped at Waseca, Owatonna and Albert Lea, returning by way of Wells, Minnesota Lake and Mapleton, at all of which points are located service stations and bulk stations. They arrived at Mankato late at night with a large amount of Southern Minnesota dust covering both the car and their clothes.

The winning Polarines defeated the Postoffice team (yes, it's the best postoffice in the city) by the score of 9 to 7, thus retaining first place in the Mankato kitten-ball league.

The Red Crown Club, Mankato Division, enjoyed a picnic supper at Sibley Park Tuesday evening, July 26. The affair was planned as a weiner roast but the deluge of rain extinguished the fires and the gathering was forced to adjourn to the kitchens where the weiners were converted into into "hot-dogs." About sixty people filled the kitchens to capacity and the rain, far from spoiling the fun, seemed to add merriment to the occasion. The correspondent was on hand early with the necessary photographic equipment, but owing to said rain, some most wonderful specimens of the photographer's art are lost forever.

District Superintendent Charles S. Farrell, Mankato Division, has been transferred to the Sioux City Division, effective September 1. On Saturday, August 20, the District Superintendents of the Mankato Division, were called to Mankato for the regular fortnightly meeting with Mr. Monson, manager, and M. H. Chesbrough, assistant manager. At this time Mr. Monson, with a few well chosen remarks, presented Mr. Farrell with a beautiful diamond stick-pin on behalf of the salesmen in Mr. Farrell's field, district superintendents; R. E. Scott, F. A. Sackett, G. A. White; Mr. Chesbrough, W. R. Clark, service station superintendent, and himself. Mr. Farrell, in accepting this token, spoke feelingly of his hears in the Mankato Division, but expressed his pleasure in being transferred to the Sioux City Division. The Standard Oil Company family of the Mankato Division regret to see Mr. Farrell leave, but all extend best wishes and God speed in his new field.

Ernest O. Mitchell, mechanic, Mankato Division. passed away at the home of his parents in Luverne, Minnesota on Tuesday, August 2nd. Mr. Mitchell had been sent to Luverne to make repairs on Company motor equipment and was engaged in this work when he was stricken with heart trouble to which he succumbed a few days later. The funeral was held at Luverne on Friday Aug. 5th. Members of the Red Crown Club journeyed to Luverne to attend the funeral and to extend the sympathy of the Club to Mrs. Mitchell and children in their bereavment. Ernest Mitchell will be sadly missed from the Standard Oil Company family.



PEORIA, ILL.

Head Station Examiner, W. H. Flanagan, is very choice in his selection of silk parasols. His latest addition to his collection is a robin's-egg blue silk affair with a long white ivory handle. OH WELL, THEY MUST HAVE THEIR FLING.

Mr. I. W. Hanback, salesman, is back on the job after being away for several days on account of death of his father at Pearl, Illinois.

Miss Dorthea Hott has joined the Stenographic Force at Peoria.

Mr. M. C. Nofsinger, has resigned his position as District Superintendent and has gone to work in Chicago.

P. A. Johnston, Traffic Manager at Peoria office, is a wonderful pool player, with a high average of 6 each break. One evening last week he and another shark engaged in a 50 point game. On the last frame Paul needed 3 and his opponent 15. PAUL LOST.

Picnics may be Picnics, but you've got to go some to beat the one the Peoria SOCO Club gave for the office and warehouse employes and their families.

The bunch met at the various service stations and two large S. O. Co. trucks made the stops and loaded em on, baskets and all. The picnic was held at Rome, Illinois, in Walnut Grove, eighteen miles from Peoria.

Bathing was enjoyed before the supper hour, and say, you oughta see the bathing beauties of Peoria. Mack Sennett's can't touch e'm. If you don't believe it, C'mon over! There was no end to Fox-Trotting, Camel Walking, Horse Kicking, or whatever else you want to call it when the road was clear.

All reported a very enjoyable time. We always do.

A meeting of Managers, Assistant Managers and District Superintendents, conducted by Mr. T. J. Thompson, and Mr. N. R. Grimshaw was held at Peoria on July 14th. Those who honored us with their presence were: Quincy, Illinois, A. L. Martin, manager, T. C. Jones, ass't. manager, D. C. Griffith, district supt., W. C. McAdams, asst. dist. supt.

Joliet, Illinois, E. E. Morton, manager, C. M. Monson, asst. manager, Geo. Ball, rural correspondent, L. O. Brehm, refined oil correspondent, Roy Pruessing, dist. supt., J. M. Connell, dist. supt., E. B. Gray, dist. supt., B. Schermerhorn, dist. supt.

Decatur, Ill., H. F. Warren, manager, W. A. Brown, asst. manager, W. F. Launtz, dist. supt., M. V. Bushman, dist. supt., E. L. Karchelhoffer, dist. supt.

Peoria, Illinois., J. R. Coleman, manager, G. F. Phillips, asst. manager, W. R. Battin, dist. supt., C. F. Eberle, dist. supt., M. C. Nofsinger, dist. supt.

For about three days after the Managers' meeting at Peoria our Assistant Manager, Mr. G. F. Phillips, carried around a face covered with gloom. Nothing that we could do or say appeared to be of any consolation to him and it was only after a heart to heart conversation that we were able to learn the reason of the terrible gloom. It seems that sometime last year Mr. Phillips promised Miss Mabel Soop and Miss Louis Schlunt of the Detroit office a chicken dinner in the event he was promoted, and in his happy mood that followed his promotion he apparently forgot his promise to the two girls in Detroit but they didn't and they turned their account over to the N. R. Grimshaw collection agency for settlement. Mr. Grimshaw looked after the collection of this in person and nicked our genial G. F. P. for a brand new five dollar bill, which was delivered to the girls according to their letter of July 27th acknowledging a lovely fried chicken dinner with sweet pickles and everything at the "Dixieland" in Detroit. The girls say they missed the smiling countenance of G. F. P. who, of course, was not present at this dinner. They also state they had this dinner alone. If it will soothe G. F. P.'s injured feelings any we will say we believe the Manager and Assistant Manager of Detroit also ate on that $5.00. You don't know Detroit.—Ed.

SAGINAW, MICH.

Marvel Henderson, lubricating Department stenographer, has left the employ of the company to become the bride of Mr. Czchorski, of Detroit. On the occasion of her leaving, Mr. Lilly presented Marvel with a silver coffee perculator and tray, the gift of the office force.

Assistant Chief Clerk Leroy Younckman has acquired an "Electric." We are rather surprised, as we expected Roy to buy something that would burn Red Crown. He says its a fine car, but that it will not go over the Genesee Avenue bridge when the "juice is low." Better buy a Ford next time, Roy, It'll go up a tree.

Assistant Cashier John Duncan now drives a new Ford Roadster. We don't know whether the recent drop in gasoline prices had anything to do with it or not.

We are glad to announce the marriage of Anton Billgren, city truck driver at Alma. Anton had a birthday and decided to "take unto himself a wife" before he was a day older. The "fortunate" girl was Miss Treassa Ott, of Clare, Michigan.

We regret to announce the death of Virginia Ruth, 1-year old daughter of M. S. Anderson, attendant at Service Station No. 40, Alma, Michigan. Our sympathy is extended to Mr. Anderson and wife.

A. B. Curkendall, our Lapeer Agent, occasionally enjoys an outing and recently in company with another gentleman motored to Neppesing Lake. All went well until time to return home, when Al could not find his companion. After waiting about an hour, he decided to walk. The night was very warm and we are told A. B. lost considerable perspiration and some "temper." Tie a string on him next time, Al.

Our Baseball Team has lost but one game this season. We were members of the Commercial League, but won so many games, the rest became discouraged, and the League disbanded. We are still playing independent teams each week, and are winning all the games. Detroit please take notice.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Miss Dora Dale, from the Chicago office, was a welcome caller recently. Dady Dale accompanied her and to see these two members of our old Standard Oil family again, was indeed a pleasure.

Joseph Cutler is spending his vacation in the hospital with a severe case of tonsilitis. Reports are that he is improving. Our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

It is a pleasure to note that we are still getting results from the Coupon book drive we made, many of the new customers are asking for more books, which shows we made lasting friends.

General Manager T. J. Thompson and Assistant General Manager J. L. Carter paid us an official visit on July 28. The visit was in the interest of general conditions throughout our field. Mr. Dodsley, Mr. Bailey and District Superintendents from the Huron field also attended. Mr. Thompson and Mr. Carter gave us very interesting talks. Such meetings are helpful.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Eddie Hagerty "fiendish credit man," has some perfectly lovely calling cards. Ask Babe Ruth, she knows.

Chet Jontz, salesman, in company with Eddie Hagerty, credit man, could not resist a call of their

youth, and take a swim at the old swimmin' hole. We understand there was a shortage of bathing suits.

Mel Swank, former salesman, has been promoted to the position of Agent at South Bend. The soft unruffled way Mel has is sure to win him many friends.

District Superintendent, John Miller, says he is thinking of having a Pullman attachment in connection with his fliv. so that he can save time.

Frank Blake, formerly employed in this field, has re-entered the service as Salesman, having the Marion territory. We welcome you back to our city!

Mamie Gibbons says, when a young man's eyesight becomes so poor that he thinks a certain young lady has pearly white wings, he doesn't need to see an optician, but a parson.

ON LONG DISTANCE

Geo. Gale: "What you doin', Harry?"

Harry Kees: "Just washed my B. V. D's."

Margaret Burns (butting in): "I'm ringing them."

One of the office sleuths detected Bill Baumgartner on the way to Dorothy Jones' for dinner the other night. Evidently he is sampling Dorothy's cooking.

Miss Esther Church, stenographer in the Credit Department, was recently transferred to her home town, Kansas City. Mo. Eddie Hagerty and Carl McCormack are breathless with suspense every time the office boy distributes the mail.

Several mermaids of the South Bend office, including Martha Stoudt and Margaret Burns, greatly appreciated the article on "Sunburn" which appeared in the July "Record." Some of the "mere men" also found it handy.

Byron DuPark, Assistant Chief Clerk, has moved down on Harrison Ave. You're going the right direction, DuP.—all good S. O. folks live in the north end.

Now you see 'em and now you don't. We're speaking of Gena Murphy's ears.

Louise DeGroote went to the Oliver for dinner the other night with a man! Hold him, Louise—they are getting scarce.

Harry Kees, our good natured agent at Marion, Ind., was in the office the other day, accompanied by B. C. Harris, Service Station Attendant at that point. Upon learning that Mr. Harris is still enjoying single blessedness the feminine portion of the office all want to move to Marion.

Frank Heummer thinks that the street cars that go to Elkhart do not travel fast enough. We'll bet the last car leaves too early, Frank.

Dorothy Jones, one of our petite stenographers, has a great liking for men with Studebaker cars. Bill Baumgartner has a Studebaker, Dorothy.

Noticed that smile on John Strang's face? There's a reason—he now bears the proud title of "Grandpa."

WICHITA, KANSAS

Our baseball team, the Red Crowns, beat the Derby Oil Company's team by the score of 10 to 5.

Mack Evans, warehouse, tells (with a twinkle in his eye) how he helped Ben Buck, marketing department, fill a four-ounce bottle from one of the big tanks. Ben held the bottle under the big faucet. Mack's hand slipped. The English langauge is inadequate to describe the scene that followed.

Mr. Roy Bauer, servie station attendant at Station No. 147, Wellington, Kan., is a hustler. One of his newest and best follows: A business man of Wellington was going away for a vacation, leaving his family at home. This gentleman had been purchasing some Red Crown, but more of his gasoline came from a competitive service station. A few days before he left town Roy approached him and said "I understand that you are going away for a vacation." "Yes," replied the man. "Well," said Roy, your wife will be using the car while you are gone, and you know it's a lot of trouble for a woman to look after tires, and oil, and water in the radiator. You just tell her to pay no attention to any of those little things, but just to drive in here for her gasoline all the time, and I will see that the other things are taken care of whenever it is necessary." The idea 'took' and the car was looked after properly, with the result that nothing but Red Crown and Polarine go into that car now.

Roy knows the meaning of "Standard Oil Service."

Roy Solomon, check department, is taking his wife to California, with the hope that it will benefit her health.

Elmer Thomas, bookkeeper, has resigned to enter the grain business.

The new file clerk is Ione McCoy.

Recently L. R. Wright, salesman, sold a new customer, who operates four delivery trucks, coupon books for Red Crown gasoline. A day or so later two of his drivers were arrested for exceeding the speed limit. Mr. Wright volunteered to call on the police judge in their behalf. After explaining to him that Red Crown contained more pep and power than the ordinary gasoline, and that the drivers had not yet had time to adjust their carburetors, Mr. Wright asked him to show them some leniency. This he agreed to do, fining them only $5.00 instead of the usual $15.00.

C. D. Hughey, iron barrel department, rejoices over the fact that Marcella Jane, an eight pounder came to his home July 10th.

Salesman V. R. Boster's wife was stricken with paralysis recently while enroute to Salina.

Mrs. Dumbauld, cartage department, wears a happy smile. She recently made a trip to Kansas City and motored home in a new Saxon-Duplex.

Frank Ward, stock department, reports a new baby girl, weight 8 pounds, 10 ounces, the name, Beatrice Ruth.

Abe Martin, cashier, is training for a boxing match with one of the Cudahy Packing Company boys. We are banking on Abe to put him to sleep.

Harry Stout and M. G. Spalding drove to Neodesha to visit Mr. Spalding's mother. All Harry could talk about was fried chicken every day and what a fine cook Mother Spalding is. Glad you got filled up once, Harry, It's some job.

* * *

"Helen kissed John last night."

"Well, did he kiss her back?"

"No, she was not wearing that kind of a gown."

* * *

The worry cow would have lived till now
If she'd only saved her breath;
But she feared the hay wouldn't last all day,
So she choked herself to death.

* * *

"What height from the ground do you think a girl's skirt should be?"

"Oh, I wouldn't be too specific—anything above two feet looks all right to me."

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

H. S. MORTON, *Vice-President*

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

General Manager

T. J. THOMPSON

Assistant General Managers

JOHN L. CARTER, Northern Division

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Eastern Division

R. G. STEWART, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. LEWIS, *Manager*
C. F. HATMAKER, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
R. A. THOMSON, *Manager*
C. W. FLANAGAN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
H. F. WARREN, *Manager*
W. A. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
AMOS BALL, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. COCHRAN, *Manager*
H. H. KEATING, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
H. E. BRUCE, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. MORTON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

KEOKUK, IOWA
M. F. KING, JR., *Manager*
C. M. VOGLER, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. H. LAMBERT, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
W. H. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. D. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
L. W. CAMERON, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
B. F. LEONARD, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
MARTIN KELLY, JR., *Assistant Manager*

Consider Your Clothes

HAVE you ever stopped to think of the part petroleum plays in converting raw material into the fabrics which are used to make your suit of clothes? From the wool on a sheep's back to the clothes on your back is a long journey and petroleum shortens it at every step.

By machinery lubricated with petroleum, a man may shear from 175 to 200 fleeces a day. By the old method, 50 fleeces would be considered a big day's work.

After leaving the sheep, the wool passes through ten major processes before it is ready for the tailor. Each of these require the use of intricate machinery, having bearings which run at speeds varying from 350 to 12,000 revolutions per minute.

From the clipper to the last finishing machine, a diversity of mechanical conditions exists, each of which has been studied and experimented with, and a lubricant found which meets exactly the needs of the machinery.

In solving these lubricating problems, and manufacturing oils and greases which enable these machines to perform their work, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) always has been among the leaders.

Its staff of carefully trained chemists, refiners, and lubricating engineers are constantly at work, devising new and more efficient means of reducing friction.

This Company computes its success not wholly upon its balance sheets, not wholly upon the number of useful products it manufactures, but rather upon the fact that many of the useful products of petroleum are made from material which otherwise would be wasted, and are made by processes which were evolved in the Company's laboratories.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

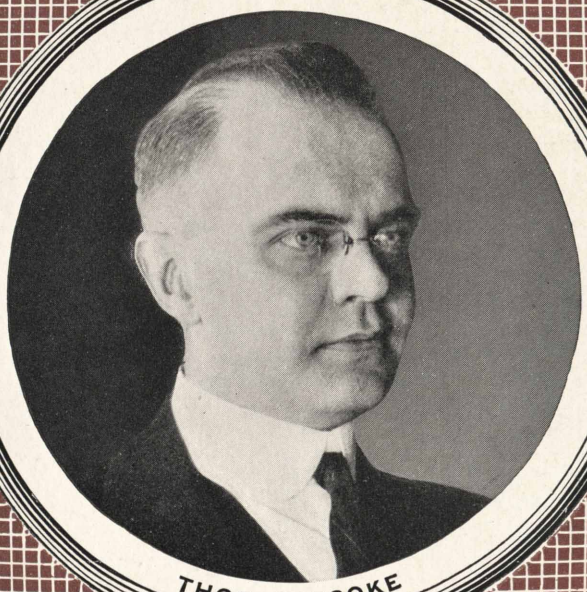
910 South Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

2470

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 2 | OCTOBER 1921 | No. 12



THOS. S. COOKE

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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B. Parks, *3d Vice-President, Ass't. Gen'l. Mgr., Mfg.*
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H. F. Glair, *Assistant Superintendent*

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C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division*, Chicago, Ill.
W. N. Bercaw, *Assistant Director*, Whiting, Ind.
C. H. Hall, *Assistant Director*, Wood River, Ill.
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D. M. Lobdell, *Assistant Director*, Casper, Wyo.

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STANOLIND
RECORD
Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
Publication Office: 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 2 OCTOBER No. 12

STANDARD OF INDIANA TAKES OVER MIDWEST REFINERIES

More Than 2,000 Employees Added to This Company's Payroll as It Assumes Operation of Midwest Refineries at Casper, Greybull and Laramie—Mr. Thomas S. Cooke in Charge of Refinery Operations in Wyoming

Effective October 1 the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) will assume operation of the Midwest Refining Company's refineries at Casper, Greybull and Laramie, Wyoming, according to simultaneous announcements made by the Boards of Directors of the two companies.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) will take over the refinery employees of the Midwest company at the refineries designated and the change in management will be effected without any confusion or interruption in operations. The consolidation, which will have been effected by the time this issue of the Stanolind Record is in the hands of its readers, will add to this company's payroll more than 2,000 men.

Coincident with the announcement of the consolidation, it was announced by Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of this company, that Mr. Thomas S. Cooke, former superintendent of the Whiting works, has been appointed manager of refinery operations in Wyoming, having general charge of all refining work for this company in that state. A photographic portrait of Mr. Cooke appears on the outside cover of this magazine.

The Midwest company will continue under its present management as a producer and purchaser of crude oil. The refined products from the Midwest refineries will be sold as heretofore by the Midwest organization. It will also continue as actively as formerly in prospecting and developing the oil resources of Wyoming and neighboring states.

It is expected by officials of both companies that the operation of the refineries at Casper, Greybull and Laramie, under the management of the Standard, will result in greater efficiency and economy, which in turn will be reflected in the prosperity and growth of the cities in which the plants are located.

From the smallest of the four major refineries of this company, the consolidation makes the Casper works second only to Whiting, and in point of capacity for running crude it equals, if not surpasses the great refinery on the shores of Lake Michigan.

Following the transfer of Mr. Cooke to Casper, announcements of the following appointments at Whiting works were made over the signature of Col. R. W. Stewart:

Mr. G. Cash, former assistant superintendent, has been appointed general superintendent.

Mr. H. F. Glair, former superintendent of the paraffine department, has been appointed an assistant general superintendent.

Dr. O. E. Bransky, former assistant superintendent of the paraffine works, has been appointed superintendent of the paraffine works.

Mr. F. D. Rexwinkle has been appointed assistant superintendent of the paraffine works.

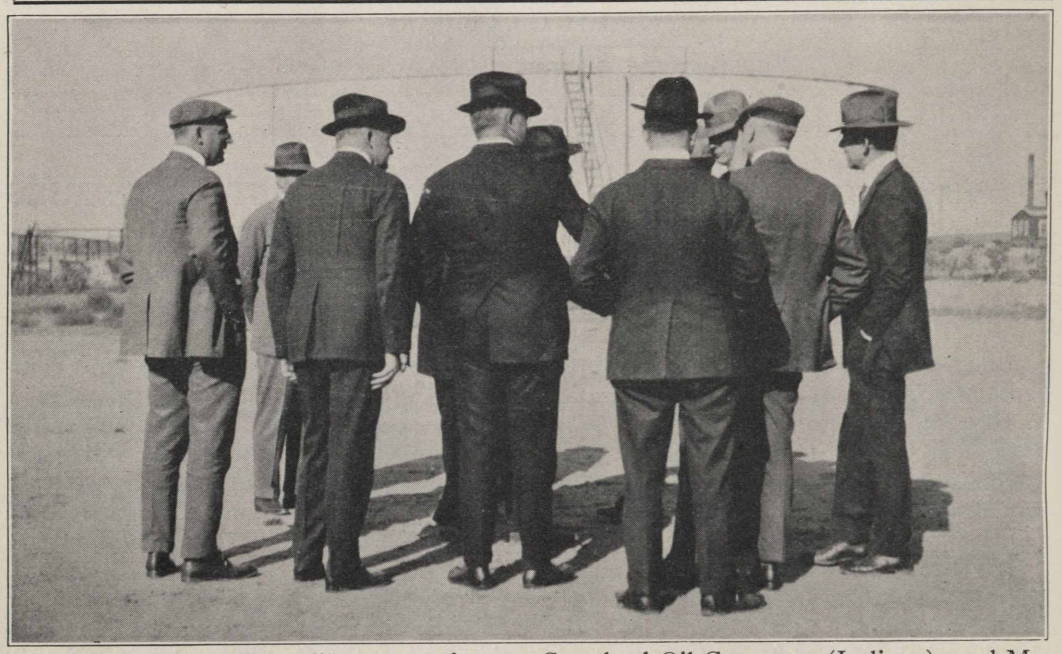
* * *

There are three kinds of people in the world—the wills and won'ts and the can'ts. Think it over!

* * *

An optimist is one who takes all his lemons and makes them into lemonade.

SO THEY MAY SEE THEMSELVES AS ITHERS SAW 'EM



Here are some striking likenesses of several members of our Board of Directors, which they can't very well gainsay since they never saw themselves from exactly this angle. It was taken during their recent trip west, made for the purpose of effecting the consolidation of the Midwest Refining Company refineries with those of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) in Wyoming. On the way back they stopped off at Salt Lake City to see the refinery of the Utah Oil Refining Company, where this photograph was taken by Mr. Joe Nevotti, secretary to Colonel Stewart. Left to right: Mr. E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer and fourth vice president of this company; Mr. H. M. Blackmer (half facing the group), president of the Midwest Refining Company; Mr. John C. Howard, president of the Utah Refining Company; Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana); Mr. R. H. McElroy, traffic manager, Standard Oil Company (Indiana); Mr. Beaumont Parks (only head showing), third vice president, Standard Oil Company (Indiana); Dr. W. M. Burton, president, Standard Oil Company (Indiana), and Mr. Allan Jackson, fifth vice president. The gentleman being introduced is Mr. Holt of the Utah Oil Refining Company. Our photographer informs us that, with the exception of a portion of his coat and trousers, Mr. William E. Warwick, second vice president, Standard Oil Company (Indiana), is completely obscured by the expansive breadth of shoulder of our chief executive.

SALESMAN'S DAY

Everywhere, the salesman today is the keystone of industry's marketing problem. Upon him rests the come-back of business. Management has pretty well worked through the possibilities in reducing raw materials and production costs, but it is up to the salesman to validate these new standards by getting the products into circulation. Sales, sales, everywhere, in every business is the appeal.—*Harvester World.*

* * *

"Why do they put corn meal on a dance floor?"
"Why, to make the chickens feel at home."

THE MANBECKS VISIT IN GOD'S COUNTRY

The recent trip to Casper by Mr. C. B. Manbeck, accompanied by Mrs. Manbeck and Miss Vera Manbeck, was the inspiration of many pleasant gatherings. Ex-governor Brooks, Wyoming's royal entertainer, and old time friend of the Manbecks, in his usual free manner, opened his home ranch to the visitors with the result that one Sunday the happy crowd shown here enjoyed life in the country God made. Left to right are: Ex-governor Brooks, Mrs. Manbeck, Mr. R. M. Andrus, Mrs. A. E. Thompson, Mr. C. B. Manbeck with Miss Vera Thompson, Mrs. Andrus, Miss Manbeck and Ralph Andrus. Mr. A. E. Thompson, also of the party, was the photographer.

MEET C. F. HALL, FOLKS

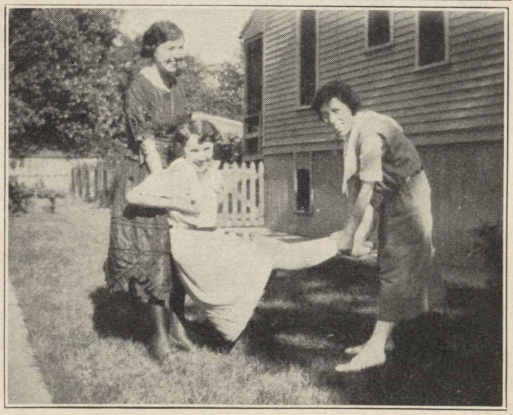
C. F. Hall, safety director of the Wood River works, has had added to his duties those of director of industrial relations at that plant, according to an announcement by Mr. J. W. Curry, director of industrial relations of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). At the same time Mr. Redus has been transferred to the industrial relations department in charge of the employment division.

Mr. F. G. Clifford, who for the past two years has been in charge of the industrial relations department at Wood River, has been made head of the timekeeping department at that plant.

* * *

When Adam in bliss asked Eve for a kiss,
She puckered her lips with a coo,
Gave looks so ecstatic, answered emphatic,
I don't care A-dam if I do.

RIDE FOR THE BRIDE



On a Saturday afternoon not long ago the girls of Room 400, home office, surprised Miss Gavena Fisher, bride-to-be, with a shower at the home of Miss Marie Dalton. The above picture is evidence that they had loads of fun. Left to right: Miss Ruth Smith, Miss Fisher and Miss Dalton. Miss Cleo Emerson and Miss Stella Vietinghoff, Room 400, with several former home office girls, also attended.

NO SHRINKING VIOLET, THIS MILES STANDISH

With all due respect to the artistic abilities of the hundreds of Standard Oilers who voluntarily keep the Stanolind Record supplied with excellent photographs, the editor wishes to introduce our ace of aces among the Record photographers—Miles Standish, Kansas City salesman. Look at the above and you can't miss him. He's blocking all the traffic at Fort Scott, Kan., and making the Fort Scotters look at his Red Crown sign while they wait for him to finish his drink. When we look at his rear decorations we can not but recall another Miles Standish, so bashful that when he wished the fair Priscilla to become his bride he needs must send his friend, John Alden, to do the proposing; and, Priscilla, of course, came back with: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" Now we'll tell the world if our Miles Standish has any proposals to make, whether it be to a fair one or to a prospective customer, he'll do his own proposing and he'll get what he wants. Before signing up with Standard Oil, Miles took war pictures for the U. S. army on the western front, having learned the photographic game as a newspaper photog in Kansas City. He's as good a salesman as he is photographer. The above picture was taken during the annual trade trip of Kansas City Chamber of Commerce members.

"Mother, what is an angel?"

"My dear, it is a little girl with wings who flies."

"But I heard papa calling the maid an angel yesterday. Will she fly?"

"Yes, my dear, she will fly away the first thing in the morning."

* * *

The man who only half tries doesn't even half make good.

"Did you get any answers to your ad. in the paper asking for a wife?"

"Did I? A hundred from women and two hundred from men offering me theirs."

* * *

Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting at least a few drops on yourself.

WELL, THEY'RE USED TO WATER IN KANSAS

Wichita, Kan., September 1.—Kansas may be an inland state, and in fact we are rather noted for dryness, but just the same these girls of the Standard Oil Wichita office could teach their sisters from wetter states a thing or two when it comes to diving and swimming stunts. Above, left to right: Ann Pettigrew, Fannie Goodman, Mary Short, Irene McCoy, Miriam Stokely, Vida Hall. In the lower picture are the same girls with the addition of Hazel Blesdoe, second from the left.

Some men are born good, some make good, and others are caught with the goods.

There are only two men in the whole world who never make mistakes; they are you and I.

PLENTY TO TRIM

This is Manager I. J. Shields', manager at Duluth, idea of "keeping in trim", according to the notation on the back of the photograph from which this cut was made. We hate like everything to be personal, but after looking it over we can't help but remark that he's still got plenty to trim. Maybe he'll forgive us for that if we add that he is the champion sou'paw horseshoe pitcher of the northwest (not that we ever heard of his beating anybody).

* * *

There was once a hen who never laid two eggs in the same place. All went well until she tried to set. She had her eggs scattered all over the farm and she tried to hatch them all. The third day she went crazy. Pays to concentrate, doesn't it? Think it over!—*Dodge News.*

* * *

While some of these tight-fitting dresses may show poor taste, you must admit they often show good form.

* * *

She—I think you married me for money.
He—I believe I earned it, don't you?

JOINT CONFERENCE

By the time this magazine is off the press the third annual conference of appointed and elected representatives on the Joint General Committees of this Company's four major refineries—Whiting, Indiana; Casper, Wyoming; Wood River, Illinois and Sugar Creek, Mo.—will have passed into the industrial relations' history of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

An announcement early this month by Director of Industrial Relations J. W. Curry set the date for the annual Joint General Conference for Monday, September 26, at the Hotel LaSalle, Chicago. The conference is being held two months earlier than heretofore as a result of the decision of the representatives that weather conditions at this time of year are more suited for the holding of such a conference. Last year's meeting was held on November 29.

As result of last winter's elections, and also because of the lay-offs which it has recently been necessary for the company to put into effect in the various refineries, numerous new faces will be seen at the conference. In some plants several representatives have been among those affected by the lay-off.

The program for the conference itself was to be arranged by the conference's own program and nominating committee, to be appointed at the morning session. They were to outline the procedure to be followed at the business meeting in the afternoon and to name the chairmen for both the business session and the banquet in the evening. We were assured by Mr. Curry, however, that he himself was looking after the "eats" and a regular feast was to be provided.

All members of the Board of Directors, in addition to other officials of the company were to be in attendance.

* * *

"I've lost my wife," exclaimed an excited male shopper in a department store. "She was right here beside me a moment ago, and now I can't find her."

"Bargains in skirts two aisles to your left," said the floorwalker tersely.

POLITICAL BEES ARE BUZZING IN THE REFINERIES

Annual Elections to Choose Employees' Representatives on Joint General Committees to Be Held Early in October Rather Than in December as in Previous Years—Contests Already Growing Heated

With annual elections for representatives on the Joint General Committees set for early in October in three refineries, and for the latter part of October in the fourth refinery, political bees are buzzing loudly in the heads of many refinery employees and warm contests have already developed.

Actual dates for the elections had not been set at the time this magazine went to press, but that they will be held early in the month is certain in the cases of Whiting, Wood River and Sugar Creek. The elections at Casper will be held later in the month because of the necessity of reorganizing the department of industrial relations at that plant, incident to the taking over of the Midwest refinery.

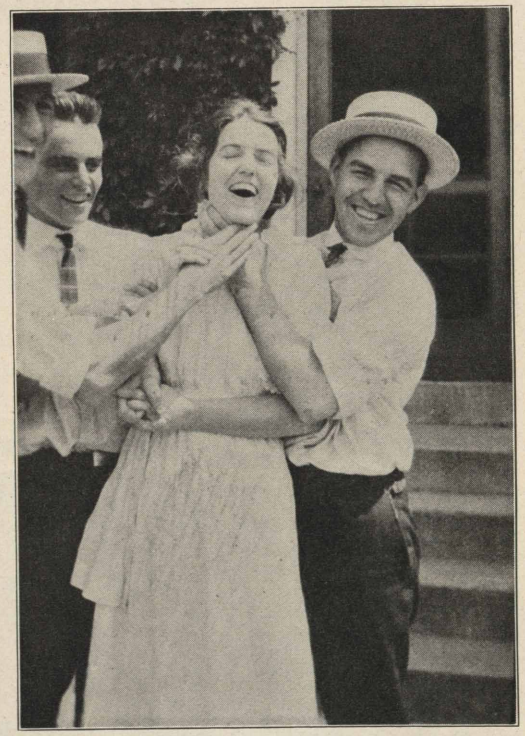
That industrial relations, through organization, are here to stay is evidenced not only by the attitude of the Board of Directors, but also by the interest being shown in the refineries in the coming elections. That part of the public which looked upon organized industrial relations plans as a scheme of employers to hold down the aspirations of employees during a period of labor shortage, expecting such plans to be abandoned or modified when a period of industrial depression arrived, are to be disappointed insofar as the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is concerned. Rather than abandoning or modifying its Industrial Relations Plan, the present period of depression finds this company going ahead expanding its industrial relations department.

In the refineries candidates for the positions of representatives are already appearing in large numbers, the campaign in Wood River getting under way early in September. The chief item of interest from that plant comes in the news that W. E. Kelly, former employees' chairman of the J. G. C., is to seek reelection after a year's absence from the councils of the committee.

From Whiting comes the report that Dan Gallagher, twice employees' chairman of the J. G. C., is declining to be again a candidate for representative, but his friends were still hopeful of persuading him to change his mind.

Elections are being held in October this year rather than in December as the result of the decision of the Joint General Committees in changing the date of the annual Joint General Conference when the year's work is reviewed, from November to September.

GO GET 'EM, BOYS

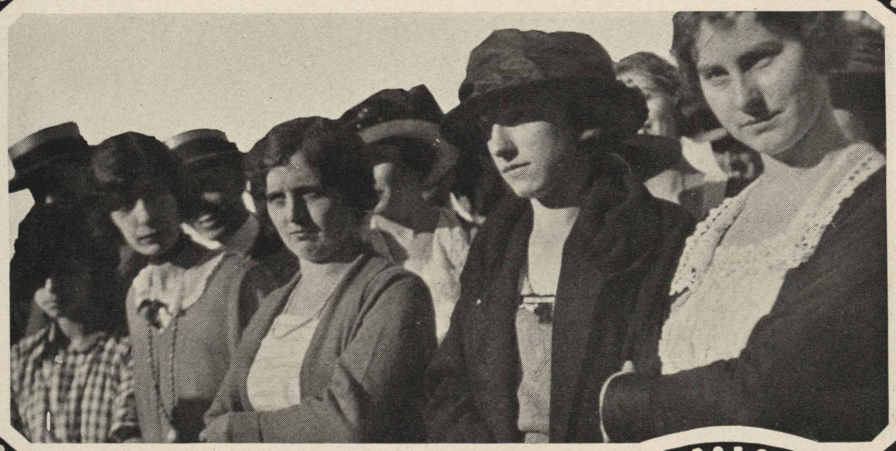


Audrey Wood, record clerk, didn't like the idea of having her picture taken without the opportunity of getting prepared for the ordeal. Joe Roemer, John Grimes and Jake Armstrong, clerks in the Mankato office, choked the lady into submission and another "rough-neck" from the stock department snapped her with the vest-pocket size kodak. Now all of the girls in the Mankato office are insisting that they don't want their picture in the Record.

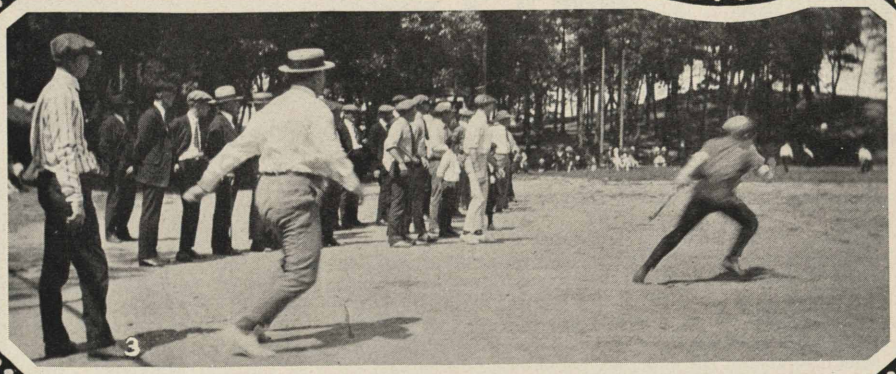
Matinee Idols Haven't a Thing on Cochran

THESE pictures were taken at the Minneapolis outing. No. 1: Manager F. L. Cochran and a picked bunch of Minneapolis beauties: we can't tell who is enjoying it most, the girls or the boss; No. 2: Manager Cochran and Former Manager C. S. Pollock, retired; No. 3: One of many tables at the picnic.

Aw, Come on, Girls, Give us a Smile!



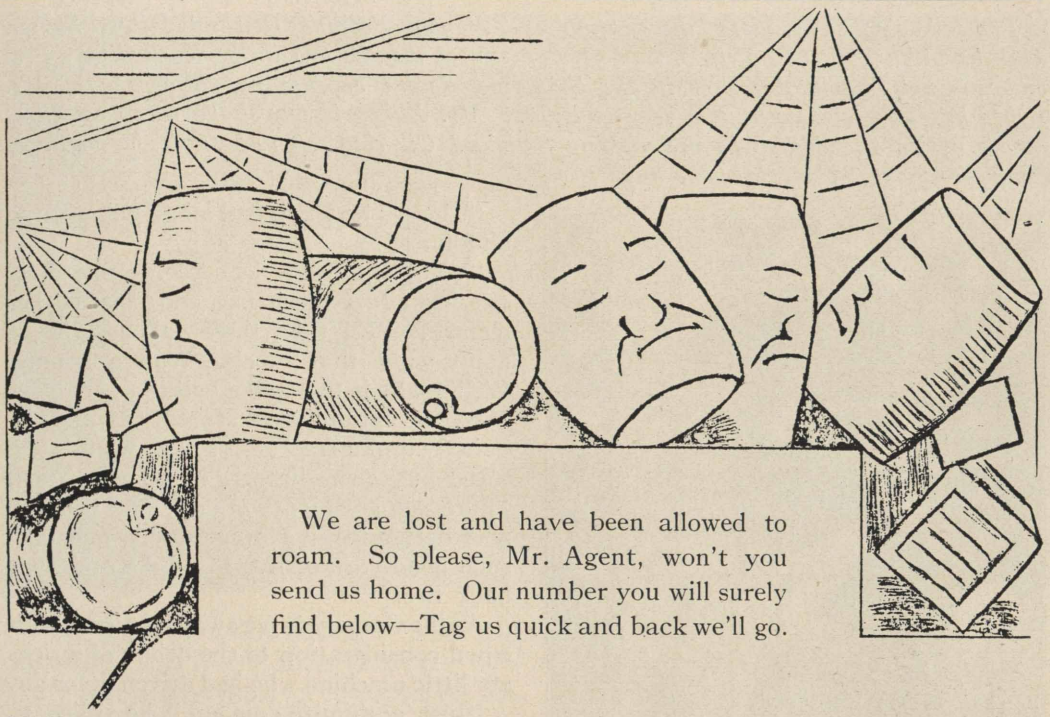
NO. 1: Smile Contest at Minneapolis picnic; these wouldn't even smile at the boss, and Saginaw will tell you F. L. Cochran could get a smile out of a wooden Indian—no offense meant, girls; No. 2: Count Beale, Minister of Sales, St. Paul, who is single but willing; No. 3: Dramatic moment in ball game with George Day's favorite umpire in straw hat.



A Large Afternoon at Bush Park, Joliet

No. 1—Some Humpty Dumpties sitting on a wall, but we are glad to say none of them had a fall. Instead they helped to make our afternoon at Bush park a delightful one. Left to right: Hilda Anderson, Helen Rimmke, Ethel Dixon, Patricia Morrissey, Anna Swenson, Mildred Harmon, Marie Martin, Phyllis Ward, Evelyn Reese, Helen Lady. No. 2—Tom Koons trying to Sell The Full Line—his own—to Lillian Meinke. No. 3—John M. Pohl, chief clerk, Art Meader, Carl Kallman and Tom Koons getting some exercise at the expense and decided discomfort of Miss Patricia Morrissey. But though they tossed her in a blanket the person doesn't live who can put a blanket on Pat's happy disposition.

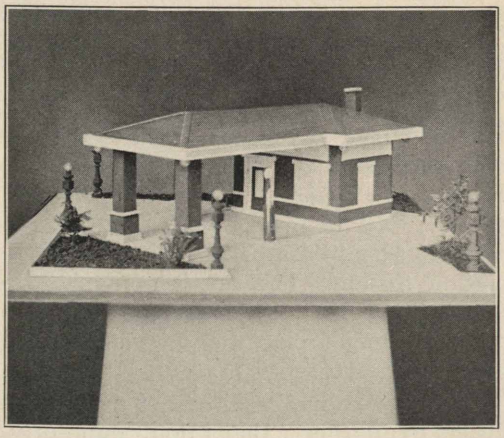
BARREL, BARREL, WHO'S GOT THE BARREL!



26482	34376	51865	70325	72339	83764
26517	34387	51893	70416	72529	90595

The above stencil was used in the Fargo division with very good results. Mrs. Beauchamp, iron barrel clerk, is to be congratulated on her ingenuity and originality.

MINIATURE STATION



This service station was constructed by Mr. Harry Ouellette, district superintendent of the Milwaukee division. It took considerable time and patience before this wonderful masterpiece was completed. It is an exact duplicate of our Service Station in every detail. It was exhibited at the Milwaukee Automobile Show, January 17-23, 1921, and again at the Wisconsin State Fair, August 29 to September 3, 1921.

The tools and material used to construct this miniature service station consisted of a pen knife and cardboard.

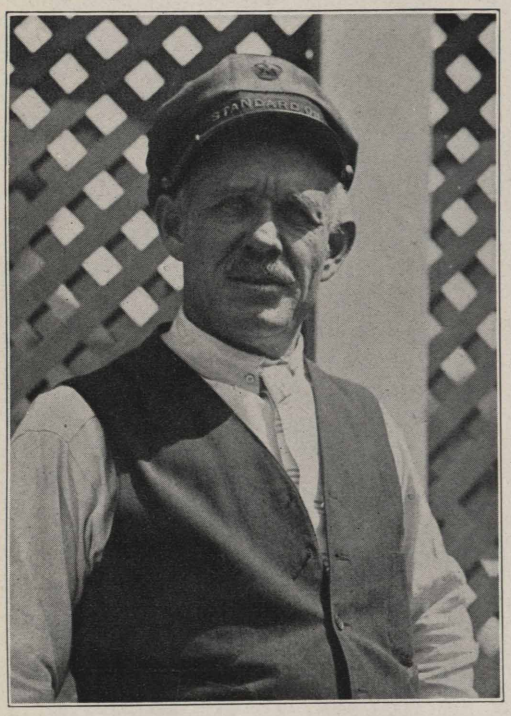
GO GET HIM, GIRLS

Editor Record: If the women are allowed to join the Ku Klux Klan, would they be called the Kluck Kluck Klan?—*Stephen Miller, Whiting.*

* * *

GETS POLITENESS PRIZE ON DEMAND OF WOMEN

The following story, under the caption of "Women Patrons Demand Filling Station Man be Given Politeness Prize", was printed several months ago in the Kansas City Post and was not re-printed earlier in the Stanolind Record because no photograph of Mr. Baker has been available until very recently. Mr. Baker is one of the many courteous service station attendants who are making Standard Oil courtesy and service a matter of comment among the people of the middle west.



"Pshaw, I'm not any politer than anybody else," said Harry Baker, 403 Indiana avenue, when the politeness reporter for The Post handed him a $10 bill Friday afternoon. "Why, who wouldn't—"

He broke off to answer the honk of a motor car outside the gasoline filling station.

"That's all right, I'll find the combination," he smilingly told the white gloved woman within the coupe as he struggled and strained to open the hood. "How much?"

"I—I don't really know," she replied. "If you could tell me how much is in the tank—"

"Sure. Just a minute till I get the gauge," responded Baker, heartily.

"There's just two and a half gallons," he announced.

"Well, I'll take—let's see." She drew out her silver mesh bag and counted her change. "I'll take three gallons. No, I don't want that much. Wait a minute. Well, make it two and a half."

Baker carefully measured out the required amount. "Don't you want some water in your radiator?" he asked. Then, "Sure you got plenty of oil? No; your car gets better looking every day. You take such good care of it. But I'd watch that back tire."

As the woman drove away he turned with equal consideration to the driver of a rickety little machine who had driven in for air.

"Just a minute, ma'am," he called to the woman driver. "I'll pump your air in for you. No, we don't charge for that. Glad to accommodate you."

It was a continuous round of such service as that at the Standard Filling station, Independence avenue and Chestnut street, that brought Mr. Baker the politeness reward.

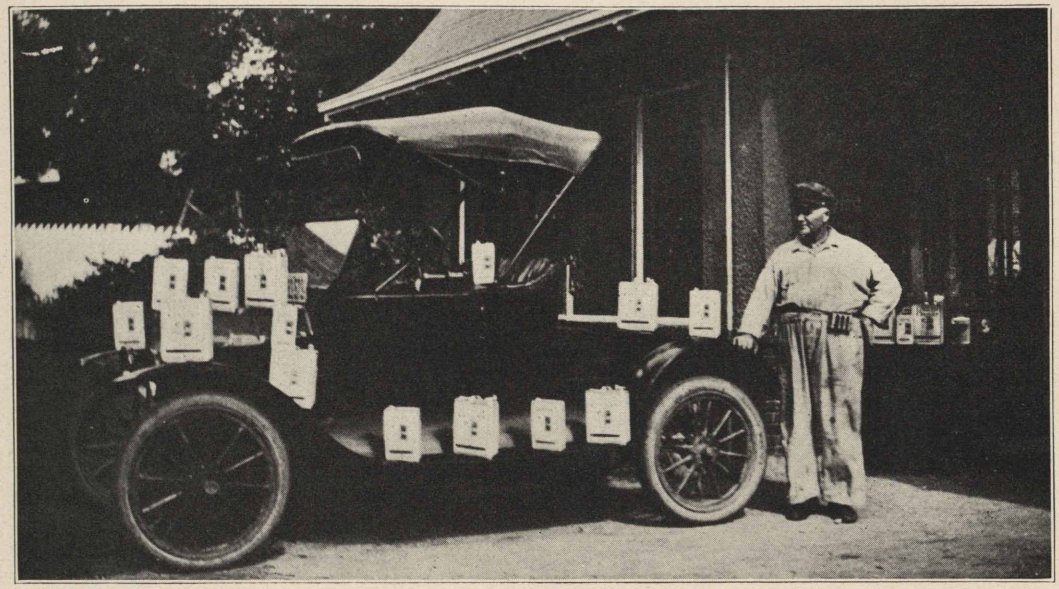
However, it was not The Post that furnished the $10 prize in this instance. It was Mr. Baker's patrons.

"We have found the most polite man in Kansas City," a representative of the women patrons of the filling stations told the Post. "He has accommodated us for years. And he won't take tips. So we want to give him a little Christmas appreciation through The Post's politeness reporter."

The women's plan was originated at an afternoon party.

"Do you know," said one of the women guests to another, "that I don't mind driving the car at all now since I have found such a polite man at a filling station?"

PROVING IN TWO WAYS IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE



"So have I," said another. And still another. And then a dozen or more.

"Mine is Mr. Baker," announced the first. "Mine, too," chorused the others.

"It was evident then to us that he didn't play favorites," the representative of the women told the politeness reporter. "He always insists on pumping air in our tires and he won't take tips. He puts water in our radiator if it is needed; he tells us if there is a tire getting flat or if anything is the matter with the machine.

"Many women in the neighborhood have taken to driving their own cars since Mr. Baker has been there to help them out."

No one could have been more surprised than the filling station man when he was handed the politeness award.

"Why, er—" he stammered, "why shouldn't I be polite? I've lived in this neighborhood seven years. I've lived in this town thirty years. It's little enough that I do for my customers. You see, I know how it is. These women are all dressed up and trying to look after their cars would just ruin their clothes. I'm glad to do what I can.

"Besides, politeness always pays."

Mankato, Minn., Sept. 1.—Wm. Marti, attendant at New Ulm, Minn., Service Station 42, was in a quandary. Sales of Semdac for the month had not come up to expectations and he had only a half day to produce the quota promised. Suddenly a memory came to him of seeing in the Stanolind Record the picture of an attendant, somewhere, who had polished up a car and put it near the station. Mr. Marti rushed to the telephone and pleaded earnestly with Herman Held, agent at New Ulm, for the use of his antiquated "Henry." Mr. Held fell in with the idea and delivered the Ford with all haste. A half hour's work slicked the car all up and then they decorated it with nice bright cans of Semdac. Did Marti make his quota? Why say, that's why he's smiling. (The originator of this idea was Joe Green, Service Station 119, Kalamazoo, Mich.—Ed.)

* * *

"You'd better lengthen those skirts, Marie."

"Uh?"

"Gentlemen are apt to mistake you for a little girl and try to take you on their laps."

"Well"

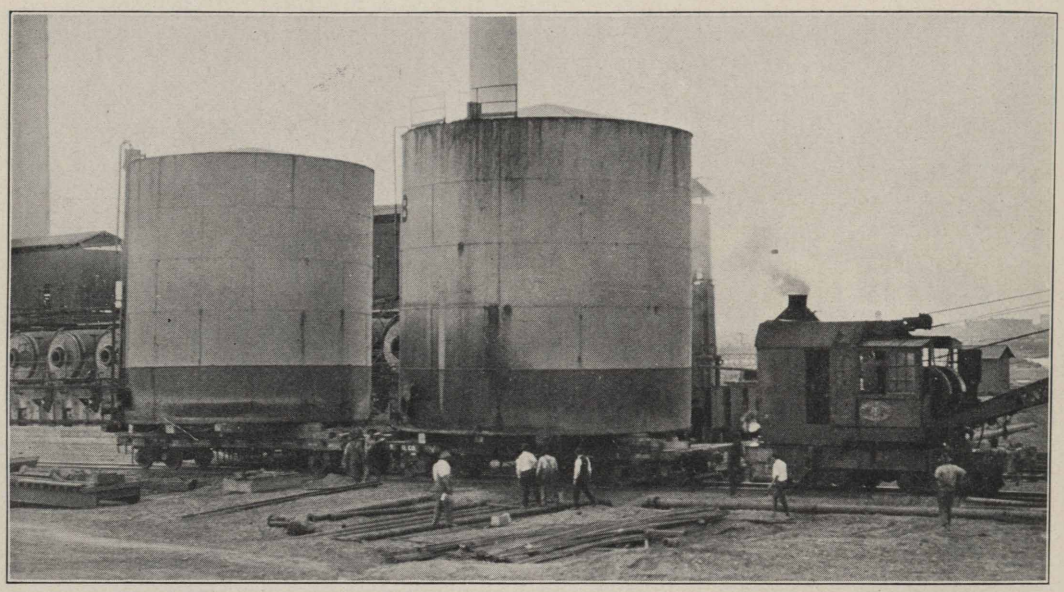
* * *

"I had to kill my dog this morning."

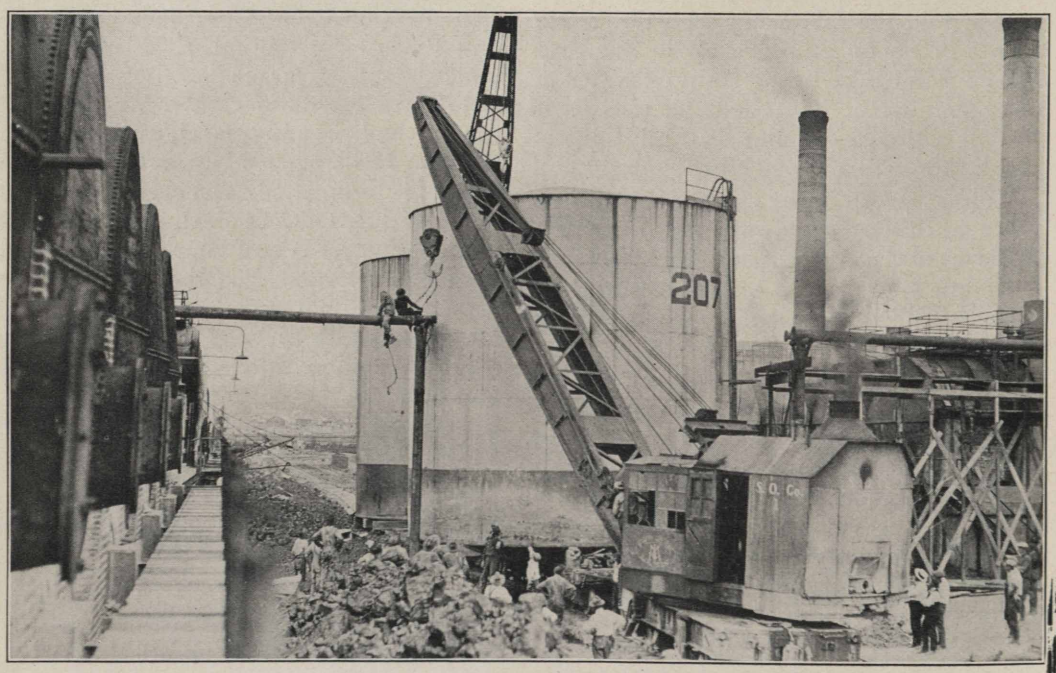
"Was he mad?"

"Well, he didn't seem any too well pleased."

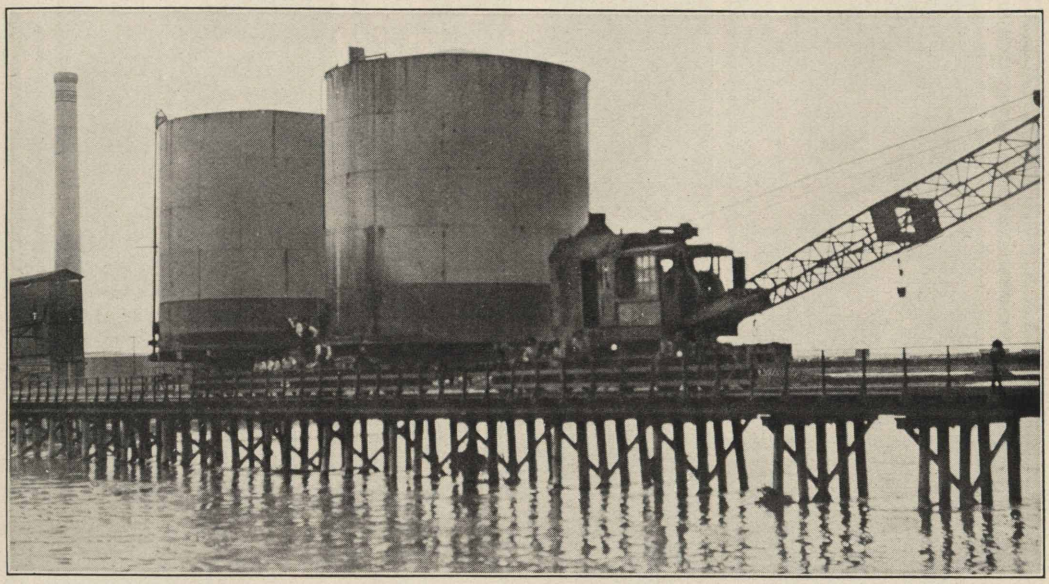
CASPER WOULD TRY DOING ANYTHING ONCE



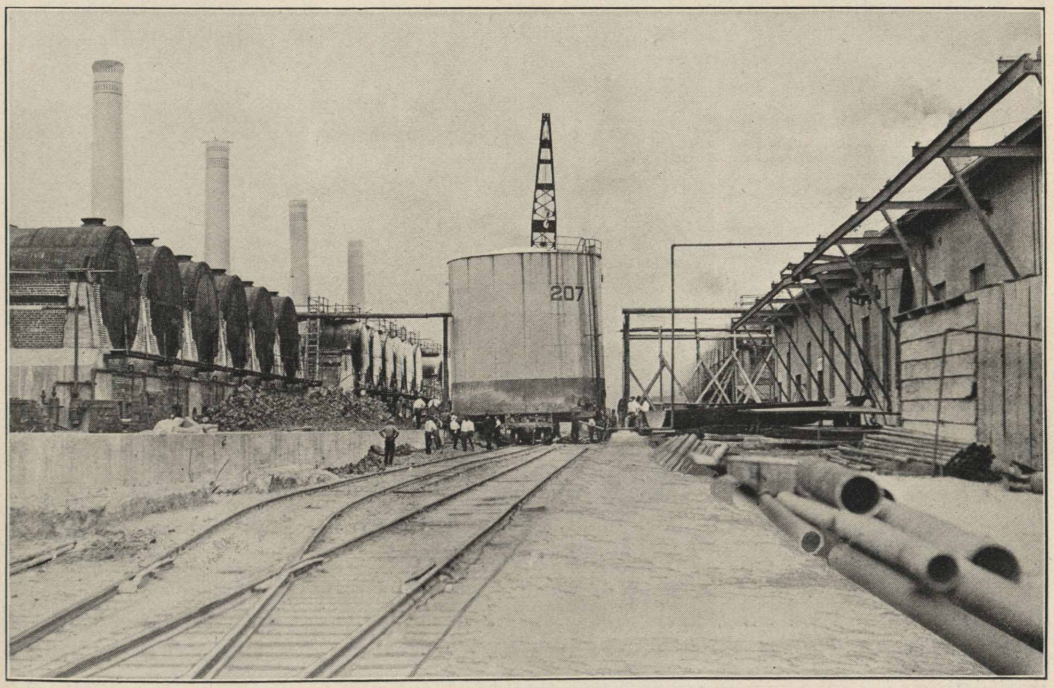
When it comes to accomplishing the difficult Casper is not taking anybody's dust. If the river is a little high it's simply dug deeper. If a mountain is in the way it's simply pushed out. So, when two tanks are needed north of the Platte river they are simply put there.

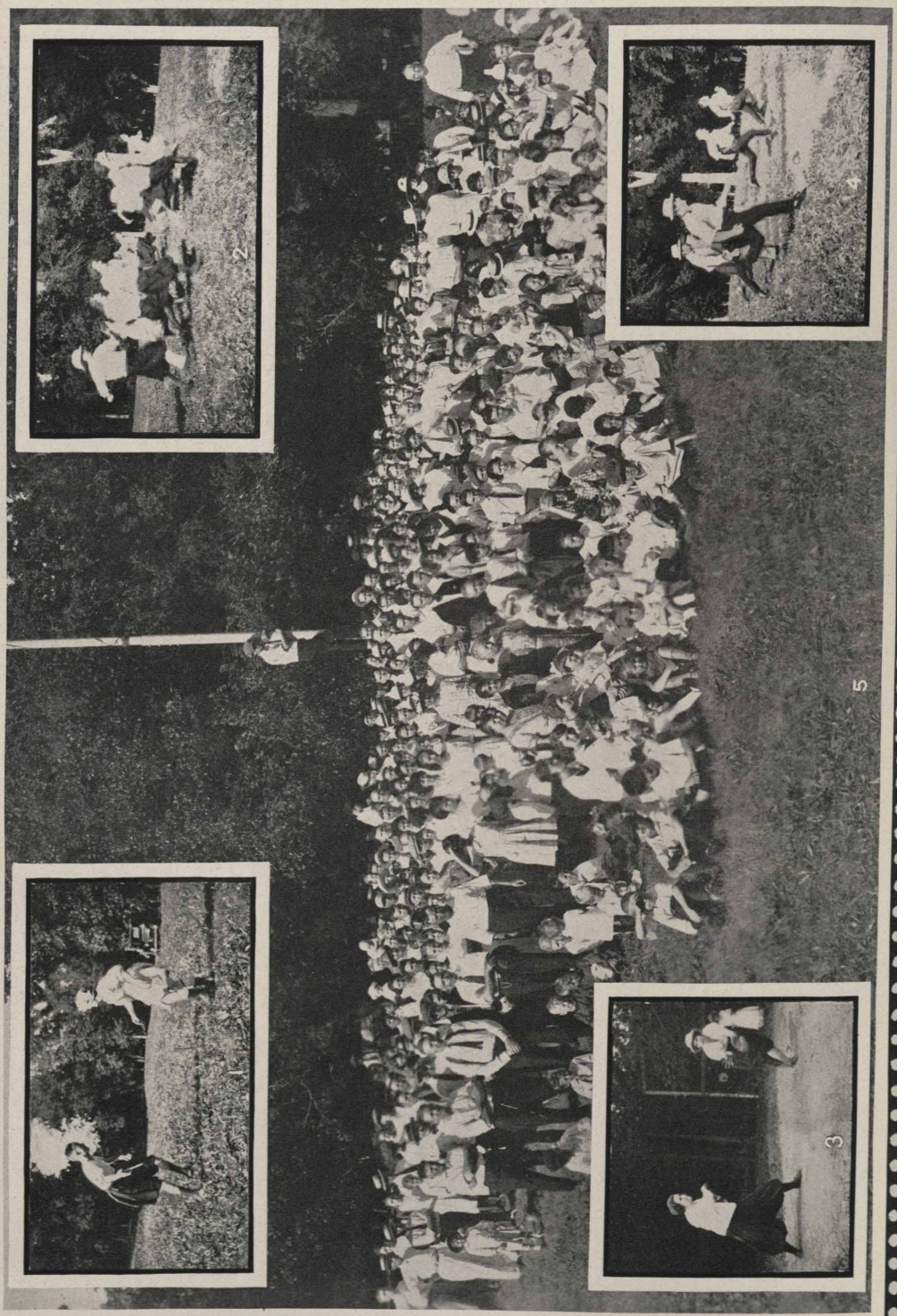


A LITTLE TANK MOVING JOB AT CASPER



Two 30 x 30 foot tanks were loaded on flat cars at their original location south of No. 1 pump house and carried across the river to their new location at Battery No. 20, as fuel tanks. Emil Hirshfeld, Bill Eads, and Walt Bell, the master minds on the job, several times wore long faces when they found where they'd figured a quarter-inch clearance they actually had one sixty-fourth; but "close don't count," and the job went through as if the tanks had been only toy balloons.

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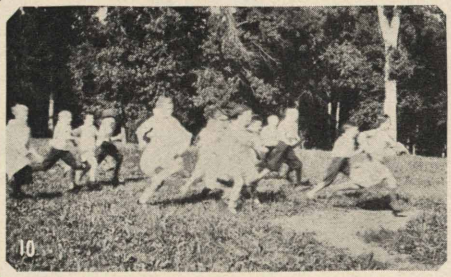
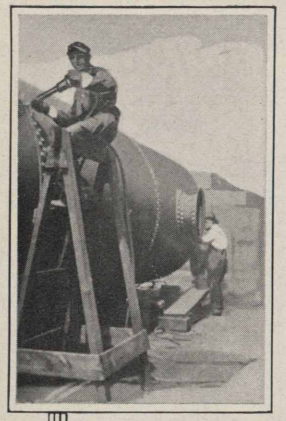
"Ain't We Got Fun?" Asks Fargo

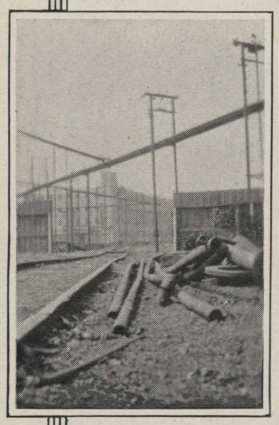


No. 1 (opposite page): Classic dance, "Awakening of Spring," Lester Brubaker and Hank Greene; No. 2, Girls' 100-yard dash; No. 3, Zalensky at bat; No. 4, Fat men's race, Dood in lead; No. 5, Standard Oil picnic, Fargo division; No. 6 (this page): Girls' 100-yard dash; No. 7, Catcher Zalensky in action; No. 8, Girls Perfection ball team; No. 9, Mrs. Charles Gullans, winner, 100-yard dash; No. 10, Children's 100-yard dash; No. 11, Girls' Red Crown ball team.

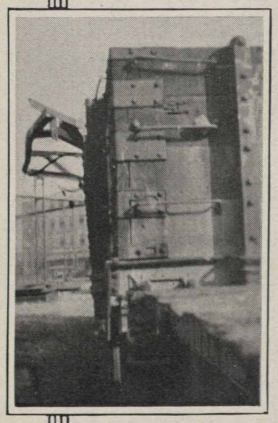


"Human Fly" acts of this kind often result in serious injury. Needless to say, soon after this snap was taken, this man was working from a safe platform.

Brought To Light Safety First!

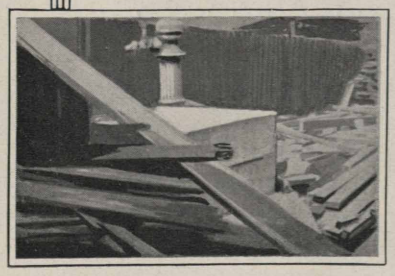


A switchman has trials enough without having a stumbling hazard of this kind created for him.



Leaving material sticking out from the side of a car like this is almost a crime. This car, if drawn through the plant, might create havoc by tearing down stanchions which are supporting steam lines, or strike someone working on cars on a parallel track.

Building materials or scrap should never be placed around a fire hydrant. This one is almost useless. Wonder if there are any rusty nails sticking up in that old lumber?



Submitted by C. W. Smith, Safety Director, Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and Fred Lau, Assistant Safety Director, Whiting Works

SERVICE STATION MEN PRAISED BY CUSTOMERS

From Mr. E. A. Bohan, 6231 South Green street, Chicago, comes a letter to the general manager of this company, saying:

"I desire to take this opportunity to call your attention to an incident which occurred the other evening. While out motoring with my wife we stopped at your service station at 67th and South Ashland avenue to obtain some gasoline and oil. While there my wife lost her valuable wrist watch, which, as fortune would have it, dropped in the roadway in front of your station and was picked up by one of your employees. We had no idea where it had been lost, but on stopping at the station the next evening for more gasoline, we thought to ask your employee if he had seen it. He readily admitted having it and on our description he returned it to us without any hesitation and did not want to take any reward for finding it. He was very courteous and was glad to see us get it back. I asked his name and he said it was E. Mooney. According to my past experience and knowledge, an honest and trustworthy employee is a valuable asset to such a large company as yours. Acts like this are worthy of mentioning and should be commended. Your employee had intended to surrender the watch to the company had not the losers inquired for it. Anything you might do for this young man in the future will be greatly appreciated by myself and wife."

From Edwin A. Lederer of the Stationers Engraving Co., Chicago, comes a letter expressing his appreciation of the courteous service rendered by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) service station attendants at Addison and Sheffield, whose names he does not know, but who are "so courteous and accommodating that I go out of my way to buy from them."

From T. O. Loveland, of the Brenard Manufacturing Company, Iowa City, Iowa, comes a letter to General Sales Manager T. J. Thompson calling attention to the honest and courteous service rendered him in the matter of a lost raincoat, by one J. W. of the Standard Oil filling station "that is just west of the center of the city of Sterling, Ill., on the Lincoln highway." Mr. Loveland states that on August 21 he left his raincoat in the station waiting room and on reaching Iowa City wrote to Sterling to learn if it had been found, enclosing $1 worth of stamps "to cover your trouble and cost of parcel post on same." In reply he received the following from J. W., of Service Station 55, Sterling: "We are sending today by parcel post one raincoat that was left at our service station No. 55 on Sunday, August 21. We are also enclosing the stamps as it is the policy of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana and its employees to be of service to its patrons and we are only too glad to be of service to you in this matter. Trusting you received your coat O. K., we remain, always at your service, Standard Oil Company (Indiana), Sterling, Ill., by J. W." Mr. Loveland was so impressed by this incident that he forwarded the entire correspondence to Mr. Thompson, that the company might "have evidence of the high quality man on your staff at Sterling."

TWO ARE KILLED

Whiting, Ind., Sept. 13.—George Toth and John Nemez, employees of the Whiting works, were killed in an automobile accident late yesterday when a Monon train struck an automobile in which they were passengers. Three others, not employees of this company, were injured.

* * *

Johnnie, aged six, was one of those mischievous little fellows spanked frequently by mother. One day father came home in time to see Johnny with red eyes and big tears trickling down his cheeks.

"Well, son, what is the trouble?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing in particular, pop, only I just had a quarrel with that wife of yours and she spanked me."

¶ "With a heartfelt sympathy, the members of the Joint General Committee, representing the workers of the Whiting plant of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), tender to the relatives of our associates who lost their lives at the fire which occurred at the Pressure Stills on July 4, 1921, our sincere condolence in their bereavement.

WHEREAS, we cannot fully realize the extent of the affliction and the sadness which this accident has brought to the homes of our fellow workers, yet we share their grief and affliction and be it

RESOLVED, that this Joint General Committee of Industrial Relations of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), extend to these afflicted families our sincere sympathy in their bereavement and sorrow, and be it further

RESOLVED, that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this body and also be published in the Stanolind Record and that a copy be sent to the members of the bereaved families."

SIXTY THOUSAND PEOPLE SAW THIS DISPLAY

Peoria, Ill., September 1.—When Al Wilson, the great stunt flier, put on an exhibition at the district fair at Galesburg, Mr. George Klarr, our agent-salesman at that city, was right on the job, as is evidenced by the above photograph. The display was directly in front of the grandstand where it confronted all of the 60,000 people who attended the fair. In the photograph, left, is Mr. Wilson; on the right, Mr. Klarr.

CAN'T STOP 'EM!

After getting off to a late start, the Casper plant baseball aggregation, under the capable leadership of Bill Eads and Jean Mignolet, swept through the month of August with a clean string of four straight victories. On the 4th, the C. B. & Q. railroad team went down under a 4 to 2 score. On the 7th, at Big Muddy, the Midwest Refining Co. outfit was snowed under with an 11 to 0 score. On the 11th, at Casper, the Casper Realtors took the short end of an 11 to 2 score. On the 21st, at Casper, the Salt Creek representatives of the Midwest Refining Co. bowed to the Standard Oil team, after a hard struggle, 11 to 10 being the final result.

Robertson, Scott, Rafferty and Eads compose the hurling staff, with Fitt and Smith as receivers. Results accomplished in August speak for themselves, and Manager Mignolet confidently expects to make a clean sweep of the few remaining games.

FOR OUR COOKS

POTATO FLOUR MUFFINS

Four eggs, pinch of salt, ½ cup white potato flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 tablespoons of ice water, 1 tablespoon sugar. Method: Beat whites of eggs very stiff and dry. Add salt and sugar to beaten yolks and fold into whites. Sift flour and baking powder twice and thoroughly beat into egg mixture Add ice water last. Bake in a moderate oven from fifteen to twenty minutes.

BRAN MUFFINS

One egg well beaten, butter size of a walnut melted, 1 cup of sweet milk, cup of flour (wheat), 1 cup of bran flour, 1 teaspoon of Dr Price's Baking Powder and a pinch of salt. Makes delicious and light muffins.

SOFT GINGER BREAD

One-half cup butter or lard, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup molasses, 1 teaspoon of ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon soda in a cup of boiling water, 2½ cups flour. Add two eggs well beaten, last, before baking.

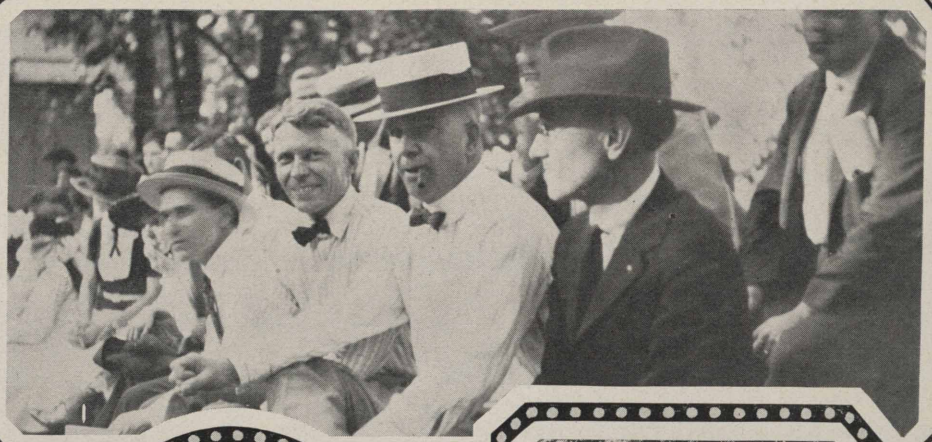
* * *

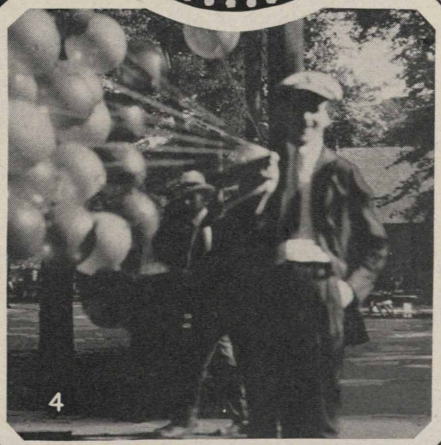
"Say, Doc," said the brawny scrubwoman, "yer gettin' a perty good thing out o' tending that rich Smith boy, ain't yer?"

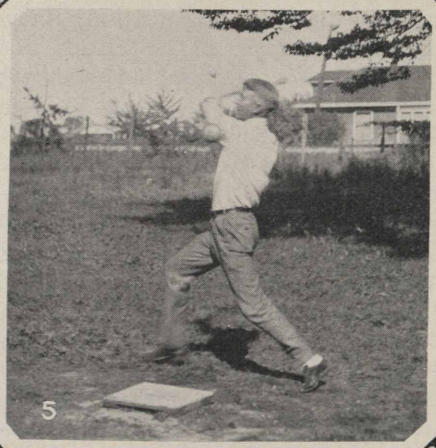
"Well," said the doctor, secretly amused, "I get a pretty good fee, yes. Why?"

"Well, Doc, I 'opes yer won't fergit that my Willie threw the brick that 'it 'im."

Too Interested to Think of Lighting His Cigar

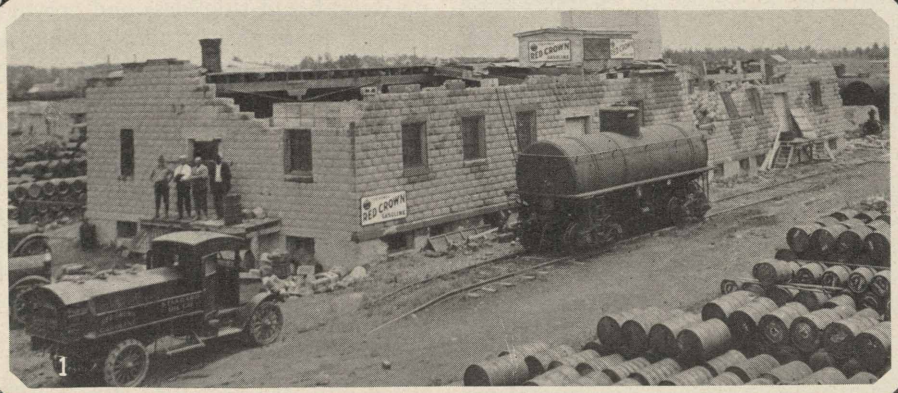






No. 1—E. P. Galbreath, manager, Indianapolis, was so intrigued by the dashing grace of the contestants in the girls' 50-yard dash that he even forgot to light his cigar. On his left, in felt hat, is H. E. Bruce; on his right, hatless, is George Ashman. Any kind of headgear goes in the Hoosier capital. No. 2—Jim Harvey, winner of 100-yard dash. No. 3—Mose Moore, umpire de lux—he was the only star of the game. No. 4—Wallace Revel, alias Tony Caponi, balloon butcher. No. 5—George Ashman, emulating the well known Mr. Casey.

80 Mile Gale Hits Pat Ryan's Bailiwick



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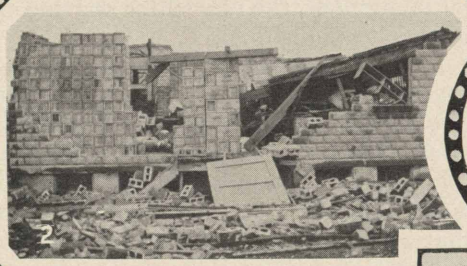

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3

4

Aberdeen, S. D. (Huron division), Sept. 1—Here is what an 80-mile gale can do in South Dakota. Nos. 1 and 2 show what happened to the warehouse. Note in No. 2 how well the warehousemen had done their work—the cases of goods still standing in orderly piles. No. 3 shows remains of garage. In No. 4 we have driver J. H. Fransen driving through the river—all bridges were down—to serve his customers. This isn't super-service—it's the kind we always give in South Dakota.

'LO, GRANDPA!

If Manager E. E. Morton, of the Joliet division, ever got the blues (which, confidentially, we don't believe he does), all he would have to do would be to look at the picture above and the world would be all right again. For little Miss Morton, who is known as Shirley, is even more charming than her photo, and her Daddy knows it. See that little tooth? It's her first, and we understand it's the finest tooth that ever grew in a baby's head. And E. E. isn't the only one who is captivated by the little miss. They tell us that her grandfather, H. S. Morton, our first vice-president, has an awfully hard time tearing himself away when once she gets her little fingers wound about his. When this picture was taken, she was watching her grandpa; hence the eager joyous expression.

* * *

Sam (to wife at show): "Mandy, tell dat niggah to take his ahm away from aroun' yo waist."

Mandy: "Tell him yoself. He's a perfect stranger to me."—*Brown Bull.*

* * *

"Has Marjorie any education along musical lines?

"I should say so! Name any record and she can tell you what's on the other side!"

—*Telephone Review.*

OUR BIRTHDAY!

With this issue the Stanolind Record celebrates its second birthday anniversary. Born two years ago this baby in industrial journalism has in that short period doubled its weight and thickness and grown chesty enough to modestly admit being already the World's Greatest Employees' Magazine.

In October, 1919, the Record came into being as a thirty-two page magazine devoted to the interests of the employees in the manufacturing department. At that time there was no organization for obtaining news, pictures or anything else, the grand total of facilities consisting of a lot of white paper, a great ambition and a generous appropriation.

Under great handicaps and after much stress and distress, Mr. Norris Reed, advertising manager, and Mr. J. W. Curry, director of industrial relations, succeeded in getting together the material for the initial number, the new editor arriving only in time to makeup.

Before work on the second issue was begun an appeal for help was made to the newly organized Joint General Committees in the refineries, and they, through their committees on publications, responded nobly. Wading into the job with a will that would not be denied, these committees demonstrated that lack of experience in gathering news and suitable pictures wasn't much of a handicap for them. They soon had the editor supplied with the kind of material desired, and as month succeeded month, functioned more and more smoothly. There were some misunderstandings and some lapses, of course, but there was a constant improvement both in quality and quantity of matter submitted.

In the meantime the sales department was intimating it desired representation in the magazine, and the period of experimenting having passed, the Board of Directors in September, 1920, authorized the enlargement of the magazine from thirty-two to sixty-four pages, covers not included, for the purpose of incorporating in it news of the sales and all other departments not hitherto represented. The first sixty-four page issue was that of

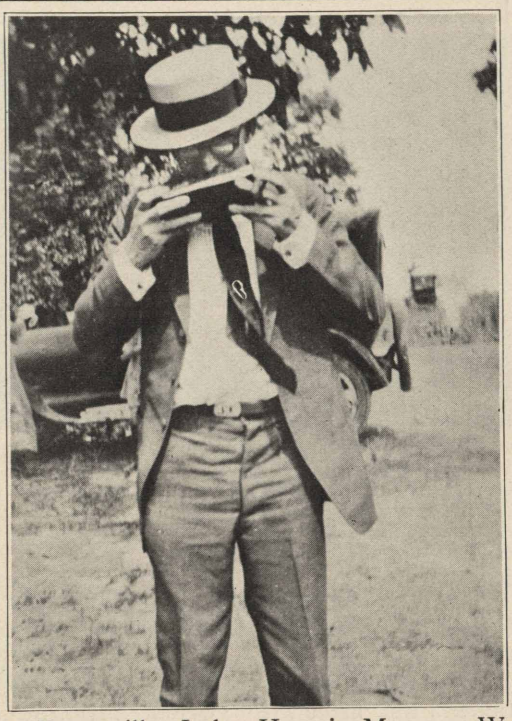
November, 1920, a complete news organization having been built up in the sales department before publication of the enlarged magazine was attempted.

So efficiently is this news organization in the sales department functioning that the editor now spends a great share of his time dodging verbal brickbats hurled at him from thirty-three points of the compass because this or that, "sent in six months ago, hasn't been printed yet!" However, the editor is a great little dodger, and this great mass of material affords an opportunity for selection which makes the magazine interesting. We now have on file more than 1200 unused photographs, many of them suitable for publication, many not. Those that are suitable will be used when most appropriate. Many of them are "time pictures" which may be run at any time when space permits or when other conditions make it advisable to use them. Because we have 1200 unused pictures on file, however, do not get the idea that we do not want more. We want all we can get, and most especially those depicting current events within this organization, in order to make a selection which will give the proper "balance" to the magazine.

The one criticism of the Record which has been most general is that the gossip is stale when printed. If the critic will study the matter he will see that in a monthly magazine such items are bound to be from sixty days to a few weeks old. Here is why:

For the October number of the Record the deadline was September 1, the correspondent sending in his material on that date to appear in the magazine when it came off the press on or about October 1. As soon as he had sent in his material for the October number, he began, on September 2, to collect news for the November number, continuing this collection until October 1, when his material for the November number is due in the editor's office. Thus the items collected on September 2 are already about thirty days old when they reach the editor, something which cannot be avoided. On October 1 a great mass of material is received by the editor from seven refineries, the Carlinville coal mines and twenty-six sales territories, the whole scattered throughout twelve states. He has then to sift this down to get it into sixty-four pages, being forced to discard much of it, even much that is good, simply because of lack of space. Then, too, he must take care not to use a super-abundance of one sort of material and too little of another kind, for in that direction lies monotony. The matter sifted, he must then edit what remains, rewrite a great deal, write captions, arrange picture layouts, read proofs as they are returned from the printer, identify the proper type with the proper pictures, and finally "make up." Makeup is the task of putting the magazine together, and we'll tell the world that with a sixty-four page magazine it is considerable job, for on the makeup depends the whole appearance of the magazine.

UM! GUGGLE! GUGGLE!



Evansville, Ind.—Here is Manager W. J. Lang, Evansville division, on a visit to the Illinois portion of our field. Does he like watermelon? Say, when he gets through the rind looks like a piece of tissue paper.

CATCHING THEM COMING AND GOING

So many pictures of window displays were received this summer that we had to put the brakes on using them in the Stanolind Record, but the Joliet division salesman who put this display in the Bickford drug store, Sterling, Ill., did such a good job that he got by us. Mr. Orson Combs, window display expert and outside advertising man working out of the home office, tells us this is one of the most perfectly arranged displays he has seen.

There are so many details which enter into the art of makeup that it is impossible to relate them here.

All this sifting, editing and making up takes from fifteen to twenty days, depending largely on how many correspondents have failed to make the deadline, and whether other delays have been caused by waiting for certain "big news" which can not be released till late, but which is so important that it should be incorporated in the issue in question. Thus the items collected on September 2 are now from forty-five to fifty days old, while those collected on September 30 are sixteen to twenty-one days old.

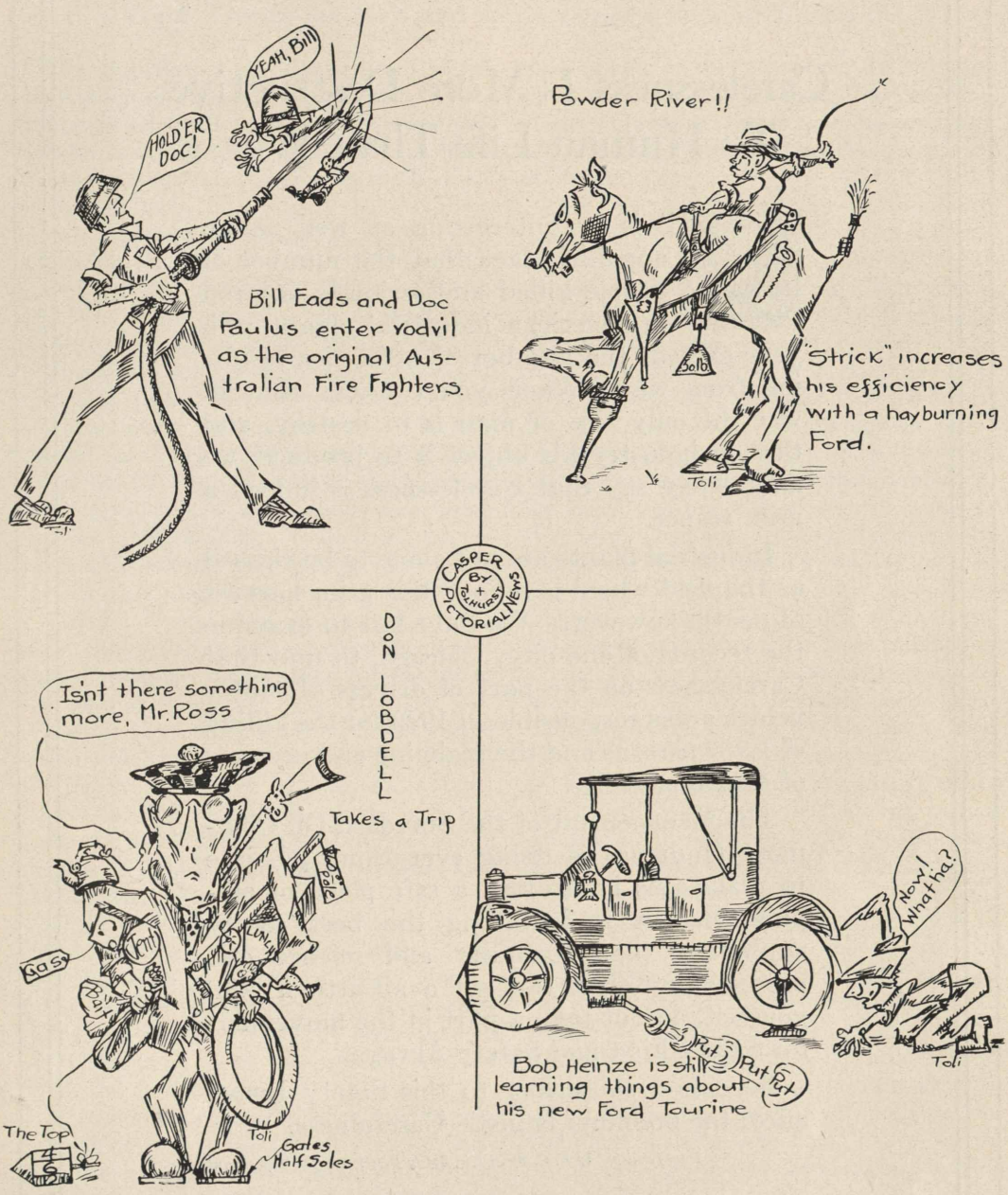
The magazine is then turned over to the printers for make-ready, lock-up, printing and binding. Make-ready on such a magazine as the Stanolind Record forces the printer to exercise all his art and it takes time. A good grade of enameled paper and a fine screen for half-tones are used, so that each cut must be blocked up to the proper infinitesimal fraction of a inch to insure the best, and uniform, printing. The type is set by monotype and in make-ready each line is carefully scanned to see that no piece of type is out of alignment. Next comes the lock-up, when again great care must be taken lest a piece of type get out of alignment, or a lead slip up to make a black smude on the printed sheet. Then comes the printing, and as fast as the sheets come off the presses they must be put aside to dry before they are printed on the other side or the pages will be ink-smeared. Printing done, the sheets go to the binderies to be cut and bound. For this issue 37,100 copies were bound. Make-ready, lock-up, printing and binding take at least ten days, and sometimes more, depending on difficulties encountered. Thus the gossip items collected on September 2 are about sixty days old when the magazine appears on or about November 1, while those collected September 30 are about thirty days old.

So if you had a baby born on September 2 and fail to see any news of it in the Record till November 1, don't think we have a grudge against your particular baby.

Binding done, the magazine must be distributed by express throughout twelve states, and by mail through the world.

We now start on our third year of life, husky and chesty, but not so chesty that we do not very much want the help, advice and cooperation of all members of the Stanolind family, by whom we mean all employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and members of their families.

CASPER PICTORIAL NEWS, BY TOLHURST



Mrs. Casey (with fashion paper)—"What are aigrettes, Mike?"

Casey—"Weren't yez ever in sassiety, woman? Shure, it's what ye send when ye can't go."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Hallo, Mike! Where did you get that black eye?"

"Why, O'Grady's just back from his honeymoon, an' 'twas me advised him t' get married."

Carelessness Is More Destructive To Human Life Than War

IT is an interesting as well as an appalling fact that the number of people killed and seriously injured in American industrial plants each year exceeds the number of casualties resulting from war. When you consider that in war the only aim of man is to destroy, and that in industry his object is to produce, we may safely say that Carelessness is indeed a grim reaper.

Industrial plants are not alone to be classed as the field where is reaped this grim harvest of death, however. We have but to examine the records of one city, Chicago, to find that Carelessness on the part of drivers of motor vehicles was responsible in 1920 for the killing of 1,982 persons and the maiming and injuring of 49,550 more.

The management of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is doing everything possible to make this institution a safe place of employment; it is installing the best safety appliances that ingenuity and science can produce; but all of this will avail little if you, yourself, do not take a part in the movement for Safety First and Safety Always.

Become a subscriber to this Safety Insurance; the premium is just—Carefulness.

Data furnished by F. C. Singleton, Safety Director, Sales Department

WHITING FIELD DAY IS SMASHING SUCCESS

Standard Oilers Throng Park When Whiting Standard Oil Athletic Association Puts on Its Second Annual Field Day—Boxing, Wrestling and Field and Track Events for Men and Girls Feature Popular Program

The Standard Oil Company Athletic Association of Whiting, which, in its comparitively brief existence of little more than two years has already accomplished more than any other organization in the history of the company in the way of providing clean, healthful amusement, sport and relaxation for a great body of employees, scored another smashing success on the occasion of its second annual field day, held at Whiting Park on Labor Day.

Employees and their families thronged the park from before 10 o'clock in the morning, when the program was officially opened, until the "lights out" signal was given at 11 that night and the toddlers and fox trotters wended their way home by the longest way 'round, which, as everybody knows, at the fox trot age is the shortest way home.

Because demands of shift work at the plant made the crowd a changing one it was impossible accurately to estimate the number of people who attended but reports indicate that possibly 5,000 people were on the grounds at various times during the day and evening. Hundreds brought basket lunches and scattered through the park to regale themselves in its shady nooks on the regulation pickles and sandwiches.

The heavy wind and rain storm which swept over the entire Chicago district the night before, served only to bring a delightful coolness without leaving the grounds too wet to interfere with the merrymakers or the athletic field too muddy for the track and field events.

The athletic program proved so extremely popular that some difficulty was experienced in handling the crowds, who in the excitment engendered by the closeness of some of the contests broke the lines and crowded close about the contestants. While this elicited some heartfelt groans from a few of the folks who are possessed of corns or selfish dispositions, it seems that everyone saw the contests and it is the opinion of the Stanolind Record that the committee should take this crowding as a compliment, for more than anything else it surely demonstrated the popularity of the program.

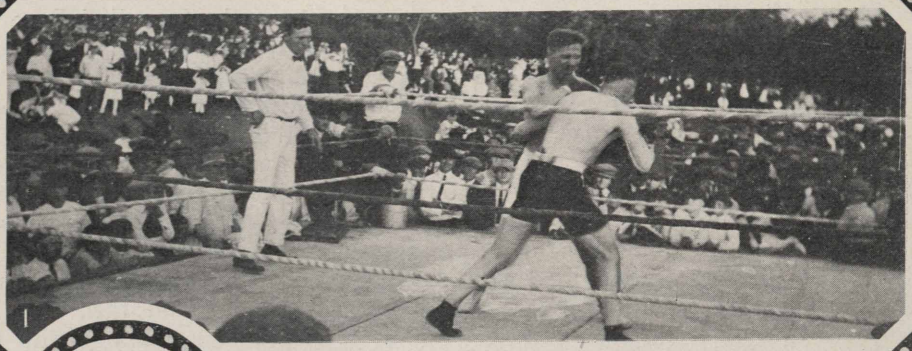
'Tis true that the Red Crown tug-of-war team has a hunch that half the crowd was on the other end of that rope when the victorious Polarines pulled them across the line, but you know there is nothing like a good alibi, and then even if the alibi is a real one, they ought to feel pretty chesty if it did take half the crowd to pull 'em over. However, we don't say the crowd did pull them over—in fact we aren't saying anything about it, for after hearing the weight of some of the birds engaged in that contest, the Stanolind Record doesn't propose to take any part whatsoever in this tug-of-war dispute. However, we will add that the tug-of-war was one of the most interesting events on the program, so bitterly was it contested. At the beginning the Red Crowns got the knot a few inches on their side and there it stayed throughout most of the contest, hardly moving an inch either way, until, when it looked almost as if a deadlock had developed, the Polarines by a superhuman effort, or something, dragged their opponents over the line.

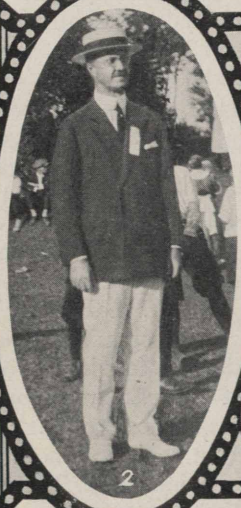
Probably the most interesting event of the whole program, however, was the endurance contest put on by the Standard Oil Company Whiting (Concert) Band, which played continuously from 12 noon till 6:30 p. m. They demonstrated beyond a shadow of a doubt that they are not only great musicians—which everybody in the Calumet district has been fully aware of for some time—but are also considerable marathoners.

The first event on the program was an alleged ball game between the Polarine team of the S. O. A. A. and the Whiting Elks. Though the Elks were perfectly certain before the game that they were going to trim the oil boys, when the game

(Continued on page 36)

Varied sports at Whiting Field Day





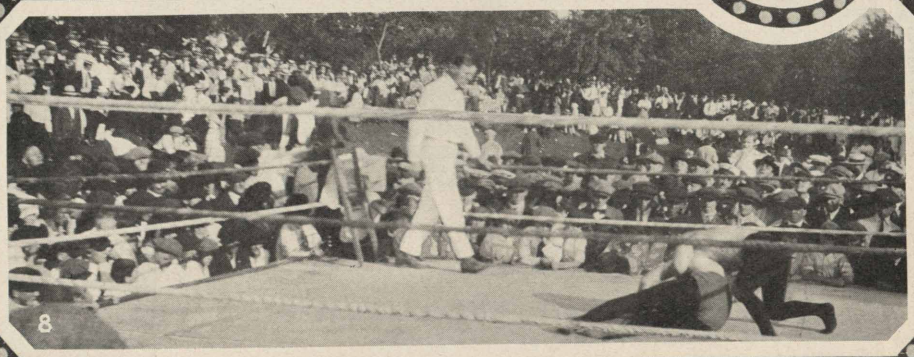
1—Dheur battling Red Cole; Groat, referee.

2—Dr. R. E. Humphreys awarded prizes.

3—"Who'll buy us a cone?" say Mary Kelleher, Florence Coon, Marie Rittman and Helen Hynes.

4—Eddie Pond "following through" as he hurled shot for first place; Dan Gallagher holding tape.

S.O.A.A. Outing draws great crowd.



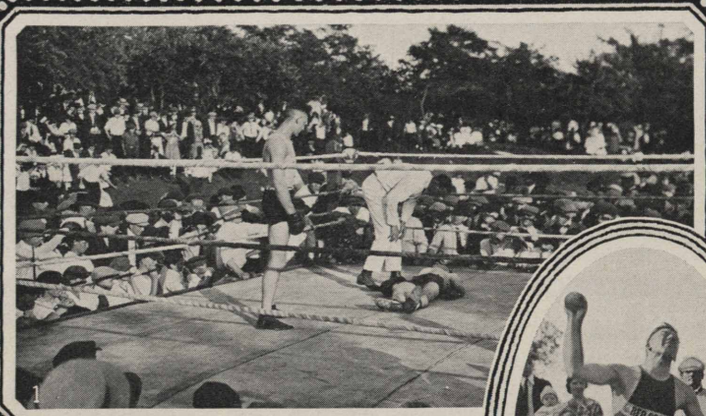
5—Eddie Pond and Fred Kuehnke in hot finish.

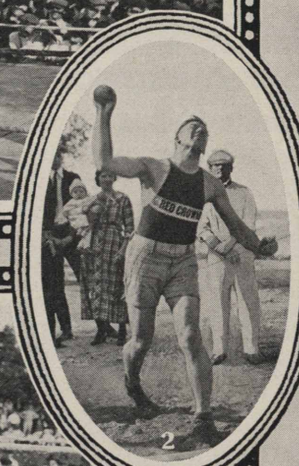
6—Among younger generation this was most popular place on grounds.

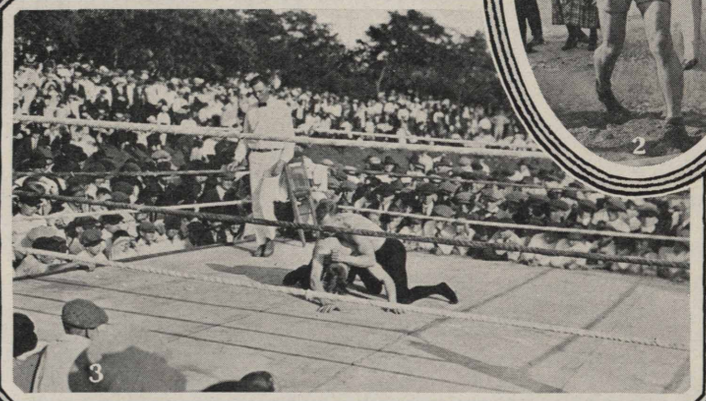
7—Anna Paul of the powerful wing.

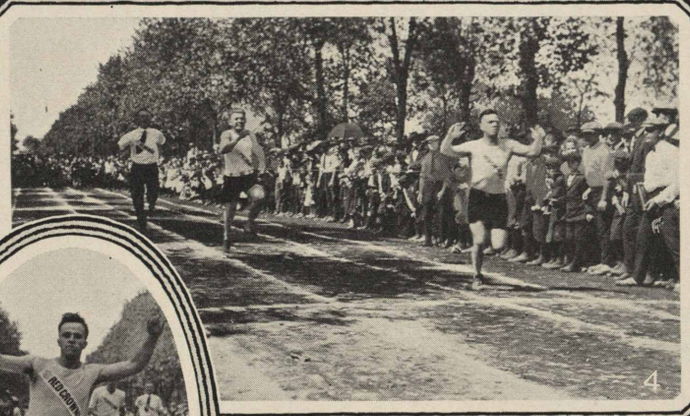
8—Tom Naef v. E. Stoll. Naef won.

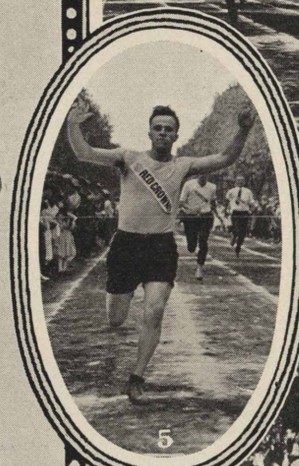
FUN FOR ALL AT WHITING FETE

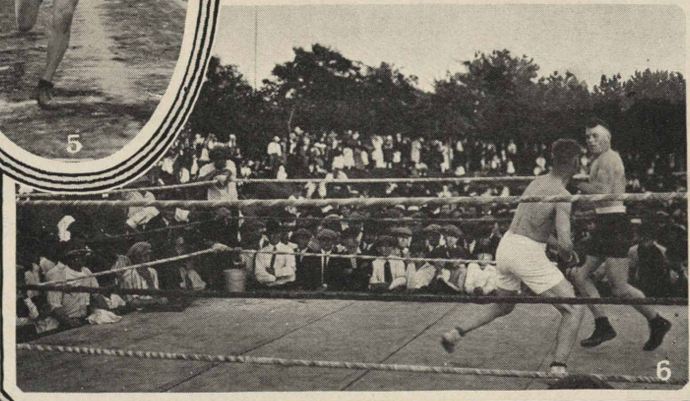


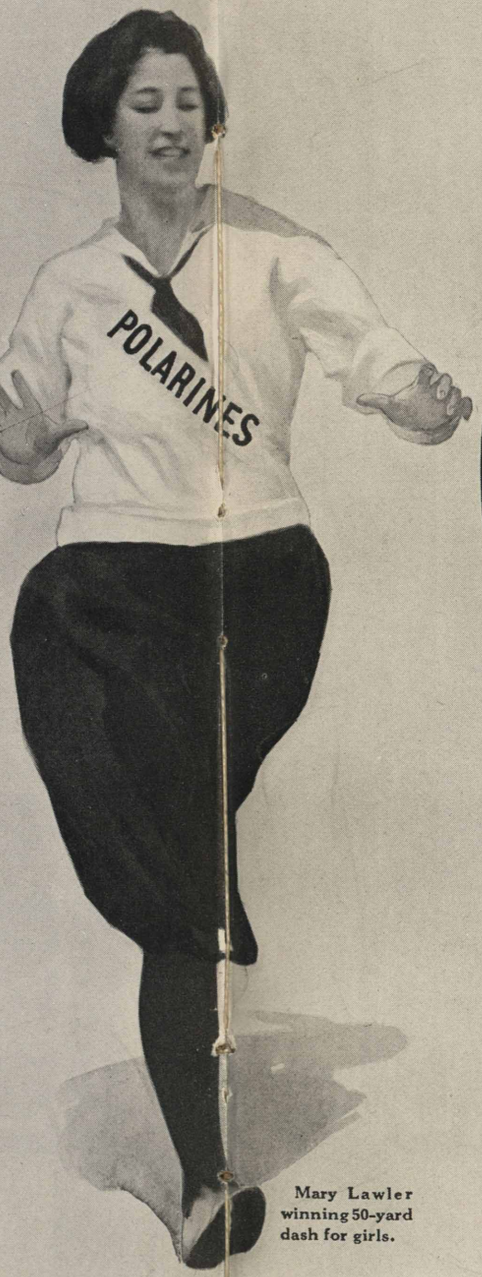












Mary Lawler winning 50-yard dash for girls.

No. 1—Knockout. Jack West wins from Andrew Kaspar

No. 2—Eddie Pond, high point winner

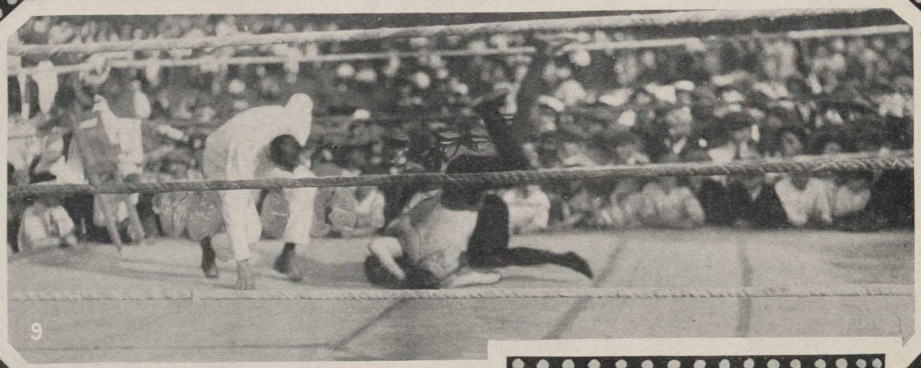
No. 3—Tom Naef throwing E. Stoll

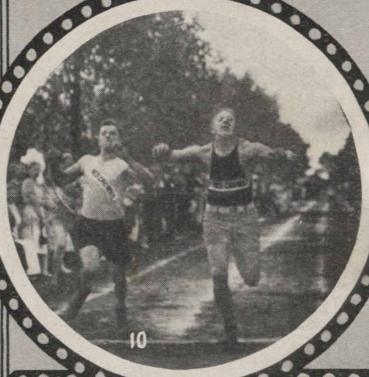
No. 4—Herbert Brown winning trial heat, 100 yards

No. 5—Brown breaks the tape

No. 6—Frank Douer v. Red Cole

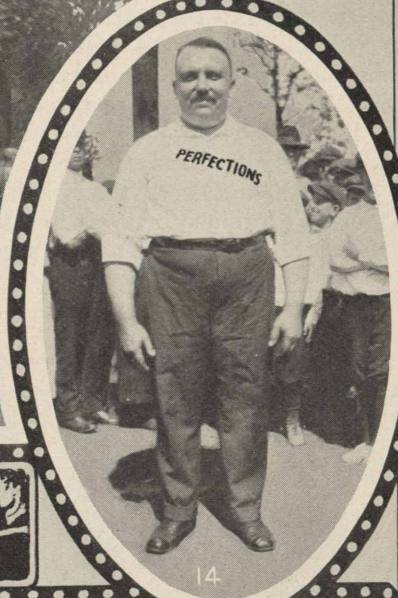
The crowd enthused over everything

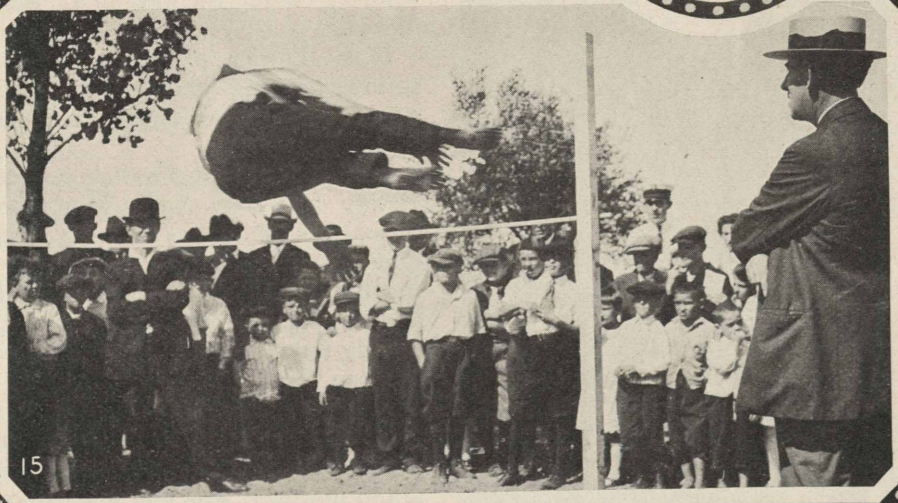




9—And there was no mat under the canvas.
10—Gehrke, Pond and Kuehnke in 100 yard dash.
11—She can throw straight, can Anna Baumel.
12—That tug-of-war.

Now let's get ready for next year





13—S. O. A. A. v. Whiting Elks; Zark at bat, Senchak catching.

14—Jake Vena, entry in fat man's race; failed to win: lack of steam.

15—Frank Schlatter clearing bar for 3d place in high jump.

WHITING FIELD DAY SMASHING SUCCESS

(*Continued from page 29*)

started it quickly developed that while the B. P. O. E. may be the best people on earth, the Whiting Elks have sure got a long way to go before becoming the best ball players on earth. The score was 22 to 8.

In the track and field events held in the afternoon the Red Crown team, captained by Mike McGowan, was first with 50 points; Polarines, captained by T. J. O'Hara, second with 35; Perfections, captained by P. O. Vandeveer, third with 17. The Renowns, captained by G. J. Prentice, failed to score. Of the 35 points scored by the Polarines, that team's girl athletes piled up 20, while the men were making 15.

Eddie Pond, of the Red Crowns, won individual high honors, scoring 21 points for his team, the Red Crowns. While Pond won the shot put, however, his mark was bettered later by George Benson in the throw-off which followed a tie for second place. Pond hurled the weight 33 feet and 11 inches for a win, while Benson and William Matelski tied for second with tosses of 33 feet and two inches. In the throw-off, Benson beat Pond's record with a throw of 34 feet and nine inches, though field rules still made Pond the winner.

Anna Paul was individual star in the girls' events, scoring a total of eight points, while Anna Baumel was second with six. Both girls made their points in ball throwing contests, Miss Baumel, in the accuracy contest, absolutely disproving the old theory that a girl can't throw straight, while in the distance contest Miss Paul demonstrated that she has some whip by tossing the old pill 92 feet and 11 inches.

Mary Lawler proved to be the star sprinter among the girls, covering 50 yards in 8.2 seconds. Anna Galocy was second.

The one wrestling match resulted in a victory for Tom Naef, who pinned his opponent's shoulders to the mat in 4 minutes, 50 seconds. The crowd, including the ladies, enjoyed this event hugely, as they did the boxing bouts, which were cleanly fought and well contested. There was one knockout.

The classic dancing by the little Misses Sloan and McNeil was greatly enjoyed.

The hardest contest of the whole program, however, was one not witnessed by the spectators. That was the battle waged by Chairman D. J. Paskwietz and his committees to get things in readiness to insure a success, and the battle waged afterwards to get things cleaned up and equipment stored away for next year.

WORLD'S BEST

Whiting, Ind., Sept. 1.—Herewith a picture of the world's best and prettiest boxmakers, Miss Mary Watak, left and Miss Celia Mordus, right. Both are employed in the can house.

Mr. Paskwietz and his committees deserve a tremendous amount of credit, as do the officials who officiated at the track. These were:

A. J. Parkin, referee; George Watts, starter; E. H. Fisher, P. J. Sweeney, L. C. Moore, H. J. Broderson, finish judges; William Hutchinson, George Parker, Paul Bacon, timers; E. J. Wonnacott, George Henthorne, Ray Brown, D. J. Gallagher, R. Wilkinson, George E. Girard, A. Buchanan, field judges; Harry F. Glair, announcer; J. W. Stover, clerk of course; R. T. Myrick, scorer.

Honorary referees were R. E. Humphreys, T. S. Cooke, G. Cash and J. E. Evans.

The Stanolind Record wishes to thank the photographers who supplied us with pictures at the request of the Stanolind Record committee composed of R. O. Compton, R. C. Curtis and D. Parks.

Winners of the various events were:

50-yard dash—Frank Schlater, first, 6.2 seconds; Edwin Pond, second; Herbert Brown, third.

Standing broad jump—Floyd Banks, first, 8 feet, 8 inches; John Moore, second; Orville Schlater, third.

Running high jump—John Moore, first, 4 feet, 8 inches; Edwin Pond, second; Frank Schlater, third.

50-yard dash, fat men—Russell Wilkinson, first, 13.5 seconds.

100-yard dash—Edwin Pond, first, 11.6 seconds; Herbert Brown, second; Fred Kuehnke, third.

Fungo hitting—Edwin Pond, first, 310 feet, 8 inches; Ted James, second; B. M. Smith, third.

Egg race—Fred Kuehnke and Ruth Byas, first; P. O. Vandeveer and Anna Baumel, second; Orville Schlater and Mary Lawler, third.

Shot put—Edwin Pond, first, 33 feet, 11 inches; George Benson, second; William Matelski, third.

50-yard dash, girls—Mary Lawler, first, 8.2 seconds; Anna Galocy, second.

Ball throwing, accuracy, girls—Anna Baumel, first; Anna Paul, second; Edith Haman, third.

Ball throwing, distance, girls—Anna Paul, first, 92 feet, 11 inches; Edith Haman, second; Anna Baumel, third.

MOTHERLESS

The eight children of John Adam, whose photographs appeared on Page 43 of the July issue of the Stanolind Record, were rendered motherless on Sunday morning, August 14, when Mrs. Adam was burned to death in an accident at her home. Mr. Adam, pipefitter at the Whiting works, was painfully burned in an attempt to save his wife but will recover. He has asked that the following expression of appreciation be published in the Record:

"I wish to express my appreciation for the many kindnesses shown me by my friends and fellow workers during my recent bereavement and affliction. The personal expressions of sympathy, the beautiful floral tribute from the employees of the acid works, and the furnishing by them of eight automobiles for the funeral, will always be remembered by me with the most heartfelt gratitude.—John Adam."

HINT FOR HENRY

Equip your flivvers with this new model tire carrier. Design originated by Ella Sells, 5th floor, home office, Stanolind girl.

OUR BUSINESS GETTERS ON CHICAGO'S SOUTH SIDE

About once a month service station employees of District 4, Chicago, get together and exchange ideas. Two meetings are held, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, so all can attend. The above picture, taken at Service Station No. 5, 5820 Cottage Grove avenue, shows the afternoon shift and relief men, left to right, top row: White, Logan, Putman, Brown, Benjamin, Day, Peters, Cummings, Kappas, Matthews, Formeller, Bergstrom, Chesters, Reilly. Second row: Dye, Allgeier, Lundquist, Wilson, Cody, Schinzel, Cunningham, Gillespie, Phillips, Mattison, Mudd, Lane, Schroer. Third row: McDowell, Bailey, Moone, Inglefield (supervisor), Bannister (district superintendent), Walsh, Ellenberger, Stapp, Tobin.

In the lower picture we have the morning shift. The smiles were due to a funny yarn spun by District Superintendent Bannister just before the picture was taken. We don't know why the correspondent didn't let us all in on the joke, but we have our suspicions. Photos were taken by Mr. Hollenbeck, service station attendant at 39th and Wabash. In the lower picture, left to right, top row: Tuohey, Callihan, Cornyn, Lamb, Brennan, Thorp, Anell and Matthey. Second row: Zimmer, Magowan, Hanlon, Miller, Rees, Mooney, Ballard, Reilly, Bergstrom, Quick, Litwiller. Third row: Decker, Inglefield, and Donnelly. Fourth row: Woodward, Hale, Moran, Bailey, Holmgren, White, Gilson, Austin, Randolph and Blank.

PROVING RED CROWN UNEQUALLED FOR MILEAGE

"During the past week we have demonstrated by actual mileage test to almost a hundred men in the service stations in Division 4, Chicago, the merits of Red Crown Gasoline against competitive gasoline.

"We beat every gasoline and motor fuel sold in Chicago, and you will have a small chance of telling any of these men that any competitive gasoline can beat our product. In the above picture, one can see the device that we used. This test was accomplished as follows: A quart of competitive gasoline was placed in a special container on the side of a company Ford. Two men rode in the car on which we ran the test. The remaining eight men rode in Mr. Lewis' Packard and followed the Ford. Ten men attended each test. We had to have two tests each day for five days to be able to accommodate all the men.

In the above, left to right: Schrader, Allgeier, Cunningham, Hollenbeck, Monroe and Crowe."—*C. C. Englefield, service station supervisor.*

* * *

Prof.—"When you examine a dog's lungs under the microsope, what do you find?"

Stude—"The seat of his pants, I suppose."

Little Johnny after spending his first day in school, attended the movies with his mother that evening. First picture was a current event. After several paragraphs had been flashed on the screen, Johnny turned to his mother and much to the amusement of the audience said, with disgust: "Good night! Here I've been to school a whole day and can't read a darn word." (True story from South Bend division).

* * *

When the workmen own the workshops,
And the railroad men the rails,
And the grocery clerks the groceries,
And the mail clerks own the mails—
When the preachers own the pulpits,
And the pressmen own the shops,
And the drillers own the oil wells,
And the jails are owned by cops—
When conductors own the street cars,
And each driver owns his bus;
Will you tell us common people—
Whatinell becomes of us?

* * *

At a dinner in an eastern city ex-President Taft, with that contagious chuckle of his, related the story of an editor who was offered pay for speaking at a certain meeting. When he refused it, the person who had made the offer remarked that he would put the money in "the fund." The editor's curiosity was aroused. "What fund?" he asked. "Oh, the fund to get better speakers next year," was the unexpected reply.

* * *

Angry Customer—"See here, you overcharged me for that suit and it was full of moths."

Isaac—"Vell, vot can you expect for $16.98? Humming birds?"

WOOD RIVER FIREMEN COP PRIZE MONEY

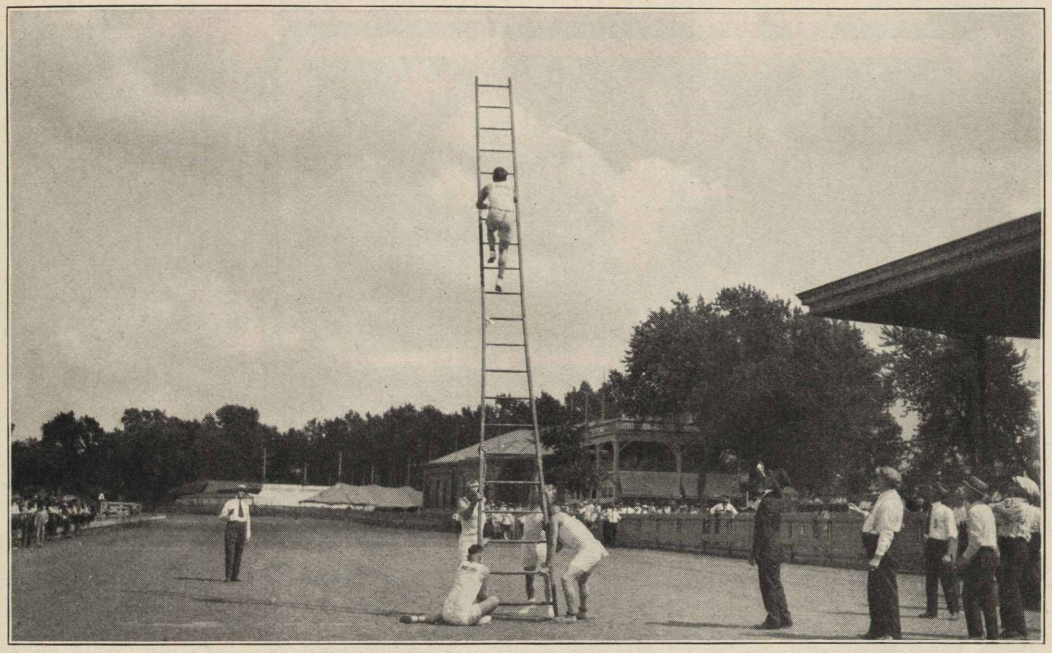
Bottom row, left to right: J. Adams, F. Schneider, E. Hannold, assistant chief, W. Stoneham, captain, Jack Hannold, mascot, L. Koenneker, chief, L. Coultas, V. Smiley; middle row: G. Mooney, boy scout, C. Burris, E. Maguire, C. Schwartz, E. Lenz, H. Rickey, J. Hopper, boy scout; top row: E. Williams, K. Volz, H. Harrod, J. Ritter, P. Geibel, J. Stepson, W. Wolf.

Wood River firemen made a great record on the 18th and 19th of August at the State Fair at Springfield, taking second place and bringing back with them $200 in prize money. Last year the boys received $70 and at this rate they will soon be getting the long end of it. The Wood River firemen's organization is composed chiefly of boys from the Refinery.

In the special 100-yard race for the visiting chiefs our own Chief Louis Koenneker, proved the fastest in the state. In the second event, William Stoneham tied in the ladder climb with Edward Flynn of Edwardsville. In running off the tie Stoneham's foot slipped on a round of the ladder and he received second place. In the first main race, which was the novelty hook and ladder, Wood River came in third. The next event, the novelty hub and hub race, brought in second money for the boys. The second day and first race was the free-for-all hook and ladder race with Wood River winning second money. Next was the hook and ladder platform race, and Wood River got second money in this event. Wood River also took second money in the next event, the free-for-all hub and hub race. In the next event, the championship hook and ladder race, Wood River took second place, and in the big event of the day, the championship hub and hub race, Wood River came in an easy first.

Wood River and the Refinery have every reason to feel proud of the showing made by our boys.

STONEHAM, WOOD RIVER, TIES RECORD



Picture taken at Illinois State Fair at Springfield. Nearly all members of Wood River fire department are Standard Oil employes.

WE'LL SAY THEY'RE EFFICIENT ANGLERS, AT LEAST

Fargo, N. D., Sept. 1.—Mr. Packard, Mr. Cook, Mr. Raupagh, Mr. Steffarud, and Mr. Dixon recently held an efficiency meeting at Fergus Falls "A" Stations in regard to the up-keep and maintenance of equipment. Mr. Cook, salesman in charge, insisted upon showing them that Fergus Falls is noted for something other than large sales of Standard Oil products. The above picture proves that he is correct.

Duluth Family also had a Large Outing

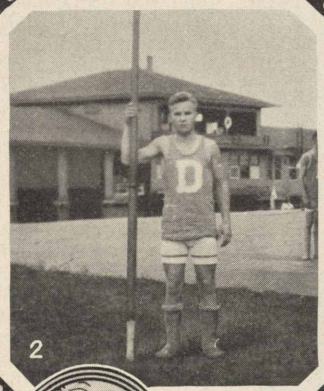
2

3

All we know about these pictures is that they show some of the Duluth members of the Stanolind family en route to or at their recent picnic.

Some Shining Lights of Duluth Division

1—These Duluth office girls, names unknown, seem to be an affectionate lot.



2—Garnet McRostie, Duluth office, is a member of the star Duluth Boat Club Bantam Rowing Crew.

3—We can't imagine what Helen Page and Phrona Currier have done to be put behind the bars.

4—Some of the Duluth office folks.

WHITING, IND.

Chas. Rueff when asked if he would enter in the fat men's race and represent the machine shop on Labor Day, answered, "If once I get started, nothing will stop me but a brick wall, and that might give way. I believe in something safe and sane, or at least let another man have a chance."

The following "twenty year" men from the machine shop have enjoyed their two weeks' vacation: F. C. Minsberg, F. Ehlers, E. Black, and A. W. Bumhour. Bumhour spent some of his time in Lafayette, Ind.

Chester Kahl of the machine shop holds a new record now. He has patronized the Carnival, stopping at the east side quite frequently, and has finally succeeded in "riding the whip" more times in one night than any other individual to date. Ask Chester for further information.

Andy and Frank Kauchak wish to thank men of the third shift, pressure stills, for the beautiful flowers sent during their recent bereavement in the loss of their mother.

MARRIED

Gladys Marie Oeffinger, formerly stenographer at the drafting room, Whiting, and Joseph Alvin Rueff, mechanical enginner, were married at the residence of the bride's parents, August 3rd. The Rev. H. P. Ivey, of the First M. E. Church, officiated. After the ceremony the young couple departed for *somewhere*, taking with them enough rice to keep them well supplied for some time to come. Upon their return they will reside at 5720 Drexel Ave., Chicago. "Abe" is one of our overseas boys, having spent 19 months with the engineers of the Army of Occupation, being promoted to the rank of sergeant.

"Dick" Kleiber and Russell Lawson, formerly from the main office, are now at the machine shop among a regular bunch of fellows in a "regular place."

The machine shop deeply regrets to hear of the death of their fellow worker, Harry Holmes. We wish to extend to the family our deepest and most sincere sympathy, for we also feel his absence. He was a "good fellow."

The marriage of Manning Mack to Miss Bernadette Graham, of Windsor Park, was kept a secret until a dinner party was given just recently. They were married in Valparaiso, Ind., on June 18, 1921. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Manning Mack, and very many years of happiness in spite of the little troubles to come. As ever, the boys at the machine shop wish you the best.

At a recent track meet held at Calumet Park on the east side on August 16, C. J. Schroeder from the machine shop, won the one-mile endurance race. F. Kuehnke, from the refinery side, won the "pull up" on the bars scoring 20 and winning by 3.

Miss Beulah Stover of the crane car department is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

Alfred Thompson of the service station pump house and Eddie Thompson of the storehouse are visiting their brother, A. E. (Andy) Thompson, superintendent of the Casper refinery.

We are very sorry to hear that Miss Kate Stover, our head telephone operator, is again confined to St. Augustana hospital in Chicago.

Chas. Thompson of the paraffine pipe department is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

William Rose of the clean-up department is acting as assistant fire marshall.

CASPER, WYOMING

Walter Jourgensen, able assistant to Mr. Wilson in the timekeeping department, wins the honor place in the news column this month. How come? Well, Friend Walt is the proud father of a baby girl, named Lois Mary, who will be one year old on August 18, 1922. Mother, daughter, and father are all doing very nicely. Congratulations, Walter.

Herman Schmidt, pumper, very nearly took off the honors in the baby business when on the following day, August 19th, Mr. Stork visited "Smitty's" house, the net result being another baby girl in the big S. O. family. The above report of all three doing nicely applies equally in this case; also the congratulations.

R. F. Dedlow has been transferred from the yard office to the treating plant, where he is performing the duties of a doctor man.

R. F. Monroe is now employed as fireman at the acid plant to which place he has recently been transferred from the labor gang.

Herman Trowe, for reasons not mentioned, took home the gauge from a hydrogen bottle and it remained for one of his bright little sons to explain what it was, with: "Oh mother, Daddy's brought us a new kind of clock."

News item from Don Lobdell's Bulletin Board: "Lost—1 Lunch Bucket containing silver spoon and a glass jar with a shoulder strap fastened with a wood screw."

After a very copious dinner in the hills last Sunday, all of a party went fishing or something except Bill Eads. Bill went to sleep. When he came to a good sized rattle snake lay dead beside him and Bill had a swollen hand. That's the way Bill tells it. Question—Where do you get this "knock 'em dead" brand of snake bite, Mr. Eads?

If your foot is swollen with a bunion leave your shoe off. Don't try to get past the gate with any kind of a bulge in your clothing for Fred Place, chief

of police, has a micrometer eye. W. N. Schaefer was held up at the gate to explain a bulge in his coat pocket. Friend Fred retired gracefully when Shafe showed him it was only a Stanolind Record. Rather hard on the trio, wasn't it?

If some of our friends from the east who express a great deal of pity for us who live in Wyoming could see the beauty spot of nature in which our main office and Industrial buildings stand, their look would turn to envy, and right now we'll make the claim that Jack Stewart has the finest looking office grounds in the Indiana corporation.

Herman Trowe has recently moved his home at the Country Club two miles nearer town. He bought a Ford last week.

C. H. Plaistridge, chief clerk at the yard office, will leave September 1st with his wife to take up the study of Chiropractic. The men on this plant as a whole have considerable respect for the "crack in the back." We all wish you success, Cliff.

Harley Barnett of the Industrial Relations Department is severing his Standard Oil connections the last of this month to take a position with the Holly Sugar Company of Grand Junction, Colorado. Harley was married last month and now he's a sugarman. How is it some folks get all the sweet things of life? Well, we're for you anyway, Harley.

Messrs. Woods, Pechacek and Sullivan have been transferred from the yard office to the storehouse while A. F. Lockhart has gone on to the firing line. A. S. Hedding has joined the boilermaker forces. R. V. Rakestra was transferred to Newcastle, Wyoming, temporarily only. Rake is to help that town win the cup in the Denver Post Baseball tourney. After that we presume he will return to his new job of keeping the new boilers new.

G. A. Gadd, oldest in point of company service in the drafting department, has, because of ill health, been forced to resign his position and move with his wife to California. We wish you better health, Al, and hope to see you with us again.

On August 8, M.C. Bangert left seemingly to take a vacation, but when he returned to work with a box of cigars under his arm one morning that was something else. Miss Anna Marie Bangert of Ferguson, Mo., on August 17 became Mrs. M. C. Bangert, and to attest their approval of such an arrangement the members of the main office force gave the bride and groom a house warming on August 26 at their new quarters in the Pratt Apartments, 718 East A street, where they are now at home to their many friends. Congratulations from the Record and S. O. family.

At the last meeting of the Joint General Committee, Louis Lund was selected by the employees' representatives to fill the vacancy created by the promotion of Mack Burrell to tower still foreman. Mr. Lund will fill all committee positions held by Mr. Burrell during the remainder of the term. He is the man who should be able to pick up and carry on the good work already inaugurated by Mack. Success to you, Louis.

Our chemist, Mr. H. P. Fishburn, has enhanced the appearance and value of his home on South Wolcott street with paint, and an extensive layout of lawn and concrete walks.

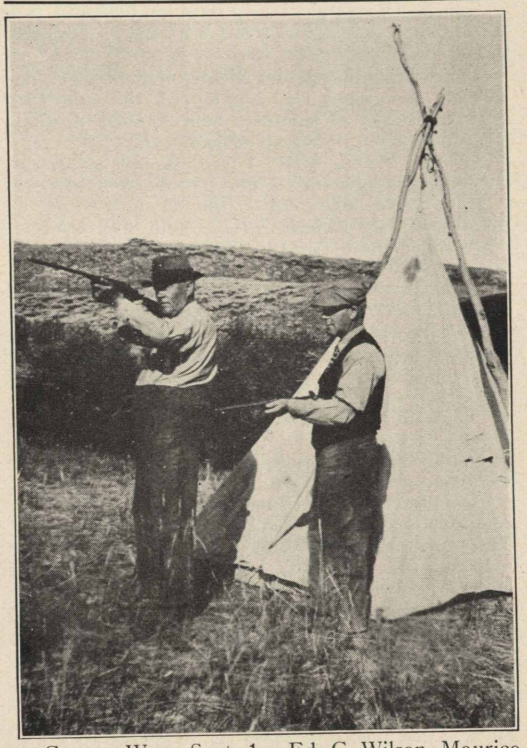
Edwin (Slim) Webber of the paint department is building a very good looking and comfortable four-room bungalow near C. Y. Avenue.

P. J. McGivin has sold his town property and is now residing on his 640-acre homestead just west of town. He reports a fine crop this year, but we know of nothing just west of town but sage brush. How about it, P. J.?

In the early summer the Boy Scouts, many of them sons of Standard men, journeyed to the mountains, picked out a site, and erected a summer camp for the girls of the Y. W. C. A. What organization is there that can do things up right the way these little scout fellows do them? A community is surely fortunate if it is the headquarters of a Scout Troop.

The new concrete walk extending the full length of the Company's property on Yellowstone is indeed a thing of which to be proud, adding materially as it does to the appearance of the place, and affording a safe and clean place for the men walking to and from work. The remaining crowning feature, as yet unaccomplished, is the installation of a string of lights to match up with the Midwest

EYE-OPENER



Casper, Wyo., Sept. 1.—Ed. C. Wilson, Maurice Edelmuth, and Mrs. Edelmuth were the first to take a real vacation, and go into the land of big game and sport. A trip of ten days' duration in Shorty's Dodge into the Big Horn Mountains was productive of enough fish and game for the party to help them worry thru till next season. The many friends of the sportsmen were also permitted to enjoy the outing indirectly as Shorty and Ed sent home a big shipment of fish for distribution, and also brought back another consignment when they returned home. From the stories told and the pictures snapped, some of which we have purloined for the Record, it was a "gran' and glorious" trip. Ed and Shorty have an eye opener each morning and to prove that it worked they indulged in a little target practice just after sunrise.

installation. This part is up to the city, and we hope some one of the city fathers may read this issue of the Record.

Eugene Dexter has lately received his third promotion since joining us from Whiting. Congratulations—efficiency counts.

James Russell, a genial wielder of the trowel, has recently re-entered the employ of the company after an absence of eighteen months, most of which time was enjoyably spent in California.

Wilmer Willis, after a serious but successful operation for appendicitis has reported back for work.

Earl Svare asked for a ten day vacation; he reported a very pleasant time—well, why not? A new bride surely brightens things up, especially vacations. Congratulations, Earl.

J. H. Mack of the Main Office recently resigned and returned to his home in Butte, Mont.

Jean Jacques Mignolet, our rotund friend of the main office force, lately created a mysterious stir by stealing forth to the foothills each evening—he was either walking to take off avoirdupois or seeking out a place to enjoy moonshine. Strict and diligent inquiry, however, developed that Jean was superintending the erection of a new summer home in the vicinity of the Country Club.

Guy Peterson, lead burner, should have a very easy time getting his bread and butter money now. The stork recently brought a ten-pound lead burner helper to Mr. Peterson's home, making his gang of helpers eight in number. Congratulations, Guy.

Shortly after lightning had set fire to an 80,000 barrel tank of crude oil at the Midwest on July 12, Mrs. Arrighi, 936 St. John street, was srtuck by lightning receiving painful burns, and paralyzing her right arm and both legs. Mrs. Arrighi is the wife of Paul Arrighi, one of our acid house firemen. He was just returning from the Midwest tank fire, and had opened the door of his home when the bolt struck, injuring Mr. Arrighi. Mrs. Arrighi has recovered sufficiently to go with her daughter to her home in Minnesota.

The treating plant has as its latest neophyte, one L. J. Thibert, formerly of the Laboratory. Jack has replaced W. H. Tucker, who returned to Chicago.

The recent spectacular growth of our Casper plant has of course given work to a great number of men, practically doubling the permanent payroll. This, of course, has created a demand for more foremen to direct refinery operations, and as a result W. M. Roberts, William Frerichs, N. B. Loden, and Mack Burrell have been appointed shift foremen in the tower still department. This is the result of knowing how, and we congratulate you all.

Some one ought to pry a secret out of Charlie Warnock. His Ford was stolen and immediately Chuck appeared with a nice new shiny one. How come?

John Glendenning, our hard working construction foreman, is taking a well earned vacation in the Lander country. Before leaving John promised Joe Degan he'd leave him just one bear. He also assured Charlie Strickler he'd go over and see how Strick's gold mine is getting along. Here's betting John sees neither gold nor bear. When this is printed we'll know what kind of luck he had, but the other Record readers won't.

Bob Henize has a new "don't" to put in the blue book for Ford motorists. Yeah, Bob has a new Ford; sure thing, with pneumatic tires, springs, horn and even an engine. Anyway Bob says, "Fords won't fly, yagota have four wheels on the ground."

Don Lobdell, after directing the affairs of the Industrial Relations Department well and ably for some time without ceasing, enjoyed a rest by touring Yellowstone Park.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Bill Penrose, astute janitor at the main office, has been the bearer of a beuatiful black optic recently, and there has been considerable speculation as to the source of its origin. However, we have it confidentially that Bill awoke early one morning and discovered a clan of particularly fine "White Mule" passing his residence, and in a vain effort to overhaul same, he digressed from the roadway and became intermixed with the secnery at the bottom of a ditch from which he was extracted after considerable labor and patience on the part of Gus Haller, our esteemed guardian of the peace. All we can suggest, "Pen," is that you be more careful in the future; and anyway you may console yourself with the possibility that the herd may not have carried your particular brand.

Ed. Carmody of the refinery agitators was called to Whiting, Ind., recently to attend the funeral of his niece, Miss Agnas Carmody, daughter of Michael Carmody of Whiting, whose death occurred on August 13 at the Sacred Heart Convent, Fort Wayne.

Our popular pipe shop foreman, J. Maloney, has been enjoying an extended visit from his mother, whose home is in Philadelphia.

Joseph Lamm of the timekeepers' department returned from an enjoyable two weeks' vacation on the morning of the 16. We understand that Joe was down among the cows and chickens in the Missouri Ozarks, and his only regret is that the vacation did not last fifty weeks instead of two.

S. Connerly, one of our labor foremen, enjoyed the sights to be witnessed at the State Fair in Springfield.

W. I. Jolley and J. Wainwright, the "Champ" tennis players of the Wood River refinery courts, have entered the doubles in the Alton City Tennis Tournament. Jolley and Wainwright will run up against some strong opposition in this tournament, as the pick of the Alton players have entered, but we are pulling for the Wood Riverites to win the Levis trophy. It will be a good opportunity for these boys to show us that they can really play the game. Here's luck, fellows.

Among the 28,000 fans that attended the St. Louis-New York Yankee double header ball game last Sunday in St. Louis and failed to see "Babe" Ruth tear down the fence with home runs, were J. F. Halloran, "Bill" Penrose and "Walt" Blakely. These poor fellows had to stand up during both contests, but they said they didn't mind it so much because the Browns were the winners of both games.

Lester Geltz spent a week of his vacation "floatin' down the Mississippi" to Shiloh, Tenn., on a southern steamboat. It is reported that Les had a great time with the genial crowd of young ladies that were aboard and he secured some dandy snapshots. Mr. Editor: You should have seen some of the loving pictures that this boy snapped on his trip. They were just the kind that you have been asking for—real peppy ones, you know, but Les says they are not for publication. (Oh, well, we much prefer pictures of Standard Oil girls. They are so much better looking.—*Ed.*)

Now that cooler weather is approaching you can already hear the "buzz" of the bowling enthusiasts. We understand that the organization of eight first

class plant teams is already under way. Much interest was displayed and many good times enjoyed last season, which saw the forming of the Standard Oil Bowling League, and due to the fact that there will be eight teams in the field this year against four last, and the organization well perfected, all bowlers here are looking forward to some "peppy" work on the alleys during the coming season.

Mrs. Virgil Nichols and daughters have just returned from White Hall, Ill., where they enjoyed an extended visit with relatives and friends.

P. Donelly, pipe shop foreman, has just returned to the harness after a two weeks' vacation.

W. Shawmeker, employment department, was called to his old home at Vienna, Ill., account of the death of his father, which occurred on August 13. We extend our sympathy to Mr. Shawmeker in his hour of bereavement.

Ray Buck of the laboratory is enjoying his vacation at this writing. Mr. Stamper is holding down Ray's desk in his absence.

Simon Halloran, our esteemed Pipeologist, is away on his vacation, at the present writing. The last we saw of "Sime" he was headed for Springfield and the State Fair. We presume that he will have returned to Wood River ere this, as we have a hunch that a certain barnstorming party headed for Foster Lake would be incomplete were "Sime" not along.

Wood River has reason to feel proud of its Refinery Band, which has made rapid strides towards perfection under the able direction of its director, I. L. Stocker. All the boys have cooperated faithfully, and the vast throngs which attend each concert given in temporary quarters with no accommodations for the band or audience, attests to the high class talent of our band, and only goes to illustrate what could be expected were the town equippped with an up-to-date band stand in which these concerts could be given at regular intervals during the summer months. Let's all get together *now* and see that Wood River has such an improvement for our recreation.

A movement is being considered toward the organization of a community chorus for the purpose of cooperating with the Refinery Band in furnishing entertainment, and it is expected that the chorus will be started off with at least fifty voices. Details of the plan will be announced within a short time.

Jno. Sonnenberg, stillman, accompanied by his family and father, motored to Sissel, Ill., last week for a visit with his uncle who resides at that point.

Bill Meisner of the boilermaker squad has just returned from his vacation, and in view of the fact that he does not appear to have lost weight and still bears his robust appearance, we infer that he enjoyed himself, and that his well earned rest did him a world of good.

Mrs. Jos. Lehman and two children have returned from a visit with relatives and friends in Chicago. From the doleful appearance which Joe bore during their absence, we are satisfied that he will vouch for the fact that "It is not well that man should be alone."

Two of our boys are "all dressed up" with new cars these days. Freeland Thompson is sporting a new Ford and Walter Crocker a Baby Grand Chevrolet.

Look out, Bill Eads of Casper! The Wood River horseshoe players of the main office are on your trail! They're kind of peeved at the way the editor played you up—besides running your picture in the Stanolind Record on Page 35 of the August issue. Why, Charlie Allen, Bill Graham, Os Crews, "Hipp" Berner, Shanty Garde or Freddie Owen claim they can spot you ten points and beat you with ease in the old game of "Barnyard Golf." The horseshoe courts here are a busy place at night after work, and some of the boys are beginning to show real form in twirling the "lucky irons."

It is reported that Leo Berner of the cashier's office has lost his cheery smile, and has taken on one of those far away looks since Mabel M. has left us. Leo and Mabel had a little gabfest (of course it was nothing serious you know) at the cashier's window every noon at the lunch hour, but now that Mabel is gone Leo has joined the ranks of the "common herd" again. It's tough, Leo.

Henry Tomato Maxeiner (his middle name is Tomato both as to raising and eating them) one day last week told his friends at the plant that he had an extra large tomato on his vines which he had raised, but they figured this was a tomato story. The next day, however, he brought a 3¼ pound tomato to the plant to convince the fellows of his varacity. The vegetable measured seven inches across and three inches high, and was raised in his garden in North Alton. Can you beat it? (Any body get a pix?—*Ed.*)

Jos. L. Vandover and wife of Valley Park, Mo., were the guests of Fred Owen and family for a few days recently.

"Shades of Morpheus!" Bill Penrose was so extremely busy a day or two ago that he completely overlooked the fact that there is a "hungry horde" awaiting his pleasure about twelve o'clock each day. Bear in mind "Pen" that we don't care how *hard* you work, but try to remember that we must "take something for our stomachs sake" at stipulated intervals.

Harkey Ash, of the masons department, also affiliated with the Alton Blues of the Trolley League, is leading the local club, both in individual batting and fielding average. He is swatting the pill for a .361 average and his fielding average is 1,000. Sox Parker is a good second with .333 batting and .981 fielding average. This is a good record for both boys.

Mrs. Wm. Hamer, aged 62 years and ten months, passed away at her home in Godfrey, Ill., on August 23. Mrs. Hamer was the mother of Clarence Hamer, who is well known by all the boys at the refinery, being in the welding department.

Miss Jane Gunnison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Gunnison, entertained several of her young friends at her home in Head's Addition on August 25, the occasion being her eighth birthday. A happy time was enjoyed by the little folks.

Mrs. M. F. Manning was hostess August 8 at a Five Hundred Party given in honor of her sister, Mrs. N. E. Wilson, of Chicago. The Manning home was beautifully decorated with a profusion of flowers, and quite a delightful time was enjoyed by the ladies present.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Doran and Mr. and Mrs. Bloss of St. Louis were guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. Koenneker on the 14th.

Maurice Bangert, of Detroit, Mich., and Miss Marie Bangert, of St. Louis, spent Sunday, the 14th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Van Dusen. While they bear the same name, they are no relation and will be married shortly at the home of the bride-to-be in St. Louis. Maurice is the son of Charles Bangert of the Standard and was reared in Wood River. Thought Casper claimed Maurice.—*Ed.*

Mrs. M. L. Farrow and granddaughter, Roberta, of Florida, who have been visiting friends at Medora for several days, are now visiting Mrs. Farrow's son, Robert. Roberta will remain with her father and attend school in Wood River.

Shelby Mathers, who has been connected with the carpenter department for a long time, has resigned his position, going to Kirkwood, Mo., where he has a very lucrative position with the Young Ladies College, having charge of all buildings there. He was very popular among his fellow employees here, who congratulate him on his good position and at the same time regret his departure.

If optical evidence counts for anything, Assistant Refrigeration Engineer John Dooling, Foreman of the Press House Charlie Zweig, and Refrigeration Engineer Tommy Stahoviak, must have had some time on their recent vacation. Several of us would like to borrow your coil Tommy.

Mrs. E. Hannold and son, Jack, accompanied Mr. Hannold, assistant chief, fire department, on the recent trip to attend the firemen's meet at Springfield. Jack was the firemen's mascot.

Mr. S. A. Beach, superintendent, has just returned from a delightful trip by automobile, on which he was accompanied by his wife and two younger children. The first day out he covered 280 miles to Indianapolis; the second day by way of Dayton to Columbus, and the third day they reached Akron about 3:00 p. m., at which point about eight days were spent in visiting relatives. While in Akron Mr. Beach talked with quite a number of the officials and employees of different rubber companies, from whom he secured quite a line-up on the industrial situation as they see it. Mr. Beach informs us that his entire trip covered some 1500 miles, on which Standard Oil products were used exclusively, and he was not even tempted to use any of the other fellows oil. On the whole, the trip was a most enjoyable one, and Mr. Beach says he feels equal to another good year's work.

Wood River was the scene of a real "Wild West" holdup recently. A large amount of money was forwarded from banks in St. Louis to banks here to be used in taking care of the refinery and other pay rolls. When put off the train here and while the same was in care of the regular mail carrier, he was held up by three men and relieved of the sack containing this money. A hot pursuit ensued, and the chase became so hot that the robbers left the sack containing the money in a thicket near Edwardsville, where after much searching it was found by the pursuers. Gus Haller and several other Wood River sleuths were on the trail but failed to connect. We have heard from good authority that Haller's party separated to beat through a thicket in their search. One of the party ran into a bit of game and could not resist the temptation of taking a shot at it. Immediately the underbrush was torn and broken in several places, and very soon a bunch of Marathon runners appeared with Haller in the lead, their objective being their automobile which was parked on the road some distance away. Our informer states there is no question but that Haller won "hands down." Matters were satisfactorily explained when the culprit who fired the shot acknowledged it and convinced the runners that it was not one of the robbers retaliating.

George McGarraghan of the pipe shop left for Oklahoma recently where he has accepted a position with the Standard Oil Company at some point in that state.

Ike Crofton of the tube cleaners, while trying to be saving, shaved his neck himself and in consequence amputated too much hair at irregular intervals at the back of his cranium. Owing to the jollying he received next morning he showed up later with a real hair cut.

Henry Mueller has joined the New Idea Club. Monday two pretty girls were around the works selling the New Idea Magazine. Henry signed up for two years. Girls, whenever you want to sell anything go and see Henry.

Doc Henick says the only fault he finds with his job is that it keeps him busy taking his clothes to the laundry. Doc sure believes in keeping clean.

Buck Blackburn is sporting a new Ford car.

Riley Heffron motored to St. Louis to see "Babe" Ruth, but got lost and landed in Forest Park.

Doc Lyons and Zeke Foster are working with the tube cleaners during the absence of two of the men.

Frank Levick looks like a different man with his new set of teeth. Frank is a good looking man anyhow.

Simon Halloran is thinking of taking a trip to Ireland to visit De Valera.

L. Ritter is taking a week's vacation visiting his father-in-law in Calhoun county. The old gentleman send him word that he was tired of expressing meat to him and wanted him to come up and eat some ot it and save transportation charges. He left for Calhoun at once.

Larence Noble owns a Ford car. The other day he called up the gargage and asked them to send up his car and the garage man told him his engine was *missing*. Lawrence got all excited and had every policeman in town looking for his car. After a couple of hours he got the joke.

Bill Woods of the safety valve department spent the past week in Alton attending the carnival.

C. Cason and W. Kelly are both lovers of flowers. They go out two evenings a week gathering flowers and blossoms. They both have beautiful little homes.

Ben Weinrick, The Alton Blues' well known base ball rooter, went to St. Louis to see "Babe" Ruth get a home run, but was disappointed.

Harvey McDowell and family visited his father and mother at Mulberry Grove the middle of the month.

Henry Ronnenberg is the owner of a Henry Ford Special, more commonly known as The Road Louse.

Mrs. Joe Jackson spend the last of August visiting at Cuba, Ill. Joe was all smiles when wifey returned.

Geo. W. Lang, crude still foreman, spent the last two weeks of August enjoying his vacation.

Curley Andrews has put in 20 tons of coal for the winter. Must think it is going to be a long cold winter, Curley.

Simon McDonough has returned from the northern part of the state, where he spent a few days of business and pleasure.

Herman Falkenhain makes a weekly trip to St. Louis to see the Browns lose a perfectly good game of ball.

Mrs. Herman Falkenhain is visiting her parents in the eastern part of the state.

Steve Makolia is the proud possessor of a new Ford Sedan.

Fred Brett left by automobile with his family for Chicago and other points, but owing to bad weather and muddy roads only made it as far as Dorchester, Ill. We have no doubt that Fred was figuring on a happy reunion with some of the old boys, and we

can appreciate his disappointment. However, we understand that he thoroughly enjoyed himself around the "old home town" during his vacation.

Warren A. Tipton, Jr., formerly employed at the refinery, is visiting his parents at this writing.

Mrs. Dick Edsall and mother, Mrs. Henry Hammersley, will leave for California at an early date, where they expect to spend the winter.

Mrs. J. R. Carringer of Elizabeth, N. J., accompanied by her daughter, Miss Virginia, are visiting friends and acquaintances at Wood River.

Chas. Shook and wife and H. R. Davis and wife motored to Bunker Hill, Ill., August 24, to attend the American Legion picnic and dance. They report a most enjoyable time.

M. Powell of the labor department returned from his vacation on the 17th. He visited relatives and friends in the eastern section of the state.

"Rusty" Durham, the all around athlete of the timekeepers department, is vacationing at this time in an earnest endeavor to recuperate after his strenuous seasons of bowling and baseball. "Rusty" gained a national reputation as a bowler last year with an average of better than 88. He is also known as the only man ever able to hit a ball so hard that the force of his swing caused a lump alongside his eye as large as a hen's egg.

A. B. Herr of the crude stills left for Quincy, Ill., a day or two ago for a visit with his aged parents, who reside at that point. Mr. Herr has not seen his parents for four years and anticipated a pleasant visit with the old folks.

Mrs. Chas. Redus of Centralia, Ill., mother of Hal Redus of the carpenter department, is visiting at the home of R. A. Heysler of Elsworth street.

Mrs. E. W. Lasbury, wife of Pressure Still Foreman Ed. Lasbury, accomapnied by her children, has been spending a few days in St. Louis at the home of Mrs. Lasbury's parents.

C. Batchelor of the tin shop returned from a week's outing yesterday spent at Louisiana, Mo., with his wife's folks. He was accompanied by his wife and family.

Stillman Dick Kennedy is back on the job again after taking a pleasant trip through Iowa. Dick made the trip overland in his machine.

Virgil Hooley, son of John Hooley, of the carpenter department, was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital on the morning of the 9th, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis. From all reports the operation was successful and the patient is doing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Claybough report a visit of the stork on July 30th. It's a boy. Bob is one of our pressure still foremen. Congratulations.

Foreman A. Slater of the pressure stills left on the morning of the 8th in his machine for Terre Haute, Ind., where he expects to spend his two weeks' vacation with relatives and friends.

Jack Stoneham, the veteran crude still foreman, left on the evening of the 6th for his old stamping grounds at Cleveland, Ohio, to visit relatives. While there he met his sister who is visiting from England. He reports a most delightful meeting, as they have not seen one another for five years.

M. F. Manning, who is enjoying a two weeks' vacation, left on the 28th for Whiting, Ind., for a visit with friends.

Mrs. A. Girard, wife of Stillman A. Girard, and her son Frank, and Mr. and Mrs. "Rich" Dawson, motored to Forest Park Highlands in the Girard car and spent a very enjoyable outing Sunday, the 28th.

M. E. Hartwig, superintendent of the carpenter department, is on the sick list this week. We all hope to see you back soon Max.

Joe Papa of the labor department, was overcome by heat last Friday and it was necessary to remove him to his home. We are glad to report that he is resting easy and will be back on the job in a few days.

F. M. Brashier, one of our twenty-year service pin men of the paraffine department, returned to work on the 19th, after having spent a pleasant two weeks' vacation at Chautauqua, Ill. Mr. Brashier looks fine and reports a very enjoyable outing.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

George Allen has returned from a two weeks' vacation, a part of which he spent in Alton, Ill.

Assistant General Manager C. W. Clark and family spent Saturday, August 27, in Springfield, attending the State Fair.

Ralph Isenhour, general office garageman, and Eugene Kasten, clerk, have lately been engaged in throwing stones at a squirrel which has taken up its abode in a large walnut tree just east of the office. We judge that their attention was not wholly attracted by the squirrel as we noticed two young ladies enjoying the shade of the tree also.

Mr. John Hessenauer of Alberta, Canada, has been visiting his son, Earl Hessenauer and wife.

The employes of the Standard Oil Company are not giving their entire attention to their work this week (August 29-September 3), as there is being held here a county fair, also a large street carnival, which attracts much attention.

MINES NO. 1 AND NO. 2

James Delaney has returned from his vacation, a part of which he spent in Chicago. Jim reports a fine time.

The Standard Oil Company's Mining Department crack First Aid Team has gone to St. Louis to represent the company in the International First Aid and Mine Rescue Contest to be held under the U. S. Bureau of Mines' jurisdiction, September 1, 2 and 3 at the Coliseum. The team's personnel is as follows: T. W. Starbuck, captain; Mike Delaney, T. O. Thomas, John Martens and Sam Davis; Elza Lewis, patient. Here's hoping the boys will bring home the bacon. The company will have no teams entered in the mine rescue contest this year, but expect to be represented next year. Let's have a half dozen teams next year.

Jack K. Frazer has assumed the duties of night boss at Schoper, Jimmie Hailstone having resigned.

Elza Lewis, main shaft cager, recently sold his Ford and purchased a Studebaker. Lewis says he could have rebuilt the entire "Stude" in the time the garageman took to make a minor repair.

We notice Harry Williamson wearing goggles while driving his mule. Probably the mule kicks up an awful dust in speeding over the ground as fast as he does. Maybe Harry is figuring on entering him in the races at the fair this fall.

Oren (Fat) Lair is back on the job after a two day's "vacation."

John Peters, formerly timberman in gang 5, has gone to Great Falls, Mont.

The Stanolind Base Ball Club got sweet revenge recently on the "Union Giants," colored, from Springfield, for their defeat of a week ago, by trouncing said gentlemen of color 8 to 4.

Quite an exciting incident occurred recently at the old mine where the Schoper Mine Rescue Team

were practicing. It was fixed up beforehand that Jack Welch, our bantam weight face boss (he tips the scales at 225 pounds) should be overcome in the gas chamber, while wearing his Gibbs' Breathing Apparatus. This he did and the first thing Eddie Lewis and Paul Burns noticed Jack was on his back in an unconscious condition. At first they thought he was "kidding," but as he continued to lie there, they decided to save him, so turned him over on his stomach and dragged him out. Jack says next time, he hopes he is really unconscious, as they nearly ruined him, getting him out.

Arthur Hibbard and wife have returned from an auto trip to Kansas, where he spent his vacation.

Adolph Peters, loader in gang 13, was recently called to Pittsburgh, Kan., to be at the bed side of his dying brother. Our sincere sympathy is extended to Adolph in his loss.

John Swanson suffered a painful injury to his fingers several days ago. Say, John, put your medicine on the fingers this time and not in your stomach.

Willard Clark, storehouse assistant, has resigned to return to school.

Ralph Hall and family will return to their home in Standard Addition after spending the past two months in Girard.

Jock McMillan, mine manager at Schoper, was a visitor to the State Fair last Friday.

Quite a few of the boys drove over to Litchfield to attend the Hagenback-Wallace circus. Among those were one "Slim" Grassel. It is said "Slim" has heard the show had a giraffe which could outreach him, and "Slim" said he was from Missouri. We put our money on "Slim" against any ordinary giraffe.

Sam Davis, loader at Berry, went fishing all night recently, but all he brought home was mosquito bites. Sam, by the way, says "German Carp are fine eating."

Joe Davis and "Sandy" Scott recently tried their hand at philantrophic work, with splendid success. They gave considerable time and though to taking up a collection for the Elmer Jones family, Mr. Jones having been injured seriously in one of our mines over a year ago. The total amount collected was in amount about $175, of which the Men's Forward Movement Club gave $48, most of the balance being collected in Standard Addition. Messrs. Davis and Scott are to be commended for their good work, as this was for a splendid cause. Both Messrs. Davis and Scott are members of the Men's Forward Movement Club, a very worthy organization.

Johnny Dunn, our efficient top boss, is back with us again after being ill for several weeks.

Elza Lewis and T. W. Starbuck recently motored to Sesser and Benton. Sesser is the home town of Mr. Lewis, where he will be located after September 1.

T. W. Paul, mine superintendent, and wife, are back from a pleasure trip to the southern part of the state. They made the trip in their new Ford Sedan, and report a fine time. Mr. Paul says Illinois roads might still be improved upon.

"Boots" Tiefenbruch, weighmaster at Berry, has returned from his vacation, a part of which he spent attending the horse races at Louisville, Ky.

Schoper's new hoist record is 1365 tons.

Fred England reports the advent of a stranger in his home, August 8. It was a seven pound baby girl.

The Second Mother's Club, in Standard addition, known as the Sunshine Club, recently gave an ice cream social on the lawn at the home of Mr. W. C. Pierce. This addition is noted for its musicians, and some of these talented young people entertained very royally with singing, dancing, piano playing, etc., which contributed to the success of the festival.

On Friday, August 12, Eddie Lewis and "Curley" Eastley, of the electrical department, staged an exhibition in expert wrestling at the Landale theatre, which was very good. Eddie is some strangler for his size.

CHICAGO, HOME OFFICE

All get out your handkerchiefs. Franklyn Pietz, the little darling of the Manufacturing department has been transferred to the employees' stock purchasing plan department. We wish you luck in your new position.

On July 19th, the Misses Anderson, Danner, Dundas, Iwema, Lundergan, McDermott, Russell and Sheehan of the manufacturing department gave a beach party at Jackson Park beach. Oh yes! Howard Heimerdinger was on deck and his two passenger "Yellow Boat" carried six passengers besides the "eats" and wood. Mr. Smith also was on deck to carry wood. Miss Dundas, Miss Anderson, Miss Danner, Miss Lundergan and Miss Iwema reported very wet *feet*(?) besides being asked to stay out of the water by a policeman who was afraid they would be carried off by the strong undertow. Miss Anderson and Miss Danner are sure there when it comes to making coffee. Miss Lundergan was "full of pep" when some one asked her to shovel sand—she had to sit on a box to do it. All reported a very good time.

Dan Cammero wishes that the assorted orders he receives every day were assorted chocolates instead.

Lillian Hornung's ideal man: A good looking guy with a palm beach suit, bell-bottom trousers, soup-bowl haircut, side-burns, high stiff collar, patent leather brogues, one who does not indulge in cigarets, gambling or drinking. Must be a good dancer, Frisco stepper preferred; highly educated. One who spends all of his money on his clothes and his girl, and lets himself starve.

The traffic department misses the cheerful countenance of Marshall Bosworth, who left August 15th to recuperate before the opening of school.

H. Wadsworth Bonniwell is back from his vacation at the Des Plaines Annual Camp Meeting. A high time is reported.

"Copy to Mr. H. J. Schmit" has the dictaphone girls guessing. Keep under cover, Hubert, or your identity will be discovered.

Mr. Gorvett, of the distribution department, 5th floor, left Saturday, August 20th, for a two weeks vacation at Silver Lake, Wis. Of course he took the family along and they anticipate an enjoyable trip. The junior member of the family had to be transported with care as he is suffering from a broken collar-bone due to a fall off the back porch.

Mr. James D. Callahan is on the home stretch after spending his vacation in Denver and vicinity. "Calley" likes the west, but not as a steady diet.

Miss Margaret Barnes celebrated her birthday August 25th and received hearty congratulations from her many friends.

THAT SELLING SMILE

No hootch, no water—even the water tower in the background is dry—and still they smile! It's that kind of a smile that is selling Red Crown and Polarine around Chicago. The gentlemen in the picture are our sales department representatives at the public garage owners' picnic, held at Delwood Park, near Joliet. Left to right: E. C. Cameron, J. Clay Lee, A. J. Cameron, W. J. King, R. E. Ingmanson, E. E. Utz.

When talking to Ed Longhenry it is advisable to wear blinders or smoked glasses, as the piece of cracked ice he wears on his left hand will knock you cukoo. Ed ought to have used an inverted lighting arrangement in mounting the stone.

George Bartholemew was called to the front office the other day and headed for the "Sanctum sanctorum" with a sober expression. He came out smiling tho, as he was only asked to draw some pictures. "Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling!"

Our marathon golfer, Ed Yale of the 5th floor, recently invested in a dozen new balls. He immediately tried them out at Marquette Park. They sent Ed out in a foursome with three lady beginners and after he would drive off it took the women so long to get up where his ball was that when they eventually got there he couldn't find his pill. Consequently he lost two of those brand new pellets and hasn't been the same since. Neither does he think as much of the female golfers as he once did.

Jess Sutton, of Danville, Illinois has recently become the dad of a little girl. Jess left our equipment department about two years ago and took a position in Danville.

Our old friend Art Stange was in the office the other day and looked like a million dollars. Art left us to take a position with the Walton School of Commerce, and will teach constructive accounting this winter.

During the Pageant of Progress the Chinese population paraded on Michigan avenue, and as they were passing our building, Carl Kollman, of the distribution department, 5th floor, detected his laundryman marching by. Whereupon he remarked: "I see where I wear this same dirty shirt next week!"

On the strength of the fact that Henry Tierno once read Nick Carter and Old King Brady he has been appointed to do detective duty at the back door (5th floor) during the noon hour. If he ever reads Sherlock Holmes, beware!

WANTED—Crackerjack Checker player to match George Savageau, champion player of the Traffic Department, in a game of checkers at noon hour.

Miss Salmon is very busy making what she terms a basket of flowers, but the best we can make of it is vegetables.

Squeaks there a shoe with sole so thin—but what we want to say is that we understand the Great and Only Bruiser Kelley is about to venture into the shoe repair business as a sideline, at least so we infer upon discovering him fixing the shoe of one of the fair damsels in his department.

Bertha Walker visited Joliet while on her vacation. When is his time up, Bertha? And by the way, H. C. C. hopes he serves at least ten more years.

Theresa Lucas always thought Yale locks were made at Yale college. No, no, Theresa, and neither was that town in Scotland named after Miss Glasgow.

Miss Bostrom sent a vacation card to a dear friend in the purchasing department (one T. J. J.) and said she was having such a good time she had forgotten all about her work. Let's hope her memory revives when she returns.

Ted Johnson, the popular soprano, looks so down hearted of late we feel sorry for him. Cheer up, Ted, Marie will be back from her vacation soon.

Doc. Beamer, the purchasing department lady killer, has two pet diversions, writing poetry and playing tennis. After glimpsing some of his poetry we advise him strongly to stick to tennis.

H. G. Turner of Mr. Baldwin's efficient stationery (not stationary) staff, suffered a two weeks' vacation visiting points of interest between Clarendon beach and Milwaukee. But what we want to know is, who washes his silk shirt?

Ed Gausden has taken unto himself a wife. Is she a good cook, Ed?

DAVENPORT, IOWA

A. E. Sindt, of the order department, after holding a lengthy conversation over the phone on grease, found out the prospective buyer was in search of goose grease.

At the Mississippi Valley Exposition, Mr. "Panama" Nelson, of the accounting department, had a very exciting experience. It seems that on account of the crowd going through the gates he decided to make entrance through a window of one of the horse barns. Unfortunately, he got caught about half way in and half way out and could not get in or out. The guards came to his rescue and pulled him through.

Ted Schnoor wants the wide wide world to know he is no "driver," he is a "tank wagon salesman." He speaks the truth.

Oscar Peterson, accounting department, has a camp near Clinton, Iowa, and is continually raving about the beautiful moon. We are sure it is the company he keeps that makes the moon so beautiful.

Wallace (Cyclone) Johnson, 'tho employed in the warehouse but a short time, takes a deep interest in lubricating oils. He was recently seen mixing various grades of oil in a small container and when asked what he was endeavoring to do, replied: "Crude oil is good enough for hogs, but what is needed is a dern good grade of calf oil, and by gosh I am going to git out a patent." Stay away from the ladies, Cyclone.

Mr. Charles Rogers and Mr. Raymond Ord are new employes holding forth in the warehouse office. Be careful, girls, the handsome one is married.

M. R. Heath, agent at Central City was delayed in mailing in reports. His alibi was "A 9 pound bouncing baby boy." Fair enough.

The Davenport office, warehouse and drivers held a coupon book campaign for one month and want the other divisions to know what they accomplished. 499—$10 coupon books were sold. The office girls sold 102 books or 20 per cent of the total. The office boys sold 160 or 32 per cent of the total, and the drivers and warehouse sold 237 books or 48 per cent. 88 per cent of the girls sold books, and 72 per cent of the boys. The girls averaged 6 books each and boys averaged 9 books each; drivers and warehousemen averaged 17 books each. First place went to H. E. Young, tank wagon driver, who sold 107½ books. Mrs. Jenson took first place among the girls, selling 44 books. Vivian Dodds was second with 18 books. Mr. A. E. Sindt was the best of the office boys, selling 48½ books. This was a fine campaign and was enjoyed by everyone, both the employes and the trade. The young ladies showed themselves the best "salesmen" but "wait until next time" is the chorus of the boys.

DECATUR, ILL.

On Saturday evening, August 27, the Stanolind Fellowship Club gave a dance at Marquette Hall as the opening number of the many activities which they intend putting on this winter. This club at the present time is 100 per cent, every employee of the Decatur office and warehouse being members; also a number of the salesmen and other employees. Despite the heat, the dance went off in great style and everyone enjoyed themselves. The place where the punch bowl was situated was the most popular spot in the entire hall, a crowd always being in attendance. Up till 11:30 the dancers enjoyed some of the best music which they ever have had the pleasure of dancing to. We hope we have many more such entertainments this Fall and Winter.

Louis Pensinger and wife journeyed over to Springfield, Wednesday, August 24, and viewed the State's Best. Lute says it's a wonderful trip over, but oh, that trip back.

Miss Audrey Scruggs, formerly stenographer to District Superintendent E L Kachelhoffer, bade good-bye to Decatur and her many friends on Thursday, September 1. We wish you all the luck in the world, Audrey, in your new Los Angeles home.

There is always someone who is a daddy to them all, and we are just wondering if F. S. Larimore has had some of these young couples in conference. We say this because we recently noted the wonderful progress, and they all say that Larry can sure give the instructions.

Mr. W. A. Brown, our assistant manager, has of late been journeying out to Woodbine Park, taking in the chautauqua and inhaling some of that wonderfully pure ozone, which is in aboundance out around that little pleasure resort.

Bob Madeira has just recently disposed of his home in the north-western part of the city, and moved into a new cottage in Terrace Gardens. It's a long ways out, Bob, but the walking's good.

Yes sir, Herbert Hartman did just exactly what he said he'd do. By diplomacy he revised the batting order and placed himself in a cleanup position, stepped right out and got three safe blows, and also collected three Havanas from Kendall Gardner, who said he couldn't do it.

Mary says that the last two dances she danced Saturday evening, August 27, were the two best she had. The question is why wait for the last two, Mary?

They say that most of the married men who went on the bus to the chicken fry at Macon, Ill., were accorded a special privilege and given seats well to the front of the bus. "Doc" Patterson denies the above.

E. L. Kachelhoffer, district superintendent, recently secured himself a home at West Division and North College Sts., and of late has been very busy moving his family from their former home at St. Louis, Mo.

Doesn't it make a lump come in your throat when you see Pierce Crippen trudging along the street, gazing at the many speed wagons?

Miss Lydia Ferber, one of the stenographers on the second floor, came down a notch and is now a resident of the first floor, being successor to Miss Audrey Scruggs as stenographer to Mr. E. L. Kachelhoffer, district superintendent. Watch your step, Lydia—the record has plenty of room.

The August meeting of the Stanolind Fellowship Club instead of being held in the local offices was held at "The Pines," where the members were treated to a watermelon feast. After the eats, the regular business meeting of the club was held. The spirit displayed, and the interest which a little outing like this caused, leads us to believe that in the future meetings of this sort a little feed or entertainment on the side will do worlds of good.

Miss Margaret Crowder, of Bethany, recently accepted a position as stenographer on the second floor.

Roy Pensinger sure does feast on watermelons. To appreciate this you have to know the inside facts.

Carrie was sure watching after her sister Bessie at the watermelon feast held recently at "The Pines."

Well! Well! Well! We have just discovered that Rita rolls hers too!

The East St. Louis office reports the following: We are very glad, indeed, to have with us once more, Walter Broekenkroeger, who has just reported for duty after a severe attack of appendicitis.

The office is rather dull these days, since Miss Mitchell is taking a month's leave of absence. No wonder J. S. looks sad and doesn't stick around the office very much.

Peters is surely on the job these days.

Say, C. E., how would you unlock two locks with a single key?

Mr. Friday was seriously burned when the radiator of his tank wagon boiled over on him. However, he has recovered and is back on the job.

Mr. Schrieber, another member of the force who has recently been absent because of an attack of appendicitis, is back on the job.

E. R., what is the attraction in the vicinity of Veronica?

Someone suggests that if the Company would put in double seats, or single, they could save time and space in Nina's and Harry's case.

It is with regret that we announce that M. V. Bushman, district superintendent at Danville, Illinois, is confined to the St. Elizabeth hospital at that point, account of a general breakdown. Last reports has it that M. V. is on the road to recovery, and we all join in wishing him a quick return to his duties as district superintendent.

K. B. Gardner and wife recently took advantage of the excursion rates to Chicago, and took in the Pageant of Progress at Municipal Pier.

On August 17, fried chicken got the best of about eighteen members of the office force and they chartered a yellow bus and proceeded to Macon, where from all accounts they did justice to the feed that was spread before them. Leaving Decatur immediately after work, they arrived at Macon in plenty of time to get their fill, and rumor leads us to believe that they had an exciting time—at least Cashen and Estabrook did.

On the evening of August 24, fourteen of the young ladies from the office gave a farewell party at Fairview Park, for Miss Audrey Scruggs, who is leaving on September 1st for Los Angeles, California. An enjoyable evening was spent by the entire bunch. They had a delicious chicken supper to start the evening off with, and later attended a theatre party.

We are informed that Carrie Delancy and Doc Patterson, together with Lydia Ferber and Bessie Delancy, ate five pieces of chicken apiece; at that, we do not hear of any complaints from the rest of the members of the party on not having their share. Leave it to the above four to get their share at all times.

Yes Sir! Mary got to bed at 7 o'clock, August 22nd.

The old saying "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" may not apply in the following case—Jim Delaney won't be required to turn off the heat, or chase mice out of the desks this winter.

We have just heard that the latest dance, and one that is gaining favor throughout the office, is the "Orchard Stroll." Mary is getting quite adept.

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA! Irene Bramble was just recently seen taking a peep at a "W. B."

The second floor takes the prize for new ideas; they buy candy from the 5 and 10c store—there is a reason; it's the only kind Florence won't eat.

Herbert Somerville has just accepted the place made vacant by Claire Houran, as office boy. Be careful, Herb! and forget all the traits of "Got Your Mail Signed Claire."

One thing noticeable about the office lately is that quite a number of the fair sex are wearing that fatal "rock." You had better start advertising now, Larry.

Our manager, Mr. H. F. Warren, departed on Friday, August 26th, for Petoskey, Michigan, where he intends to remain for about two weeks, trying to escape his yearly visitor, hay fever.

J. C. Schadow, salesman, who was recently taken to the Decatur and Macon County Hospital for an operation for appendicitis, is now on the road to recovery, and we are all hoping that before long J. C. will again be on his territory, selling Red Crown and Polarine.

At the recent watermelon feast of the Stanolind Fellowship Club, held at The Pines, Clyde Hanna was drafted into taking his Pan American and driving one of the young ladies up to the office on an errand. On his return, Cashen remarked "Clyde, your car is getting so it runs slower every day."

Claire B. Houran, mail clerk, cast gloom over the office recently when he announced that Sept. 3rd he was going to leave for Campion College, Prairie Du Chein, Wisconsin.

On Wednesday, August 24th, after many days of worry and sleepless nights, Nelle got "Nervy" and went over to the State Fair.

DES MOINES, IOWA

Mr. T. J. Thompson, general manager, and R. G. Stewart, assistant general manager, western division paid us a visit July 19, 1921, and addressed a meeting of district superintendents on sales promotion work.

We appreciate your visits, gentlemen, and hope you will come oftener.

O. E. Skipton, of the cashier's office, has returned to work after a severe illness. Glad to see you back, Skip.

Mrs. L. A. Dunker, our cashier's wife, says all men are not homeless, but that some men are home less than others.

Ed Campbell of the stock department is developing into quite a sprinter. He gets good practice each morning chasing the Urbandale car.

Mae Cleworth, stenographer, says she just had a birthday and that she is one year older than she was last year. Deep stuff, Mae.

Miss Helen McMahon is recovering from an operation for appendicitis. Hurry back, Nell, for we sure miss you.

E. G. Wright, tank car order clerk, says there is no joy in driving a car anyway. What makes E. G. feel bad is that the police picked him up for not carrying a certificate and fined him $10. Oh, well, Earl, what's $10 compared to a joy ride in the "Hupp."

Katherine Rampton, diving Venus of the order department, says the water at Avon Beach is fine. (Come across with a pix, Katherine.—*Ed.*)

Sylvatus Bruken has returned from a vacation trip to St. Louis. He reports a fine time in the city of Anheuser Busch.

Ruth Farley, stenographer, says the hardest part of learning to swim is getting from the bathhouse to the water. We suggest using a Mother Hubbard, Ruth. (And we'd like some pictures sans Mother Hubbard.—*Ed.*)

The Fourth of July saw a good number of former Dubuquers check out for home. The attractions were various, but all the fellows had at least one idea in common. Drink up, we need your glass.

Frances Murray has taken herself and baggage back to Dubuque. While in the office she made many new friends who regretted very much to see her go.

Rebecca Strubel made a trip to Dubuque to undergo an operation. The reserves at 17th and Grand hope she will be back at an early date, as they always felt safer when under her protective wing. Make it snappy, Rebecca.

It is rumored that Frank Futsch intends going back to Dubuque. This we can't understand, as Frank's wife has been with him all the time. We regret to hear this as Frank has been with the company for the past twelve years and has made a host of friends who wish him a world of success.

Bernice Gregory looks very natural in the billing department. For a time it looked as tho she would let the company shift for itself, but she finally came in in her car (CGW) and put her hat in the ring on seventh floor. Now the billing department is caught up again.

There is a rumor of a romance in the bookkeeping department, but Mr. Bumford insists that the Dubuque and Des Moines ledgers can not be consolidated until the first of next year; so Ivo will have to help out the company until they can spare her.

Ben Fuller was tickled to death when he landed on the cartage desk. He always did hanker after the responsible jobs.

Frae Cleaves was asked to pull the cash department out of the hole and responded nobly. It looks now as tho she has won herself a home.

Rudy and Simmy (not shimmy) have been getting acquainted with the city now that the Form 24 has gone in. They agree that Riverview Park is some place and they hope it keeps open all winter.

Mark Wood can not get his mind on his work. Not that his mind is out of order, but there is a lovely reason in Dubuque. Better get together, eh, Mark?

The accounting department at Chicago must certainly be a great place to work. Bertha told us what nice men Mr. King and Mr. Tell were and now it looks as though Mr. Bumford won't have to take a back seat for either of them.

DETROIT, MICH.

If some of our friends who have not called for some time should walk into the main office, Detroit, they might think they had made a mistake, there have been so many changes made. It's a good thing to move once in a while, however, for the file cabinets all get cleaned and the desks nicely polished with Semdac.

The Monroe Paper Products Company, the newest paper mill in Monroe, has just installed one of the largest and most up-to-date paper making machines, and Standard Oil oils and greases were used for giving this machine its first start.

Sam Gemberling, our general clerk, says he doesn't carry any theft insurance on his car. Sam, don't you think you are taking a long chance?

Ruth Griffin, billing clerk, has just returned from Buffalo, having spent her vacation there. Ruth says the boat trip was wonderful, but we couldn't get her to say anything about Buffalo. We suppose she was glad to get back to "DETROIT, THE BEAUTIFUL." No, we are not conceited.

Walter Taylor, West Detroit, spent his vacation with relatives at Quincy, Ill.

Agents, Note: If you specialize in corn and bunion cures, just drop in and see some of the people at Bellevue avenue and you'll make one grand haul, provided you're a good talker.

We all extend our heartfelt sympathy to Edna Fahndrich of the order department, whose father was drowned August 27.

Everyone welcomes the telephone operator back after her two weeks' vacation. We understand she posed as an actress over in Canada and made quite a sensation.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dotter, West Detroit, and Mrs. Gertrude Jolivette and Joe Thomas of Clay Avenue, went fishing at Kent Lake over the week end a short time ago. Joe says the fish can't help but bite when the ladies smile. Where is the picture of the fish, or weren't the ladies in a good humor, Joe?

Mr. George Knapp to clerk: "Have we received that stamp 'No Accidents' yet?"

Bright clerk: " 'No Accidents Yet!' Don't you think that's rather unappropriate?"

John Coudret, West Detroit, and family visited with relatives and friends at Fort Wayne, Ind., recently. John says the sheriff still looks the same.

Mr. Dolph, of Bellevue, spent Sunday and Monday a few weeks ago on Canadian soil and came back with seven cents. He still owes the Canadian government $5.50.

At the opening of the baseball season the manager told the boys to get a lot of practice and it now seems they have been carrying out the instructions as they have been doing most anything but playball all season. Cheer up, baseball stockholders, we are going to have a real team next year, even if the female part of the organization has to play.

R. A. McGauley, newly appointed umpire of the baseball team, hopes to survive the season. Remember the slogan, Mac, "Safety First!"

Robert Perry, West Detroit, is quite a swimmer. While he was off a week he went swimming in Lake Erie, Lake St. Clair, Lake Huron and Lake Ontario. BRING ON YOUR LAKES!

The new service station on Monroe Street and Fourth, Monroe, is getting a strong endorsement from the tourists and city folk. Of course a great part of this popularity is due to the courtesy of the attendants.

Frank Murphy, sales writer, is the proud possessor of a baby daughter. Congratulations, Frank!

C. W. Barg, West Detroit, and family recently visited at the "Soo" for several days. Clarence "flivvered" up and brought the family back home.

Mr. Kurtz, agent at Bellevue, returned recently from a ten days' vacation spent in Saginaw and Fremont, and reports a very enjoyable time.

Walter Amolsch, our "congenial cashier" at West Detroit, spent his vacation touring in the east, taking in the "Falls." We understand that is a favorite place for honeymooners. There wasn't anything like that in connection with your trip was there, Walter?

We understood Ohio was slow, but have come to the opinion that it must be quite interesting, as every one going there on his vacation has overstayed his time. What was the attraction, Tait?

Farmer Weed of Wayne wishes to inform the amiable auditors, especially Messrs. Andrews and Wood, that he now has a first-class roll top desk for their use and he will not again have to hand them the old chestnut: "Yes, Mr. Auditor, you will have to use the dining room table."

A common expression heard by the newsmonger: "I'd like to tell you something, but I guess I won't for I am afraid it will be in the next Stanolind Record."

GIRLS! At last a model man in our midst! John Craven, of our Bellevue plant, asked what a one piece bathing suit is! Can you imagine a Twentieth Century man asking that—but then, he lives way out near Palmer Park.

W. A. Alverson, Bellevue cashier, is enjoying a two weeks' trip with his family in Beerstown, N. Y., visiting his parents.

Al Payne, route foreman, West Detroit, looked the fish square in the face at Grosse Isle during his vacation in August. Al says he can now tell a whale from a bullhead.

Mr. Fraser, our warehouseman and stake truck driver at Monroe, is as proud of his new two-ton Federal as a dad with a new son.

Mr. Dennis, cashier at Clay Ave., is spending his vacation in Indiana. In the meantime Mr. Covert is having a fine time breaking into the safe every morning. You may improve with practice, but say, Walter, why not use T. N. T. for the present? You won't have to open it but once.

Marie Dillon, assistant billing clerk, is spending her vacation in Canada. What is the drawing card there, Marie?

Freda Hiller, Bellevue, has returned from a two weeks' vacation at Fair Haven and says she had a splendid time. She sure looks as if she did.

The widow will be a widow no longer if Joe Thomas can make love like he sells Polarine. We're with you, Joe, only remenber, the boys like cigars and Mary has a candy tooth.

Fred Kohnitz, boiler operator at Belleview Ave., died very suddenly at his home Sunday, August 21. His death was a shock to his fellow employes.

After five years of patient waiting, Mr. Wm. Gatlin, superintendent at Clay Ave., is now the possessor of a telephone. Cheer up, Bill, you may be able to get Central in another five.

DULUTH, MINN.

Another gala day for the girls at the Eleanor Johnson site, French River. If we were going to pick out the perfect hostess, need we look further than the credit department? Taking care of one's guests, making them comfortable without being fussy, is an art, and Eleanor certainly posesses it. "Overnight" guests went out Saturday afternoon and we hear wild tales about the doings of that night. "Down on the beach watching the moon beams" sounds lovely, especially with those khaki tents nearby! A relay came out early Sunday morning, and the fun began—each to their own diversion. We can't say how Ella Foster spent her time, but we do know that she came home picking her way very carefully, bare foot, and that she disappeared shortly after to scoop the mud out of her pumps. Well, Ella, we went for a good time! ! Can we describe the eats? Dinner was served outside on the canopied table—green corn (Gladys Weatherby loathes the stuff), potatoes out of the garden, delicious meat, and all the accessories that go to make up a splendid dinner. 'Long about evening we strolled down to the beach to toast marshmallows. Tent inspection as we passed. All good things must come to a close, so after a wonderful day we piled off home, each one wishing that the "five years" were up so that they could invest that little wad in a cabin.

The wonderful Ringling Brothers circus has been to town. The office was paged for bosses that day, but none could be found. We wouldn't even try to guess where they were!

We are sorry to lose Miss Whelan, order department, but what is our loss is the kiddies' gain. She has resumed school teaching, and we wish her every success. Margaret Smith, Yolanda Dawson, Miss Carpenter, Anna Johnson and Fred Hagren have also left us recently, and we miss them around the office.

Mr. Sullivan, credit man, is bound to keep the S. O. Company before the public eye, and he was willing to spend a perfectly good dollar and a quarter to do it. Mr. Sullivan engineered the Duluth-Superior Credit Association picnic very successfully, and he also "engineered" Melvin Cullen, assistant cashier, to the picnic, to carry away first prize for the 75-yard dash. The prize was an electric lamp, and some of the girls would just adore helping Mel pick it out. (And to take care of it for life?—Ed.)

William Bell, former clerk at Marquette main station, has recovered from his recent illness so as to return to work. He has been assigned duties in the Duluth office.

Barney Vann, construction superintendent, recently inspected the construction work at service stations at Ishpeming and Negaunee, and they are now open for business.

Fletcher McKenzie, at the checking desk, has recovered from a recent illness. Fleck was confined to the hospital for a short time, and his room had more the appearance of an "at home" than anything else. Myrtle is glad he's well again, as it's so hard to snatch a bite at noon and run up to the hospital. Lucky Fleck! He'd fall in the gutter and come out with an armful of roses.

Mr. I. J. Shields, manager, and Barney Vann have started on their annual inspection trip through the Duluth field.

A district salesmen's meeting was held at the Marquette district office on July 21. Those in attendance were H. C. Anderson, Marquette; R. G. Carlson, Hancock; Thos. Dearden, Lake Linden; and C. E. Sauter, Sault Ste. Marie.

Louise Nelson, purchasing department, journeyed down into Wisconsin over the week end a short time ago. There seemed to be others from the office down that way, as we heard this little conversation: (Deleted by censor.)

Why will everybody insist on making Raymond Lufholm move so fast? When he sleeps in hay mows all night, around Pike Lake way, and gets to work on time, you can't expect him to be very peppy

Tom Dearden, better known in the copper country as "Iron Barrel Tom," always wears a smile that won't come off, but you should have seen that smile when his eyes fell on Page 2 of the August Record. Tom is thinking seriously of asking for a transfer to Kansas City.

Joseph St. Germain, agent at Baraga, Michigan, has a brand new Ford truck. Joe says it doesn't take him long now to deliver "four Barl to Pequaming."

Wm. McCloskey, agent at Greenland, Michigan, has a new Ford truck. In making deliveries to Alston the other day he had a team of horses hitched to the Ford. His customers asked his idea. Billy told them he had instructions to conserve gasoline.

Mr. F. L. Ellison, chief clerk, has taken several trips out into the field recently. We have been waiting for some interesting bits of news for the Record. Eh?

Miss Olive Pugh is to assist in marrying off her brother, Warren E. Pugh, to Miss Vera Peck, of Anoka, Minnesota, on September 6. Olive will be bridesmaid, and we hope the daily paper will give an account of her beautiful peach and pink gown, as we think the editor, being a mere man, will "kill" it if we go into details here. We wish Mrs. Chief of Police every happiness.

Time! ! Ed Stehlin gives up under Buddie's onslaught! Mr. Marshall certainly started something when he inaugurated this roll call system, and we hope he'll be there at the finish—of Mr. Stehlin! John simply won't let anyone run down his department.

We do wish Miss Loken would lay off that magnificent decorum for a few minutes and do something to get herself talked about! We've been trying to sneak up on her, but you can't find Minnie doing anything but attending to business.

Young daughter, weight 9 pounds, has arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Myre and is planning an indefinite visit. Congratulations, folks!

Do you want to try something new in the line of parties? The purchasing department girls, and their guest, Miss Pugh, intended having a waffle party at the home of Miss Nelson, but when everything was ready 'twas found that Miss Page had appeared on the scene with her iron but no plug! Oh, girls! What to do! ! Just turn 'em into pancakes. Phrona likes nice greasy ones. Impromptu pancake parties are one of the new things, and lots of fun.

We make a public appeal for news for the Record, both from the field and office, and also for good, clear pictures. Someone was kind enough to hand in this little clipping, and it fits in nicely here.

If you have a bit of news,
Send it in;
Or a joke that will amuse,
Send it in;

A story that is true,
An incident that's new,
We want to hear from you—
Send it in.

Never mind about the style,
If the news is worth the while,
It may help or cause a smile—
SEND IT IN!

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

Business is good; in fact the correspondent has been most too busy to make any notes for the Record this month. However, in spite of the business, the committee of the Good Fellowship Club has planned and made preparations for a picnic at Barnett's Grove, Sunday, September 6. Everybody is anticipating a "big time" and everyone doing his bit to make it better than the previous one.

Mr. W. E. McCracken, sub-station instructor, experienced quite a serious accident recently while working at Hazelton, Ind., when a pneumatic tire blew out, causing an ugly wound in the head and the loss of a tooth. He will be under the doctor's care for several days. Doubtless everyone will ask: "Who ever heard of a tire blowout knocking a man's tooth out and cutting a gash three inches long in his head?" Nevertheless it happened, and only goes to show we never know where to look for an accident, and hence should be cautious. SAFETY FIRST!

Handsome Walter "Dumplings" Stadler, one of our efficient sub-station examiners, has passed his quarter century mark in years. We are very well pleased to note how well he is standing up, however. "Dumplings" admits he has nothing to show for his past efforts of twenty-five years except empty Pall Mall boxes and bath perfume tablet boxes.

FARGO, N. D.

Saturday, July the 23rd, saw another of those popular Standard Oil Company family picnics. The weather was great; the program and eats excellent. As to the crowd—see page 16.

A fast and snappy ball game between the "Wife Beaters" and the "Wife Hunters" ended in a three to two victory for the former. Captain Cook would not give out the names of stars on his team, but the single men insist that Jack Beaton, "Umps," married, was the shining light of the day. However, the married men insist that Jack's good work was more than offset by his assistant, Herb Kincaid, single, so guess we will have to congratulate the married men and give them the game on their merits.

The second attraction, and it sure was some attraction, was a ball game between the Red Crown and the Perfection Bloomer Girls, won by the latter, score eleven to twelve. The batteries for the winners, Larson and Spare; losers, South and Zalensky. The game was no farce—the girls played real ball all the way through. The catchers were right up behind the batter, picking 'em off the bat. The pitchers were zipping them over at a rate of speed that would make Walter Johnson, even in his best day, hide his head in shame. A snappy double play, Ronning to Fetting, was among the many features. Mr. K. E. Burleigh umpired, to the general satisfaction of some. Cheer up, Mr. Burleigh, many a man has a hard time pleasing one woman—you did well with eighteen.

Hans Peterson proved to be the best pie eater, with Hank Green a close second. All pie eaters have re-entered for next year, which is quite a compliment to Mrs. Gerteis, who put the blue berries between the crust.

The 100-yard dash for ladies brought out a large and classy field, Mr. Carnine having offered a pair of silk hose to the winner. Mrs. Charles Gullens proved to be the lightest of foot, and having received her prize is praying for wind. It is reported that she did not have to exchange them for another size. Good work, Mr. Carnine!

The 100-yard dash for gents was won in a walk by Bill Scott, Polarine peddler from Casselton fleld. Bill, paired with Charles Gullens, also won the three-legged race. Both are young married men, and their condition speaks well for their wives as cooks.

"Hank" Green and "Pickles" Brubaker put on a dainty little dance entitled, "The Awakening of Spring." It was such a hit that they have been requested to repeat it before several of the Fine Art Clubs of the country—(several miles in the country). We are also in hopes of having them reviewed by Mr. Ziegfield, of Ziegfield Follies fame, and rebuked by Alice Duffy, of local fame.

Mr. Carnine and Miss Hagen gave us a little impromptu marathon, which was won by the former after chasing over, and around, and under trees. It was such a hit that this is going to be a fixed event each year from now on.

A seven piece band organized by Mr. Milton Ebeltoft, and herded by Mr. C. H. Dale, kept things lively at all times.

The fat men's race was won by our snappy little (210 pound) city salesman, Mr. Dodd, with Mr. George Byington a close second (only 140 pounds, but all in a bunch). Mr. Caswell, the favorite, could not enter as he had a lame arm.

After the picnic Mr. John Sten had a snappy little dance all arranged, and after toddling and

swinging 'em for three hours, all went home happy, voting it one of the best picnics ever pulled off by the Standard Oil Company.

Much credit for the success of the party is due to the untiring work of Mr. Paul Tehelka, president, and the chairman of the different committees, Mrs. Spare, Mr. Milton Ebeltoft, Mr. Frank Bogenrief, Mr. Lester Brubaker, and Miss Cruickshank.

Also, let us not forget the hearty co-operation of Mr. Packard, Mr. Raupagh, Mr. Carnine, and Mr. Asleson, who gave every possible aid to make the picnic a success.

In the campaign to reduce service station losses in the Fargo division, the heads of our station examiners and stock department, Messrs. Westmiller and Kraemer, personally operated several of the service stations, determined to find the exact cause of the loss. In every case they clearly demonstrated to the service station attendant that with proper care and management, service stations can be run without a loss. With such men in charge we are certain that losses in the Fargo division will soon be reduced to the minimum.

It is with sorrow that we learn of the death of Mrs. Oden R. Mortenson, wife of Oden R. Mortenson, motor truck driver, at Crookston, Minn., at her home in Crookston on July 14. We wish to extend to the sorrowing husband our heartfelt sympathy.

A certain Miss Kelly wandered, not all alone, to the Standard Oil Company picnic, and took a seat directly back of third base, which is not the proper place to view a ball game. Her mind was not on the game, for a ball, which was not hit very hard, struck her. I am not going to tell you what was taking up her time, but it wore a mustache, and it shouldn't be very hard to guess.

Miss Laura Tollerud has again taken up her duties in the check department and Wallace Preston is wearing a happy smile.

Mr. R. L. Payer, of the check department, has resigned to take up farming. It is rumored that a certain young lady will also take up farming. Mr. Payer, put Mica on the axles, Polarine in the cylinders, and Semdac on the furniture, and your farm work will be much lighter.

Miss Lucile Alair, one of our popular typewriter punishers, is leaving for Seattle—Seattle's gain, our loss.

Mr. Milton Ebeltoft, guardian of the 06 department, has again taken up his duties after a short but rather severe illness.

It is with pleasure that we announce another of those popular Standard Oil "family" marriages. Mr. Jack Snyder, of the bookkeeping department having taken unto himself a wife, Miss Blanche Peterson, of the comptometer department. Both Mr. and Mrs. Snyder have been in the employ of the Company for some time, and have always proven themselves to be live wires not only in their work, but in the social activities as well. I am certain that they have the congratulations and the well wishes of the entire Fargo division.

Miss Mable Foy has returned from a two month's leave of absence, the greater part of which was spent in and about New York. Mable reports that she found the little old city to be everything that it is cracked up to be, but after all, there is no place like Fargo.

Mrs. Spare is again general ledgering, after having spent an enjoyable two weeks' vacation on her estate near Lisbon.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Mr. Harry Glutting of the equipment department is the proud father of a daughter, Rosemary Catherine, born July 27.

We all regret the loss of Harry D. Hydorn, salesman, who passed away on August 16, death being due to a stroke of apoplexy. He was well liked by all who knew him and his loss is keenly felt by his many friends. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved ones.

We don't know what special attraction Wisconsin holds this season, but two of our fair maidens made their way into that state this summer. Rena Vander Ploeg reports having had a wonderful time in Kenosha, Wisconsin, but she says Chicago, Ill., is a real town, too. Ruth Solomon is spending her vacation in Oshkosh, by gosh.

At first we were unable to ascertain the reason for Wilbur Force looking so thin and weary. But we have discovered it is due to the fact that he is brooding over his wife's absence. Wilbur's wife is spending two weeks at White Fish Lake, and Wilbur's just terribly lonesome. "Doc" doesn't like being alone. He says, "Come on home, Wifey."

None of the "Big Town" stuff for Ray Calvin. He traveled all the way to Allegan for a few days and says he had a dandy time.

Miss Gertrude Krynsen is visiting her sister in Chicago. She motored down there in that big Studebaker special, and without a doubt she is enjoying herself.

How often the girls have wondered what kind of cosmetics Carl Cobb uses for that "Peach-glow" complexion of his. Won't you give them the secret, Carl?

Miss Frieda L. Frey is spending her vacation at St. Louis. We are wondering if, when she gets back, it will be a case of: "I've been to Missouri, you've got to show me."

Jane Janereth, our "hello" girl, spent a fortnite at Camp Lake, Michigan. She said at first it was awful lonesome, and then "Rolly" appeared on the scene, and oh! how that boy can dance. Dance being Jane's second name, we know she enjoyed herself the rest of the time.

It is with regret that we see Miner DeWitt and Oscar Johnson leaving the "fold." Miner, alias "Blondy," is to take up the study of medicine at Ferris Institute, and Oscar will resume his studies at Washington, D. C. Good luck to you, boys. Then, too, we'll miss Joey Morrison's smiling countenance around the office.

Johnny Mieras lingered around Detroit for quite a while, a week or so ago. Johnny says it doesn't take long to get to Canada, and oh, he had a nice time. He says he struck a wet week, but they had sunshine—'n moonshine too.

Joe Pettit recently was "best man" at a wedding. He liked it so well that he said pretty soon he was going to be the "leading man." When is it coming off, Joe?

What would we do if they took away that Victrola and we couldn't hear those words: "Come and nestle in your daddy's arms." Merely having a man's voice sing it on a record is poor consolation, isn't it, girls?

By the way, why not get a new record and play: "A good man is hard to find, you always get the other kind; just when you think that you got a pal, you look around and find him with some other gal." So it is. (Contributed by the office pessimist.)

CAN YOU IMAGINE THIS? Florene Baker and Blanche Warren, fat; Anna Archer, noisy; Everett Smits, bold; Al Terpening, tall; Roy Hill, bashful; Christine Fredericks, plump; Don Hartman, thin; Pat Keating, serious; Peter Beukema and Frank Hyland with curly hair; Oscar Nelson, quiet; Johnny Mieras, settled down; Wilbur Force, rough; or Mr. McConnell without a smile? CAN YOU?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Some, S O M E, picnic. Enough rain in the morning for a boat excursion—if we would have had the boat. On account of the "heavy dew" the base ball game between the Office and Outside was called off, which was just as well for the Office, judging from the "speed" they showed at the tamer game of indoor ball.

George Ashman assayed to pitch for the Office and was hammered all over the lot. We noticed he got rather peeved in the closing innings and put on some regular Walter Johnson speed, which is some stunt in itself with one of those near canteloupes.

About the only real thing in connection with the ball game was the umpiring of Mose (V. H.) Moore's. Mose certainly shakes a wicked indicator.

Some idea of what constituted this picnic can be drawn from following list of supplies consumed: 1,800 ice cream cones, 1,440 bottles of soda, 288 boxes Cracker Jack, 200 toy baloons and 32 gallons of "½ of 1%." Evidently some came to "eat, drink and be merry."

An interesting event not on the program was the ice cream cone eating contest between Adolph Bode and Troy (Cupid) Christman, which was won by the former when Chris was detailed for bartender duty. Chris looked the part in more ways than one, judging from the collar of foam he served on the root beer, he must have had some past experience at the "art."

The free cones and "pop" certainly made a lasting impression on the youngsters. One little fellow didn't find out about the free part until late in the afternoon; when last seen he was feeding with both hands, making up for lost time.

Dorothy Bell gave Willard Gigerich a real battle for the race between winners of the girls and boys events, and led him up to within a few feet of the finishing tape.

Wallace Revel is some quieter since the big event—he blew up the toy baloons, reason enough.

Scheduled as a 100-yard dash for men, the immensity of the entries made it a near "battle royal," which our young white hope, James Harvey, finally won after showing marked ability to clear a way for himself.

While others played, these worked: Elmer Daniels, head bartender; E. J. (Brick) Hicks, first assistant; Troy Christman, taproom foreman; John Stoner, cone distributor, George Russell, collaborator; Leslie Baker and Otto Wittlin, soda icers.

We just learn that Ivan Denwood, who pitched the wonder game against the Office team, has several big league scouts on his trail. He ought to take the hoodoo away from any club, working as he does at SS113 at 13th and Meridian, Indianapolis.

Comp operator just reports the final recap of the cone contest between Christman and Bode, with results as follows: Bode, 284; Christman, 282.

Harry Keyt stuck pretty close to the bowling alleys from early afternoon till closing time—trying to make the ball go toward the pins instead of out the front door.

Jim Morgan fought an up-hill battle in the living checker game but his triple jump at the close was a real "slicker," even his opponent, B. A. Sunderland, admitted it.

Manager Galbreath certainly handed out hunks of humor with each and every prize.

On second thought, Jimmie, the office boy, deserved to win the 100-yard race the way he had been practising on the office stairs previous to the big day.

Noted, just as the sun went down: Helen Schell and Pearl Holiday almost beheaded with watermelon rinds; at least they were in above their ears.

Some one in authority around here said that if this picnic was a success, next year an excursion would be "pulled." Bet it will take two engines!

Bill Anderson took on all comers in the barrel fight, which was a "scream," the ordinarily dignified William Cleaver almost swallowing his "gum" from laughing. Bill also qualified as the "lovin' man" of our whole outfit. He was never without a girl in his arms—starting with Mark Phipps' three-year old and the sky the limit. He had gotten up to Renzie Gant's sixteen-year old daughter before the supper—two full hours before the dance.

Well, do tell. Libby Turner forgot to start in the women's fifty-yard dash. All on the starting line and everything. Some say she was busy (too busy) looking at Florence Lyons' George.

Much credit is due the committee in charge of the many details necessary to handling a crowd of such size. Frank Woods of the prize section must have burned some midnight oil in thinking up the long list for the winners aside from the mirth producing consolation junk.

Oh, yes, chauffers Tony Kirsh and Leonard Backley were on hand at the carline to bump you over the bumps. One's as rough as the other even if they were dressed up fit to kill.

Norman Peine might have won the fishing pole in the shoe tying contest but it is our bet that Paw Fred Peine will be found missing the first nice Saturday afternoon and the pole will be missing, too.

Clayton Moose regretted very much that there was not a beauty contest for men put on, as he would have liked to give the boys a run for their money. Clayton also claims he was a pretty baby. Even our living Sphinx, Adam Fisher, says "Good nite."

L. Van Liew, lub. engineer, was called to the center of the stage and presented with a map by Mr. Galbreath. There is a past to this. It seems Van, who should know the roads of Indiana, sent "some one" up around Hudson Bay in quest of one of our nearby towns. Now that Van has a map showing "north is north," etc., his advice in the future will be confined to facts it is hoped by "some one." Translation.—"Some one" above mentioned, E. P. G.

Ray G. Miller, SS 118, is our latest benedict and the new Mrs. from all accounts did not change her name, being the former Miss Viola Dear. Ray has been long overdue on the "rail-ride" but for various reasons does not come around headquarters at rational hours.

When the lights went out in the city of Columbus, B. W. Wright, SS 31, did not lose any time to investigate and promptly made up his mind that some highwayman had cut the wires. B. W. spent a very anxious half hour hidden in the shrubbery waiting to attack the robber. From the size of the stuffed club Mr. Wright would have had fair luck against a hippopotamus.

If there is one thing on the calendar that Walter White, Franklin agent, enjoys, it is the Johnson County Fair, especially this year as the officials seem to have put the ban on "comps."

The lately wed Fat Haverkamp appeared for inspection the other morning minus a button—on his shirt. Watch that new "frau," Fat, and train her early.

Ed Medema, order department, has acquired the consumptive Chevrolet formerly owned by shipping clerk Fred Miller. As both parties to the deal seem exceedingly pleased, only time will tell who got stung.

Frank Dudgeon, lub. truck, but better known as the president of the Polarine Social Club, is back from an auto trip into the wilds of Wisconsin, where his "Lizzie" got too familiar with a porcupine. Frank says he dodged just in time.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

By the time this goes to press, the coupon book campaign in the K. C. division will have been in full sway. The office force is divided, the Girls vs. the Men. The Girls' division will be known as the Amazons, and the Men's division as the Cossacks. History states that the Amazons were a fierce, warlike tribe. This does not indicate that our girls are wild and fierce, the name was merely adopted to show their determination to defeat the men. Each division is sub-divided into companies, with captains, etc. We wonder if any ex-service men will be A. W. O. L.? ? ? ? There will be no "Company halt" during this campaign; it's going to be double time from start to finish.

Miss Julia Carstensen is steadily improving from the attack of typhoid fever and expects to be able to return to work soon.

Miss Hull sends word that her new position at the John Deere Plow Co. is a snap; her boss is a "bear" and she is contented. Figuratively speaking, she is now working behind the plow.

The sales department is about to lose its congenial leader, Mr. Humphrey, who will retire from active business and take a rest down on the farm. In justice to Mr. Humphrey, we hasten to explain that he is not old-aged; far be it from such, as he is just a young man, rather attractive according to some of his admirers, with his future before him. The best wishes of the force go with him.

J. "Clink" Meunier is suffering a six weeks' leave of absence on account of his health. We say "suffering" for the reason that the doctor ordered him to bed for that period. There is one redeeming feature, however, that is the prescription for wine that goes with it. Don't crowd fellows, ya can't all be sick at one time.

Latest reports indicate that Miss Walch is steadily improving. For sometime she was not expected to pull thru and the news of her recovery is very gratifying.

We would like to hear from Johnnie Stevenson formerly of the Topeka office, who now caters to the Emporia patrons of the Standard Oil Company. Too busy, Johnnie?

W. P. Johnson was a visitor in K. C. in the early part of August and paid his respects to the office force. Miss Ingram was the recipient of a much envied kiss, but you know she is related

After serving 24 years with this company, "Gus" Mathis resigned recently. He did not give out any information as to his future plans, but being such an enthusiastic booster of Polarine, we might offer the solution that he has gone into seclusion to write a book on his pet hobby.

Our ball team now occupies second place in the National division of the M. & J. league with a good chance at first place. That's what "well played" games have done. Big things have little beginnings and we don't mind admitting that our team was once rather insignificant, but the right spirit (speaking in wet terms) has put them where they are. Moral: Use the right spirits.

I. L. Dayhoff, veteran salesman in the K. C. division, succeeded Mr. Mathis in the Lub Oil Department. He is a hum-dinger when it comes to facts and figures—but there's one thing he can't do —separate salt from sugar, or Dave Gardesky from Miss Martin.

The other day Sarah Cook Berry was wearing a violent red sweaterette when some cruel person remarked: "She must be a bull fighter." Shame! !

Another victim of bad health, Bessie Bishop, was compelled to resign for that reason. What would Grandma say to that? But living ain't what it used to be, in these days of modernism, with your neighbor's roof tickling yours and his alarm clock waking you in the A. M.

Miss Grace Colgan recently was transferred from Pittsburgh back to the Kansas City office as construction department stenographer. This leaves that territory open to the regular salesman again.

August 12th marked the turning point of Bill Saeger's life; he became a father to a 9-pound boy. Bill says he believes the new arrival will develop into a singer, judging from the strength of his voice.

C. W. "Dizzy" Anderson has flew the coop and is with the company at Casper. Andy has had varied experience in the oil game, so we predict a very oily future for him.

C. H. McElroy was seen last Sunday afternoon riding about town with two girls from the office, in a Ford sedan. We always did contend that Fords were speedy critters, but now we are convinced. Slow down, Mac, Whoa! !

Billy Henderson has returned to work for the Standard again and is working at Independence, Mo. He's like a cootie, hard to get ride of. However, good workers are in demand, eh Bill?

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Abner Lauman, of the record department, though he would try playing baseball. The doctor says he may be able to step on his ankle in a few weeks.

The little four-year-old son of Henry Rennebohm had the misfortune to tip Uncle Lorenze's motorcycle over on himself. His left leg was fractured between the hip and the knee. He is getting along nicely and all the kids in the neighborhood bring him toys, candies and cookies.

Mr. J. L. Carter, assistant general manager, is with us today. Mr. M. Mildenburg, also of Chicago, paid us a visit recently.

Mrs. Ella Marti is spending part of her vacation at the home of her parents in Iowa.

Miss Leona Johanson is the new stenographer for Mr. Levy. She was transferred from the accounting department.

It has been tipped off to us that Earl F. Berger, service station attendant at Winona, is to enter into a life partnership with a certain estimable young lady. We have not the pleasure of knowing her

name, but here's best wishes. It is to take place on September 5.

Harold Scholberg left for Menomonie, Tuesday, September 6, to open up the new service station at that point.

Service Station 319 at Jackson street and West avenue south was opened last week. It is a jewel. George Hauswirth is in charge. He is as proud as a cluck with a brood of young ones.

On August 18 and 19 Mr. Remp put on a Full Line drive in Winona. He reports that the results are very satisfactory.

Mr. A. B. Nichols, chief clerk, visited Rochester, Monday, August 29, on a business trip.

S. L. Levy, district superintendent, recently returned from a vacation trip to northern Wisconsin points and the Twin Cities.

Mr. Arthur Barton is enjoying a ten days' vacation at his former home at Durand, Wis.

Mr. Fred Kowalke, of the credit department, made a business trip to the Lake Chetek district. Judging from the smile on his face he brought back the coin.

Ervin M. Thompson and Joseph Lamping are the new attendants at S. S. 52, Austin, Minn.

Mr. H. A. Lahmers is the new agent at Eyota, Minn.

Praise is due our service station attendants. The recent Midsummer Ceremonial of Tripoli Shriners taxed their capacities, but it develops that they "made a hit" with the wearers of the fez. From all over the territory we are hearing about the efficiency, courtesy and politeness of our service station attendants.

Miss Hazel Holwick, stenographer for District Superintendent A. J. Goddard, has been spending a two weeks' vacation at her home at Howard, S. D.

Our new stations at Stetsonville, Wis., and at Dexter, Minn., are now ready for business.

Monday morning, August 26, S. S. Attendant C. E. Close, Eau Claire, Wis., was stooping down to unlock the safe, entirely unmindful of anything wrong. As he swung the door open he went down under a blow from a "jimmy" in the hands of a robber. The robber got away with close to $300 while Mr. Close waited for consciousness to return. No trace of the highwayman up to now. Mr. Close is feeling fairly good now.

"Bill" Fischer, attandant at S. S. 36, went to Viroqua to open up our new service station. He remained a few days to coach the attendant, Mr. T. M. Garin.

"The Vacant Chair" might well be sung here, for Hattie Rochelt, general clerk, one of the most popular and efficient clerks the S. O. Co. ever had on its pay roll, left us on August 20. Miss Rochelt is going to embark on life's greatest journey as the consort of Even Evenson, another popular member of the Stanolind family. We are going to miss her more than words can describe, but we are comforted by the fact that she will be in the family just the same. A number of unusually enjoyable entertainments were held in honor of Miss Rochelt, the hostesses being Mrs. A. Weimar, Mrs. Eugene Schwanbeck, Lottie Klandrud, Ellen Wood, Josephine Upton, Blanche Gayman, Gladice Tuttle and Edna Newman. Miss Rochelt was the recipient of many useful gifts which showed the honor and esteem in which we hold her. Here's the best of luck to you, Hattie and Even.

Two new stations have been added to La Crosse field: Dorchetser, Wis., Alfred D. Hunt, agent; Wykoff, Minn., Arthur M. Schultz, agent.

A. Anderson returned August 22, after spending a two weeks' vacation at Chicago. Milwaukee and the Dells of Wisconsin.

Mrs. Kane resumed her duties in the record department, after a ten days' vacation, spending the time at St. Paul, Minn., and New Richmond, Wis.

A meeting of the salesmen of the southern field with District Superintendent S. L. Levy, was held at the La Crosse office July 18, 1921.

A meeting of the management and department heads of the La Crosse office was held on July 27, 1921.

We are pleased to report that Mrs. J. H. Lambert has almost entirely recovered from a serious illness, and has returned to her home in La Crosse.

Miss Lucille Frizell is enjoying a week's vacation at her home in De Sota, Wis.

On July 16, Mrs. G. V. Marti treated the girls of the stenographic department to ice cream and cake in honor of her birthday. Many happy returns of the day.

MANKATO, MINN.

On Saturday evening, August 27, the Red Crown club entertained members and their friends at a social dancing party given at the Masonic temple. About fifty couples attended and enjoyed the usual good time to the music of the Loyola orchestra.

Mr. N. H. Reed, advertising manager, spent a few days in the Mankato division in July. On July 29th, Mr. Reed, in company with Mr. H. A. Monson, manager, M. H. Chesbrough, assistant manager, and W. R. Clark, service station superintendent, made a tour of inspection of various points east of Mankato by automobile. Stops were made at Madison Lake, Elysian, Waterville, Morristown, Northfield, Faribault, Owatonna, Waseca and Janesville.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

On Tuesday, August 23, 1921, a smoker was given by P. N. Herr at his home—the occasion being the absence of Mrs. Herr, who is spending her vacation in the country. Those present were H. Sims, A. R. Davis, E. Dulla and P. F. Driscoll. After a few hours of card playing, at which A. R. Davis took first prize, lunch was served. The lunch was prepared by Mr. Herr himself, and although all partook of it heartily, it had no ill effects on any of those present. Later on in the evening, silver-tongued Davis gave a few vocal selections which surprised all present, and Driscoll did his famous "Buck and Wing."

Now that Ed Taylor has bought a new gun—"look out, ducks!"

Mr. Eul has lately been working in the Janesville territory and is having no trouble finding his Wah-ming, and now that the duck season is opening his favorite Chinese cook is going hunting with him with his "boom boom." The cook says "me like to shoot him duck."

Mr. J. J. Burzynski, construction man, announces the arrival of a nine-pound baby girl. All this happened September 10. Good luck, Joe, to your wife and baby.

We regret to announce that our construction man, Mr. Steve Rohde, was so unfortunate as to meet with an accident on August 25. Mr. Rohde is well known at all the Milwaukee service stations and has made a lot of friends. His condition at

present is very serious, but we are in hopes of an early recovery, as he is surely missed by his co-workers.

Miss Roesser, stenographer of the construction department, has just returned from a one week's vacation, spent among the cherry trees of Sturgeon Bay. We are sorry, Elda, that you were unable to go when the trees were in bloom or the cherries ripe, but it's business before pleasure. Better luck next time.

Our traffic man, Mr. Kolka, has just returned from his vacation, having spent a week on the farm. It appears that drinking milk agreed with him as he sure carries rosy cheeks and a sturdy chest. An other week, Bill, and you could lick Jack Dempsey.

Mrs. Hope, our pretty blonde stenographer of the marketing division, has returned from her vacation. Have you noticed the quiet and solemn attitude she takes since she returned. Wonder what's up boys. Oh, you never can tell. She is always deep in thought and she surely must have some one on her mind. At any rate, we are all glad to see you back as we sure did miss your winning smile.

Paul Herr, order clerk, now promoted to salesman. Three cheers for Paul! Alas, he is now in a position to pull down a few dark horses by knocking down the competitor and selling the customer our Polarine line.

Have you heard about it? Miss St. Pierre, our pretty stenographer, with the sparkling brown eyes, is a very intimate friend of our Mr. Louis May? Boys, it's sad but true.

A. J. Van Sistine, order department, and Miss Everesta Lapine, visited the little church around the corner. They were married Wednesday morning, July 27. We don't know how the boys enjoyed the smokes, but we girls sure did appreciate the candy. We all extend hearty congratulations and wish them happiness.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Come on Miss Larson, let's have a little smile. "That's the girl."

Oscar P. Morken, salesman, and Quackenbush, service station superintendent, collided head-on at our picnic. Morken's injuries were a sprained nose while Quackenbush escaped with a headache.

Mr. Cochran and Mr. Brown, Mr. Vincent and Mr. Arneson made a little country tour recently to get some first hand gasoline information. It was very successful.

Never mind, "Shorty," it's all in the game.

If Mr. Cochran continues his country trips he'll know all the agents by their first names. Recently he went out to a small town to learn why there was no Red Crown pump in town. When the "boss" got through things were different and now the agent is wondering where he will spend the extra commissions.

The two large signs on the St. Paul warehouse are completed and Red Crown gasoline has the biggest one-spot showing in the city. We thank our Mr. Carter and Mr. Reed.

We wonder if the Chicago office ever sees Mr. Carter. His face is getting familiar around Minneapolis. He recently talked interestingly to the city salesmen on sales.

The St. Paul and Minneapolis service stations are having a Semdac and Finol battle. At this writing they are about even.

Holt, the salesman, is suffering with hay fever. Believe us, gentlemen, he has it bad. He is praying for frost.

One of our agents took a cow in payment for Polarine. Turned the cow into cash. Not so bad at that.

The Standard Oil exhibit at the State Fair was immense. A minature oil field, bulk station and farm made it attractive. It was primarily a farm exhibit and attracted thousands of farmers.

E. J. Gadbois is telling us about his twins. "Some twins" is the way Flavin puts it.

Miss Damkroger recently made a tire changing demonstration on University avenue. There is a story connected with this. Ask Myrtle; she has no objection to telling the truth. It's good, boys; ask her about it.

Mr. O. B. Freyberg, our St. Paul district superintendent, is quite ill at this writing. He has lost considerable weight recently. We hope that when he reads this he will be back on the job and getting the business as of yore.

On July 25th the Polarines defeated the Red Crowns 19 to 0 at Prospect Park. Tom Keenan struck out 23 Red Crowns.

THE PICNIC

Employees and their families made up an aggregation of about 400 people who pulled off a picnic at Excelsior, Saturday, August 20, in the name of the Standard Oil Company. It was a most successful picnic.

The married and single men played kittenball in the morning, ending 17 to 11 for the single men. Outside of Harry Gillette's ragged fielding it was a good game, but Harry shouldn't be blamed. He had his mind on fish.

Insufficient coffee spoiled our basket lunch. Connolly promised to look after the coffee, but he forgot to take into consideration that 75% of the crowd were Scandinavians. Paul Dickey brought his lunch in a $25 grip. It was stolen just before lunch. Paul says they must have been hungry. We say they must have been thirsty. You can't kid us, Dickey, you didn't have lunch in that grip.

After lunch the Polarines defeated the Red Crowns 2 to 1. Klebba umpired and Geo. Day will tell you he did well.

The race results were as follows:

Fat man's race, Geo. Zurver.
Minneapolis defeated St. Paul in the Tug-of-War.
75 -yard dash for women, 1st, Agnes Brady; 2nd, Mary Gleason.
Kittenball throwing contest for girls, Phyllis Chorska.
Kittenball throwing contest for men, R. H. Jaeger.
Hop race for girls, Irene Pachel.
100-yard dash for men, 1st Sidney Lasley; 2nd, Bill Johnson.
3-legged race for men, 1st, Henry Keller; 2nd, Geo. Heiges.
Clothes pin contest for ladies, Mrs. Day.
Sack Race, Joe Huckenpahler.
Smiling contest for ladies, Miss Grosbusch.
Smiling contest for men, Paul Dickey.
Horseshoe throwing contest, Ward Devereaux.
Youngest child on the grounds, Baby Pachel.
Oldest person on grounds, Bob Walton.

High spots of the picnic: Joe DeRome, "Frenchy," and the Bathhouse Attendant had

"words." Joe lost. P. Jonathan Beale was seen in the middle of Lake Minnetonka at 6:45 P. M. with a young Excelsior widow. Oh yes, they were in a boat. Jokes to one side P. J. is THERE.

In the 100-yard race Felix Mildenberg stumbled on a Minnesota gopher and kissed the ground at intervals for 50 feet.

Shorty Walls was missed. "Where were you, Shorty?"

Mr. Cochran took an active part in the picnic, and we were glad to see our former manager, Mr. Pollock, on the grounds.

The evening was spent in dancing and outside of Jim Bullard being ejected from the hall for shaking his shoulders, nothing unusual occurred. By a vote of 210 to 3 Jim has been barred from S. O. dances.

The success of the picnic is due to the cooperation of all employees, and the work of Mr. Eckman, Mr. Vincent, Mr. Fischer and several others.

PEORIA, ILL.

Mr. G. F. Phillips, our assistant manager, is spending his spare and busy time shedding tears. G. F. P. knows we all love him and would do anything in the world we could to stop the briny flow but medical authority informs us that it is impossible to do anything for hay fever, but go the the mountains, and as there are no black bass we know of in the mountain region this invitation does not make much of a hit with Mr. Phillips. We hope with the approaching cooler weather that the old time smile will return and the flowing tears cease.

Miss Ruth Nolan, for three years in our stenographic department, has resigned her position on account of illness and has gone north. The girls presented Ruth with a beautiful bag as a farewell gift. We miss Ruth and her sunny smile and hope she will soon be well again.

Mrs. J. Alice Munea, in charge of the stenographic department, says that as far as she is concerned the Pickle Growers' Association can disband and stop growing that brand of fruit. J. Alice was invited to the home of one of our prominent young stenos and at dinner some newly manufactured dill pickles were served. Mrs. Munea attached herself to several of them with the result that the next day J. Alice was willing to lay her head on almost anybody's shoulder and had to be taken home to recuperate.

On Saturday, August 27, S. O. Co. ball team of Peoria deteated the Globe Paint Co. team, score 20 to 3. Seven home runs featured the game. W. S. McCready, better known as "Rabbit," pulled an entirely new one in baseball, that of sliding from first to second base on his neck and shoulder. "Moose" Eberle and "Buck" Rose were the sluggers for the S. O. team.

Miss Irene Buchele and Miss Ruth Sutton claim to be the "rip-snortinest" mail handlers of the Peoria office. From the time the mail is received in the morning until it is all opened and distributed their desks look like the snow-storm scene in "Way Down East."

Mr. P. W. Adams, of the lubricating department, has two hobbies. Trying to catch fish is one and the other is to accumulate the largest number of fancy striped shirts. He has been quite successful in the latter, but as a fisherman he certainly enjoys his sleep.

Miss Ruth Stewart, one of our pretty and popular stenos, left the employ of the Company on August 10, to make her home in California. In compliment to Miss Stewart the girls of the Peoria office gave a picnic supper at Glen Oak Park. After supper the girls enjoyed dancing at the Park pavilion and reported having had a wonderful time.

On the evening of August 12 Miss Ruth Stewart invited the girls of the Peoria office to be her guests at a slumberless party given at her summer home near Mossville, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. Munea acted as chaperons. Poor Bill Munea, he'll never forget it. The evening was given over to the exhibits of gymnastic daring and Misses Stewart and Hopkins won the lace berry spoon. They also received numerous bumps and bruises as a reward for their efforts to duplicate well known circus stunts. (Pictures?—*Ed.*) The rest of the young ladies present took their turn at high diving while Bill Munea slept peacefully on the front porch, keeping company with the hot weather and mosquitoes. Miss Katie Adams spent a very comfortable night sleeping on a shirt-waist box, which was just about her size, while the rest of the gang waited for daylight to come to the accompaniment of the howling neighborhood dog. After a wonderful breakfast of hard-boiled eggs and burned toast, according to Miss Pritchard, they all reported a "dashing" time.

Standard Oil Company employes of Bloomington field held their first annual picnic on Sunday, August 7, at Stein's Grove near Bloomintgon, Ill. Those in attendance were: Mr. E. W. Ritchey (agent at Bloomington), Mrs. E. W. Ritchey and baby Eileen; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Caldwell and daughter Winifred; Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Fitzgerald and two sons, Russell and Kenneth; Miss Myrtle Langhoff; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gelsthorpe; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Purky; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Cruzinberry, son Willard and daughters; Leota and Darline; Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Keys. Pop Cruzinberry won the championship in the ice cream eating contest of Poke county. After his fourteenth dish he asked Ma Ritchey when the ice cream would be served. Everybody reported having had a good time and a nice get-together party and hope to hold one of these picnics each year.

Mr. W. R. Battin, former district superintendent in the eastern district of our field, has assumed the duties of district superintendent in charge of sales in the Peoria division with headquarters at Peoria.

Mr. M. Francis Worley, for a number of years connected with the Peoria office and more recently assistant chief clerk at Peoria, has been promoted to the position of chief clerk at Quincy, Ill. All the Peoria employes join in wishing M. F. the best of luck in his new work and hope that he likes his new home. Everyone who came in contact with Mr. Worley found him most agreeable and anxious to help any of the employes who came to him for information concerning their work. On August 20, when Mr. Worley left Peoria office to assume his new duties, he was presented with a beautiful traveling bag as a farewell remembrance from the Peoria employes.

Mr. P. B. Bornholdt, formerly general clerk at Peoria, has been advanced to the position of assistant chief clerk at Peoria.

J. J. Linneman has been advanced from the position of bookkeeper to the position formerly held by Mr. Bornholdt.

QUINCY, ILL.

The Red Crown club is the name of a new organization which promises to grow into one of Quincy's peppiest and most progressive business clubs. It is composed of employees of the Quincy office, clerks in the Hannibal office, clerks at the Quincy warehouse and wives of the married men of the Standard Oil company. The object of the club is to promote social and literary activities and to encourage a stronger and more friendly interest in each other's welfare. Social gatherings will be held each month, after the 15th, and before the last day. Carl H. Slack is president, Miss Laura Beckmen, vice-president, and Miss F. Blanche Perry, secretary-treasurer.

On Friday evening, August 5, the office employees gathered together to bid farewell to Mr. W. H. Beaman, former chief clerk, who with his family has been transferred to Des Moines, Iowa, where he is now serving in the capacity of chief clerk. Brief talks were made by T. P. Jones, assistant manager; William Awerkamp, Dean Thomas, Lawrence Sturhahn, Miss F. Blanche Perry, W. C. McAdams, R. C. Boger, and Miss Helen Hall. Mr. A. L. Martin, manager, then presented Mr. Beaman with a beautiful ring bearing the Masonic emblem. Mr. Beaman's work was praised very highly by Mr. Martin. It was with sincere regret that his fellow employees saw him leave although all are glad for his well deserved promotion. Refreshments were served and singing and dancing enjoyed later in the evening when relatives and friends of the employees were present.

SAGINAW, MICH.

The Saginaw office was favored with a visit by Mr. H. F. Hobein, from Mr. King's office, the latter part of July.

The vacation season is nearly over, and most of the office force is back on the job, with lots of "pep" for another year's work.

Dudley Jones has been transferred to the station examining force. We sure do miss "Dud's" smile in the office, but we don't want to be selfish, so we will share his 180 pounds of good nature with the agents in the southern division.

Chas. McKinney, general clerk, relieved the cashier at the Owosso station the third week in August. Charlie says he doesn't mind the work at Owosso, but he doesn't like to get up so early in the morning.

Our manager, Mr. Thompson, and chief clerk, Mr. Lilly, spent the last week in August visiting the stations in the northern division, and holding agents' meetings with Mr. Fitzpatrick, district superintendent.

On Tuesday, August 16, the baseball team from our Flint station journeyed to Saginaw and enjoyed the pleasure of being trimmed by our invincible Saginaw team. The Flint team put up a very good brand of baseball, but had no chance against Saginaw with "Rube" Kerns in the box. Score, 14 to 5.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Oh, yes, we are still on the map. Haven't had time to gossip, but the girls have organized an embroidery club which meets every two weeks. Nuf sed!

W. H. Arensberg, one of our good salesmen (they are all good), has forsaken the oil trade for his old love—the baker's trade. He has bought out a nice shop at Highland, Kan. Good luck, Bill!

W. B. Wells, salesman, central district, is now in Kansas City convalescing after an operation for appendicitis. Heinie Reichard is making Ben's territory.

We understand that Mr. Whelan's young son, John Courtland, has been invited to don his dress suit and call on Mildred Isabel, beautiful little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Orr. Mr. Orr is superintendent of our eastern district.

Where is Watty Watson? Lost on the plains of Western Kansas.

Adv.—Take the Saxon Heights Special—Leaves 26th and Frederick Avenue at 6:55 and you are sure to be at the office by 7:15. Pete Lacauley, Engineer.

Honorary members of the S. O. Co. Girls' Embroidery Club—Ed Balsiger and Stewart Chaffin.

W. W. Urquhart, formerly of the stock department, has enlisted in the ranks as salesman under the leadership of Sgt. Orr, superintendent, eastern district. Sell the Full Line, Urq!

Mr. H. D. Williams is now making the territory formerly covered by Bill Arensberg.

Irwin McEwen, of the check desk, is attending Missouri university, learning to be a real journalist. Irwin was also a Stanolind Record reporter.

Marvin Finch has quit the check desk for a service station position.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

A little of the sunshine was taken from Driver Marsh's home, they having lost their little nineteen months' old baby. Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Marsh.

Mildred Page is back from a two weeks' trip to Denver and reports a perfectly wonderful time.

Manager H. A. Monson and Chief Clerk Pinney of Mankato were callers in this office one day recently.

Assistant Manager Leonard, who has been on the sick list, is back on duty again.

Our sympathy is extended to Ed Elster of the stock department, who was recently called to Canton, S. D., owing to the illness and death of his father.

We were pleased to have Mr. Bosworth of the home office spend a day with us.

On August 24th Henry Johnson, of the stock department, was united in marriage to Miss Lelia Cross. The bride is a sister of Mr. Klemens, our trustworthy invoice clerk, and is a young woman of true worth whom we are glad to welcome to the big S. O. C. family. The cigars and lafamas were fine Henry, and here's wishing you an abundance of health, wealth and happiness.

Mr. C. S. Farrell of Mankato has arrived and taken over the work of district superintendent in our field.

Paul Gooch and wife just returned from a motor trip to Green Lake, Minn., and report a splendid time. The good time's all right, Paul, but we never will swallow those fish stories.

Marion Jones, after a two weeks' vacation, has returned to her desk full of pep and ambition for another year's work. Like a wise little girl she "just stayed at home."

Sh-h-h 'sprise on Grace Carter, who leaves October 1 for an extended trip in the west, after having spent eight years in this office. So Leah Wilson, Edna Morrison and Bonnie McDermott said, and owing to their untiring efforts it was a great success. The office force gathered at the Carter home and after the "surprisedness" had worn off all wandered over to the office where a dance and card party was pulled off. The men folks got busy and cleared out the manager's room and soon all were tripping the light fantastic. The music (thanks to Paul Mattiades) was excellent. Manager Thayer led the grand march, while Mrs. Thayer and Mrs. Meigs took a hand at the shuffle (cards, of course). Kathryn Barnable sailing in with an occasional well timed slam. Mrs. Dyer couldn't resist the car table, although perfectly sure that our chief clerk's evening would be sadly spoiled. She should have seen him, for he was having the time of his young life. Just ask Eleanor Grochouska, Beulah Erickson or Alice Rhen. Little Joyce Peterson, daughter of our assistant chief clerk, won all honors as "the daintiest fairy at the ball." At a reasonable hour light refreshments were served and Mrs. Carter presented with a folding kodak so that her trip might not only be a pleasant one, but a long remembered one. Miss Bonnie McDermott will take over the work formerly handled by Mrs. Carter, viz. Dictatorium to Manager Thayer.

WICHITA, KAS.

Mae Smith, stenographer, gave a lawn party at her home, 1500 North Market street, August 18, in honor of the office girls. The lawn was prettily decorated with Japanese lanterns and the tables were decorated with Japanese napkins. In the guessing games played, Miss Ann Pettigrew and Katharine Polk carried off first and second prizes, and Amy Jewett secured the booby prize. After the games refreshments, consisting of ice cream and cake were served.

F. A. Brewer, tank wagon driver, and family mourn the loss of Mrs. Brewer's father, W. H. Reder. Mr. Reder lived about thirty miles south of Wichita.

Gordon Richards, 13-year-old son of C. T. Richards, pump man, who has been at the hospital suffering from blood-poisoning, possibly developed from a "chigger" bite, is improving.

Mr. M. F. Van Keuren, former manager, was riding home recently with Mr. R. C. Millison, prominent merchant. Suddenly Mr. Millison exclaimed, "Here it is after six and all the stores closed; and my wife wanted me to bring home some furniture polish." "Don't worry, I'll take care of you," came back Mr. Van Keuren, "Just drive around the corner to our filling station. We carry Semdac, an excellent furniture polish" Mr. Van is always alert in the interests of the Grand Old Company.

Carl Jackson, tank car clerk, has something up his sleeve about volley-ball. Spill it, Jack, and hand in some pictures.

Mr. and Mrs. V. R. Wittich and daughter, Grace, of Tulsa, Okla., recently made a ten-day visit with Mr. J. W. Calkins and family. Mr. Calkins, superintendent of construction, is a son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Wittich.

Mr. T. J. Thompson, general sales manager, made our office a visit during the month of August.

Jay Bennett, station auditor, has resigned preparatory to taking a course in auditing this winter.

Fred Skinner, check department, is at work again after his operation for appendicitis.

Henry Frazee, stock department, spent two weeks in August with the Kansas National Guards at Fort Riley, Kan.

F. A. Bull, formerly cashier, is spending the summer in Colorado. We will be glad to see you when you come back, Mr. Bull.

Recently some of the bright lights in the office attempted to organize a literary club. On account of the excessive humidity of the weather it was decided to call the meeting out-doors on the green. To add a bit of spirit to the first meeting, several young men were notified the day before that they would be called on for a short speech on a subject of their own choosing. The evening set for the gab-fest having arrived and all being comfortably or uncomfortably seated on the grass, Mr. Honomichl, assistant chief clerk, was called on to deliver his message. He surprised the audience by discussing the Irish question in an unbiased, or as he put it "'arf and 'arf" manner. Mr. Abe Martin, cashier, followed with a discussion of Disarmanent. He is certainly a loyal citizen but we believe he took in a little too much territory and was perhaps a little off his subject when he challenged the whole world for a scrap. Mr. A. G. Maule, marketing department, gave a snappy talk on Too Much Speed, contrasting the old times when the master, after sipping his mint-julep leisurely on the porch, hitched "Old Dobbin" to the family chaise and drove the Mrs. with her "Bonnet with the Blue Ribbon on it," and the young folks to town. He said the sipping times were passed and we had become gulpers instead of sippers in our hurry to get into the big car and speed away to town. Mr. Harry Stout, marketing department, responded to his name by an elaborate fabrication on Stimuli and the Ganglia. Where he got it, no one knew, but he paralyzed his audience. While the speeches were enjoyed, it was decided that the weather was too hot to organize a permanent society.

Recently Barney Wright, tank wagon salesman, received a telephone order for Perfection with the information that if it wasn't any better than the last delivery he needn't bring it as it made the stove smoke. Adjusting grievances is "pie" for Barney. He drove up to the house ready to make the delivery, but first wished to investigate a little. He noticed that the stove was not sitting level by reason of loose screws in the legs opposite the tank. He tightened the screws in the legs., leveling the stove, and then removed the cap on the pipe leading from the tank. A little water and dirt ran out. He asked the lady where she got the water as he wasn't selling it. The lady didn't know. Barney suggested a leaky shed where she kept her storage tank. No! the shed didn't leak. Barney cleaned the stove, put in dry wicks and the stove behaved perfectly. He then visited the shed, cleaned out the storage tank, where he found more water, filled the tank and went on his way. In three or four days a heavy rain came up. After the rain Barney went back to the shed and found what he had suspected—water about an inch deep on the top of the tank and slowly oozing into the tank because the owner had not screwed the cap on tight. He called the lady out to the shed and asked her why she had poured water on the tank, as she had already affirmed that the shed didn't leak. The lady saw the joke and is now a satisfied and faithful customer.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

H. S. MORTON, *Vice-President*

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

General Manager

T. J. THOMPSON

Assistant General Managers

JOHN L. CARTER, Northern Division

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Eastern Division

R. G. STEWART, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. LEWIS, *Manager*
C. F. HATMAKER, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
R. A. THOMSON, *Manager*
C. W. FLANAGAN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
H. F. WARREN, *Manager*
W. A. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
AMOS BALL, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. COCHRAN, *Manager*
H. H. KEATING, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
H. E. BRUCE, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. MORTON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

KEOKUK, IOWA
M. F. KING, JR., *Manager*
C. M. VOGLER, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. H. LAMBERT, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
W. H. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. Jones, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. D. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
L. W. CAMERON, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
B. F. LEONARD, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
MARTIN KELLY, JR., *Assistant Manager*

Who Owns the Standard Oil Company (Indiana)?

THE Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is a corporation owned by the people at large, doing for the people, to the best of its ability, a big job in a highly specialized branch of essential industry.

Three years ago the ownership was spread over 4623 stockholders.

Today the ownership is spread over 19,478 stockholders, of whom 7,200 are employees.

Not one of the 19,478 owns as much as 10 percent of the total stock.

The stockholders have vested the authority of management in a Board of Directors of seven men. All are skilled in their individual branch of activity and all have earned their right to a seat on the Board by displaying unusual ability.

It is the ambition of this Board to operate the Company in such a fair and square way that you, as stockholder or customer, shall have a distinct pride in the fact that there is such an institution as the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN-MONROE CO. CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 3 NOVEMBER 1921 No. 1

S. A. BEACH

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

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F. W. Bruckmiller, *Assistant Superintendent*
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C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division*, Chicago, Ill.
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C. H. Hall, *Assistant Director*, Wood River, Ill.
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Div. 3—Jas. McCarthy
P. Woodlock
Div. 4—Steve Tobias
Alex Wayo
Floyd Boner
Div. 5—Nick Scholl
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Div. 6—T. McFadden
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Div. 9—D. J. Gallagher
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Henry Behrens
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Div. 12—Chas. Dailey
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Vice-Secretary
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Div. 4—B. Fred Gore
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E. L. Rolfs
F. H. Frisby
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A. P. Phillips
L. W. Perrigo
J. M. Kolar

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Div. 2—J. M. Durham
Div. 2—Thos. Gifford
Div. 3—W. F. Adams
Div. 4—H. H. Lyons
Div. 5—P. J. Monks
Chairman
Div. 6—Orland Hemphill

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M. E. Hartwig
W. I. Jolly, *Chairman*
Robert Parks
Vice-Chairman
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CASPER

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STANOLIND
RECORD
Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
Publication Office: 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 3 NOVEMBER No. 1

VACATIONS FOR EMPLOYEES' REPRESENTATIVES URGED

Dan Gallagher, Retiring Chairman of Whiting J. G. C., Tells Conference Better Representatives Are Needed on All Committees and Urges Granting of Vacations as Means of Getting Good Candidates

A plea for vacations for employees' representatives on the Joint General Committees, not only in recognition of the time and effort they devote to the cause of industrial relations, but also as a means of inducing the highest type of employees to become candidates, was made before the Third Annual Industrial Conference of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), by Daniel J. Gallagher, retiring employees' chairman of the Whiting J. G. C., who has announced he is not a candidate for reelection.

The conference was held Monday, September 26, at the Hotel LaSalle, Chicago, and was attended by all elected and appointed representatives from the Whiting, Casper, Wood River and Sugar Creek refineries, in the afternoon, and by all representatives and most major executives of the company in the evening. Dr. W. M. Burton, president of the company, was present at both the afternoon and evening sessions. Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and the company's chief executive, was compelled by company business to be absent from the city. His telegram to the conference is printed on page 3.

In urging vacations for employees' representatives, Gallagher said he was in a position to broach the matter without being accused of trying to "fix up something soft for himself," inasmuch as he did not intend to be a candidate for reelection as employees' representative. (Note: He was reelected regardless).

"With all due respect to the elected representatives, of whom I am one, I believe they could be more conscientious and more faithful throughout all our plants," said Mr. Gallagher. "How can we get the best candidates? There is not much encouragement now for a man to give so much of his time to these industrial relations questions. I believe it the duty of this committee and also the management to show some kind of encouragement in drawing out the real men to represent the plant. The only thing I know that is fair and honest is to give the elected representatives two weeks vacation each year. The management's representatives enjoy the privilege and I believe through this plan you will get men of ability. I'm not thinking of myself in this because I will not be benefited one way or another. This is my last term—I need a rest."

Gallagher's plea for vacations for elected representatives was opposed by P. J. Monks, himself an elected representative and employees' chairman of the Wood River Joint General Committee.

"I can not see why elected representatives should be entitled to two weeks vacation," declared Mr. Monks. "Every time a man renders his services as a member of the committee he is paid."

No action was taken by the conference one way or another.

The matter of industrial insurance, and the standardization of all sub-committees of the four Joint General Committees, so that in each plant the committees which handle a certain class of business will have the same names as committees in other plants handling similar business, were also discussed. It is likely that some action

(Continued on page 4)

"ALL PROFIT BY MISTAKES" —DR. BURTON

WHEN the Industrial Relations Plan was introduced, we all had some doubts as to just how it would work out," Dr. W. M. Burton, president of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), told the elected and appointed representatives at their conference at the Hotel La Salle. "You had doubts and I had them; but these doubts have disappeared as we have seen this plan develop into a far greater success than any of us ever imagined it could be. Of course, in working it out, we have all made mistakes—we, of the management, have made them, and you, of the employees have made them. But it is a poor man, indeed, who does not live to profit by his mistakes, and I think we can all truthfully say we have profited by ours."

Speaking of economic conditions, Dr. Burton said:

"I had never imagined I would live to see the day when the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) would have to reduce wages, and I am sincerely grieved that that time did have to come. But neither did any of us ever dream that we would live to see such a war as that which so recently dissipated and destroyed the wealth of the world and made retrenchment necessary.

"During this uncertain period the management has trials, great trials, even as have you. These must be met by us and by you with fortitude. I believe it was Bulwer Lytton who said: 'There is but one philosophy, fortitude, though many schools.' "

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS HERE TO STAY

COL. R. W. STEWART, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), was prevented by company business, which necessitated his absence from the city, from attending the conference at the Hotel LaSalle, but he sent the following telegram which was read to the representatives by Mr. J. W. Curry:

"Please express to Joint General Committee members there assembled my sincere regret at being unable to attend their conference, to hear from them an account of their year's work, to shake hands with my old friends on the committee and to get acquainted with the new. I think they will understand without my avowing it that only the most compelling company business could prevent me from attending. Say to them, however, that while I can not today hear their reports, I have followed the minutes of their meetings with intense interest, and wish to congratulate them on their achievements of the past year. Industrial relations are here to stay, and in the earnestness and honesty of purpose with which the representatives on our Joint General Committees have taken up the problems which confronted them, I perceive an augury of future harmony between employer and employees, not only in our company, but in America; for I feel that our Joint General Committees reflect that spirit of fair play which is characteristic of the American workingman. Bid them continue the good work, and for the company say to them that in their efforts to apply the principles of justice and equity to all problems, they will have the utmost cooperation of the executives of this company.—*Robert W. Stewart.*"

(*Continued from page 1*)

may be taken to standardize the names of the sub-committees, though Mr. J. W. Curry said that from the standpoint of the industrial relations department it mattered little to what sub-committee a matter was referred so long as action was obtained upon it.

C. E. Spitzer, Sugar Creek, enroute to convention with his doctor's kit.

A motion that the conference go on record as favoring industrial insurance, proposed by Representative Charles Dailey, Whiting, was withdrawn by him after opposing speeches by W. P. Stenhouse, Whiting, and by Claude Burson, employees' representative from Sugar Creek. Mr. Stenhouse explained that the management had the matter under investigation and said it would be showing lack of respect should the conference act upon it, while Representative Burson declared:

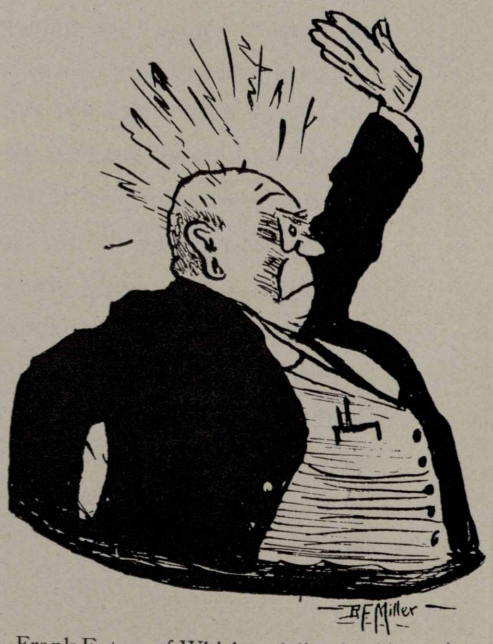
"In the different states there are different laws covering insurance, and I think we are not well enough informed on the subject to draw up any kind of an insurance policy at this time. As Mr. Gallagher has said: 'We have not the best representatives', and if we take action now we are showing we are not the best representatives because we are not giving enough consideration to the matter."

Four general reports were delivered during the afternoon, Mr. T. S. Boyle speaking for Whiting, Mr. C. R. Wagner for Wood River, Mr. G. W. Thompson for Sugar Creek and Mr. W. H. Tolhurst for Casper.

Speaking for Whiting, Mr. Boyle said in part:

"Those of you who have listened to the several reports made here by the various sub-committees of the Whiting J. G. C. must be impressed by the small number of petitions that this body has had to handle for the last year when you consider the large number of people they had to deal with. The employees of our plant have diversified viewpoints, different nationalities, different languages, etc., and a good many questions had to be solved among them without reference to the J. G. C.

"The small number of petitions which engaged our committees on wages and hours is sufficient evidence of the smooth, well-working committees at Whiting. I have been a member of the committee since its inception and I can say that throughout the rank and file of all our employees at Whiting there seems to exist, and has



Frank Eaton, of Whiting, delivering his oration.

THE "GO GETTERS" OF THE CASPER J. G. C.

Casper, Wyo., Oct. 1.—After the wives and mothers, with the aid of the sisters and old maid aunts, had ransacked the trunks and the garrets, unearthing garments that were purchased so long ago that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, they finally got their loved ones so gorgeously arrayed as to make a proper showing at the conference of the J. G. C. in the metropolitan city of Chicago. That they succeeded beyond their fondest expectations is evidenced by the accompanying photo. No scars of the Wyoming zephyrs remain to be seen; no odor of sage brush is noticeable to the extent of offending the nostrils of the most effete; the smudge of the grimy crude has all been removed by much scrubbing and polishing; in fact the old cow boy and wild west as well as the "Reuben" stuff has all been stowed and they are now ready to go forth in their private car to conquer where fainter hearts would surely fail.

existed since the very start of the plan, a spirit of democracy and fellow feeling.

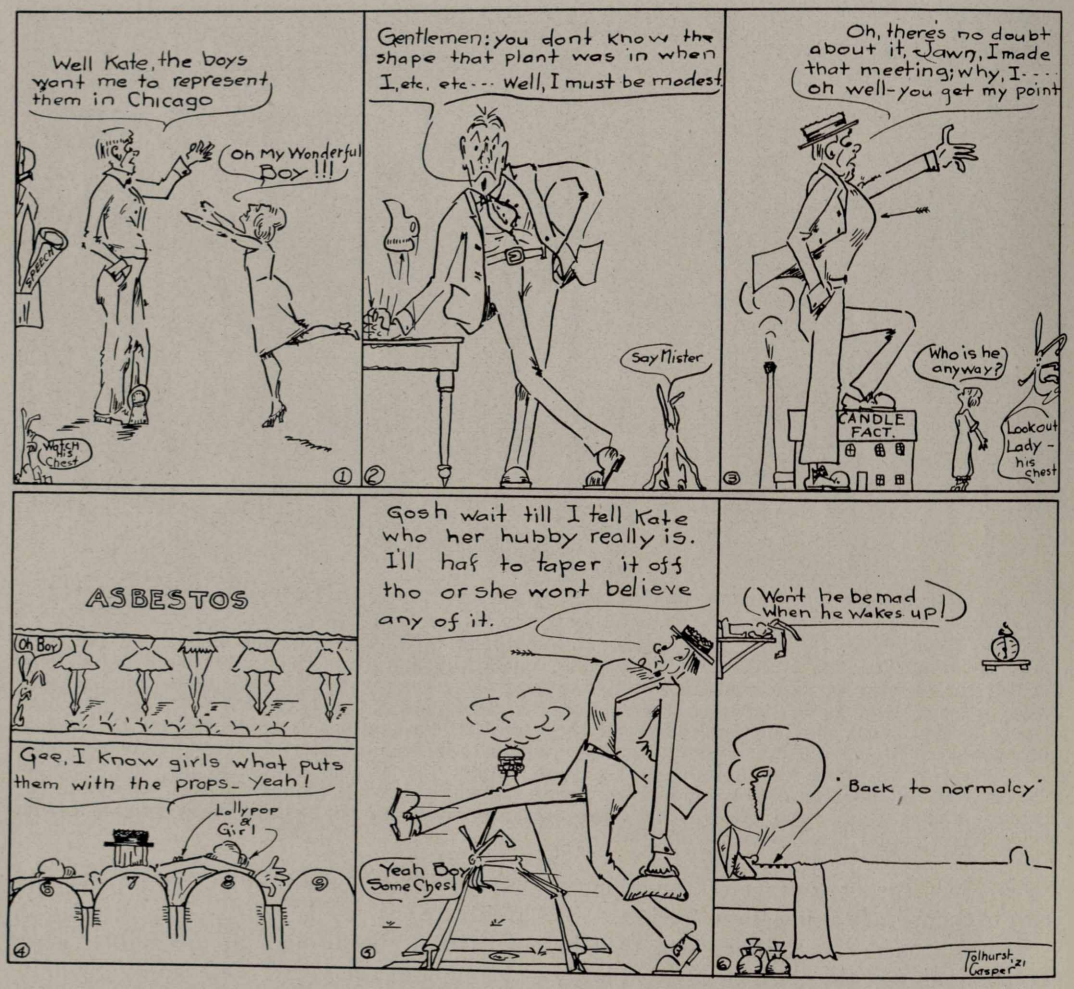
"It has been my experience also that in the functioning of the J. G. C. at our plant, regardless of the fact that we are men representing the employees and men representing the management, we have come to a common understanding as to what was best, not only for the men but for the entire plant and management. Our purpose at all times has been not to look at these matters with a selfish motive, but to the end that at all times justice should be served."

Speaking for Casper, Mr. Tolhurst said in part:

"Our committee on wages and hours has handled several petitions which in the majority of cases pertained to wage adjustments, and the action of the committee on all of them was approved by the management. The committee on education and publications, while not dealing directly in petitions, performed a creditable work throughout the year. Our safety committee needs no further mention to drive home the importance, scope and success of its work. In this day when the H. C. L. puts a ring around every day on the calendar, the matter of prices is paramount, the result being that our Fair Price Committee has been perhaps the busiest little old committee on the plant; and even though it has not yet achieved a complete victory over the high cost of living, our Casper merchants are at least beginning to experience a disagreeable nausea.

"There is one matter of importance which my colleagues have not touched upon, and upon which I had hoped some one more able than I would report. I refer

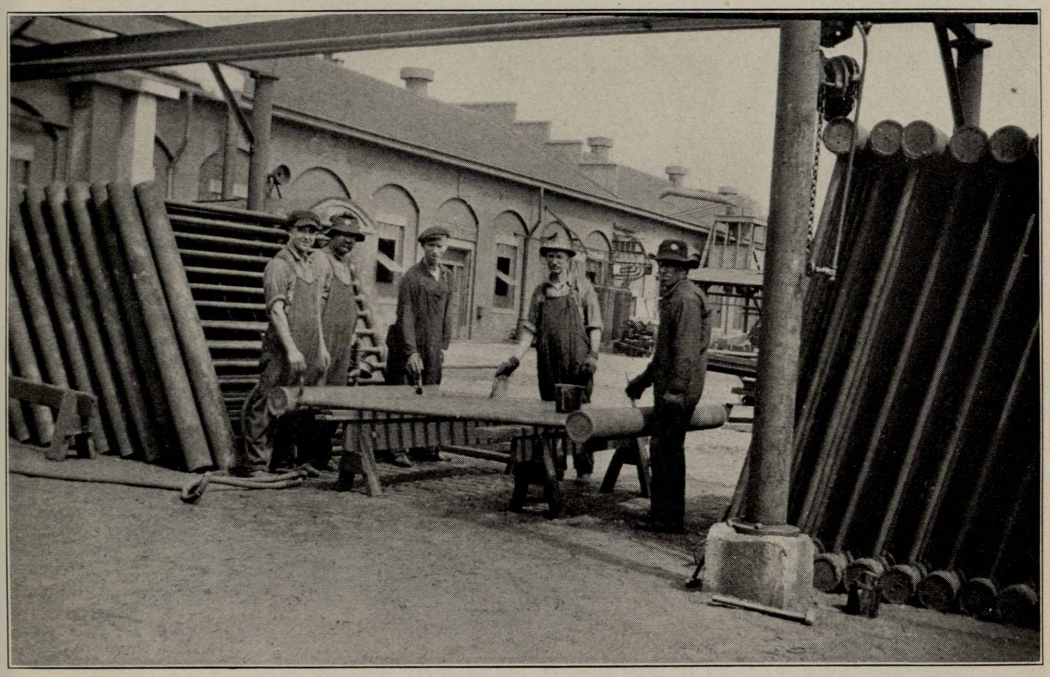
STANOLIND HENRY ATTENDS CONVENTION



to the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan. On April 1st, of this year, when the plan went into effect, our big construction job at Casper had been under way about six months, and in that time our payroll had been very nearly tripled in number of men, the result being that only about twenty-five per cent of our employees were on the eligible list. Since the inauguartion of the plan, 108 employees have signed for stock, 13 have withdrawn and two have been transferred. To you of the larger eastern plants, this number may seem small, but please consider that Casper is 'out where the West begins.' Our operating force is still small but growing, our labor force is large but transient, and as our operating force grows so will our eligible stock purchasers increase until we hope some day in the near future to be able to completely embrace this second great plan which our Board of Directors has conceived and given to us, the employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

"Purposely I have left the activity of the committee on conciliation till the last, because in it is contained an idea which I hope you may take away as worthy of further thought. That committee at the Casper plant has done some useful work. Its members are appointed by the respective chairmen, but gentlemen, there is

WHITINGITES TESTING RADIATORS FOR LARAMIE



Before any material is shipped from Whiting to our western plants it is thoroughly tested. Here we have Sam Hefter, Andy Blasko, Oliver Thibiteau, Mike Delaney and Steve Kaminski, testing radiators for Laramie.

another personnel of that committee— a personnel made up of every man at our plant. The whole plant is a committee on conciliation and right there is the reason for the smooth and easy functioning of our J. G. C. Seldom do we have petitions, communications, adjustments and the like, which have not first been thoroughly reviewed by the employees themselves, and then conferred upon with their representatives. The men themselves arrive at what is fair to ask and what they can justly be given. Is not that the fundamental idea of the Industrial Relations Plan— respect and equity for both parties concerned, and is not conciliation in our sense the arrival at equity by the most efficient route?"

Speaking for Wood River, Mr. Wagner said in part:

"A brief review of our year's work shows seven subjects were handed over to us by the preceding committee, while fifty-three new items were brought up. Of this number, four were decided against by the committee and forty-six were recommended favorably to the management. The recommendations of the committee were approved in thirty-two cases, disapproved in eight, and ten others are still awaiting action by the management. Ten subjects have not yet been acted upon by the committee. During the first part of the year an appeal was taken to the President and the Board of Directors from a decision of the preceding committee and of the local management. Our appeal was sustained.

"Six of the nine months during which this committee has operated have been characterized by adverse circumstances. The year began very favorably and considerable business was transacted during the first three months. The repeated reductions in forces necessitated replacements on the committee, resulting in a similar reduction in the volume of business passing through our hands. It is quite likely, too, that declining living costs, even in the face

NO, NO, NOT FROM FIJI BUT DECATUR

Our Decatur correspondent hastens to assure us that these are not wild women escaped from a circus but are merely some of our S. O. Sisters—all unattached males begin sounding S. O. S. pleas whenever they appear—just emerging from a dip in Woodbine park. Left to right: Carrie Delaney, hello girl; Bessie Delaney, Rilla Peck and "Doc" Patterson, stenos. But what our envious home office girls want to know is: "How do they get that way—Seven Sutherland Sisters, Cocoanut Oil or what?"

of reduced earnings, caused a general disposition toward hoping for better conditions, and so reduced the number of requests for investigation. A feeling seemed to have grown, however, that the committee had reached the end of its usefulness. It was not unusual to hear the opinion that the Industrial Relations Plan was instituted to care for a temporary situation and that business depression would see its dissolution. At the second meeting in August, however, Mr. C. B. Manbeck, our local manager, met with the committee and very forcefully presented the case of the Industrial Relations Plan. He pointed out that now is the time when Industrial Relations can be of most value to employees, if they will cooperate with the company in securing the benefits to be obtained. The effect was instantaneous and we are all of the opinion that the plan's useful career has but begun.

"Heretofore the work of the J. G. C. has been largely concerned with the first three purposes outlined on Page 5 of the booklet: that is, establishing a channel of communication between employees and management, getting employees to take an interest in their working and living conditions, and building up the confidence of the employees and management in each other. Hereafter, it seems to us, our efforts should and undoubtedly will be directed more especially toward the fourth aim of the plan: 'promoting the common interests of the management and employees in matters pertaining to works organization, industrial efficiency and social well being.'

"The Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan announced by the management to us at our second meeting in March has done much to prepare the way for this. It yet remains for all of us, working through the J. G. C. to contribute an added part toward raising the standard of efficiency over the whole plant, thereby promoting the well being of every stockholder and every employee of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana)."

For Sugar Creek, Mr. Thompson said in part:

"Our volume of business has not been so great as in former years, but this is due partly to decreased activities at the refiner-

G. W. Thompson, Sugar Creek, on "the morning after."

ies and partly to the fact that a considerable volume of business has been handled by our assistant director of industrial relations, which, having been satisfactorily disposed of by him, did not find its way to the J. G.C. This we believe, is concrete evidence of a more complete understanding of the spirit and intention of the Industrial Relations Plan. Since the formation of the incumbent committee there have been several changes in personnel. The readiness and efficiency new members exhibit in assuming and discharging their duties is further evidence that this understanding is real and tangible.

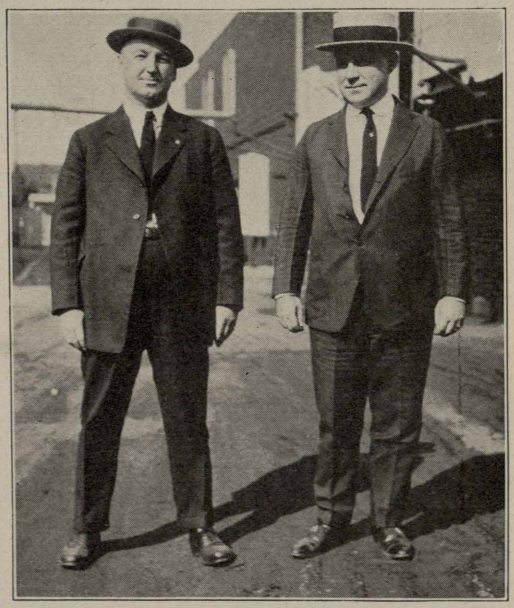
"Encouraged by the liberal financial backing of the Board of Directors our committee on athletics and entertainment has displayed much enthusiasm and organizing ability in arranging and carrying forward an athletic program for the season now closing. Much of the labor incidental to the development of the athletic field was contributed by enthusiastic employees of various crafts. Inasmuch as this free labor was done after working hours and on Saturday afternoons, they deserve much praise for their free will offering of skill and strength. Thirty-two games of baseball were played without a squabble and it is likely that this will be the world's record for squableless baseball for years to come. The interest aroused by the series was so evident that the value of athletics both as a mental and physical stimulus can not be too strongly emphasized."

Mr. Thompson also praised the work of the band, the committee on publications and the safety organization, and added:

"The committee on housing made a survey of the housing situation among Sugar Creek refinery employees and it was found 51.4 per cent owned outright, or were buying homes, and that 48.6 per cent rent the houses in which they live. Due likely to the suburban location of the Sugar Creek plant the housing situation has always been more favorable than in any other more densely populated centers and it has never approached the stage of an acute problem."

Mr. A. V. Forbes, of Casper, was chairman of the afternoon meeting, while Mr. John Chorley, of Whiting, was toastmaster at the banquet, both performing their duties in a highly commendable manner. Speakers at the banquet were Dr. W. M. Burton, president of the company; J. W. Horrigan, of Casper; H. E. Otto, of Sugar Creek; Harry Banahan, of Whiting; Orland Hemphill, of Wood River.

THEY GOTTA NERVE!



Peoria, Ill., October 1.—The above reading left to right shows Mr. John R. Coleman, manager of Peoria disivion, and Mr. George F. Phillips, assistant manager. This picture was taken while they were interestedly watching yard operations, and carries with it a challenge and defiance to the entire staff of Stanolind Record correspondents to produce a better looking team. Note: This does not go for P. J. Quinlan.

MILWAUKEE AND LA CROSSE DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENTS

Here are the Milwaukee and La Crosse divisions' district superintendents who attended the meeting conducted at the Milwaukee Athletic Club, July 26, by General Sales Manager T. J. Thompson and Assistant General Manager J. L. Carter. Upper row, left to right: W. J. Duncan, T. A. Lee, G. T. Dougherty, H. C. Ouellette, Milwaukee division. Lower row: A. J. Goddard, C. B. Bullis, S. L. Levy, La Crosse division. Mr. T. H. Lang, manager, and Mr. Ivan Prather, assistant manager, Milwaukee, and Mr. J. H. Lambert, manager, and Mr. J. E. Monegon, assistant manager, La Crosse, also attended.

WE'RE FLABERGASTED!

"Allan Jackson, clad in preacher clothes, was arrested recently at the colored Baptist convention in Chicago, charged with picking the pockets of the brethren. He stoutly declared he was a delegate, but was locked up when he couldn't recite the Lord's prayer."—Newspaper clipping received by Stanolind Record from Huron office, Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

* * *

"Well," declared the man who had been looking over the law, "there seems to be a penalty for everything except stealing a man's daughter."

"Oh," said his friend, "there's a penalty provided for that too."

"What is it?"

"Hard labor for life."

TO CORRESPONDENTS

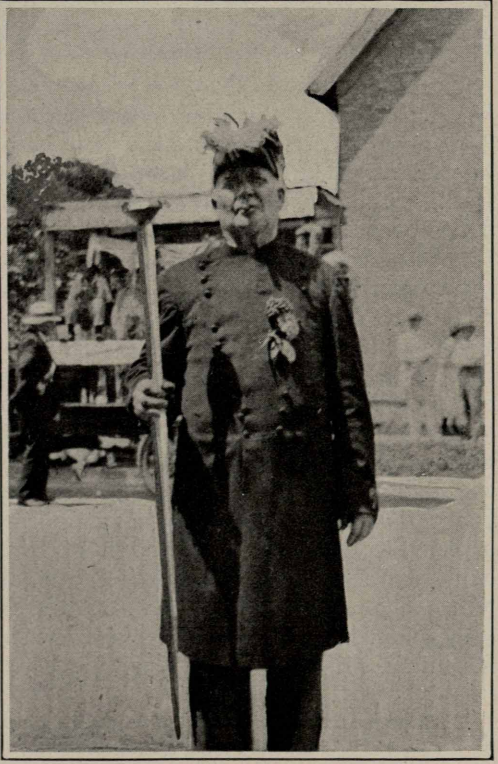
The Record has on file a considerable number of photographs taken with panoramic cameras which are of such length that they can be used in only one place in the magazine—the center two-page spread. As this place in the magazine is in great demand it may be months before they are all used. Please avoid having a panoramic camera used—for while a fine picture often results, it is difficult to find a place for it in the magazine, and besides, when reduced even to two pages it is usually so narrow that it is difficult, if not impossible, to identify persons in the picture.

* * *

Make Your Stock Pay Dividends!

MEET THE BIG NOISE OF GUTHRIE CENTER, COL. BROWN

"But say, didn't our Col. Frank Brown, as band master, look magnificent? He looked like some oriental grandee and acted the part." So the newspaper of Guthrie Center, Iowa, Des Moines division, described the part taken in the Fourth of July celebration by our Col. Frank Brown, who mans our service station at that place, and who, incidentally, believes in making his station attractive, judging from its appearance in the above photograph. Colonel Brown is shown to the left. In the smaller photo we have the colonel dolled up in his drum major's unie. Oriental grandee!—Say, Sousa never had a thing on him!



* * *

Miss Wells, the teacher, was delivering the final lecture of the term, and she dwelt with considerable emphasis on the fact that each student should devote all the intervening time preparing for the final examinations.

"The examination papers," she said, "are now in the hands of the printer. Are there any questions to be asked?"

Silence prevailed for a moment and then a voice timidly inquired:

"Who's the printer?"

"SEMDAC QUEEN OF IOWA"

Keokuk, Iowa.—Danville, Ind., may have some real Semdac salesmen, but New London, Iowa, claims the honors for salesladies. The above photo shows Mrs. Ralph McKinnon, of New London, with her two sons. Mrs. McKinnon spent about two hours each Saturday afternoon during the month of May in piling up real sales on Semdac. The first Saturday afternoon she sold fifteen gallons; the second, four gallons; the third, eleven and the fourth, twenty gallons. Mrs. McKinnon knows the merits of Semdac Liquid Gloss through its use in her own home and certainly a visit there will demonstrate this fact. It might be added that this sale of fifty one gallon cans of Semdac Liquid Gloss cost Mr. McKinnon, our agent at New London, $25.00. Never again will he bet his wife can't do something. He's betting now she can do anything.

* * *

Only young men, young men between the ages of six months and two years, understand women.

ROYAL SERVICE

Decatur, Ill., October 1.—At 4 o'clock Sunday morning, September 11th, the night man at the W. C. Starr garage, one of the largest in Decatur, suddenly discovered he had no gasoline in the tanks. At 5 o'clock he was scheduled to supply a number of cars whose owners were bent on Sunday pleasure trips. At Riverside, sleeping the sleep of the just, lay King William Bodkin, manipulator of the big five-ton Packard truck of the Decatur plant. The garage and Bill got together over the telephone, and our King William, dressing in time that would shame a fireman, walked twenty blocks to the Standard Oil plant, got out the truck and at 4:45 a. m. was filling the tanks at the Starr garage. That's what we call royal service, King William.

* * *

Sell That Full Line!

MAKES GREAT RECORD, AND ON THE 13TH, TOO

Decatur, Ill., Oct. 1.—Here is Agent B. F. Storment and the two handsome daughters who on August 13—note the date—helped him make a great day's record at Salem, Ill. Driving a 1½ ton International truck, with a 380 gallon tank, between the hours of 6 a. m. and 6 p. m. he sold and delivered 2,650 gallons of refined oil and gasoline besides 5 gallons of Polarine. These were all cash sales and one load was delivered to Spurgeon, sixteen miles away. We believe this is almost a record for a truck of this capacity.

EIGHT NEW ANNUITANTS

Eight veteran employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) have recently been placed on the annuity payroll, according to an announcement by Mr. E. G. Seubert, fourth vice president and secretary-treasurer of the company.

Gustave L. Beyer, 241 River street, Manistee, Michigan. Mr. Beyer was formerly service station attendant at Grand Rapids, Michigan and was in the service 27 years and eleven months.

Hartley G. Mogridge, 1644 Mersington, Kansas City, Mo. Mr. Mogridge was formerly service station attendant in the Kansas City division and was in the service 31 years and seven months.

Patrick J. Doyle, 4014 Fillmore street, Chicago. Mr. Doyle was formerly warehouseman at the 14th street station, Chicago, and was in the service 35 years and three months.

Alfred Olson, 424 Whitelaw avenue, Wood River, Illinois. Mr. Olson was formerly watchman at the Wood River works and was in the service 14 years and three months.

N. E. Sage, 823½ West Third street, Davenport, Iowa. Mr. Sage was formerly warehouseman in the Davenport division and was in the service 32 years and eight months.

Albertice H. Stevenson, 110 N. Green avenue, Freeport, Ill., former agent at Freeport station, Joliet division; with company 27 years and three months.

Thomas E. Donahue, 7024 S. Green street, Chicago, former yard man at Englewood station; with company 26 years and seven months.

D. N. Wyatt, 1016 Prospect avenue, St. Joseph, Mo., former tank wagon driver at St. Joseph; with company 20 years and eleven months.

* * *

"What did you realize on that oil stock?"
"That a fool and his money are soon parted."

SECOND PAVLOWA

Peoria, Ill. October 1—We fully expect Miss Verna Thompson, of the Peoria office, some day to have her name in electric lights on Broadway. Miss Thompson has specialized in fancy dancing and has several times entertained the Standard Oil club. She is very popular in Peoria.

QUITS US A BOOSTER

It is the boast of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) that it gives a square deal alike to customer, employee and stockholder, and treats all three with equal courtesy. It is a pleasure, then, to receive such a letter of appreciation as the following one from Russell W. Ballard, who has resigned his position as service station attendant with this company to enter Chicago University:

Mr. H. A. Lewis, manager, Chicago Division, Dear Sir: I am leaving the employ of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), August 30th, and have so advised my supervisor. As a private in the ranks of your organization, may I not say to you that the just and fair treatment meted out to me at all times during my service in your organization has made my relations with the Standard Oil Company most pleasant. And in making my exit I want you to know that my "good will" will not be hid under a bushel. You may count on me as a kind of walking good-will advertisement as it were.

In addressing the service station attendants you have reminded us that in our contact with the public our conduct would do much to determine the public's attitude towards the corporation for which we labored. And likewise an employees' attitude—my own idea of the Standard Oil Company, if you please, has been shaped by the general attitude and demeanor of those of you among the executives whom I have seen and heard, you men who are initiating the policy of the company. And, more particularly, I have been impressed by the absolute justice of my immediate superior, Mr. C. C. Inglefield, in his execution of orders from above, and his tact in interpreting into action the company's policy of fair play. This leadership has encouraged me, as it should any honest man, to render a full measure of service.

These things I am free to say to you now, and come not straight from the shoulder, but straight from the heart. I would have you know my honest sentiments and inasmuch as I am leaving the employ of the company I have no hesitancy in thus expressing myself, knowing that I will not be misunderstood or my motive questioned. Very truly yours, Russell W. Ballard.

ADD IMPROVED METHODS

Joliet, Ill.—O. P. Hall, our brainy Creston agent, has a new method of collecting tough accounts. He drove out in the country recently to collect an account of nine months standing. The justice of peace and the undertaker of his town went along for the ride. Reaching his customer and informing him of his business he was politely informed that payment would not be forthcoming. Mr. Hall replied: "I have the justice of peace and the undertaker along with me and I want that money. Do I get it?" He did.

ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Service, anywhere, anytime—it's part of our religion in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana):

In mid-lake, low over the tossing waters of Lake Michigan, skimmed a seaplane, whose sputtering engine already warned that the gasoline was running low. Without compass—coming from New Orleans they had little notion of the size of Lake Michigan and had not comprehended the need of one, nor had much idea of the amount of gas required to fly from Chicago to Saugatauk—two badly worried aviators scanned the horizon in vain search of land, praying the while for a miraculous shower of gasoline, even as it once rained manna. Water, water everywhere, and not a drop of gas!

Service, anywhere, anytime—out of the horizon loomed a giant lake boat. From its mast floated a pennant:

"Standard Oil!" yelled the airmen. "Well we'll be ——!"—you know the rest. Their comment, we admit, was rather paradoxical since what they really meant was they were saved. From out of the horizon had come a million gallons, more or less, of gasoline!

Service, anywhere, anytime: we quote from the log of Captain J. Lang, of our good tank ship "Renown": "On August 12, noon, on voyage from Whiting to Muskegon, fueled seaplane, New Orleans bound for Saugatauk."

Service, anywhere, anytime.

AS GRIMS(H)AW IT?

Joliet, Ill., Oct. 1—We advise our assistant general managers to familiarize themselves with the appearance and workings of tractors. On a recent Joliet visit, one of said assistant general managers, not to mention any names, saw considerable dust rising in a nearby field. Pointing, he exclaimed: "There's a tractor working in that field!" At close range the assistant general manager's tractor proved to be a good sized porker plowing peacefully along.

* * *

"I understand that your boy Josh is interested in perpetual motion."

"Yes," replied Farmer Hawbuck, "and I'm kinder encouraged about it. I thought for a while that the only thing Josh was interested in was perpetual rest."—*Boston Transcript.*

HERE'S A NEW ONE!

Quincy, Ill.—Miss Laura Beckman, left, and Miss Ethel Doerr, right, were the only "sports" in the crowd of more than seventy people who attended the outing of S. O. employees, Saturday, August 20. They removed the wraps from their lower extremities and waded right into Mill Creek, and when the other girls refused to follow their lead Miss Beckman accused them of having feet like a camel. "Whaddye mean, feet like a camel?" asked the correspondent. "Why," said Laura, "they've been a long time without water."

* * *

In the springtime of youth, oh, the plans that we make,
Thru the hours that are measured in song;
And winding and far are the paths that we take,
For life is long—so long.

In the autumn of age how we anxiously haste
Our tasks without rest or relief,
And never a moment then dare we to waste,
For life is so brief—so brief.—*Exchange.*

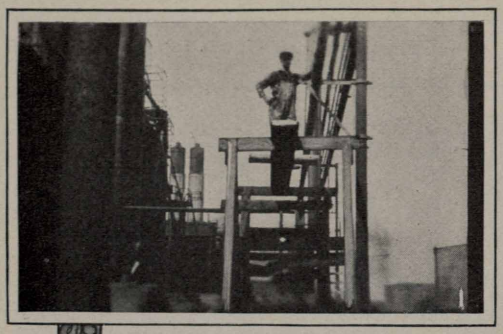
* * *

Landlord—That feller who just swaggered past? That's Lem Badgeley, an' he's a terror to autymobilists, I tell you.

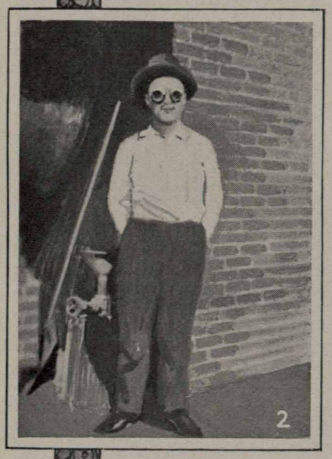
Guest—The village constable, eh?

Landlord—Worse; he's the only auty repair man within ten miles.

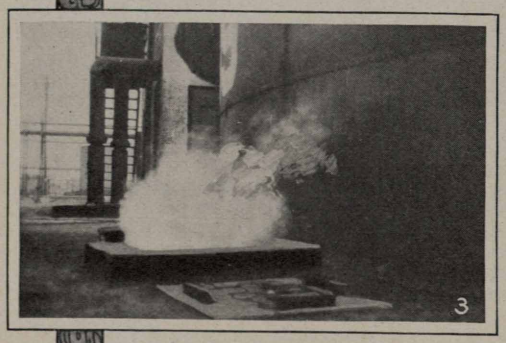
Brought to Light



A safe platform, *if he had wings*, but he has none. The drawback in using such a platform is the fact that most of our workers are not aerial artists.



He quit work with a smile and both eyes still perfect. A pump lost suction while W. E. Roe of the Whiting Refinery was taking a sample of acid from the line. Air in the line blew acid in his face. The goggles he wore saved his eyes. Are you wearing yours?



Oh, why should we have the cover if it is not to be placed over the pit! Any person who pulls a stunt of this kind has little regard for his fellow worker. He leaves a death trap for his fellow man to fall into.

This picture was taken in daylight when it was easy to see the ditch, but the ditch was left open all night in a busy part of the refinery. No temporary hand rail or red light was placed here as a warning to the workmen.

Safety First!

Submitted by

C. W. Smith, *Safety Director, Standard Oil Company (Indiana)*
and
Fred Lau, *Assistant Safety Director, Whiting Works*

SIXTY-FOUR EMPLOYEES OF OUR SALES DEPARTMENT HAVE HAD WRISTS BROKEN SINCE JANUARY 1, 1921

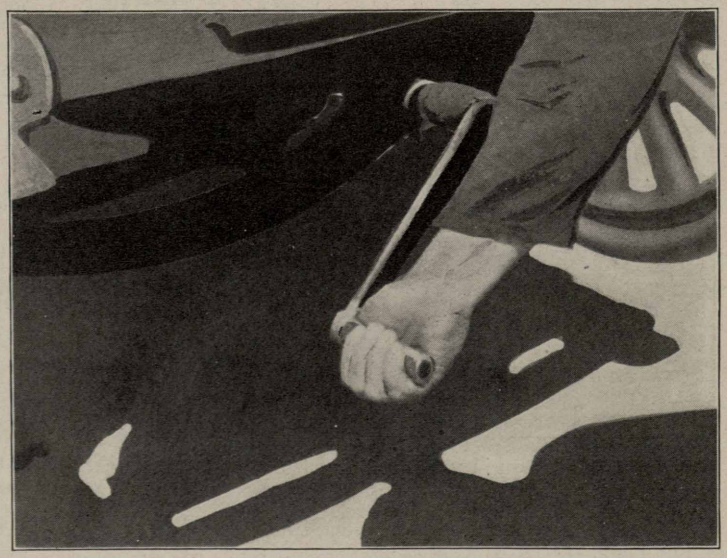
Since January 1, last, sixty-four employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) sales department have had their wrists broken by the "kick back" of automobile cranks. This is an average of eight a month. Had they held the cranks properly these accidents would not have occurred.

Follow these instructions and keep your wrists whole:

1. Before attempting to crank a motor or engine, see that the spark throttle is fully retarded (this does not mean one-third or one-half inch advance), then advance gas throttle from one to one and one-half inch; this opens the butterfly valve in the intake manifold which admits gas vapors into the cylinders.

2. Do not grasp the crank handle in the same manner as you would when holding a bat, but grasp it with the thumb held tightly against the palm of the hand or parallel with the four fingers. Then pull upwards on the crank handle. This would allow the crank to slip out of the hand should the engine kick back, or be timed wrong.

3. Avoid pushing down on the crank handle and especially avoid cranking with violence; by using either of these methods, it is impossible to draw the arm away quickly enough to avoid being struck, should the crank fly back.



Data furnished by
F. C. Singleton,
Safety Director,
Sales Department.

IN OUR GREAT REFINERY OF THE WEST

"Been a wet season in your section, hasn't it?"

"Yep. Hurt my crops, too."

"Will you lose much money?"

"No. I'll break about even by hauling autos out of mud holes."

Office Seeker—Is there anything else in this job you speak of besides the salary?

Political Boss—There's a little work on the side.

Office Seeker—Ah, I knew there was some string to it.

"POOH, POOH, JOLIET!" SAYS KANSAS CITY LOUDLY

Kansas City, October 1.—In the September number of the Stanolind Record, Miss Grace Colgan, center in above photograph, and Miss Catherine Collins, left, saw a statement from Joliet to the effect that the Board of Directors had made a mistake earlier in the year in presenting Miss Colgan with a bouquet which should have gone to another division, presumably Joliet, so they immediately went to work to justify the Board and to prove that our chief executives' judgment was, as usual, right. They also desired to show that there was not only one, but two young ladies in the Kansas City division who could show the other divisions how coupon books should be sold.

Miss Colgan won the coupon book contest, held during the thirty days of September, with 130½ books sold, while Miss Collins was second with 122. This makes Miss Colgan's record for the season 200 books, 54 of which were sold during the 30-day campaign in April, when she was located at Pittsburg, Kan., while 16 were sold outside of any campaign. She believes in Selling The Full Line not only during campaigns, but all the time.

Our contest was waged between the girls, called the Amazons, and the men, called the Cossacks. We disposed of 785, $10 coupon books, which, so far as I have record, is the largest sale put out by any office force, and which is a record the entire Kansas City field is proud of. Mr. George Walker captained the men's team, while Mr. G. Y. Shuck led the Amazons. T. Moseby and Tom Evans were high among the men. In the above, left to right: Miss Collins, Mr. Shuck, Miss Colgan, Mr. Walker, Mr. Evans, Mr. Moseby.—H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager, Kansas City division.*

* * *

Harlequin—"Artists say that five feet four inches is the divine height for women, sweetest."

Columbine—"Oh, but I'm five feet six inches."

Harlequin (quickly)—"Oh, but you're more than divine!"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

* * *

She (pensively)—"Before we married you declared you loved me at first sight!"

The Brute—"Well, I wish I'd been gifted with second!"—*London Mail.*

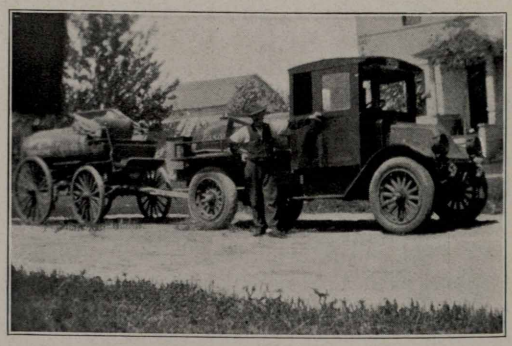
GIVING ALBERT LEA A TREAT FOR SORE OPTICS

Mankato, Minn.—This float was conspicuous for its artistic elegance in the industrial parade at Albert Lea, Minn., on the Fourth of July. Albert Lea, the metropolis of Freeborn county, is an "A" station of the Mankato division where real Standard Oil Service is rendered 365 days in the year. Those depicted here are, left to right: H. B. Ray, salesman; F. A. Sackett, district superintendent; F. M. Luff, agent; A. H. Dennis, truck salesman. Close inspection will reveal M. H. Chesbrough, assistant manager, seated upon the lawn of S. S. 64, supervising the picture taking process.

HOPE

Huron, S. D., folks say they have "great hopes for these two young people." They are Lorraine Oaks and Chauncey Smith, canoeing on the beautiful Jim river. Both are employed in the Huron office.

INCREASED CAPACITY



Fargo, N. D.—Herewith snapshot showing our agent at LeMoure beside his truck; also showing the method by which a good many of our agents in North Dakota are increasing their hauling capacity.

HENRY'S AFRAID HE LOST A CUSTOMER

The following, concerning Henry Herder, Service Station attendant at Sibley, Iowa, Sioux City Division, and formerly of the 88th Division, A. E. F., appeared in the Osceola County Tribune:

Henry Den Herder, who conducts the Standard Oil service station, is a good collector.

A man driving a Hudson car came to the station Saturday evening and got $2.48 worth of gas. He presented a check for $68 in payment. Henry would not take the check and told him so.

"You'll go to h——l for your money then," said the driver of the car as he jumped in and started off.

Henry took one shot from his revolver at the hind wheel and ripped the tire and stopped the machine.

The driver went up street and returned with the change and a vigorous flow of language. Henry stopped the current by reminding him that he still had the gun.

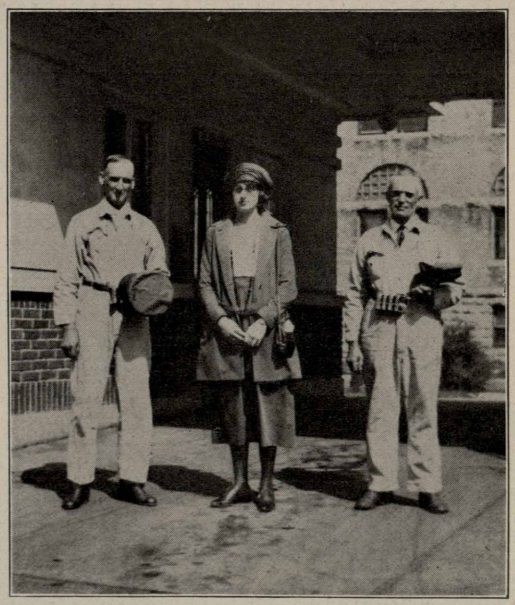
Henry has permission to keep a gun on the premises. He says he thinks his irate patron was from Worthington. Also he avers as how he's "afraid he lost a customer."

* * *

Q.—What is the difference between a sewing machine and a kiss?

A.—One sews seams nice and the others seems so nice.

LADY "INSPECTOR"



Grand Rapids, Mich.— Miss Ruth Solomon, stenographer at Grand Rapids office, while visiting friends in Oshkosh, Wis., inspected our service stations there, and also the attendants, we judge from the picture. But she found 'em all married. Girls, wouldn't that "Osh Gosh" you? It did Ruth!

* * *

Rastus—Say, Sambo, what time is it?

Sambo—Why fo' you ask, niggah; yo' all aint takin' no medicine, is yo'?

THE GIRLS NEEDED NO ROUGE AFTER THIS

Standard Oil office employees at Quincy, Ill., enjoyed a glorious outing Saturday afternoon, August 20, at "Twin Oak Cottage," about nine miles southeast of the city. William Awerkamp, head of the equipment department, tendered the use of the cottage and playgrounds. The picnic was an event which will be long remembered by every employee who attended. In eighteen autos and two trucks the jolly assemblage, numbering about seventy-five, started forth upon a jaunt which was thoroughly enjoyable. There was horseshoe pitching, baseball, card games, bathing and hiking. Carl Slack was in general charge assisted by the following committees: Luncheon, Miss F. Blanche Perry, Miss Helen Hall and Miss Alma Bradshaw; refreshments, Miss Laura Beckman and Miss Janie Donald; drayage, Arthur Hoar, Otto Freiburg and John O'Donnell, and entertainment, Miss Ethel Doerr and Miss Jamie Cason.

"T. J." APPRECIATED

Thomas J. Thompson, manager of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, recently dropped over to Grand Rapids for a brief visit to the scene of his early struggles, defeats and triumphs. While here he handed in his resignation as a director of the local Maccabee lodge. His fraters stole a march on him and treated him to a banquet which will long be remembered for the fraternal spirit it developed and the cordial good feeling it created. Mr. Thompson has been a member of the order about a quarter of a century and improved the occasion to say a few words on fraternalism in general and Maccabeeism in particular, which warmed the hearts of everyone present. No better example of fraternalism and brotherly love is exemplified anywhere than in the remarkable career of Mr. Thompson, who slowly but gradually rose from the ranks of the lowly to the seats of the mighty without in any way impairing his love for his fellow men or his respect for the man lower down in the social scale. His associates of nearly forty years ago mean as much to him now as they ever did, which is not true of many men who ascend by their own exertions from the mediocrity of the commonplace to the highest office within the gift of their employer. Mr. Thompson is the same plain spoken and simple minded man he was when he drew the lines over a span of draft horses back in 1883 and therein lies the charm of the man and the secret of his most remarkable success.—*Michigan Tradesman.*

* * *

"Is the world getting better or worse."

"Opinions differ as to that," said the old-fashioned person, "but when grandmother was a girl a dimple in the feminine knee was regarded as a private matter."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

* * *

"Do you know what the Order of the Bath is?" the teacher asked Mickey.

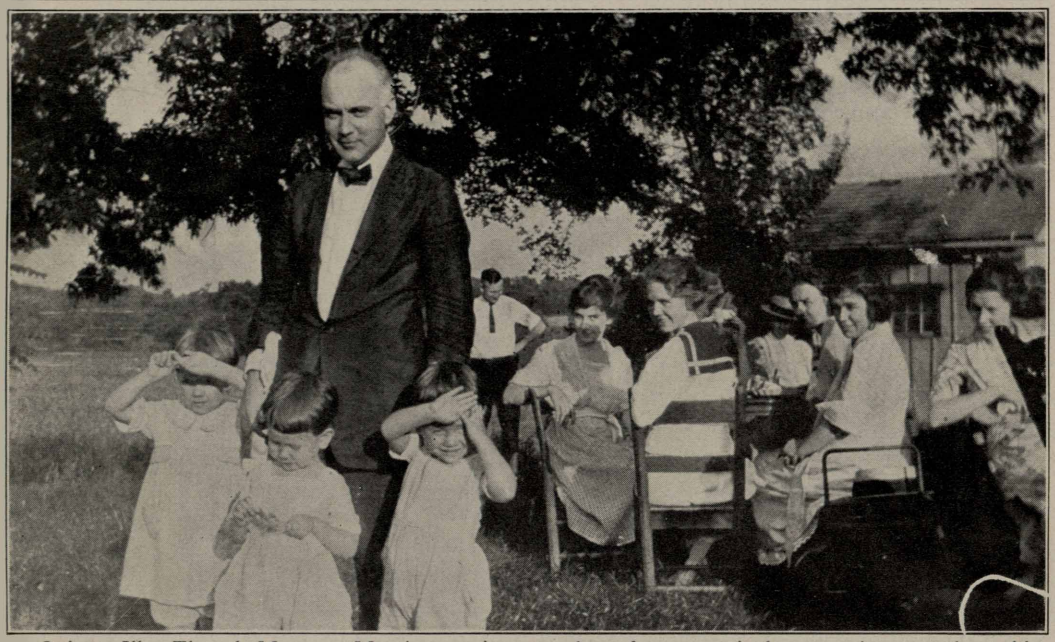
"Sure, ma'am," replied the boy. "In our house it's Katy, then me brudder, then me."

* * *

An Iowa woman named her twin daughters Gasoline and Kerosene.—*Exchange.*

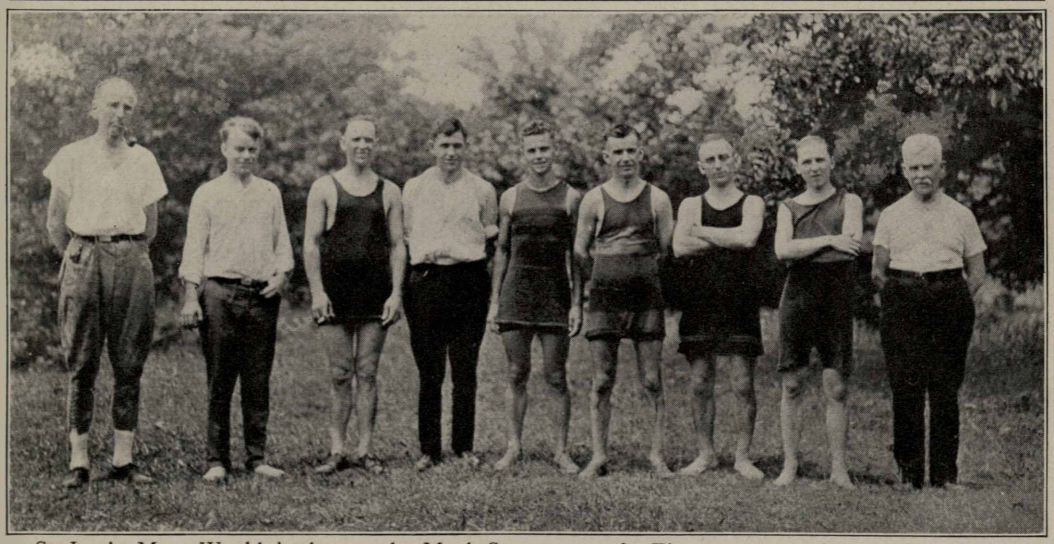
We hope the babies will grow up a parafine girls. —*Boston Herald.*

HE SURE LOOKS LIKE A COMPETENT NURSEMAID



Quincy, Ill.—Though Manager Martin wasn't a member of any particular committee we kept him pretty busy at the picnic. Here we have him under the guardianship of Betty Ann Sturhahn daughter of Mr. Lawrence Sturhahn, chief clerk, and Donald and Ronald Bell, twin sons of Lee Bell of the stock department. The twins, by the way, kept the party entertained all afternoon with their artful antics.

SOME BATHING AND OTHER BEAUTIES, ST. LOUIS



St. Louis, Mo.—Wouldn't these make Mack Sennett weep? They are some of the boys of the stock department on their semi-annual outing on the Meramec. The department head took the picture so his phiz is missing. However, "Cots" was very much THERE.

S. O. A. A. HAS $1,059 AFTER SPENDING $2,723

Annual Report of Treasurer of Whiting Standard Oil Company Athletic Association Shows Organization Is Conducted on Good Business Principles—Officers Elected for the Ensuing Year

Closing a most successful year, in which $2,723.19 was expended in promoting various kinds of sport, the Whiting Standard Oil Company Athletic Association has a balance of $1,059.63, according to the annual financial report submitted at a recent meeting by G. A. Winslow, treasurer.

At the same meeting D. J. Paskwietz was elected president for the ensuing year, succeeding C. G. Groat. Like Groat, Paskwietz is a live wire and under his administration another highly successful year is in prospect. The new president is one of those who has worked hardest to make the association the great success it is.

Officers for the coming year are D. J. Paskwietz, president; C. C. Craswell, first vice-president; Charles Miller, second vice-president; D. M. Brenner, secretary; George Winslow, treasurer.

These officers and the following elected representatives will constitute the executive committee: Ignatius Gazda, Division 1; Sam Sharkey, Division 2; Bernard Adley, Division 3; William Stahl, Division 4; Stanley Nicholson, Division 5; Ted James, Division 6; A. Bell, Division 7; James Griffith, Division 8; Russell Wilkinson, Division 9; George Wilt, Division 10; Ralph White, Division 11; Mike McGowan, Division 12.

The annual financial report follows:

General Fund

Balance on hand Oct. 1, 1920	$ 176.83
Received from membership drive	270.22
Total	$ 447.05
Disbursements	281.12
Balance Sept. 30, 1921	$ 165.93

Baseball Fund

Balance Oct. 1, 1920	$ 29.91
Receipts, membership drive	400.00
Receipts, Standard Oil Company	300.00
Total	$ 729.91
Disbursements	730.39
Overdraft	$ .48

Football Fund

Balance, Oct. 1, 1920	$ 150.00
Receipts, membership drive	200.00
Total	$ 350.00
Disbursements	162.41
Balance Sept. 30, 1921	$ 187.59

Bowling Fund

Receipts, membership drive	$ 250.00
Disbursements	250.00

Field Day Fund

Balance Oct. 1, 1920	$ 35.92
Receipts, membership drive	300.00
Receipts, concessions and dancing	995.53
Total	1,331.45
Disbursed	800.01
Total Sept. 30, 1921	$ 531.44

Tennis Fund

Balance Oct. 1, 1920	$ 25.00
Receipts, membership drive	50.00
Total	$ 75.00
Disbursed	5.16
Balance Sept. 30, 1921	$ 69.84

Basket Ball Fund

Balance Oct. 1, 1920	$ 100.00
Receipts, membership drive	150.00
Total	$ 250.00
Disbursed	249.50
Balance Sept. 30, 1921	$ .50

Christmas Fund

Received from subscription	$ 285.29
Disbursed	244.60
Balance Sept. 30, 1921	$ 40.69
Total receipts in all funds	$3,718.70
Total disbursements	2,723.19
	995.51
Outstanding Vouchers Nos. 98, 111, 116, 120, 121, 122, totaling	64.12
Cash balance in bank Sept. 30, 1921	$1,059.63

* * *

"And when I kissed her I smelled tobacco."
"You object to a woman who smokes?"
"No, but she doesn't smoke."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

* * *

Wife—"Did you notice the chinchilla coat on the woman sitting in front of us this morning?"

Husband—"Er—no. Afraid I was dozing most of the time."

Wife—"Um. A lot of good the service did you."
—*Chicago Tribune.*

USE ONLY S. O. PRODUCTS IN LEGION AIR CIRCUS

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 1.—The Flying Club of Kansas City, which is sponsoring the great air circus to be held in Kansas City during the National American Legion Convention, October 31 through November 2, has voted to use Standard Oil products exclusively. There's nothing strange in this announcement; when human lives are at stake why shouldn't they use the best?

REQUIESCANT IN PACE

Sound the slow music; the Whiting Ghosts are laid at last. If only they had read Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" and learned how to live to be 300 and still retain one's faculties, it might never have happened, but as it was:

The Whiting Business Men, not having much respect for our ancients, otherwise known as the Ghosts and all on our payroll as 20-year men, turned on our prides of other days and walloped 'em 5 to 3. In vain did Billy Stenhouse lacerate the abdominal cuticle with whirlwind slides into second and third; in vain did Heine Ehlers wallop the pill for a home run, since he had to stop at third to recover; in vain did Billy Walker cut weird capers in the outfield and Frank Long interpose his arms, shins and face in the way of hot smashes which came through short; in vain did John Kender use his nose for a plow in center field—they never come back, that's all. Other stars, beside those already mentioned, were: Moffett, Charles Straus, Charles Hendrickson, Al. Bumhour. If someone will donate crutches, it is planned to make the game an annual affair.

* * *

"Has Bobbie been eating between meals?"

"Bobbie has no between meals."—*Life.*

* * *

Little Mary came into the house bedraggled and weeping.

"My goodness," cried her mother; "what a sight you are. How did it happen?"

"I am sorry, mama, but I fell into a mud-puddle."

"What! with your best new dress on?"

"Y-y-yes, I didn't have time to change it."—*Central Wesleyan Star.*

MR. S. A. BEACH

Stowell A. Beach, whose photograph appears on the outside cover of this magazine, entered the employ of this company as a common laborer at Whiting in 1895, and by hard work, study, and loyal attention to his duties, has worked his way up through the ranks until he is today superintendent of the Wood River refinery.

From common laborer he was promoted to fireman on the stills, then helper, and stillman. Up until 1908 he was employed in various capacities in the process of refining, in that year being transferred from the Whiting refinery to Wood River as assistant superintendent of the latter plant. In January, 1917, he was appointed superintendent to succeed Mr. A. K. Whitelaw.

Mr. Beach has taken an active part in the development of the village of Wood River. He was the first mayor of that village and held the position for eight years.

Like the other members of the executive staff at the Wood River refinery he is a believer in Industrial Relations and is active in promoting the Industrial Relations Plan of this company.

* * *

A red-headed boy applied for a job in a butcher shop. "How much will you give me?"

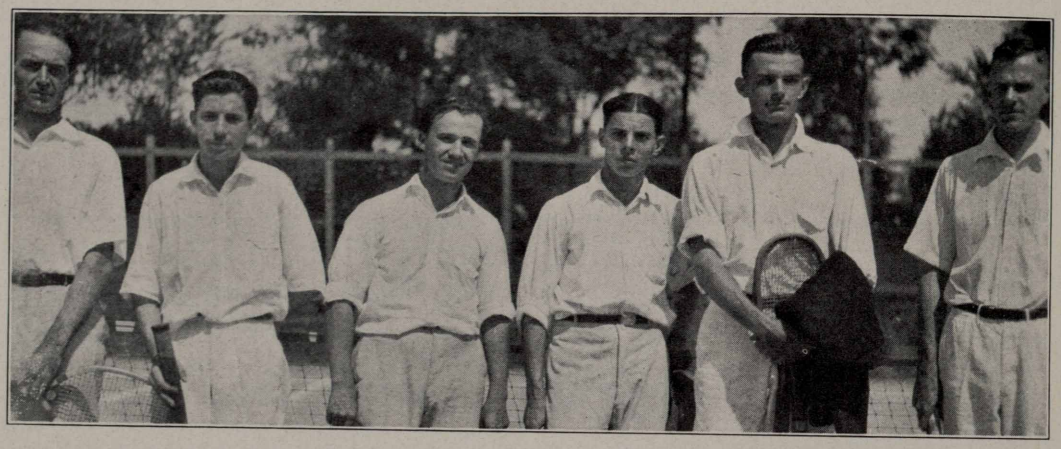
"Three dollars a week; but what can you do to make yourself useful around a butcher shop?"

"Anything."

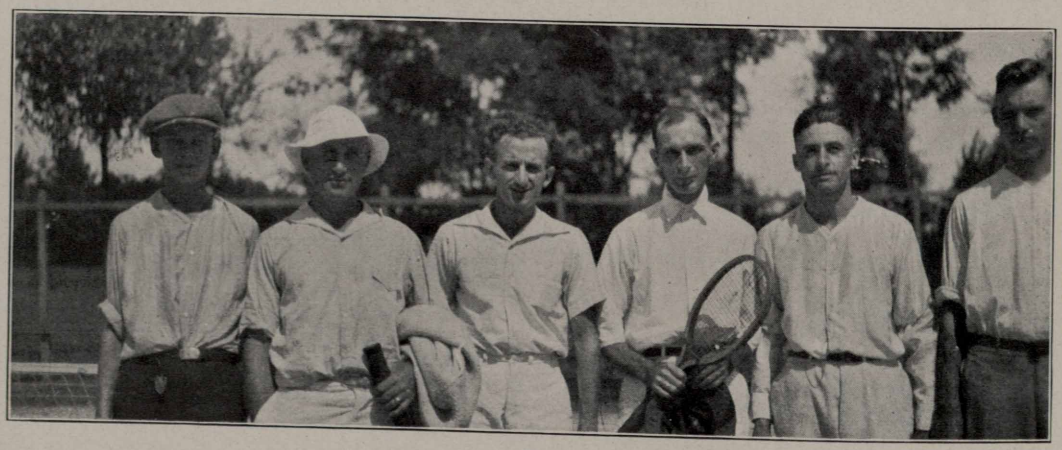
"Well, be specific. Can you dress a chicken?"

"Not on three dollars a week," said the boy.—*O. E. R. Bulletin.*

AHA, WHITING! YOU ARE DISCOVERED!



When the Whiting tennis stars last year defeated the Chicago office the Stanolind Record was informed instanter. This year the Chicago office team walloped the Whitingites, 5 to 4, and our Whiting correspondents were suddenly struck dumb, or something, for though the match occurred on Labor day no news of it has yet been received from Whiting—and, by the way, what the mischief happened to the Whiting baseball team this summer? But to return to tennis, we herewith print results of the Chicago-Whiting match: J. D. Rohner, Chicago, beat J. R. Wright, Whiting, 12-10, 10-8; L. R. Sowers, Whiting, beat W. Bassett, Chicago, 4-6, 6-2, 6-4; N. E. Kundrat, Chicago, beat C. E. Miller, Whiting, 6-2, 6-3; S. J. Barrett, Chicago, beat P. L. Crowe, Whiting, 6-1, 6-0; D. M. Brenner, Whiting, beat L. M. Beamer, Chicago, 6-0, 6-1; H. Exton, Whiting, beat B. Ruff, Chicago, 6-3, 9-7; Rohner and Bassett, Chicago, beat Wright and Miller, Whiting, 6-3, 1-6, 6-4; Kundrat and Barrett, Chicago, beat Sowers and Brenner, Whiting, 6-2, 6-3; Exten and Crowe, Whiting, beat Ruff and Beamer, Chicago, 6-3, 6-4. In the above photo are members of Chicago team, left to right: Walter Bassett, J. D. Rohner, N. E. Kundrat, B. Ruff, S. J. Barrett, L. M. Beamer. Below, the Whiting team: L. R. Sowers, H. Exton, D. M. Brenner, J. R. Wright, E. E. Miller, P. L. Crowe.



Indiana State Library

R. H. McELROY NEW PRESIDENT OF GOLF ASSOCIATION

F. H. Bosworth and E. J. Bullock, Vice Presidents, M. H. Seegers Is Treasurer While Bruce Smeed Remains as Secretary—M. T. Lundquist Wins the Big Cup at Tournament Held at Olympia Club, September 20

Following the grand tournament held September 20 on Olympia fields, in which M. T. Lundquist won the Standard Oil cup of the Stanolind Golf Association, officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President—R. H. McElroy.

Vice-Presidents—F. H. Bosworth and E. J. Bullock.

Treasurer—M. H. Seegers.

Secretary—Bruce Smeed.

It was decided that the next tournament will be held Tuesday, June 20, 1922. An announcement by Secretary Smeed says "handicaps for the next tournament will be based on the last 18 holes played and 90."

There was no dawn on September 20, only rain, and it took some nerve to crawl out of bed at 5 o'clock in the morning to start for Olympia fields, forty miles away, but the 120 fellows who made the trip were rewarded by one of the prettiest autumn afternoons imaginable. The rain had not slowed up the course to any extent and there was no water except in that hazard which soon came to be known as "that darned creek," wherein were drowned the hopes of many of our best hopers.

Of the 120 who sat down to the chicken dinner, 111 turned in score cards.

There were several guests present, among them Mr. S. W. Coons, president, Standard Oil Company (Kentucky); Mr. J. C. Steidle, secretary-treasurer of that company, and Mr. McGoodwin and Mr. Middleton, assistant treasurer and attorney, respectively; Mr. P. S. Graver and Mr. J. P. Graver, of the Graver Tank Works. Mr. Middleton astonished the natives with his puts, dropping them in from ten, twenty or thirty feet.

Winners of prizes and prizes won were:

Low net, 27 holes, M. T. Lundquist; S. O. Cup.

Low gross, 8 holes, Tommy Thompson; traveling bag.

Low net, A class, A. S. Murison; umbrella.

Low net, B. class, J. Ely; shoes.

Low net, C. class, G. M. Watts; shoes.

Odd holes, F. H. Doten; thermos bottle.

Even holes, C. E. Miller; coat.

Three short holes, J. Clay Lee; shirt.

Three long holes, W. S. Burrett; auto tire. W. Haldie tied Burrett but lost the toss and tire.

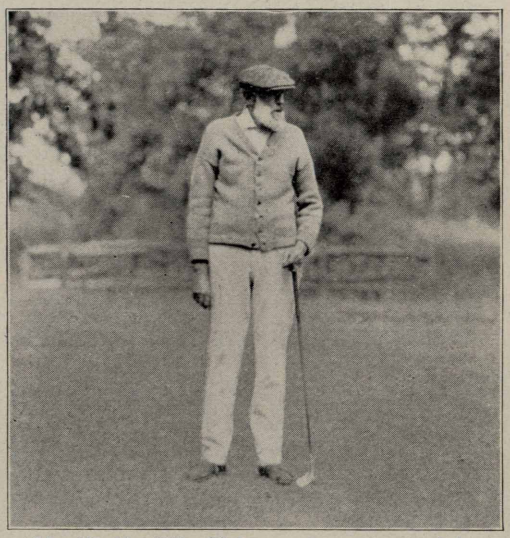
Best nine holes, H. J. Tobin; ball marker.

Low gross, visitors, C. G. Middleton; pen.

Low net, visitors, George E. Haskins; tidy set.

* * *

DADDY OF 'EM ALL



Mr. W. H. ("Pop") Leonard, now retired, bears the title of Father of the Stanolind Golf Association.

WE'LL TELL THE WORLD

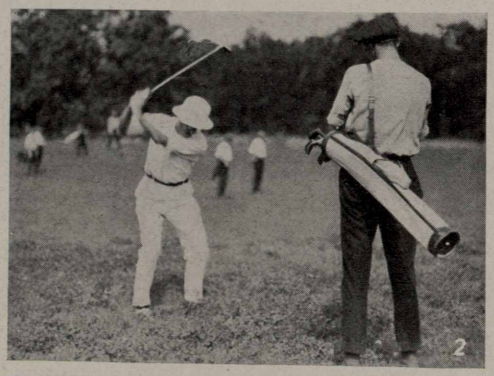
Too many of us are engaged in telling the world instead of listening to it and acquiring valuable information.

* * *

"If you want to be really popular with men," says Mr. Arthur Pendenys, "become a widow." This, of course, may be all right, but few husbands can really learn to love a wife who makes a practice of this sort of thing.—*Punch* (*London*).

Golf as She is Played by Our Folks

No. 1—Mr. E. J. Bullock, Director of Purchases, Standard Oil Company (Indiana), got himself in this fix by dubbing two. Though they do say he's a good buyer, he couldn't buy off our photog.



No. 2—Mr. Charles Fitzgerald of Carlinville swings a mean mashie.

No. 3.—Messrs. Yale, Doton, Ely and Murison. The Prize Winning Foursome, alias The Crooked Foursome. For grace, beauty and cleverness (with the pencil) these boys are THERE.

We Now Admit Mr. Seubert can Play Golf

No. 1.—We sent our photographer to the tournament with instructions to trail Mr. E. G. Seubert till he could snap him in a position compromising to his reputation as a golfer, but our canny secretary-treasurer refused to hit into a bunker or otherwise dub a shot all day, so we had to take him in this complacent pose. Left to right: Bruce Smeed, secretary Stanolind Golf Association and alleged checker shark; Mr. McGoodwin, assistant treasurer of Standard Oil Company (Kentucky), a guest; Mr. E. G. Seubert; Mr. C. Middleton, attorney for S. O. of Kentucky, also a guest.

No. 2—Dr. G. Cash, new superintendent of Whiting works, dubbed a few. Having some knowledge of photography he defied our photog, Mr. L. M. Beamer, to get a picture in the shade of this tall timber—but listen, Dr. Cash, the Stanolind Record photographers are real photographers.

No. 3—Whiting luminaries, left to right: Dr. G. Cash, superintendent; Dr. R. E. Humphreys, manager; Mr. W. N. Bercaw, assistant director of Industrial Relations (wonder where he got that haircut?); Mr. Harry F. Glair, newly appointed assistant superintendent of Whiting works.

WHAT DROUGHT DID TO CORN IN SOUTH DAKOTA

"As far as Highmore, sixty miles west of Huron," writes Manager Dodsley of the Huron division in a report on his recent trip over the Huron territory, "we found crops very fair, but from there on to the Wyoming border, crops were entirely dried up, as they have had no rain for over a year. The people are hopefully looking forward to the next season, however, as a few good rains this fall and winter will assure a good crop next year and also pasturage for the herds."

SERVICE STATION FIGHTERS OF FT. WAYNE

South Bend, Ind., Oct. 1.—It seems at Ft. Wayne we have two groups of service station men, one known as the "Fighters," the other as the "Scrappers." In the above we have the "Fighters," left to right: William Henry Barter, Charles J. Elett, Frank H. Clear, James H. Wright, Alvin J. Furnoy, Virgil A. Ballinger, William A. Grage. Seated: August C. Klenke. Later we'll send you a picture of the "Scrappers."

RAPS EMPLOYER WHO FORGETS AND WORKER WHO STALLS

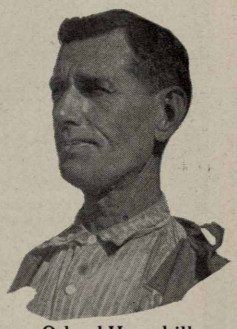
Orland Hemphill, Wood River Employees' Representative, Tells Conference Both Employer and Employed Are to Blame for Present Depression, and Tells What Each Can Do to Relieve Burden of the Other

The following is an excerpt from the address Orland Hemphill, Wood River employees' representative, delivered at the banquet incident to the Third Annual Joint Conference under the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Industrial Relations Plan.—EDITOR.

"The crack of the whip and the sound of the pistol have been far too prevalent in modern American industry. This crack of the whip and the sound of the pistol have developed in some industries a parallel to the caged beasts that nightly go through the exhibitions at the circus. The snarl and hiss of the beast are transformed into the strikes and lockouts which have filled columns of American newspapers, and have also at a later time been transformed among human beings into much talk of bolshevism, I. W. W.-ism, and other radical world-wide 'isms, which, to any right thinking individual, are as impossible of fulfillment as is the expectation that the sun will rise in the east at midnight.

"Strange as it may seem the heads of many industries have failed to see the problems and interests of the average working man, while the working man on the other hand has failed to understand that the management too has weighty problems, anxieties, and obligations, and especially so in this troublesome period of unemployment and readjustment. In consequence of this shortsightedness antagonism has resulted and flourished. Ignorance, the fault of not placing the cards on the table, has developed, and in consequence, when normal times arrive again, I am afraid the prediction that the old time strife will return will hold true.

"Shortsightedness in these industrial movements may be garnered from every quarter of the United States. In many plants the process of exterminating Industrial Relations work has gone on, until today those plants stand as devoid of mutual interest and human association on local plant problems as the lion's cage in the circus tent is without question devoid of a mutual interest between animal and trainer.



Orland Hemphill

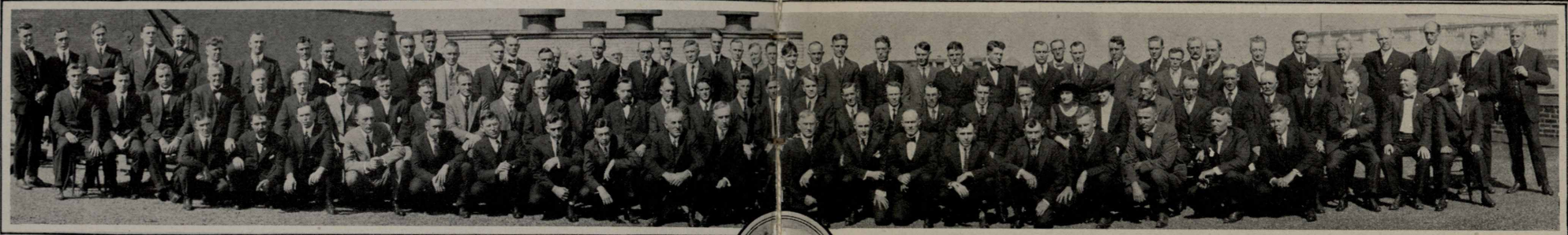
"With reference to this shortsightedness: Entire industrial relations departments have been cast aside; factory magazines have been discontinued; factory hospitals closed, and a number of other activities, created for the safety and contentment of employees, dispensed with altogether. All of this has resulted in hard feeling, secretly nursed by employees.

"One president of an automobile company in Detroit has sensed this condition and has treated it with rare wisdom. In a number of statements he has explained the sales and banking situation so thoroughly to his workers that they understand his view-point in making retrenchments. He has explained that the omission of certain things this year means that they will be added to the future developments a year hence. A weekly letter is being sent to employees who have been laid off to let them know that the company still has them in mind. The letter lays the company's cards on the table. For the most part the workers appreciate these efforts, which have to a considerable extent forestalled resentment which might crop out with bad effects later on when normal times arrive.

"Contrast this with the action of another automobile manufacturer in another middle-west city. In order to open a closed factory he underbid all competitors on a big order. To fulfill this low bid he offered jobs at so low a figure that it was manifestly insufficient to support a family decently. Even at this low figure thousands of men applied for jobs although only a few hun-

(*Continued on page 34*)

THIRD STANDARD OIL INDUSTRIAL CONGRESS *at* CHICAGO



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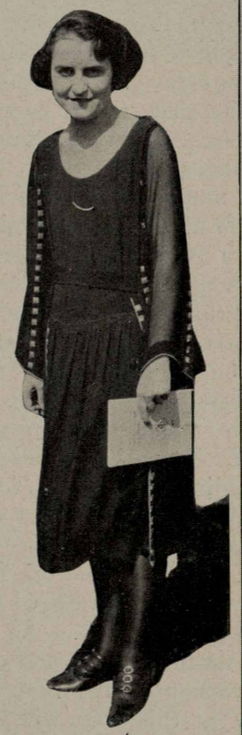

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No. 1. On the roof of the Hotel LaSalle.

No. 2. "You can't eat without a ticket!" Miss Mary McKenzie, secretary to Mr. Curry and "business manager" of the conference, was kept very busy dispensing information and banquet cards.

No. 3. The banquet. If Colonel Stewart knew what a feed he missed he wouldn't only be regretful; he'd just naturally be melancholy.

No. 4. Miss Mildred Anderson, 6th floor, home office, was delegated to take a stenographic account of the conference proceedings. Mildred was not only one of the bright spots of the convention, but was, we suspect, the innocent cause of much eloquence displayed by certain representatives—especially one from Casper. She also did an excellent job of reporting and we know we voice the sentiment of all the representatives when we say to Mr. Seubert: "Please let's have her back next year."

(*Continued from page 31*)

dred could be employed. The few hundred who were hired, in order to keep their jobs, showed signs of great activity. 'They rush around at work as though they were on roller skates,' boasted an executive of the company.

"The attitude of those workers, though apparently industrious, is highly resentful. They believe they have been greatly imposed upon, and are keeping the jobs merely to bring something into their family treasury until business improves. They believe that during hard times their welfare is regarded as the least important thing of all, while in fair weather they have been given to believe that their welfare was the very thing about which the company was solicitous.

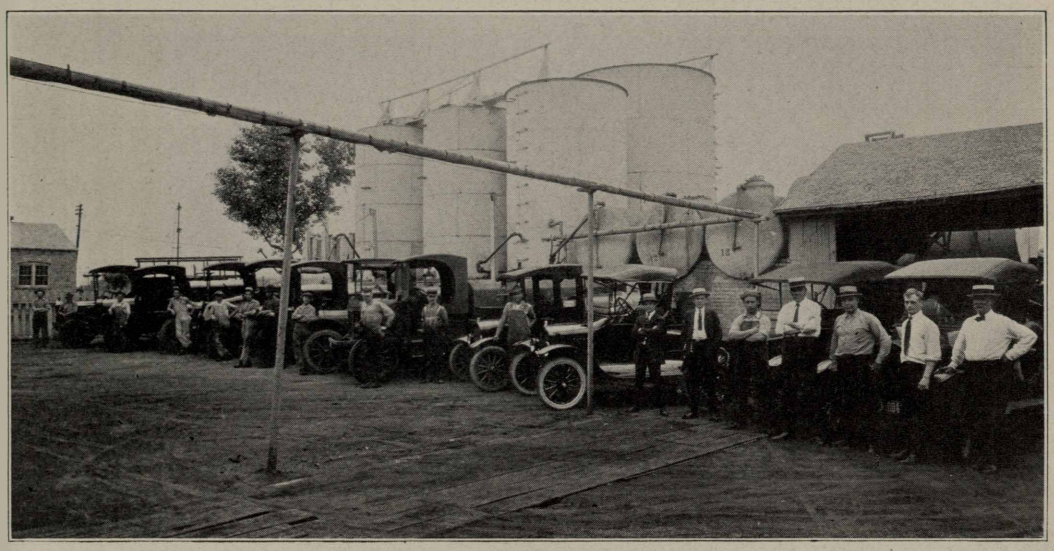
"Today there is another side of the story also. From the wreckage of war and in the consequent wake that followed, there is too much common talk about the revival of industry and readjustment. The facts of the case are, if every employee, every foreman, every department head, and every manager settled down to the job in hand and made up his own individual mind to forget about the pessimism that has spread down over the world like an April fog, and made a quick decision to put forth the very best that was in him he would soon see the wheels of American industry moving again. Without this spirit that animated the world in days previous to the war, there is little if any hope for the revival for which we seek. Mere talk, mere words, never accomplished results. Talk plus action, an awakening on the part of every individual in the universe to his responsibilities of a real honest day's work for an honest day's pay, would soon dispel the apparent darkness all around us. To lift the world-wide fog, we must, each and every one, give full expression to the best that is in us, and only in this way will order come out of chaos.

"Industrial Relations in the first and last analysis must always mean a sympathetic understanding of the problems of both labor and management. Without this due regard for the interests, problems, and difficulties of the other side, no foundation for a permanent and workable compact will be found. Plant representatives should in all cases have such a broad vision that the right conclusions relative to local decisions will be made. It is not enough to reach out hastily and on the spur of the moment to render judgment about the various topics that are put onto the council table. Clear, deliberate methods of procedure and well informed opinions must be the deciding factors in order to make real progress. And, lastly, and undoubtedly the most important of all, the problems and verdicts of all decisions must be constructive instead of destructive in character. If every representative will realize that he is representing the entire company instead of some small part of it and then produce, as his contribution, definite, progressive judgments, Industrial Relations among any body of men will live for the highest and noblest purposes.

"Fellow employees from Whiting, Sugar Creek, Casper, and Wood River: My plea my argument, before you tonight is not one of denunciation of either management or labor. I believe both have been on the right side as well as on the wrong side of the ledger at times. I believe that the feet of both must be put under the same table, and that questions of mutual interest will have to be decided by such strong representative bodies as we men represent here tonight. There is no doubt in my mind that the men who represent the management side of our great company are working just as hard and have just as many, and undoubtedly more problems to solve, than we who represent the labor division in our refineries. I am for the two divisions in industry, and I feel that the one employee who is competent to pilot the ship and sell the goods is in the right place just as the employee who is competent to run a still is also absolutely in the right location.

"Tonight, gentlemen, I am glad to stand here and in unmistakable terms give utterance to the fact that in the oil and gasoline that the Standard Oil Company of Indiana produces there is complete harmony. Regardless of what other firms may do, I am glad to state that more of the simplicity, more of the mutual interest, and more of the mutual understanding exists between us as employed and employer than ever

OUR HUSTLERS AT ILLINOIS STATE CAPITOL



Here are the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employees and equipment at Springfield, Ill., Peoria division. At extreme right is Agent Wm. Webb.

existed before. To gather representatives from four of the greatest refineries in the world into such a convention as this, and to know that each and every representative is the industrial spokesman for many fellow employees, is a mighty and wonderful tribute to the vision and squareness of the Standard Oil organization. To look back and see what has been accomplished as real, practical, outstanding results of this mutual relation between men interested in each other's common betterment, you need only point to the two short years that have lapsed into history. There in the pages written in the minutes of our meetings you will find an excellent testimonial to the work and practical results of our two years' service. I believe that every representative will agree with me that ours has been a great success. And I also believe that each and every one of you will agree that if other concerns were to build their Industrial Relations as strongly as we have, mutual understanding and human accord would supplant in American industry both the lion's snarl and the crack of the whip and the sound of the pistol."

PATENT MEDICINE

"Generally run down, sir?" queried the druggist; "slightly seedy and want a good toning up?"

The pale-faced customer nodded.

"Well, I've the very thing for you—Jenkins's Juvenator. Three doses a day and more if necessary. Fifty a bottle."

"No, thanks," said the pale patient.

"But, my dear sir, it's the rage of the day. Jenkins's Juvenator is the greatest discovery of modern medicine. It's the rage of the season. Everyone is—rejuvenating, you might say."

"Yes, but I think I'd rather try something else," replied the customer.

"Nonsense," pressed the chemist. "I tell you Jenkins's Juvenator will have more effect on you in a single day than any other medicine could have in a month. It cures everything from coughs to corns. What is your objection to it?"

"Why, nothing, only I'm Jenkins."

* * *

When a woman sees a man wilt his collar discussing her clothes she just laughs up where her sleeve used to be.—*Ann Arbor Times News.*

* * *

"I'm sorry to have to do this," said little Johnny, as he spread the jam on the baby's face, "but I can't have suspicion pointing its finger at me."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

* * *

"Do you share your husband's sorrows?"

"Yes, he blames me for everything."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Beautiful Service Stations, Peoria Field.

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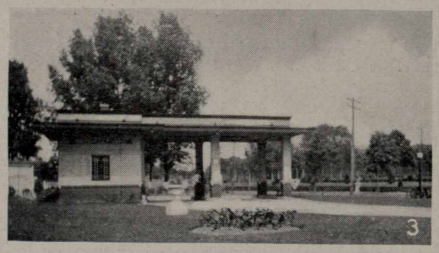

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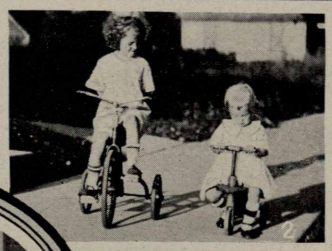
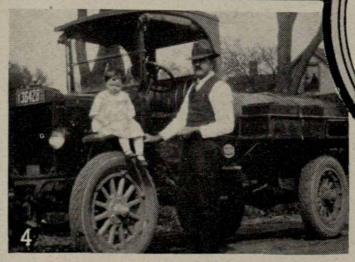
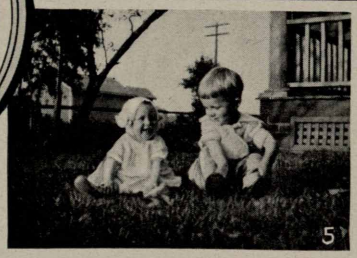
Service station attendants in the Peoria field are to be highly complimented on the manner in which they have beautified their stations. No. 1, SS 137, Peoria; No. 2, SS 89, Peoria—note beautiful shrubbery and rosebushes in bloom; No. 3, SS 132, Peoria. City Park Board has several times complimented S. O. Company on perfectly kept lawn and beautiful trees and shrubbery at this station; No. 4, SS 127, Lincoln, Ill., Peoria field, whose attendant, Mr. G. T. Downey challenged entire Indiana field to show a cleaner station.

Kiddies Who Brighten Peoria Field Homes







No. 1, W. R. Battin, Jr., and Miss Joyce Battin, wondering why Dad doesn't empty their basket; No. 2, Joyce Battin and neighbor girl; No. 3, Dale Swanston, 2-year old son of R. H. Swanston, agent at Oneida; No. 4, S. W. Ommert, truck driver at Bushnell, and little daughter; No. 5, son and daughter of L. J. McDermott, agent at Princeville; No. 6, L. F. Hunt's son; No. 7, four children of L. F. Hunt, construction man.

Five of Six Teams in Sugar Creek League

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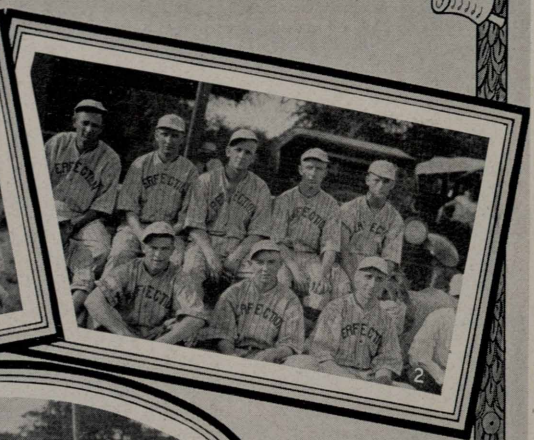

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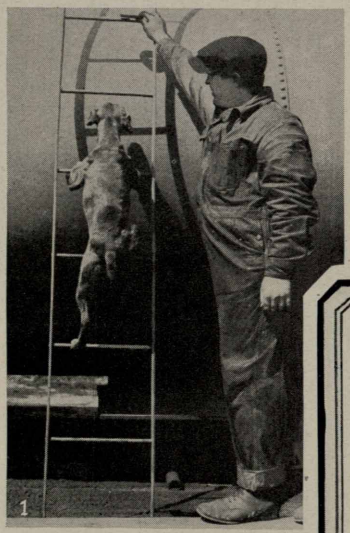
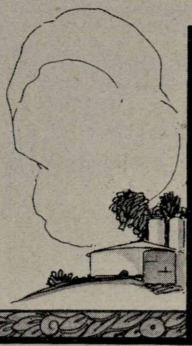
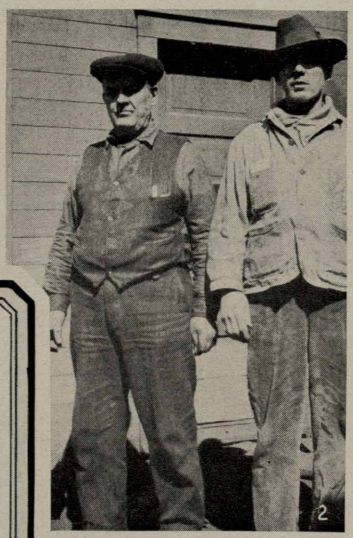
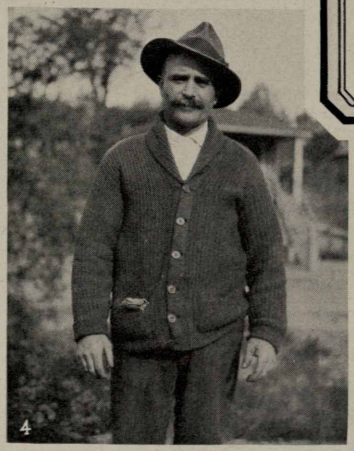
The picture of the sixth team, the Red Crowns, was published in the September number. These are: No 1, The Tower Stills; No. 2, The Pencil Pushers; No. 3, The Boilermakers: No. 4, The Pressure Stills; No. 5, The Common Laborers.

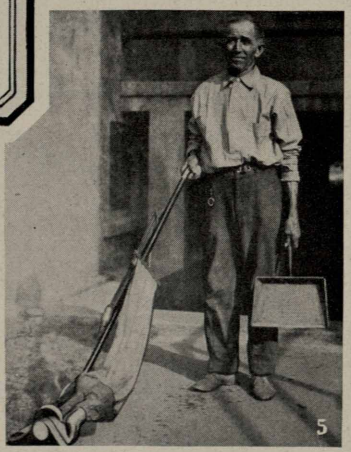
Famous Folks of the Sugar Creek Works











No. 1. Frank McInturff, pumper, main pump house, and extra shift foreman, with his pal "King".

No. 2. Perry McAvoy, left, and Charles Lawless, right, both boiler shop foremen, and old-time Standard Oilers, well known at Whiting and Wood River.

No. 3. Frank Brown, sample boy from inspection department, getting samples.

No. 4. Sam Celignia, for many years an "old faithful" in labor department.

No. 5. C. D. Bickley, the well known office janitor.

Whiting Foremen Picnic at Forest Preserve

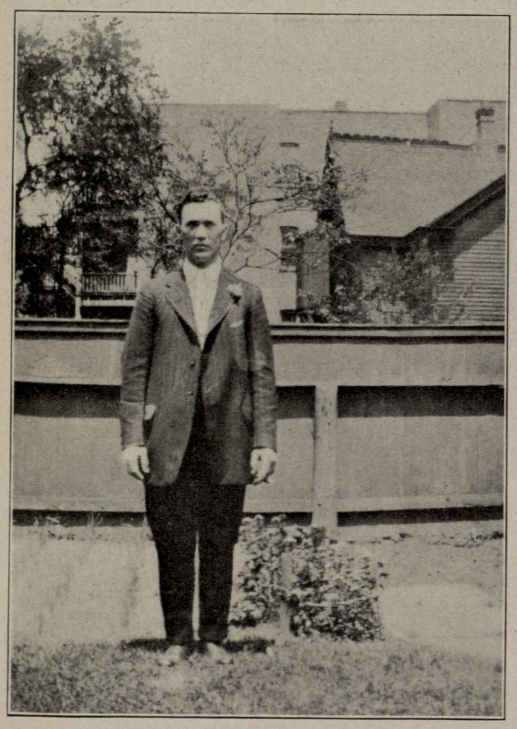
No. 1, The whole gang; No. 2, Al Brittain, the Sky Pilot; No. 3, "Stolen Moments" Mrs. Meyers and Charlie Naef; No. 4, The Feed. For particulars of Whiting mechanical department foremen's picnic see Whiting gossip.

WHITING, IND.

Judging from the favorable comment of those who attended the mechanical department foreman's picnic held at the Forest Preserve, Sunday, Sept. 11th, and the inquiry made by those who were unable to be present, we are certain that the affair is gaining some prestige throughout the mechanical department. If anyone knows a better way to create a feeling of fellowship, which is a "big thing" in any industry, we would be pleased to hear of it. We don't believe there is one. One of the most interesting features of the day was the ball game, which, due to the unruly appetites of some of the players, had to be played in halves. The game ended in a score of 25 to 10 in favor of Capt. Studebaker's side and the winners were rewarded by having their pictures taken. Although Al Brittain was on the losing team he must be given credit for originating the "crawl slide" to third base. The horseshoe tournament was also a feature event and everyone who was able to throw a shoe participated. The women folk are deserving of great praise for the skill which they displayed in tossing the good luck emblem, but there is a firm belief that some of the boys had been entertaining their "better-halves" in the back yard before the picnic. There were some "boobie" prizes for this event but we won't say who won them. The foot races were more than the name implies, as some of the contestants appeared to have a vague conception of what a foot race really should be and attempted to finish the race on parts other than their feet. The "kiddies" also had their races and the losers were as good natured in their defeat as the grown-ups. "Charlie" Naef was proclaimed the official "trail marker" in the woods as he knows just what kind of a niche to cut in the trees to find his way out. Some carry it on their hip and others hide it in the woods. The day was an all-around glorious one and the weather ideal. Everyone pronounced it a day of real sport and are looking forward to the one next year. About seventy-five were present this year. Let's make it an annual affair and triple that number next year.

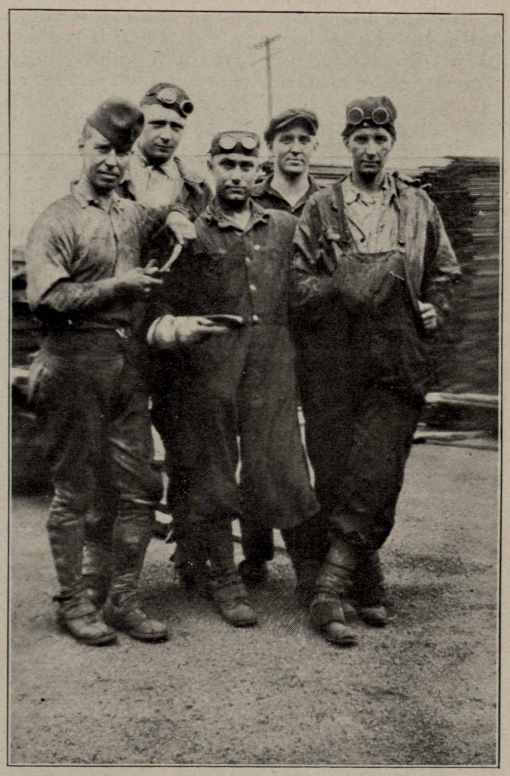
Frank Staucit, machinist, was married September 17 and he and his bride spent their honeymoon is Wisconsin. Here's congratulations and good luck, Frank.

BALLY BUNION



Whiting, Ind.—Hurrah, boys! Now we have a photo of Bill Driscoll, better known to his co-workers as Bally Bunion, a name given to him while serving in the U. S. Army as a buck private. Bill is very modest and doesn't say much about his army life, but in spite of his modesty his friends are thinking of having him as the next candidate for representative for Division 12. (Note to editor: Bally Bunion is a place in Ireland where Mr. Driscoll was born.)

LISTEN, MR. ANDRUS



Whiting, Ind., Oct. 1.—Unless "Bo" Andrus, "perhaps the best horseshoe pitcher in the world," has improved a lot since he left Whiting, any one man in the above could trim him nicely in any form of barnyard golf. They are the horseshoe pitchers of the welding shop, left to right, front row: Pet Martin, LeRoy Schlichtig, Art Lancaster; back row: George Paul, J. Jankowski.

We were all glad to see Miss Gardner, of the machine shop office, back again. She says she had a fine vacation.

Joe Jones' car stalled while on the way to work recently and Bill Deaves had to tow him in with his Ford. Joe claims, however, that there is nothing the matter with the car, that the trouble was due to germs in the gasoline. He says when he crossed the state line the Illinois germs crawled into his spark plug to escape the Indiana atmosphere, thereby causing piston ring No. 2 in cylinder No. 4 to holler for help, whereupon the union-made tail light influenced the engine to stop and sympathize with the storage battery, whose life was ebbing away. Outside of that he has a fine car.

It is rumored that C. J. Schroeder, not being satisfied with working all day and studying nights, has started a small repair business at home. He can fix most anything from an ice pick to a bicycle, and we fellows in the machine shop wish him luck.

There has been two events in the filtering oils department of much importance: Ladies first, so the honors go to Miss Violet Breckman of the white oil department. From her picture one would declare without any hesitancy that her fiance, Mr. Max Tucker, had picked a winner.

Mr. John Matson's family had an addition in the form of young John Robert. His father knows he is to be president of the U. S. A. some time, future mayor of Whiting, and just before he becomes president, he will be governor of Indiana.

Mr. Geo. McNally of the Foamite Fire-foam Company paid the filtering oils department a visit a few weeks ago to inspect the work he had installed for the department for fire protection. He likes Whiting very much and although from New York, says Chicago isn't bad; in fact, he thinks he will come again and stay longer. Wonder why?

CASPER, WYO.

Mr. R. H. Platte of the main office ,has returned to Chicago where he was employed in the sales department, prior to coming to Casper.

Jean Mignolet, chief clerk of the labor distribution department, has returned from a two weeks vacation on which he reports a most enjoyable time, mostly resting.

W. N. Shafer, foreman in pipe department, recently announced the arrival of a new daughter at his home and then promptly asked for his vacation. They do say, Shafe, that a change of occupation is a rest, but we question that in this case. Congratulations, anyway.

Mr. H. O. Post, formerly chief clerk, for the C. & N. W. Railway at Casper, is now numbered among the main office force.

E. P. Briney, an accountant in the main office, has been transferred to Laramie, replacing Mr. E. W. Davis, formerly of Casper and now transferred to Denver.

Yeah, Bill Eads went to Chicago as a Jay G. Seer, and learned a lot that wasn't in the meetings, but he had to come back home to learn the scientific way to play "Put and Take," and it cost him quite a bit to learn, too.

The former winged Mercury and fleet foot for the main office, Homer Gerbig, has been promoted to assistant shipping clerk, being replaced by "Rudy" Detwiler as mail clerk and messenger.

Very recently a notice over the management's signature appeared on the various bulletin boards to the effect that Standard employees might purchase gasoline and oils at the Midwest filling station at a considerable saving over up town prices. This announcement has been hoped for by the men for a long time and its reception was surely most cordial and enthusiastic.

Charles Strickler, a foreman of the pipe department, embarked upon his vacation with high hopes of enjoying a good rest and having a good time, but "fate was agin' him," and Strick used up most of his time nursing a rheumatic knee. He reported back to work, but within a week said knee got the upper hand once more and Strick is laid up. We hope for your speedy recovery, Strick.

Our amiable fire-chief, Walter McKay, did not answer his whistle call for a few days and people began to wonder about him. In his usual quiet way he had laid off sick, but we are glad to see that he is now back on the job as hale and rotund as ever.

James Daugherty, formerly a mixer man under Peter Mainert, has been transferred to the First Aid station to replace J. K. Robertson. Mr. Robertson, our well known and well liked southpaw pitcher, has departed for Vanderbilt university to continue his college work.

Harold R. Manbeck, foreman in labor department, recently became the father of a fine baby girl. Mrs. Manbeck and daughter are both doing nicely, but Harry looks a bit sleepy. Worth it, isn't it, Harry? Congratulations to all three.

THE DELEGATE'S LAMENT

In past years the annual invasion of Chicago by the various joint general committees has furnished conversation for the home plant for the ensuing year. Howbeit, such an affair, serious and earnest, can by any stretch of imagination furnish the lore for such a bunch of report-rending Romeos?

Let it be said right now you can't blame the conference for all the happenings of those trips. Human Nature, that old stuff which Eve invented and Adam discovered, is what makes the boys try to keep the dust out of their eyes on State street. That's the thing that makes them take in one of those shows that well, you know them, and cuss at their disappointment. Human Nature's the thing that causes a taxi bill of $4.65 clear out to Kenosha and you get a thimble full of T. N. T. for one round hard iron silver seed.

BET THIS MOONSHINE'S ALL MOONSHINE

Casper, Wyo.—August is a great month in Wyoming, for then everyone has either hay fever or fish and game fever. Either affliction sends you to the mountains. Doctor Bransky came out from Whiting for a visit in and about Casper. He very shortly caught the Wyoming spirit and became "one of the bunch." Then he proceeded to get a fever. Someone had to palliate it so Andy Thompson, Emil Hirshfeld, Ed Wilson, and Shorty Edelmuth volunteered, Ed and Shorty being the guides; sounds almost like "The Virginian," doesn't it? Anyway, they went fishing and the roll call sounded like this: Shorty—"Eight." Emil—"Seven make fifteen. "Ed—"Six makes twenty-one." Andy—"Four makes twenty-five." Doc—"Two makes twenty-seven, only mine are in the creek. Gee, they were beauties bigger'n any of yours, and I had them in my hands but they got away; oh they were corkers, but we caught twenty-seven."

Isn't it great when you foot around the station at the fifteen minute stop and some little flapper says, "Gee, do you own the Standard Oil Company?" And you say, "Um, Um," and—yonder goes your train. You're left behind but shucks—here's the girl—we should bother our minds about that. Then you know you get back home to wifey friendly, and open the old satchel to show her your little gift from Chicago, and "Heavens, it's the girl's satchel." Wow, ain't that a glorious feeling as you see friend wifey's fist riding at the end of a beautiful haymaker; you know it, just like dropping in the elevator. Oh that human nature stuff—what it will do for a fellow. And you remember how you sent for John D. and when he came late you balled him out and then told him all you'd done to make the company what it is, and he came back with "That's right, my boy. I'd like to see you get ahead—you need one." Wow!

But, alas Sidney, it's all different now; Chicago's dry, and the flappers only flip; they don't flop for that ancient variety. You can't miss the train because you've got it trained to sniff your heels continuously. You own the road and ride in a private car; you're ushered in and you're shuffled out, and you loose all the kale on "put and take." Oh Heck, what's the use, we ain't got a darn thing left to talk about this year. Human nature ain't the fillin' for the pie of life like it used to be; it's gone sour and you can't make it sweet without fermentin' it.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

B. F. Gore, ex-pipe shop man, says he didn't mind giving up the tool room to Jim Mack, but he did think Mack carried it too far when he spent two days fumigating the place.

"Pete" Akers says "Snookie," that new boy of his, will yet make a man of him (Pete), as he is now trying to walk the straight and narrow way. Here's luck to little Pete.

Joe Bowers of the pipe department seems to be the "butt" of all the pipe gang jokes lately, also the "goat" when it comes to being charged with breaking certain pipe shop rules. Joe says they ought to let up on one end of the game. We'll say the "butt" and the "goat" are inseparable.

William Beatty is thinking of giving up the position of umpire for the inter-department ball games. As an umpire the boys say Bill is a good fisherman.

A. O. Hodges has been playing a lone hand the past two weeks. It looked like a game of "thumbs up." He said it was the gout. The nurse figured it out to be a felon; in either case he has our sympathy. We never could acquire the gout, and certainly have no desire to fall heir to a perfectly good felon.

What the boys want to know is, where the "Chromos" that appeared on the front of the September issue of the Stanolind originated. No one that looked like that ever worked here. Somebody's looking through green eyes.

Mike Cauley and A. O. Hodges have collected all the loose issues of the September Stanolind; anyone having a copy they do not care to keep, please return to the Industrial Relation Building.

Abner Kurtz, boilermaker, is keeping close to the fireside these chilly evenings. Abner says she has him bested by fifty pounds or so and does not want to take a chance of getting in "Dutch" with her. His many friends wish the couple smooth sailing and a long and happy voyage.

Geo. Hackett and Tony Phillips just can't settle the argument as to who is the better horseshoe player, and have been eating each other's desert at lunch, this being the side bet on the individual games played by them. The boys have taken up the issue and have decided that they must have it out in a series of games, the loser to ever afterwards hold his peace; the winner to stop crowing.

They are moving the chairs farther apart now in the "S. O. Diner," the cause being the advent of the "Soup & Celery" season.

Charlie Freeman of the main office is advertising some few thousand German marks for sale. We advise him to hold on to them as he will be able to sell them in a few years as souvenirs of a "lost race"; such trinkets as those always increase in value with age. Perhaps there will be a little Charlie later on; if so, it can be said he was born with a "Silver Spoon" in his mouth.

Since his return from the conference, Charles Spahr has been confiding to a few of his closest friends the fact that he now is in a way to entertain them as in the days of yore. While in Chicago he purchased the following receipt for "Home Brew." Chase a wild bull frog three miles up Michigan Boulevard, then gather up the "hops" To the hops add four gallons of water (Independence City wa er preferred) one bar of laundry soap, a quart of shellac, 8 ounces sausage coloring. Boil for 24 hours then strain thru an "I. W. W.'s" sock to keep it from *working*. To each pint add three grains of strychnine to give it a "kick." Let it age for a few days, then serve. Author S-T-I-L-L at large.

John Buford, ex-paraffine man, claims Job as one of his progenitors. John says they have many things in common, chiefly boils and ill advisers, and hopes their later lives will also run parallel.

Who ever heard of "Crows" being anything but black? W en John and Dave Crow of the tube stills hear the saying "black as a crow," they go up in the air thinking some one is taking a shot at them because of their general appearance, as their complexion is decidedly brunette after working a while in the tubes. They have requested Frank Hook to switch them to preclude the probability of their being the butt of so many jokes. Why worry? There is Dan Snow in the same department; he certainly gets his, and no one has made it too hot for him yet, although it is to be admitted he does melt some when in the still.

Miss May Weatherford is "one good scout." All during the world's series she supplied the boys with first hand information on the games, and rattled it off like a regular "fan." Our official photographer has been trying to get a group (?) picture of her and Miss Remington but May objects, saying Blanche would be most of the group. And anyway it would look like an advertisement of "Before and After Taking." Later information is to the effect Miss Weatherford was under the impression that the Yanks had a couple of lady players on the team in Ruth and Mays and had been betting the fudge against Fred Miller's all-day-suckers.

It was a chance of a life time and Bert Hafer was right on the job to take advantage of it. Bert headed the Centennial parage for a few minutes. Oh, no, he wasn't there by invitation, but his car got stalled in its way and refused to budge till the irate citizens, impatient at the delay, seized "Liz" and gently led her down a side street.

J. C. Gant, cashier, and Miss Ruth Liddle, assistant cashier, who handle the Standard Oil funds at the State Bank of Sugar Creek, were married recently.

The boys have ruled Max Duckworth out of the horse shoe league. Max has it over the bunch like a tent over a circus, and he is charged with having his shoes magnetized. It doesn't seem to make any difference though when he changes them. Here's hoping he will be back in their good graces by the time this is published.

The boys in the main office are the Kandy Kids when it comes to kidding. Recently three guilded balls in a drooping, triangular formation were found appended from the ceiling over the L. & M. desk. No one to date has claimed them, but with the holiday season coming on it is expected they will reappear with a neatly written sign attached showing the owner's name, as the chance for a "clean up" then will be too enticing to pass up.

The saying of P. T. Barnum that there was "one" born every minute, may not be exactly correct, but there is a real *live* one at this plant who is doing his best to make it so. On a little trip away from the home burg recently H. E. Otto and Tony Phillips entered a barber shop to get "dolled up;" when Otto took the chair he gave his order: "Mow the lawn and trim it around the edges." He got that and nothing more. Phillips meekly sat down and the fun began. They cut his hair and shaved him; at the same time a darky was applying a shine to his kicks. Then they massaged his "map," singed his eye-brows, washed his hair, applied a tonic and shoved a card reading $1.95 into his hand. Tony said it was "the thrill that comes once in a life time" and he just let them think he was not "wise" to them, so the laugh is on them after all? ? ? Some laugh, with a man coughing up to the tune of $1.95. We hate to think what would have happened to him had there been a manicurist on the job.

A daring daylight robbery occurred recently on the street cars between Kansas City and Sugar Creek. W. J. Mosley, our head waiter in the Standard Oil diner, was either doped or given "knock-out drops" or maybe he was just lulled to sleep by the rock of the car, but that is such a remote probability the thought should be banished, as W. J. was never known to sleep in the day time. Bill had been delegated to purchase $4.00 worth of smokes and turned up at the plant minus the "pills' but with a harrowing tale of his encounter with a bold "bad man," who after a fierce struggle finally overcame him and made away with the package. Such an event should have had an entire column in the local papers, but strange to relate no comment appeared and W. J. is bewailing the fact that justice was not meted out to him. Whaddye mean "Justice?" Some people always will confuse *Justice* and *Mercy*.

Jim O'Hara, Jr., and Al. Shondell gave a stag party, and according to authentic information twenty chickens were there, all dressed for the

occasion. Now get us straight as we don't want to get these boys in bad with the home folks: Several items have appeared in the Independence Examiner and the Mt. Washington News relative to the disappearance of poultry from local hen roosts, but the boys say anything goes on an occasion of that kind. When do you give another one? "You know me, Al."

He is at it again, boys; and if you stand in you can get a "nip" from his stock. Matt Delles went out joy riding recently, and on the road gathered two bushels of elderberries. On the way home he ran out of gas. As Matt was not gathering the berries for jelly, a bright idea struck him, and Delles Jr. was instructed to squeeze the juice into the tank. Matt waited until it had acquired sufficient "kick," then put her in "high." He claims he made 90 miles per on the way home. The thing that puzzles us is: If Matt had squeezed a little into his own tank would he be traveling on "high" or be bound for the "Nether Regions"?

When they *do* fall they fall hard—Carl Johnson self-confessed "woman hater" is all smiles now and from the appearance of Mrs. "Carl," he has a right to be. It developed that Carl went to a hospital to have his tonsils removed. The attending nurse, accompanied by Dan Cupid (or perhaps he was just hovering around), evidently figured such a minor operation of no consequences, so while the "Doc" was probing for his tonsils, she diagnosed his case as heart trouble, and Carl was more than willing to take the cure; in fact, he prescribed it. The cigars were fine and also the candy which the nurse and cooks enjoyed. Miss Loma Elizabeth Dixon, the bride, was a graduate of Christian Church hospital, Kansas City, Mo., and Carl Johnson a graduate of the University of Kansas. They are at home to friends at 516 North Pleasant St., Independence, Mo.

Officer—He's out again! The September issue of the Stanolind Record comes very near teaching the boys how to swear. Nearly everyone who picks it up and looks at the picture on the front exclaims: "My (ke)—Golly!"

M. V. Hancock, of the clerical force, has proclaimed himself a regular *he-man* and is organizing a strong-arm squad to challenge any set of men in any of the strenuous outdoor sports indulged in in the fall and winter. A number of bruisers have already been signed up. Hancock and his bunch of *regular guys* pass up the ladylike games of golf, base ball, tennis and horse shoes; and are training hard for heavier sports; lest they overtrain and go stale before the season is on in full swing, we suggest they congregate of an evening at their homes, and in the subdued lights of their parlors, spread a three-foot green felt on the parlor table, place a cup in the center, each man taking his "shooter" and six inoffensive little Tiddle-de-winks, and go to it in real "bearcat" fashion.

The cooks are all up in the air; someone stole their "gravy tablets" and unless the culprit returns them we will have no gravy when salmon or hash is served. Maybe he did it to get back at them for that "gutta-percha" pie we had been eating.

CONVENTION ITEMS

John Dickey had planned to give the boys a treat by giving a brief talk at the convention, but those new shoes hurt his feet so badly he said he would not have been able to stand long enough to have properly introduced himself. John said he is going to wear his Mt. Washington "Clod Hoppers" if he ever gets the chance to go again. As Perrigo put it, that "Dickey bird" never warbled a note.

Speaking of John's English shoes: Did you notice the latest thing in head gear imported from England and being introduced in this country by A. O. Hodges? "Blime, Jimes, 'twas bloomin' nifty."

H. E. Otto owes one to Doc. McCoy for insisting that the railroad put on only cars fully equipped with safety devices. Otto said he never would take a chance on the observation platform without that railing being put there.

B. F. Miller tried to pull off a little of the "intellectual" stuff on the bunch after reading the name of our Pullman, "PEGASUS." We were entertained (?) by a lecture on Greek mythology. According to Fred, "Pegasus" was the boob who rode the bird with the horse's head and which snorted defiance to the elements. He didn't get a chance to explain whether it was the man, bird or horse that did it, as they had him down for the count. We always thought that was a name for a breakfast food.

On our way there Mr. Hurt distributed the "Pills." It will be remembered that on a former trip he did some collecting. The poor porter lost out this time. On the way home he got a bad bump on the forehead and refuses to tell how it got

there. Some of the boys swear he was watching a "Nightie" parade and a shoe was cast his way. Wonder how they found it out?

Dr. Eyssell showed up at train time all "hard boiled"; in explanation he said he was on the golf links that day and got sunburned. If the kind of weather we had the last of September will do that for him, he'd better keep indoors during the summer months; maybe an improvement in his game would help some.

Jim Kolar bought a pipe in Chicago that is guaranteed to comply with all the laws on sanitation or ordinances on the smoke nuisance. He also says it carries a self-disinfector and sterilizer and that the suction keeps it in perfect working condition. It evidently has a "Vacuum Cleaner" attached to it most of the time.

He swears he is innocent but the boys have already passed judgment on him and the verdict is *guilty*. Tony Phillips was so "lit up" that he did not recognize Andy Hamilton when they met in the lobby of the "LaSalle." With great pomp Tony introduced himself to Andy and then inquired as to where he was a delegate from. Andy took pity on Tony and led him off to a corner and there, after giving him a little fatherly advice, disclosed his true identity and took him out and got him a *chaser* of Seltzer. We can't blame Tony much though as Andy looked like Ward McAllister in his palmiest days.

Now that we have Andy with us we will have to let it out on him. Going to Chicago he got "sea sick" and called on the porter for "first aid." The porter promptly turned him end for end, and giving him a look of pity left him. Andy had tried to sleep in his berth with his feet where his head should have been.

Didja see the haircut Spitser got in Chicago? Oh! Boys, that was a "PIPPIN," and how it did shine. Reminded us of the good old days when mothers used to put about a spoonful of lard on the domes of their offspring when getting them ready for school. Clarence spent considerable time before the mirrors thoroughly enjoying what they revealed. Must have felt all "stuck up."

Lew Perrigo approached a distinguished looking person in the lobby of the La Salle and enquired as to the whereabouts of Mike Cauley. "Shu—," he whispered, "there he is now. I've had my eye on that bird for a half hour." "Who are you?" "I'm the house detective."

If we are fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Mrs. W. F. Mulvihill and Mrs. Claude Burson we shall consider it our duty to warn them never to let their hubbies go so far from home again without a chaperone. These two were the real "cut up kids" on the trip and John Dickey has them booked as good talent for the entertainment committee to draw on when that "Smoker" is given.

While going down Michigan avenue in a "SEE IT ALL CAR" Frank Lee observed a motor driven lawn mower and at once pulled out his pencil and pad and jotted down some notes. When asked what the big idea was, he explained that he hated to see Mrs. Lee come in all worn out from pushing the "*Man Power* Kind" and wanted to get a new one like that for his lawn. Where does the *Man Power* come in in a case like that?

Fred Gore and Oscar Westwood were told that Chicago is known as the "Windy City" and immediately enquired as to the location of the windiest corner. They returned for the next session, both having bad cases of "eye strain." They said it was caused by the wind; no doubt the wind did help some.

Farmer Frisbey, too, declared his intention of "looking 'em over." We went along (just for company). Frisbey said he wanted to see the "Gold Stripe" Woolf Bros. advertise so much. I don't know how he made out, but believe me, they roll 'em in that burg.

Gene Rolfe and "Senator" Thompson shook the bunch and invariably came in just in time for the sessions. We don't know how they spent their time, but are inclined to believe they were real naughty as they looked so guilty. They said they had "friends" in the city. Both were observed carrying packages of chocolates home with them, intended no doubt, as a "Peace Offering" to stop (or fill) the mouths of those who might inquire as to their conduct while away. Rolfs said he got by with it as she is still worshipping at his shrine. He evidently means she is still placing "burnt offerings" before him. Anyway, in the olden times, the "Peace" offering and the "Burnt" offering went together. G. W. is noncommittal and we figure there was a "hitch" some where.

Earl Rockey has dubbed pipe fitter Neilson the "Great Dane."

Otto says the most valuable book he ever had was his pocket book.

Jim Israel has another case of the "Blues." That's nothing new; we all had that some little time back.

Alex Nylund says the crowning glory of woman is her hair. Somebody better pass the word along to watch him; can't tell who he's raving about. If it was lack of hair he meant, we'll say he'd be a "shining light" in any walk of life if he kept his head uncovered.

Al Shondell says some men are logical and others are "Zoological." Wonder who he means. Al was once a member of the J. G. C. himself.

When Miss Remington was asked what the height of comfort was, she replied, "to get home and kick her shoes off." *Some stunt* we'll say.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

J. C. McDaniels, Roy Stocker, Fred Owen and Tommie Point enjoyed a fine week-end fishing trip to Piasa Creek a few weeks ago, the trip being made in Stocker's car. Everybody reported a fine time with the exception of Mac, who had an encounter with a bees' nest. He furnished considerable amusement for the rest of the party with a fast "bee" line for the woods. He was all "swelled up" when he showed himself to the office bunch on Monday morning, but no one seemed to envy him. Better luck next time, Mac.

The Wood River refinery is exceedingly proud of its beautiful and well kept lawn and hedge which surrounds the main office building. Credit for the fine appearance of our lawn is due to our congenial caretaker, Henry Hammersley, who takes the greatest pride in his work.

Riley Heffron spent three days in Jerseyville visiting friends recently, and also took in the Jersey County fair. Riley reports a great time.

Doc Henick is sporting a new Dodge coupe. Doc is stepping out some.

Henry Mueller spent Sunday in Lebanon, Illinois, visiting friends and also looking for the New Idea.

Simon Halloran returned from his vacation. Simon did not go to Ireland as he intended as he received a cable from De Valera that he would endeavor to manage the Irish question at present, but if he found he was unable to cope with the situation he would call Simon in later.

P. W. Cruze, boss of the shipping department, has just returned from a two weeks' vacation touring the southern part of the United States. He reports a large time.

Frank Harris, billing clerk in the shipping department, is now enjoying his vacation. Frank says he is going to make use of the Chevrolet that he won on the 4th of July at the American Legion picnic. They say Frank turns a wicked wheel when he gets going good.

The picnic held by the Standard Oil Bowling League at Standard Grounds, Mississippi and Wood Rivers, on Labor Day was a great success. Horse shoes, bowling, croquet and other games were participated in and the crowd enjoyed themselves thoroughly. This is the second picnic and fish fry given by the Bowling Club this season, both of which have been much enjoyed by its members and friends.

Tom Williams and family spent Sunday in Clifton recently attending the K. of C.'s picnic.

Leonard Ritter has returned after spending a week in Calhoun county. Leonard took on about ten pounds, so it is very evident that he did not go hungry while on the trip.

William Swampy Marrs, dust blower at No. 5 pressure house, is sporting a new Ford car. Swampy made a good trade. He traded his cow for the car. There was a very odd agreement made in the deal. The man that owned the Ford guaranteed the car would run 20 miles on one gallon of gas. Swampy promised the cow would give one gallon of milk every twenty days, so we suppose it will be necessary to wait the 20 days to see how the deal comes out.

Bill Woods of the safety valve department surprised the men of his department recently by coming to work with his whiskers amputated.

Otto, the repair man of the pipe shop, is hailed as the happiest man in the shop. Otto always wears a smile that won't come off.

Charles Cason, C. Pellican and friends attended an outing at the picnic grounds back of a little church at Belletrees, Illinois, recently. Charlie took two big tubs along for lemonade.

Mrs. Evans, mother of John and David Maloney, returned to her home in Wilkesbarre, Penn., after spending two months with her sons at Wood River.

Through the columns of the Stanolind, Cooney Schelle, J. Hooley, J. Eden, and H. Keiser desire to issue a challenge to Lou Koenneker to a frog hunt. On Saturday night, August 23, the Big Four Hunters nabbed 118 green frogs varying from 12 to 18 inches long. If Lou can beat that he is invited to "hop to it."

Otto Flach of the pipe department is having two rooms added to his home on Alby street, Alton. Otto is spreading out in great shape.

Mr. Sims of the pipe department has purchased a new home on State street, Alton. Sims is getting up among the high-toned Irish.

Big Bill Redmond of the pipe department challenges any 300-pound man in the state to a 440-yard dash. Address all challenges to P. Donelly, who is his manager.

Zeke Foster, who was promoted to the tube cleaners, was com-pelled to give it up on account of a bad case of tube colic. He is now back with the pipe department.

A week ago or more we noticed that our congenial Sherlock, Gus Haller, had taken a considerable dislike to sitting down. We were unable to fathom Bus's unusual activity. However, on investigation we ascertained that due to his great love for flowers he hied himself to one of the country byways, and so busy was he in collecting beautiful blossoms he was unaware that he entangled himself in a wasp's nest until the fact was brought home to him rather forcibly. When Gus finally extricated himself he was a wiser but a more sensitive man, especially in spots.

Wm. Penrose, the affiable janitor at the main office, has voiced a suggestion that the name of the "Stanolind Record" should be changed to the "Scandalous Record." It would appear that "Penn" is inclined to the opinion that he is not receiving his full share of publicity.

It was not a known fact until recently that "Whitey" Hannold is a great lover of Sauerkraut. It is said that it is necessary for "Whitey" to lay in quite a supply to take care of his needs.

D. Halloran, boiler house foreman, enjoyed a two weeks' vacation recently. Mr. Halloran visited old friends at Whiting, East Chicago, Indiana Harbor, and vicinity. He reports a most enjoyable time spent with old acquaintances. Mr. Halloran is one of our 20-year men.

A. Wuestenfeld, pressure still foreman, has returned from his vacation. Gus reports a most enjoyable time.

Mr. J. W. Curry, director of industrial relations, and Mr. C. W. Smith, safety director, of Chicago and Whiting, respectively, were visitors at the plant since our last issue. While here Mr. Curry met with the Joint General Committee.

Francis Manning, son of our masons' foreman, Mike Manning, is attending Chicago University this season. Francis graduated from St. Louis university recently in the study of law and has been employed during the summer months with Williamson & Burroughs of Edwardsville. We understand he is getting along nicely and his many friends join us in wishing him great success.

The Wood River police recently closed in on two trucks bringing in a liquor still from towards St. Louis, and it happened (or at least Dick says so) that Dick Edsall happened along on his return home after an evening of bowling, and mistaking the police for holdup men he refused to halt when so ordered, but instead took to his heels. The police, thinking him one of the "still" party, proceeded to enliven matters in Dick's vicinity with a few "pot" shots. We understand that the thirty-yard dash runners had nothing on Edsall, taking into consideration the time of his start until he landed in the Boiler-House, more than a quarter of a mile away. It is reported that he passed several rabbits which were putting on full speed ahead, on his way. Fortunately either the aim of the police was bad or Dick outran the bullets, and no injury was suffered by him.

Dick Thompson of the steam stills has been carrying a broad smile and upon invesitgation it was found that he was the happy father of a bouncing baby girl. Congratulations.

We are advised of the death of Mr. Arthur Levett Wylie, uncle of Mrs. Robt. Lane, which occurred enroute to New York. We understand Mr. Wylie was located at Vera Cruz, Mexico, and was on a trip east when suddenly stricken ill. The remains were brought to St. Louis for interment.

Dr. E. Payne has just returned from his vacation, which was spent at his old home at Staunton, Va. Dr. Payne reports a delightful trip.

Mike Hartz, electric crane operator, boilerhouse, has deserted the single ranks and entered the Noble Order of Benedicts. From the picture of the wedding group we would say that we cannot blame him, and give him credit in using exceedingly good judgment in his choice of partners. (We will print the picture in the December number.—*Ed.*)

A picnic for the employees of the Standard Oil Company will be held at Standard Grounds, Mississippi and Wood Rivers, October 2, 1921. Elaborate preparations are being made that the picnic may be a great success and thoroughly enjoyed by all employees. A large crowd is expected.

Max Hartwig, carpenter foreman, suffered from illness for about fifteen days recently, but we are glad to note that Max is now back on the job and feeling fine again.

Frank McCredie and family entertained as their guest recently, Mr. Webb, Mrs. McCredie's father, who is an old Standard employee.

Mr. Chas. Shook of the filling racks returned recently from his vacation. Charlie informs us that he did not get far from the "Old Home Town," but that he succeeded in getting a good rest and having a nice time. He says to warn the other members of the Standard Bowling League that he feels entirely capable of averaging at least 200 from now on.

The Standard Bowling League was recently reorganized with eight good teams in the field for the 1921-1922 season. The following officers were elected: J. Kocher, president; O. W. Crews, vice-president; L. Koenneker, secretary; Robt. Parks, treasurer. The league is composed of the following teams: Maloney, Burris, Forsting, Crews, Koenneker, Adams, Kocher, Kane.

The bowling season started off in good shape, the first games being played on the Wood River alleys, September 15. Much enthusiasm is being shown and there will be a hot fight made by all teams to remain around the top. In a practice game on September 28, Lou Koenneker rolled a 274. From this it will be seen that the boys are rounding into shape.

The main pump house is boasting of the addition of a mascot. A stray kitten, becoming tired of its wanderings, recently took up quarters with the pump house boys. The old omen is that a cat has nine lives, and from the attention the cat is receiving at the hands of the pump house squad, it is evident that they intend to see that this kitten lives them all.

Roy Stocker of the main office has been enjoying a vacation. This was well earned as he worked diligently in whipping the refinery band into shape. The band now ranks among the best in the state.

We regret to learn of the death of she son of O. Welker of the blacksmith department, which occurred on September 8. The friends of Mr. Welker extend their sympathy.

The stork has been busy since our last issue and in addition to births mentioned previously in these notes, the following are recorded: R. Dial, father of a baby daughter born September 15; H. Wollenweber, father of a 7½-pound boy born on September 20; E. Schrier, father of boy which arri ed on September 5; R. Lane, boy, born September 23; G. Shaffer, girl, born September 23; E. Lamm, boy, born September 22. This would indicate that the refinery is doing its share in adhering to at least some of Roosevelt's principles.

M. F. Manning was called to South Bend, Indiana, on September 7, account of the death of his sister.

The new boiler house which is nearing completion at the lubricating plant is a model of efficiency and architecture. This house is equipped with automatic stokers. (Watch December issue for pictures.—Ed.)

The representatives of the Joint General Committee, composed of Messrs. Hemphill, Gladden, Adams, Jolley, Lyons, Endicott, Freeman, Maloney, Monks, Hartwig, Harrod, Wagner, Parks, Durham, Gifford, and McCormick, accompanied by Mr. C. F. Hall, assistant director industrial relations, attended the Joint General Conference at Chicago on September 26. A rousing meeting is reported.

We understand that Mr. Gifford is suffering from an acute cold owing to the fact that he did not discover that the window in his sleeper was wide open. The night was very chilly and Mr. Gifford complained next morning of not getting any sleep as his berth was so cold. He was still shivering as if he had the ague and an investigation disclosed that his window had been open all night, which he had failed to discover.

The rest of the boys insist that Matt Freeman slept in the hammock intended as a clothing receptacle and that he was also unable to get his light turned off, and the porter came by about 3:00 o'clock in the morning and routed him out to ascertain if there was not something he wanted, thinking the light a distress signal.

It appears that some of the boys were pretty tight on their pocketbooks when in Chicago to attend the previous conference, and after one meal at the La Salle hotel, they found that the waiters were unable to see them when they came in the second time. After considerable beckoning and banging on the table with the eating utensils they finally succeeded in getting a waiter who took their order silently. Enough was ordered but when the meal appeared, a bird would have had a hard time making a substantial feed. Some of the boys remembered this and steered clear of the La Salle on this trip, and my informant states that when he happened on a bunch of them Child's restaurant was certainly going through an awful ordeal. One man had an order of ham and eggs, Post Toasties, friend potatoes, oranges, bacon, bread and butter, etc., and was just winding up with a couple of dozen flapjacks, and he certainly bore a satisfied look. We have no doubt that the crowd profited by previous experiences and "loosened up" from the look of the feed before them.

It is also reported that another of the representatives cornered a fair maiden on the trip and entirely deserted his Wood River associates; in fact considerable alarm and speculation was in evidence as to whether or not he would be on hand to take part in the meeting. He appeared on the scene at the last moment, however, and the rest of the committee breathed a sigh of relief.

W. Coultas, of the service station, took up his residence in Wood River, September 6. Mr. Coultas has been living in Edwardsville, and he will no doubt find it much more convenient to his work in having his residence in Wood River.

Henry Dryden of the common labor department is the proud father of a new boy which arrived on September 7.

GREYBULL, WYO.

John Hergert and wife are the proud parents of a baby girl. Thanks for the cigars, John, and congratulations.

P. L. Truax spent a pleasant two weeks recently recently visiting his folks in Nebraska.

Earl Landers is wearing a pleasant smile; his wife returned recently from a visit with relatives in the east.

Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Truax visited at the Shoshoni Dam during a day off recently and report a pleasant trip.

Mrs. G. L. Shepardson, wife of our genial stillman, is ill with pneumonia and his daughter Opal is ill with scarlet fever. We are glad to hear that both are recovering nicely.

R. M. Andrus and T. S. Cooke visited this plant recently on a tour of inspection.

J. E. Robertson is back at work after an attack of the grip.

Boy, page Mr. Diogones, here is an honest man. Wes' Stephens returned from a hunting trip recently and admitted that he did not get his game. Strange to say, he offered no alibi.

Dan Smith was off duty recently with an injured eye. Glad to see you back, Dan.

We understand T. J. Carnell is trying to organize a party to hunt BEAR. RED is an experienced BEAR hunter, they tell.

Troy Majors, stillman at No. 2 house, spent a few days visiting at Casper recently.

Thos. Evans is back on the job after a few days off with an injured back.

Doc. Hall, stillman at Casper, was a visitor at this plant recently. Come again, Doc.

CHICAGO, HOME OFFICE

We couldn't understand why Herb Gleim, 5th floor, spent so much of his time in front of the Gossard building. Our conscience wouldn't let us believe that he was after one of the latest styles in corsets. However, we have at last been enlightened! He meets "her" at noon and promenades up the "Boul Mich" like King Solomon in all his glory. Why don't you come across, Herb, and tell us her hame?

Our late comrade, W. Wittmeyer, of Mr. Gorvett's department, is on his way to take a position in Central America. Our best wishes go with him for a safe journey.

Mr. Gorvett's department is sure out of luck! We lost our "vamps". Yes, our comptometer girls have been distributed around the office. Twas a sad blow but we think we will recover in due time.

See L. H. Yocum, 5th floor, on the latest dope on "How to get rich over night".

Well, the 5th floor ambitious accountants and auditors are back in the harness, some to Northwestern and some to the Walton School of Commerce. Go to it, boys. Let us show Standard Oil that we want to prove ourselves of as high quality as S. O. Company products!

Did we hear someone ask if the Chicago stock dept. still existed? We know they've been rather quiet all summer due to the excessive heat, we presume, but they've all survived and are very much alive now

WHEN—H. G. Gerrish doesn't cause a volcanic eruption when he sneezes; Fourth floor employees all come in before 8:30 a. m.; Someone ceases to wonder whether Chicago stock dept. can get out another special statement; H. L. Golding signs up for the golf tournament; C. D. Hofferkamp isn't looking for an adding machine; P. T. Ewan doesn't look like a model for Wm. Jerome & Son.; A. Zeman is seen and not heard—Then you'll know it's about time for the world to come to an end.

H. Bonniwell, rather than break his record for being on time, squandered 55c to ride in a Yellow Cab from the Northwestern depot to 910 S. Michigan Ave., his object being to save time. Anyone seeing Hank make the trip on the hoof would bet on him any time against a Yellow Cab, though we admit the Yellow Cab chaffeurs are fast workers.

Edith Swanson failed to make her appearance on Wednesday, September 28th, and the milkman was also conspicuous by his absence. Get busy, Sherlock.

GOLF NOTES

What do you mean "New list of prizes for the ladies"? If the knickers presented to John Ely at the last tournament had been worn by either of the young ladies who played Marquette Park recently, it would have been impossible for them to have a coat made from the surplus material, like John did.

All John (Legs) Ely needs now is a cap and sweater, having won the rest of the outfit; also a book of instructions on "How to play golf"!

"Bambino" Callahan was watching them drive off the first tee and when a certain young man tore up half the tee in getting a 20-yd. drive, advised him that they had plows for that purpose.

It has been suggested that the prize list be published prior to the tournament so that a man can have an even break on winning something useful.

Al Roesler, sometimes known as "Slab" or "Undertaker" was met by a delegation of friends as he was finishing the 18th hole. The accuracy with which Al "holed out" (in 6 putts) was a revelation to the chair warmers watching the finish.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

When talking to Mr. N. W. Bowlby it would be well not to ask him if he has been to the fair.

Mr. J. J. Jost, known as "Christmas Tree," Jost, has now returned from his vacation. He predicts the Christmas tree business will be excellent this year, which will mean good candle sales. He knows.

Mr. Max Steinhauer is to succeed Mr. Rosenberger as salesman at Cedar Rapids, and Mr. Clinton J. Bundy is to succeed Mr. A. T. Cave at Grinnell, Iowa. The former is not married.

When Miss Edna Stahl went on her vacation she said she was in doubt as to how she would sign her name when writing to the girls. Our estimating department reports that this might refer to matrimonial affairs. Perhaps.

Our bowling team has again been organized with Mr. Howard Clark as captain. The team looks fine and will make a good showing. However, we do not see any girls on the team. Perhaps they will get their chance later.

Mr. Howard Clark, during his vacation, spent a few days at the Chicago office. Besides bringing back other news he brought some helpful hints which were appreciated by the department heads.

Things we'll never know! Who calls Miss Eva Greenside to the telephone each noon?

Miss Lillian Kruse came near spoiling our "No Accident Month" when she nearly missed the chair she was about to sit upon. Also Miss Hazel Pennock had a narrow escape when she slipped on the floor in the basement. The girls are evidently enjoying "good spirits."

We introduce this month Miss Florence Anderson, telephone operator, successor to Mrs. Minnie Kleeburg. Be wary, Florence; the telephone is one of cupid's weapons.

DECATUR, ILL.

The Stanolind Fellowship Club held its regular meeting, Tuesday evening, Sept. 13. in the local office. Definite date for the Wiener Roast was announced as Saturday evening, October 1; this to be held at Fairview Park. From the outlook at the present time, there will be a record breaking attendance. The members of the Club are looking forward to the social activities of the winter, as every indication points to a successful season. Meetings are held every three months hereafter.

On September 8 rumor went through the office that we had a new assistant chief clerk, and as you know, anything new and unusual excites the curiosity of the human being. The new assistant chief clerk is none other than a new arrival at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. V. Bissey. We extend our congratulations, Victor, and will state that you picked a real assistant in that new baby girl.

Roy Pensinger appeared the other day after taking his usual noonday lunch at the Elks Club, with a "stogie" about 7 inches long. Barney immediately asked Roy if he bought them by the "yard." Roy states that his "six for a quarter stogies" are quite a saving. When a man starts saving in this manner it is best to watch him closely.

Herb. Hartman wants it announced that he just received the latest volume of the "Atlas of the World"—it is nothing other than a list of strayed or stolen iron barrels. When you have memorized that list, Herb, you can go home.

Does anyone know who "she" is that calls our much talked about order clerk, Art Faster, to the phone so many times a day?

Our manager, Mr. H. F. Warren, recently returned from Petoskey, Michigan, where he went to give battle to his annual visitor, "hay fever."

Well, "Doc" Patterson continues to advance in the world by leaps and bounds. She is steadily wearing a path to the third floor. Why all the interest, Doc?

Mr. Swager is the attendant at the new service station directly across from the main office. Watch your step, old man, for we get a full broadside of you all day, and there is plenty of reserved space in the Record.

All we can suggest to the new office boy is that if he continues the pace up and down stairs which he has started, he will soon be a second Claire; and if he picked the job as a flesh reducer, he sure picked a winner.

Mr. M. V. Bushman, district superintendent at Danville, Illinois, departed Tuesday, September 20 for his home in Baltimore, Maryland, to recuperate after his recent serious illness. We are all pulling for you, M. V., and hope to see you soon again at your old stand in Danville.

Dollar to a doughnut—Bob Madeira could put Sattley's System to the bad if he exchanged jobs with the office boy for a month.

Mr. J. C. Schadow, salesman, is again able to be about, after confinement for some time at the Macon County Hospital as a result of an operation for appendicitis.

Carrie Delaney failed to show up at her telephone stand Tuesday, September 20, and inquiry revealed the fact that she was confined to her home with a slight attack of summer flu. Her father, Jim Delaney, was also confined to his home account of illness—and Mrs. Delaney was also sick. Carrie and her father are again on the job, and latest reports are that Mrs. Delaney is greatly improved.

Did everybody see that "goose egg" that W. S. Carpenter carried around on his head for a couple of days? Must have been a pretty hard bump.

Frank Clark says the only thing he is afraid of now is that he will put his teeth some place and forget where he put them and starve to death.

Say! Can anyone give an explanation of "Cupid" Francis' rapid exit each day, and his teriffic speed westward on the Wabash railroad tracks towards Water street? Clell Pierce says there's a reason.

Does anybody know where Frank Dorr keeps his "special brand?" If they do, we may be able tc "Felice" him out of a few.

After due consideration it has just been about decided to appoint a committee to call on C. C. Owens to buy a new piece of linoleum leading into the stenographers' room, for between Art and Herbert Bernard they have just about worn it through.

Yes Sir! the secret is out. Zerola and Lydia have been taking some long auto rides lately. Now we don't mean by that that Zerola and Lydia have gone alone. After careful investigation we find that they are two lucky ones of the opposite sex on the third floor.

Did anyone see F. S. put that book agent to flight on September 2? This agent most likely was aware of the fact that the fire escape was not used very much, and proceeded to make use of it.

The stenographers on the first floor have all agreed that that so-called harmless little game of "Put and Take" puts you in rather hard circumstances and takes nearly all your salary.

Mr. T. J. Thompson, general manager, spent a good part of the day, August 25, with us. His visit was so fully appreciated and to such an extent that he missed the noonday lunch, along with Mr. H. F. Warren and Mr. W. A. Brown. They all stated that they never missed their lunch. Mr. Thompson's visit was all too short, and we trust that he can plan to spend more time on his next trip to the Decatur office.

Mr. J. H. Shipley, East St. Louis salesman, was recently called to Mt. Vernon, Ill., on account of the death of his father. We all wish to extend to Mr. Shipley our deepest sympathies.

CAUTION! SHARPE! You want to "look a little out" when you are in the market for diamonds, for white sapphires do look most awfully like honest-to-goodness sparklers. From all indications, that man is contemplating the "jump."

The East St. Louis force is growing. They state they have added to their list a mechanic, Mr. Roy Baker. Here's to you, Roy, and we suggest that you watch your step carefully, for the eyes of the Record are upon you.

At last we have something on Bill Launtz, district superintendent, at East St. Louis, Ill. The East St. Louis Daily Journal announced in its "twenty-five years ago" column (good while ago, Bill) that W. F. Launtz was arrested and fined for riding his bicycle without a bell. In this day and age, we would suggest that you be careful, Bill. Keep a horn on your "Lizzie"—they might get you again.

Our little Walter is in bad again. Got pinched $13.75 worth the other night, all because he had plain lenses on his "flivver." Poor kid! and to think that it is getting close around Xmas-time, too.

The following is a little sketch of one act, which occurred recently: Father—Mary, where art thou going? Mary—Castlewood, father dear. Father —This way out, Mary. Exit, Mary and Jack from bus. One more evening's fun blasted.

DULUTH, MINN.

Herbert Larson, local manager of the service station at Norway, Mich., was slapped on the back by a stranger and asked if there was any water in his gasoline. Informed that there wasn't he purchased nine gallons and came again the next day to duplicate the order. The man was none other than a balloonist, who was satisfied that Herb speaks the truth.

W. J. Bell, formerly clerk at Marquette, Mich., has taken a position in the record department at Duluth main office.

Angus McMillan and Agent Miller made a very attractive display at Bayfield, Wis., County Fair. Many compliments were received and best of all, several orders were taken and new customers secured.

N. H. Reed, advertising manager, Chicago, spent a day at the Duluth office with Mr. Webb and Mr. Dock. (Were they the birds who advised him to spend his vacation at Lac du Flambeau, where he fished for two weeks without getting a strike?—*Ed.*)

Polly Jean is introduced to the Standard Oil family, new daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Canfield, Spooner, Wis. We're very glad to know you, Polly!

Barney Vann, construction superintendent, is unanimously crowned Potato King. Mr. Vann moved his family out to the "farm" for the summer, and between acts he finds time to attend to a fine garden.

Miss Weatherby seems to be taking things seriously these days. We don't know whether she is making jokes, but she claims to be taking a few lessons in the art of housekeeping—Two Harbors is a good place to practice!

Miss Ella Foster entertained the "Sunshine Corner" girls at her Grand Lake cabin. By the appearance of big boxes, little boxes and music boxes we know they had an excellent time.

Mr. Shields has left on a short business (?) trip. Isn't this the time of year ducks are flying? Page Mr. Sullivan!

Heard in the elevator: "You look just a little tired, Miss Cummings. Have a tough Sunday?"

Miss Cummings: "Yes, went fishing."

We, gently; "Get anything?"

Miss Cummings: "Two punctures and a blowout!"

With the help of Kenn MacGregor, Charlie Bowen and Archie McKenzie, we pulled a little stunt at the Proctor Fair. Mac and Charlie managed to get five of their friends—all members of the Clan Stewart Pipe Band—and Big Chief J. M. Nelson furnished his own car to transport the bunch to Proctor. Dismounting in front of the bank the boys got into line and headed down the main street for the fair grounds, carrying a larger banner "Courtesy of the Standard Oil Company." The crowd, surprised by the sudden entrance of such a procession, rushed from all sides and crowded around our display. Here the band played several numbers, the strange and weird music making a tremendous hit. Then followed speeches boosting Polarine and our Specialty products, and not all the bouquets were handed by our own men either. for two of the livest merchants in Proctor, enthused by the surprise we had given them, voluntarily took the stand and boosted for us. All in all it was a huge success and we are thankful to the members of the Band who so kindly gave us their services. It was Proctor's first fair and they indeed appreciated the things we did to cooperate with them in making it the success it was.

Thomas Dearden, lubricating salesman in the copper country, was called to Detroit because of the death of his sister. We all extend our heartfelt sympathy.

Mr. F. L. Ellison, chief clerk, has just returned from a trip to the range towns with Mr. Vann. Mr. Vann must have made one of his typical trips, judging from the way Mr. Ellison struggles to his feet and eases gently into his chair.

"Push Polarine" Peterson, agent at Webster, Wisconsin, visited the Duluth office recently on business.

Mr. Chase, Mr. Shea and Mr. Baupre, station examiners, have new Ford runabouts. Never mind, Russell, "Margo" knows that Charlie can use his for business purposes only.

Mr. Myre, Duluth agent, spent his vacation in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, his old home town. This is the first visit since boyhood days, and he had a great time looking up old friends.

Hast heard? Miss Louise Nelson, purchasing department, sneaked out of Mr. Ellison's office blushing and confused and Henry Carlson, assistant cashier, is wearing a braoder smile than ever, and it's all over the little flat they are going to furnish. Miss Nelson has made a host of friends who will miss her sweet personality. We're bargaining with her, tho, and dire things will happen if she doesn't send down the cookies she has promised!

EVANSVILLE, IND.

Sunday, September 4, marked the second picnic of the Standard Oil Company's Pleasure Club. While there were several absentees, the day was a decided success and all enjoyed it immensely. To the slackers who did not attend: "You don't know what you miss on these picnics; come on out and show your colors; they're getting bigger and better all the time and we want to see the next one 100%. The boss is the busiest man on the works and as he is always there, we know you can attend." Did you get lots of pictures?—*Ed.*

The body of Lieutenant Judson Mc Grew(formerly one of the Standard Oil Company's force at Evansville), arrived from over seas, and was laid to rest in Oak Hill cemetery, Sunday, September 4. Lieutenant McGrew was one of the first to enlist after war was declared. He entered the officers' training school at Fort Benjamin Harrison, and was killed in action July 18, 1918, before Soissons, Franco-American offensive.

Mr. Marion Stephens, of the traffic department, is the proud father of a 10-pound girl baby, born September 18, Miss Betty Jane. Congratulations, Marion; we always knew you would make a good family man.

We are wondering what is the matter with our regular gang of Clabber Hounds the last couple days. Some say Gil has all the money, while others say "Bones" won't come any more; maybe he's broke. However, he should be well staked when the football season begins.

Car Washer John Greenwall is jubilant over the advent of Emancipation Day. His wife presented him with a little daughter and John missed the

parade; however, John says he doesn't care; he'll do his walking nights.

We are pleased to state the Standard Oil Company is still represented in the Industrial Bowlers' League, with the Valiant "Oppie" Horace Alexander captain of the team. Here's luck, boys; go to it, and bring home the pennant just as you did last year.

Mr. W. J. Riepe, district superintendent, goes to the hospital today for a double operation, appendicitis and gall stones. We wish him well and trust he may be back with us soon.

The musically inclined of the office force are endeavoring to recruit a vocal quartet through the efforts of Mr. E. C. Weyerbacher and Mr. Wm. Ralston. Under their supervision it surely must be a success. Hop to it, boys, and be ready by Hallowe'en. We're with you to a man, and most of the wimmen folks, too.

Mr. E. L. Mentzer, our efficient credit man, has just returned from a trip through the wild and woolly districts of New Albany. He reports a pleasant trip, riding runaway cars, stock trucks and rods, and he was successful in bringing home the bacon. He always does; they don't get too hard for Mentzer, as he's one of the tried and true. If you have any old accounts on which you have long since and reluctantly stamped "N. G." just hand them to "Mentz." With his supreme magic wand he quickly turns worthless pieces of paper into bright shining dollars.

Mr. Louis Laib is with us again after a short sojourn in the rough and rugged parts of Illinois. Louie is the man who makes the cross country trips in record time. On the above mentioned one he drove a truck from Evansville to Johnston City, and thence to Benton, approximately 125 miles, leaving Evansville at 9:00 a. m., and Wheeling, at 9:00 p. m., same day. Louie says he doesn't mind the trip, but he would like to have hotel reservations made ahead of time, as the idea of sleeping in railroad stations with a milk can for a pillow does not appeal to him.

The high cost of living is not worrying Walter Van Dusen, mechanic, and Walter accordingly proceeded to prove his views by taking to himself a wife, Saturday, September 17. Congratulations, Walter, and accept our thanks for the cigars.

Mr. "Heinie" Kunath, recently made foreman of our auto repair shiop, when it comes to adjusting carburetor complaints certainly is a wonder. 'Tis strange, though, the cases of lady drivers seem to appeal to Heinie most, especially when the weather is warm and the fair one wears 'em rolled. However, in all our experience—and we've seen and adjusted a lot of complaints—we have never seen a carburetor located on the door of the car.

FARGO, N. D.

No one, upon viewing Herb Kincaid calmly going about his work Saturday, September the 3rd, would have suspected that he was going to be a married man before the sun went over the hills, but Herb quietly left at noon and took unto himself a wife, Miss Ida Neustad. Both Mr. and Mrs. Kincaid have resided in Fargo for some time, Mr. Kincaid having held his present position of assistant to the head of the equipment department for several years. Mrs. Kincaid was employed by the Herbst Company. They announce at home, 315 Fifth St. North after September the 25th. Folks, we congratulate you, and will be over to see you soon.

Miss Elsie Hughs, of the mailing department, is the latest one to flash a diamond, Merle Gingree of the sales writing department, being the lucky man.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Sands are the proud parents of a baby girl born September the 17th; name, Elizabeth Jane.

Not to be outdone by Friend Homer, of the order department, Mr. Harold Gauper, of the bookkeeping department announces the arrival of a boy; name, Harold Gauper, Jr.

Mr. Frederickson, who recently took over the duties of price clerk, reports that he likes his work first rate, but admits the added duties of keeping Miss Hagen, his assistant, supplied with water is causing him some concern.

Mr. H. G. Berg, station examiner, recently had a very narrow escape when driving from Casselton to Fargo. About five miles out of the latter point, two men stepped in his path and ordered him to stop. Harold's answer was to give her more gas. Despite the hail of bullets the little jitney, with the aid of "Old Faithful" Red Crown, carried him through without a scratch.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Bennett, both employees of the company at Fargo, are the proud owners of a new Ford sedan.

Miss Mary Dwyer will leave October the 15th for a two months trip to Los Angeles. Mary, keep out of Hollywood, for we need you at Fargo.

Mr. H. H. Cook is again with us at the Fargo office, having returned to take up the duties of secretary to the management. Mr. Cook entered the employ of the company on December 16, 1916, as a stenographer. His good work in this department soon attracted the attention of Mr. J. L. Carter, manager at that time, and he was appointed head of the stenographic department. From this office he was promoted to head of the order department. In order to gain some actual field experience, he was transferred to Fergus Falls as salesman, which position he held up to the time which he reentered the office. While we know that they will miss you at Fergus Falls, Mr. Cook, we are glad to have you back at the office.

Our Mr. Packard and Raupagh have made numerous trips during the past several months, having practically covered the entire field, looking after the general business interests of the company.

Another Standard Oil company romance ended in a pretty wedding, September 1, Miss Harriet South becoming the bride of Earl Abrahamson. The wedding took place in the Episcopal Church at 7:30 p. m. The bride wore a suit of navy blue with hat and accessories to match. She carried a bridal boquet of roses and swansonia. Following the ceremony a reception was given at the home of the bride's parents on Second avenue north. Mrs. Abrahamson was graduated from the Fargo high school with the class of 1919. For the past two years she has been a member of the Standard Oil family, working in the check department. Mr. Abrahamson is also with the Standard Oil company. The S. O. Social Club presented them with a beautiful set of silver as a wedding gift. We extend them heartiest congratulations.

Mr. Carnine has just returned from a business trip to Minot. Mr. Carnine, this season to be your favorite point.

Miss Teiglen, of the order department, left us September the 30th. The reason was very evident, as she was wearing a large diamond. Congratulations, Miss Teiglen.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Mr. Frank Edwards, salesman and one of the SOCO Edwards' quartet, whose picture appeared in a recent issue of the Stanolind Record, is the proud father of a daughter born on September 13. She has been named Marion Lenine. Frank says he believes Marion is THE girl.

If you want to learn the fine points of "Cribbage" ask the team of McCarthy and Davidson. They ought to be experts at this time if they aren't.

Mrs. Wm. Myers, wife of one of our construction men, passed away September 20. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved ones.

What has become of the Polarine Quartet that used to entertain (?) us every noon?

Mr. Walter Allan Buck spent a few days at White Fish Lake recently. Walter says he went fishing and had good luck, but we heard the story different. He started out with the worms but after having nothing but nibbles and no bites, he came back and said he was just feeding the fish anyway, so it would be a better catch for the other fellow. We always knew Walter as "big-hearted".

"Dad" Winslow had the nerve to take two weeks vacation and he has only been with the company 42 years. How could you do it, dad? Nevertheless we're glad you had such a lovely time. Dad motored through Ontario, Canada, and visited the Toronto Exhibition. He says *Everything* is expensive over there. As a memento, "Dad" presented each one of his favorites with one of the new Canadian pennies, regular penny size.

Everett Smits spent most of the passing summer swimming and canoeing. Everett is an expert swimmer having received a medal at one time for championship. We don't know about canoeing, though. How about it, Everett, we're all wondering what you going to do, now that summer is over with?

On the beautiful morning of September 28, Corrinne Eckert came down with a beaming smile and a big "rock" on her left hand. "Dutch", we bet the night of September 27, is a memorable one for you.

On September 8, a son arrived at the home of Mr. Charles Soules. "Chuck" works in the garage, and is proud to think there is another little "Soul" to perpetuate the name.

Mr. H. L. Jackson, salesman, had the misfortune of receiving a broken arm and other minor injuries in Battle Creek, Michigan, recently. There's only one consolation, Jack, and that is: "From the day that you're born, until you ride in the hearse, There's never a thing, but what it might have been worse." Here's hoping you'll soon be with us again.

HURON, S. D.

Manager Dodsley and Assistant Manager Bailey have spent considerable time at Aberdeen recently with Mr. Allen, of Chicago, supervising the construction of a new warehouse to replace the one wrecked by a tornado.

A. H. Dodsley, manager, and H. H. Miller, chief clerk, spent a day in Sioux Falls on business with J. L. Carter. Mr. Dodsley and Mr. Bailey were also at Mankato recently to attend a business meeting held in the Mankato office by Mr. J. L. Carter.

Mr. Lambert, president of the Lambert Oil Co. of Pennsylvania, recently stopped in this city for a supply of gasoline and oils which he was using for his plane on his trip from Pennsylvania to Montana. John Davis, of our record department, saw the plane coming in and immediately got busy with his Buick roadster and went out to give all the assistance he possibly could to Mr. Lambert. He succeeded in having the plane filled with L. & S. Gasoline and Polarine Oil. As it was after 6 o'clock when the plane landed we will say this is some speed and some salesmanship.

Chief Clerk H. H. Miller has just returned from a 10-day trip in the northern part of the state on company business.

The other day a party stopped at the office and wanted to speak to Mr. Palm, president of the standard Oil Company. How about this- Palm; is this what you tell them?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

On card Form 142 under "Remarks," Glen Thatcher, Glenwood agent, wrote, "One year ago I began work for the Standard Oil Company and I like if fine."

Miss Elizabeth O'Brien and Miss Grace Geddings, inmates of the lubricating department "bee hive," are back to normalcy—recovered both temper and temperature—it's cooler now, you know.

L. O. Rund, formerly agent at Mooresville, is flipping Forms 227 Long in the stock department. He's big enough to tear 'em to pieces.

B. E. Jenkins, sometimes known as Doc, who groans when he sees a "Z" rating, took no chances on the new stiff "lid" around the time the bells were ringing for "straws." He kept it right on his 60-inch Flat Top Golden Oak, so he did.

Salesman by avocation, bait caster by vocation (so some say), B. A. Sunderland is in the terrible (?) throes of a vacation—of course he went fishing. Does a duck swim?

You might call him a wit! Troy Christman pulled this one during the G. A. R. reunion, and involved the fair name of Gar Aikins, orderer of tank cars: "This Aikins fellow must be some popular guy, every where downtown signs read WELCOME GAR."

In the redecorating of the warehouse office, Carl Roembke bought unto himself a new cap, you know the kind, firemen on the Twentieth Century Limited wear them—the variety with the long bill.

Ed. J. Eich, our latest arrival, is solving mysteries in the trade record department.

Cashier Frank Tomlinson underwent a very serious operation and all the office force pulled hard for his recovery. A subscription taken up around the office supplied him with flowers while he was confined in the hospital.

It is rumored Verne Young spent a real vacation by getting married. But why all the secret?

The two office boys, Bob and Jim, ate three and one-half pounds of salted peanuts at one sitting (between meals)—they are thinking of having their appetites copyrighted.

Joe Simko, mail clerk, has forsaken the Jim Corbett haircut for the rah rah variety—the kind built along embrayo Chinese pigtail lines and held in place by a rubber band.

Camouflaged like an honest-to-goodness hunter and fully equipped to meet the wildest quadruped this side of the North Pole, or as near so as a mail order house and a correspondence school course could make him, L. Van Liew, our lubricating engineer, is *Reo*-ing somewhere in Canada. If he got lost down here in Indiana, what will the Canuck trails do to him?

Officials of the Polarine Social Club have held several closely guarded conferences, lately. Going

to throw a surprise, most likely. Let it come; everybody is waiting.

R. W. Carington, divisional lubricating engineer, moved in recently. As he does not seem to have any difficulty in getting acquainted, it is easy to brand him with the O. K. mark.

We are pleased to announce the promotion of C. W. Johnson and R. H. McElwain from Service Station 159, Anderson, to salesmen.

G. R. Van Winkle succeeds L. O. Rund as agent at Mooresville.

In a transfer C. Walters becomes agent at Kempton moving over from Morristown, while L. C. Lummis takes charge at Morristown from New Palestine, making room for M. J. Wood at the latter point.

New stations opened during September were: Frankton, Agent C. B. Murphy; Sharpsville, Agent H. Wooldridge; Carthage, Agent Robert C. Hudson.

James Burford, formerly agent at Roachdale, got the "full line" idea so strong he was given a grip and told to go to it. Watch Jim, the salesman. C. A. Fuller succeeds Mr. Burford.

Connersville is running to Charleys; Charley Hall is agent and now the new service station just opened has Charley Ball in charge, assisted by Charley Black. Guess the Charleys have it.

New arrivals in the Standard Oil family: Noblesville, R. J. Stern, E. L. Eaks, attendant; Frankfort, C. McKenzie, F. D. Baker, attendant; Terre Haute, No. 132, A. L. Newkom, Glen Savage, attendant.

Judge Wilmet, one of those "Of course, I know you, Mr. Addison Sims, of Seattle" memory test demonstrators, is reminded herewith by order clerk Medema, to ease up on the flocks of telephone numbers at tongue's end and favor some prices on orders turned in. Judge Wilmet, please stand corrected!

JOLIET, ILL.

Mr. N. R. Grimshaw, assistant general manager, eastern division, has missed his calling. He is found to be an expert explorer, especially in cemeteries. He becomes more than interested in his hobby when it is found necessary to put on skid chains. The results of a recent expedition, which he pointed out to Joliet's manager and assistant manager, are the graves of John Galloway, inventor, and the spot in the Joliet field where Abraham Lincoln enlisted in the Black Hawk War.

When Joliet found our general manager, Mr. T. J. Thompson, sneaking down on Sunday and apparently avoiding arriving here on any other day except the Sabbath, we wondered why. It must be because it is only on Sunday that the prison is closed and the local management in church.

C. F. Kinkuski, our high-tension salesman, has been promoted to agent-salesman at Elgin, our newest and biggest station. We are watching Elgin to see if Kinkuski and his organization will make the sparks fly and keep things running as smoothly as the works of the celebrated Elgin watch.

F. E. Erickson, mechanic at the Joliet shop, has been made foreman of the garage and mechanical department. Fred is promising great things, including the cutting down of overhead expense and the best service in the world. We are with you, Fred.

Donald Smith has been promoted from bookkeeper to salesman unassigned. Don won this as erstwhile service station attendant. Good work, Don.

The following energetic tank wagon drivers have been made tank wagon instructors: H. R. Smith, of Joliet; R. O. Esh, of Dundee; O. J. Karschnic, of Manteno.

We notice that our assistant manager has a new green hat. This being his favorite color, we expect shortly, to see salesmen's cars painted green to match.

J. M. Pohl, chief clerk, and W. C. Schauland, assistant chief clerk, attended the National Business Show at the Coliseum in Chicago, Tuesday evening, September 20.

We always knew one reason for Miss Hubal, formerly of the Chicago office, visiting that city every week end. She now goes up to sell coupon books, also.

N. L. Fausey is our new bookkeeper.

Lest Bernie Muentnich should forget, we want to remind him that there are only three months until Xmas and he should put in his order for Xmas doughnuts now to avoid the holiday rush.

Margaret Murphy is a petite addition to our force.

At recess the other day, J. M. Pohl, chief clerk, was wanted on the phone. Lil Olander called out "Telephone Pohl."

Clyde Roberts arrived in the office the other morning excited and all out of breath. The Plainfield Gazette had just informed the world that the United States had just appointed a new foreign minister to Plainfield.

We would like to know why Howard Connor is buying all the clothes for file L. J. D.

At recess, recently, Connors was talking earnestly to Miss Dixon, Davidson was casting amorous glances at Miss Olander under the trees and John Reinhard was sparring with Bernie Muentnich. Just about this time Dan Otis strolled across the lawn with his camera. A passing stranger timidly approached Don Campbell: "Pardon me, sir," he said, "Can you tell me what moving picture studio this is?"

Ann Swenson thinks that her chances of ever getting caught up in her work are about as slim as herself.

Davidson approached Beck of the barrel department, the other day, and instructed him that certain matters must be handled so-and-so in order to eliminate stenographical work. The aforesaid gentleman brightly replied, "I think it should be done this way in order to *illuminate* the work on the filing desk!" Mr. Beck, by the way, is writing a new dictionary.

Bob Anderson was in an awful fix the other day. His girl was away and he wanted to write to her. With his customary presence of mind in such matters he has lost the address and couldn't remember how to spell the place.

That Polarine Transmission grease can be used for many purposes was the opinion of Dave Sime of the stock department after he stepped in a barrel of the same, while taking inventory at the warehouse. Dave says it took the squeak out of his shoes in fine shape.

Speaking of shapes—Lillian Trackman was in ripping shape when she slid down the bannisters the other noon. Sorry we weren't there.

With the advent of Catherine Kane in the comptometer division, the men are fast losing their aversion to bobbed hair.

W. H. Carr was so absorbed in his resale barrels that he came to work without his tie.

Two members of our office force were presented with beautiful gold medals the other morning. Lawrence Davidson received the award for the Champion Prevaricator, and Dave Gilmore was recognized as A Son of Rest. The donor wishes that his name not be mentioned. Glad to oblige, Howard.

H. G. Monon, T. B. Coomber and C. F. Seiter, country drivers at Freeport, spent Monday, September 12, at Ringling Bros. Circus, meeting a few old friends and customers. Incidentally, Coomber was 28 ½ coupon books lighter, Monon was 25½ and Seiter 24 ½. How these boys like a circus!

E. E. "Red" Harrison, former service station attendant at Freeport, has been transferred to the main plant. Red never fails to ask the drivers how their Polarine is.

Earl B. Thomas, attendant at Freeport S. S. 84, takes a loving wife unto himself on October 6. That relieves John Barnes of a whole lot of work erasing on Earl's reports. For the last two weeks they have all been dated October 6.

H. C. Hamlin is the new man with the good natured smile downstairs.

Stock in the stock department is going up since the advent of the good looking Mr. Edward H. Fitzer.

Mr. Morton cancelled the Social Club dance, scheduled for Saturday evening, September 24. Early in the week, Mr. Monson, our assistant manager, was called to the bedside of his father at Mankato. The elder Mr. Monson was in a very serious condition and Mr. Morton and the committee felt it would be best to postpone the affair.

The popularity of Standard Oil products is evidenced in the movies. In "Way Down East" one of the characters uses Mica in touching up his hair and polishing his shoes.

Elmer Campbell spent his vacation in Manhattan (Illinois). What's the attraction, Elmer?

Henry (Hank) Bogardus of the Milwaukee office recently spent the day at Joliet visiting his very good friend and our assistant manager, Carl Monson. Hank was attending the Stanolind Golf Tournament, and, in place of going home, he came direct to Joliet. We wonder why.

Mr. E. T. Putman, agent at Mt. Carroll, who had his leg broken in an accident June 8, advises that he will be on the job not later than November 1. We will be glad to see you back again, Ernest, and we know the old "speed wagon" missed you, except when it turned over on that leg.

We had a very pleasant visit from our former and always popular manager, Mr. W. C. Cheesebro. He is temporarily residing here and Joliet extends to him a warm welcome and a hearty invitation to visit the office at any time.

Connors had a birthday recently. One of his friends asked him what he wanted for a present. He replied, "A set of dishes." He got them—from the ten cent store. We wonder what he is contemplating when he begins to want that kind of a present.

The bookkeeping department is holding a raffle. The proceeds will be devoted to keeping John Reinhard's pants pressed.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

After staying away for several months, Miss Susie Kincaid paid her respects to the office force, but we doubt if she saw many old faces—not aged, but old co-workers. The report that she was married seems to be unfounded, as she looks just fine.

Mr. Grimes, until recently stenographer in Mr. Coldsnows' department, resigned to go in business for himself. The nature of the business we have not heard, and well, it's his business.

The sales force now has in its ranks, one McGary, who in our opinion carries the full line with him at all times, and furthermore, knows how to handle it. Mac could sell overcoats on the South Sea Isles. Watch him grow, men! ! !

Miss Nell Dell chucked her job and is returning to her home somewhere in southern Missouri, down in the Ozarks. The advent of winter, which according to the predictions of the office boy and tree squirrels, is to be a hard one, makes her decision a very logical one. Best wishes, etc., etc.

Miss Lewis succeeded Miss Dell, while Miss Thompson is filling the vacancy left by Miss Lewis. Rather bad time to be breaking in on the coupon desk during a coupon book campaign and everyone trying to outdo the other party in the matter of sales, but we haven't heard any calls for help yet.

George Williams left, presumably to have his tonsils removed, but returned the following day to work. HE says he was called back due to business picking up in the stock department, but the question still persists in our minds, viz.: "Did he get cold feet?"

Seven weeks have elapsed and still Clint Meunier is taking the rest cure. No doubt he will be cured—but we had no idea he was so sick.

A. R. Ware spent a very enjoyable week on the jury, trying the famous Dennie Chester case. Says he was scared Dennie would recognize him and give him away.

Prohibition may come and prohibition may go but we still have Tom and Jerry with us.

The office force lost one of its best members in the person of Chet King, who accepted a position with a hardware firm in Savannah, Ill., his old stamping ground, having been born there and spending the best part of his life there as well. A splendid worker, a good ball player and a helluva good fellow is the impression he left with us. We hope the acquaintanceship won't end here. We extend our congratulations and hopes for a great future.

Mrs. Pippit, before her Mirage, Margaret Haas, resigned. She has a brand new husband—not a second-hand one—to look after. Snuff sed.

Miss Ficke appears to be enjoying her new job in the file room, judging from the "smile that won't come off."

The latest score on the coupon book campaign indicates that the Cossacks are going to put the trimmings on the Amazons. With only one day to go, they'll have to work fast. The sales made by the office force alone will amount to something like 500 books, a nice figure for voluntary work and hard times to combat. Business IS picking up.

Mr. Dayhoff has suddenly become silent. Until recently, he gave vent to some very original and eloquent expressions, and just as corn makes 'em talk about snakes and pink elephants, some other spirit seemed to move him to talk about the flowers, birds, nature and the joys of living. Why so morose? Ah, we have it; he bet on the girls in the coupon book campaign and he smells defeat? But at that, he's a pretty good optomist.

Now that baseball season is drawing to a close, we wonder what our board of critics will do? Of course you all know them, the serious counte-

nanced quartette who hold sessions AM and M in the sales department to discuss the movements of baseball. Otto Floto has nothing on them.

We had visits recently from quite a number of ex-employees. Be it ever so humble, there's no place like the old one.

Mr. Monroe replaces Mr. Grimes in Geo. Coldsnows dugout. He's an ex-gob and a very congenial person.

Billy Henderson was in the office on business recently.

Our new service station at 46th & Troost has opened for business. Its attendant is a very enthusiastic gentleman by the name of Johnson, who formerly worked for a competitor, but realizing the futility of handling inferior products, he naturally switched over to the best; hence his enthusiasm.

"Dad"Winters was transferred from 15th & Benton to 15th & Euclid. "Dad" had many admirers and undoubtedly there will be quite a shift of business from 15th & Benton to 15th & Euclid.

Inspired by their success on the ball diamond this season, the office boys are now organizing a basket ball team. They will have a very zealous backer in Manager Griffin, thru whose encouragement and efforts they did so well in baseball and when its all over we look to see them there with the goods—if they can't bring home the bacon, they'll get the rind at least.

KEOKUK, IOWA

Attention, Mr. Editor: Please put Keokuk Field on record from now on as not wishing to be conspicuous by her absence. (Done! Now get a good photog.—Ed.)

What's the world coming to—Miss Serena Hegeman and Miss Bessie Davis were recently seen buying rouge. When are you going to start rolling 'em, girls?

Mr. I. P. Trowbridge, station examiner, surprised us about a month ago by getting married. Good luck, I. P.! This accounts for Julia's long face.

When you go to give a gasoline mileage test, Mr. Vogler, wear a rubber band under your chin. Hats always blow off at the most inopportune times.

Miss Frances Voss, our assistant manager's stenographer, would like to be transferred to Burlington. Why not have him move to Keokuk, Frances?

In giving advice as to how to raise your children, Mr. A. C. Bode, our chief clerk, is a connoisseur, but Mr. Brunat reminds him that all he has to teach his charges to do is to sit in the back seat with their paws on the door.

Have you noticed how much "pep" Chester, our mimeograph operator, displays when he chews gum?

Miss Margaret Stadler has a very bad cold. Did you get it in the Buick, Margaret, or sitting on the front porch with nothing around you but Jack's arm?

Mr. Postlewaite wouldn't take his son, Jimmie, to the circus. Gosh! wouldn't you hate to be Jimmie?

Mr. W. O. Haworth, home office auditor, is visiting us.

Miss Nellie Ewing, our bill clerk, is learning to drive a Ford. She says she wants to give him a chance to put his arm along the back of the seat. Better take Mother along, Nellie!

O. E. Hoskins, salesman, is wondering when Fords are going to be equipped with tilting steering wheels. Oscar says it keeps him busy sewing buttons on his vest under present conditions.

We have been told Bill Stuckert likes to play croquet. But he likes to play best on North Fourteenth street.

ATTENTION CHICAGO! In the August number it was mentioned that Joe Schurek, of the manufacturing department, home office, had lost his heart to our "Myke" Radasch. For Mr. Schurek's information, he had better be watching "Eddie", our messenger, for it was rumored that he gave her a $5.00 gold piece for her birthday. Good luck, Eddie! Go to it.

"Peeping Pick", head station examiner, finds it isn't necessary to own a car to go riding. All he needs is a cap. His neighbors on either side of him see that he is always furnished with a car.

If John Elgin would realize that he is old enough to get away from style and wear glasses that hook over his ears, he wouldn't break so many. Also, John, get a case with a chain attached to it, so you won't be continually losing them.

"Smitty", our cashier, is a real child of nature. How he does love the "Woods!"

Mr. Herbert Spencer, mechanic at Creston, is the proud father of a fine baby boy.

"Nick" Klepfer, order clerk, has just returned from his vacation, which he spent in the country. And say, those poor chickens—how they suffered; also the frogs, they just couldn't dodge the shots (so he says).

Mr. G. B. Heatherington, salesman, wants to ask the rest of the salesmen if they remember the "days of real sport" when they used to carry water to the elephants. He says, "Come on, boys, let's carry Standard Oil Company goods to the farmer now; let's show 'em the 'days of real sport' ain't over yet—keep on movin'—let's go!"

Mr. King, our manager, always thought his Buick car was easy riding until he recently made a trip over the territory and came back with his glasses broken. Rough roads, eh? Better get a Cadillac, Mr. King.

Last Wednesday night Miss Lawrence was seen walking up the street with two men. Later she was seen going home alone on the street car. How come, Flora?

Mary had some S. L. Gloss,
She swallowed it one night,
Now everything she breathes upon,
Looks very, very bright.

(*From the pen of Jack Wolf.*)

LA CROSSE, WIS.

The La Crosse Interstate Fair for 1921 has gone into history, and the people who attended carried away a wonderful impression of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. We've got to take off our hats to Messrs. Levy, Remp, House and Kirk for putting across a display that was the cynosure of all eyes. The miniature tank farm with pumps and derricks working perfectly "got 'em" every time. Will House claims the aftermath has been a remarkable increase in candle sales, Stanolax, Semdac, Finol, etc. Mr. Remp, although we know his pecular aversion for talking, explained and re-explained our products all day long. He is contemplating getting out a search warrant to look for his voice. Incidentally we La Crosse folks feel justly proud of our Fair this year. It is an undisputed fact that in the big "La Crosse Day" parade on Tuesday afternoon the Standard Oil Company representation was easily the most conspicuous and handsome. On all sides could be heard ejaculations of admiration for the elaborate but not overdone

Standard Oil Company bunch. The parade of high-class stock, which was held on Friday afternoon, was declared by eminent authorities to surpass in quantity and quality those held at the Minnesota and Wisconsin State Fairs this year.

At 7 o'clock Saturday evening, September 17, Walter Selbo of the stock department gave up his freedom, but he got something better—a wife. Not many of us have as yet met the little lady, but judging from all the good things we have heard about her, we must say that Walter certainly is in luck. The wedding ceremony took place at the German Lutheran Church at West and Cameron avenues, the Rev. J. T. Gamm, officiating. Following the ceremony, a sumptuous wedding dinner was enjoyed at the home of the bride's mother, after which Mr. and Mrs. Selbo left for Chicago, Milwaukee and other points to enjoy their honeymoon. Our best wishes are with them.

District Superintendent Sam L. Levy, is still smacking his lips after tying into a feast at the home of our former manager, W. W. Holcomb. Prairie chicken was the piece de resistance. Mr. Holcomb regaled his guests with an account of the trip, mercilessly impressing upon them the sad fact that the prairie chickens at Mather, Wis., were so thick and numerous that it was hard to distinguish the sky and the landscape. Well, that sounds good anyway.

Miss Mabel Baker showed a lot of nerve on September 16. In spite of rain, clay, mud and what-not, she made good her determination to drive the family "Studebaker" to Milwaukee. She got there, had a good time for several days and came back to us with her usual smile, except that it was a bit more pronounced.

Miss Helen Ferguson is back at her desk after having spent several days at the old home in Mauston, Wis.

Miss Ellen Wood has just returned from her vacation which was spent at Helena, Mont. The Montana State Fair was one of the chief items of interest, but when she acted as bridesmaid at her cousin's wedding, she had one regular time. Ellen claims that the best thing about the wedding was the best man, and that her experience coming home on the train almost caused Artie to lose out.

Arthur Wanner, who presides over Ledger G, has had to buy a larger covering for his dome, due to the arrival of Miss Edith Kathryn Wanner. She put in her appearance on September 1. We don't blame "Art" for swelling up, for some of us have been there.

This bunch is more than happy to learn that Miss Mary Rohr is improving rapidly after a very serious operation at a local hospital.

Hymeneal happenings have been reaching proportions that are interesting. The other day Even Evenson passed around cigars for the gents and candy fo the ladies, and today Walter Selbo did the honors. Kind of hard to tell who is next, but if the cigars and the candy are going to be up to standard it can't happen too soon. Let's go!

Kendall, Wis., is one of the new stations in the La Crosse Division. Mr. C. A. Dams is the agent.

We have also opened up a new service station at Lake City, Minn. Don't forget to look for it when touring.

Rudolph Steinke, "right bower" in the order department, has completed his "annual." He returned to work Wednesday morning all primed to go "on high" for the next 11½ months.

Mr. G. E. Johnson succeeds Mr. C. Carlson as our agent at Rose Creek, Minn.

MANKATO, MINN.

Mr. J. L. Carter, assistant general manager, in company with F. L. Cochran, manager, Minneapolis division, H. A. Monson and M. H. Chesbrough, manager and assistant manager of the Mankato division, visited various points in the Mankato division on September 12, 13 and 14. The party, under the guidance of Mr. Monson and Mr. Chesbrough, journeyed to Montgomery, Faribault, Owatonna, Albert Lea, Waseca and Janesville, where they inspected company properties. On September 15, Mr. Carter presided at a meeting held in the Mankato offices which was attended by the above named gentlemen and also by A. H. Dodsley and C. L. Bailey, manager and assistant manager of the Huron (S. D.) division. Mr. Carter's talk, given in his usual forceful manner, made a great impression on the minds of those present. There was a unanimous expression of regret among the Mankato force that Mr. Carter could not speak to them on account of the shortness of his stay.

On Monday September 20, the sales force of the Mankato division held an all day meeting in the Mankato offices. H. A. Monson, manager, and M. H. Chesbrough, assistant manager, presided at the session and there is no doubt but that enough enthusiasm and pep was engendered to carry the Mankato division salesmen through the year.

H. A. Monson, manager of the Mankato division, left Tuesday afternoon, September 20, on an inspection trip. Mr. Monson had planned to make the trip to Albert Lea, Fairmont, Luverne, Worthington, Pipestone, Marshall and New Ulm via automobile but the heavy rains, which were general throughout Southern Minnesota, made this impractical if not impossible and he was compelled to leave by rail.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

It has been said that Mr. Harold Howe, our salesman in the Plymouth district, will tie the knot with Miss Gladys Wenzel, who was formerly employed by the Standard Oil Company. The wedding is to take place Saturday, October 15, Good luck, Harold and Gladys.

We are pleased to inform the readers of the Stanolind Record that Miss Marie Most, hailing from Dubuque, Iowa, is now in the employ of the Milwaukee division.

We regret to inform the Stanolind readers that Mr. Wm. Smith, former service station attendant at 22nd & Forest Home Ave., Milwaukee, died Friday night, September 9th, after an illness lasting about five months. He was remembered by his co-workers with a beautiful wreath of roses. He was an ambitious worker and the Milwaukee division deeply regrets the loss of his services.

"Quite accidentally" Mr. Ed. Taylor, S. E. Weinert, E. R. Marsden, James McCrory and W. J. Duncan met at Burlington the night before the duck season opened. After discussing until long past midnight just how many ducks each man intended to kill the next day, the party finally went to bed, only to roll out again at three o'clock in the morning to find it raining hard. In company with Mr. Marks, tank wagon salesman at Burlington, the brave party started southward where ducks were known to have spent a little time during the year that Columbus discovered America. Friend Weinert not being the thinest man in the world, naturally took the lead. Our hunting ground was

composed of small ponds surrounded with black muck. In a very few minutes all that could be seen of Weinert were his feet sticking up in the air, his brand new $25.00 gun and the rest of him being head first in the marsh. After Duncan had extricated himself, Weinert finally righted himself. It was a great morning. The ducks that should have been killed are still happily flying around. The only shot that was taken was at a poor little mudhen out in the rushes, into which McCrory and Weinert pumped twelve shots and after the bombardment had stopped, the little hen flew away with a "quack-quack-quack." The word "Ducks" is a sore spot with this crowd and we would suggest that when they go hunting ducks in the future, they go where ducks are likely to be, instead of places where farmers spend their time cultivating the fields.

Our big, good-natured friend A. N. Bemis has been spending this week down in the Walworth territory. He was not so strong for going down there, but when he became accustomed to all the big Packard cars whizzing along and saw our agent with a 600 gallon Pierce-Arrow truck to work with, the wonderful roads and the wonderful lakes surrounding the place, he decided that he would be content to spend the summer there.

Handsome James McCrory budded out the other day in a new Stutz roadster. Mr. Ed. Taylor, who now shows signs of grey hair, is authority for the statement that this car can make 72 miles an hour without exerting itself. We wonder how Ed feels when he gets back into his Ford.

Mr. T. H. Lang and Mr. I. R. Prather were busy last week holding salesmen's meetings with Dist. Supt. W. J. Duncan throughout the southeastern division. From the enthusiasm shown at the meetings and the business coming in since, great things are looked for through that locality.

Mr. I. R. Prather, assistant manager, and W. J. Duncan have just completed a series of meetings with the agents, holding distillation tests. Duncan states that he enjoyed the meetings and did not mind the night riding with Mr. Prather, but he sure kicked on carrying a bull pup all over the territory, which Mr. Prather picked up while enroute. Said pup has not been heard of lately.

Mr. E. R. Marsden was a busy man last week with his booth at the Elkhorn Fair. It was a very attractive booth in every way, showing a full line display. In a later issue we may have some pictures of this. Mr. Marsden claims that sales were unusually heavy on lubricating oils and greases in general. Incidentally, this Fair kept one truck busy all the time supplying the various gas engines and equipment operating on gasoline. In fact we enjoyed 100% of the business.

Mr. Porter, the new agent at Walworth, is a good, fat, jolly fellow and in going through there, do not fail to look him up. He has always been a great booster for Red Crown and not being able to contain himself any longer, just had to go to work for the Company. We wish you good luck, Mr. Porter, and welcome you into the Standard Oil family.

Mr. Cole, the new agent at Lomira, is a newcomer in our midst and thoroughly enjoys working at the new station which we recently built at that point. We all wish you good luck, Mr. Cole.

Mr. Lindeman, the new agent at Union Grove says that it is a great life on the Standard Oil truck, especially in that locality, when it rains. He is blessed with a lot of beautiful gumbo roads and says that he never knows whether he is wheeling or sleighing. Never mind, Mr. Lindeman, the roads will dry up and you will find that your pleasures are all ahead of you.

Have you noticed Miss Rose Krause, the predominating Miss of the bookkeeping department, wearing the big sparkler? Mr. Henry Weiand, noted undertaker of Milwaukee, is claiming her affections with this diamond. Good luck, Rose, and here's hoping that the big event is coming off soon.

Chick Evans, of our cashier department, seems to have an awful crush on a pretty little girl from the telephone company. How about it, Chick? When is it all coming off?

We hope Harold Pett's memory is better this year than last so that he can find his overcoat this fall. Are the cigars on you this time, Harold?

It could not be beat! What? Art Spieker's score of 563 in the opening three games of the bowling season. Good luck.

On a number of occasions, our equipment clerk, A. L. Hattstaedt, has been noticed scrutinizing the diamonds in the display window of a defunct jewelry store on Grand avenue. What's the great idea, Al?

Caught in a recent rainstorm, Geo. Gruettner of the equipment department, started running for the street car, and in rounding a corner, dashed squarely against a well-fed, rubicund policeman. Merely getting acquainted, eh, George?

Our live wire salesman, Mr. J. J. Blenker, who covers part of the city of Milwaukee, and one of the suburbs, is laid up in the hospital due to a slight operation. We all hope for a speedy recovery as his services are surely missed.

Miss Louise Nabor entertained the girls of the credit department at her home in honor of her birthday anniversary, September 14. Among the guests were the Misses Clara Stein, Marg. Paas, Rose Goldbaum, Ann Steffen, Carol Robinson, Laura Schilke, Violet Pikrot, Rose Krause, Clara Eckardt. Everybody had a jolly good time.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

When Robt. Walton took P. Clarence Dickey, J. Catastrophe Vincent and L. More Klebba to the State Prison, he did so with the primary intention of showing them how well acquainted he was with the—warden. He slapped Warden Sullivan on the back and the warden drew his gun, thinking perhaps some bozo was getting familiar. Mr. Vincent, whose son is now attending high school, leaped forward to prevent Mr. Walton from being shot. When the Warden saw Bob's face, he exclaimed, "Why, it's only Bob Walton." Mr. Walton's heart beats then subsided.

St. Paul put the rollers under Minneapolis in the Semdac campaign. Jerry Freeman says if the Semdac that was sold were changed to water it would quench a Jumbo's thirst. Minneapolis paid the bet. A dinner was pulled off in the office buildings' basement. The stuff tasted good and it was a fitting climax to "some" campaign. The St. Paul service station attendants shake a wicked selling hand.

Mr. Cochran works as a manager during the day and as a service station inspector in the evening. "There comes the boss," is a common expression among the service station attendants. He wants service rendered the public and the boys are delivering. The Twin Cities agree that Standard Oil is delivering the goods.

Somewhere in Minneapolis there is a young boy, in fact, right now he is one day old. They call

his father "Arnie". He has been labeled Billy Burnett Arneson. (At the office Arnie looks after Red Crown and Perfection—at home he will be an Attendant).

Our tank yard has been leveled and the tanks moved and put in uniform location. A retaining wall has been built around the tanks, and a new loading station is under construction. These changes will result in greater efficiency in the handling of our business. By the way, "efficiency" is the guiding light on the Minneapolis ship of progress.

From all indications Mr. Vincent expects to put the state weights and measure department out of business, as he has a vigorous campaign on check ing up tank wagon buckets and regauging all tanks in the division.

Mrs. Shea's absence from the dance the other night had no effect on Timothy's popularity among the ladies.

The campaign in this division to prevent accidents is being vigorously pushed by Mr. L. A. Rossiter. After Mr. Rossiter gives the person, responsible for the accident the "once over", he states that there will be absolutely no chance for a recurrence.

Many friends of Lawrence Peot, shop foreman, are sorry to hear of his wife's illness.

Miss Maude Galvin, Mr. Cochran's stenographer, was absent from the office two days, claiming she had the grip. However, she is back on the job but we are at a loss to know whether she had the grip of if somebody had the grip on her.

Pearl Heller, of the statistical department, while driving her Dodge touring car Sunday, collided with another vehicle and fortunately no serious damage was done. Pearl says that she always thought a Dodge was made to dodge, but this one didn't.

Mr. R. J. Hutton, formerly service station Superintendent of St. Paul, resigned and Mr. Harold Quackenbush has taken up his duties.

Geo. L. McGrath, our good natured St. Paul warehouse superintendent, drops in to see us every few days. George says "give me three more months in St. Paul, and Minneapolis won't have a look in."

Mr. Chas. E. Keith, our new acting district superintendent, in the Willmar field, promises big things. Charlie says he believes in the slogan "BUSINESS IS HERE"—and he is going to GET IT.

Miss Blanche Livingstone resigned and expects to make her future home in California. Blanche has been in the employ of this company for the past five years and won the friendship of the entire office. Her presence will be greatly missed by all of us and we trust that her future will be a bright one, and that she will not forget her friends in Minneapolis.

Mr. Cochran and Mr. Brown made a business trip to Chicago September 27.

Mr. W. O. Dixon has been confined to his home several days on account of a very serious operation. W. O. had several teeth extracted and he says it was a case of "too many at once."

Mr. J. H. Bullard, who is on our special gasoline truck, is showing a wonderful burst of speed. Jim brings in orders from new customers every night and says his only worry now is that there will be no business left for the competitor.

Louis LaFond, agent at Little Falls, is under a charge of murder. While rounding up future orders with his Buick touring car he caused the cessation of life of a spring chicken. He is out on bail awaiting trial.

Mr. Freyberg, St. Paul district superintendent, is fully recovered from his recent illness and looks like the O. B. of old.

E. A. Osher, St. Paul salesman, has resigned and gone to California. Believe us when we say "he was a Full Line Salesman."

Four bowling teams have opened the winter season and roll at the Elks Club. The Marketing Department are known as the Renowns, the Accounting Dept., the Red Crowns; Salesmen, Semdacs and the Warehouse, the Polarines. Watch next issue for result of games.

"Another" dance and card party was given by the Red Crown Social Club. The card playing of Mr. Brown was a feature, although Mrs. Brown won first prize. Harry Gillette plays a dangerous hand. Hugh Moshier was master of ceremonies.

PEORIA, ILL.

Mr. W. H. Coleman, division superintendent at Saginaw, Mich., visited here recently. Mr. Coleman is arranging to move his family and furniture to his headquarters at Saginaw. Here's hoping that he always has good luck, health and prosperity and that the crop of string beans is very heavy in Saginaw in 1922.

Miss Verna Kennedy has joined our stenographic department, being attached to the equipment department.

Miss Irene Buchele, Peoria office, scored heavily at an entertainment given by the Daughters of Isabella on Sept. 16, in her famous Spanish number. Miss Buchele has a wonderful voice and is receiving considerable notice in Peoria on account of same.

The fire department was saved a run the other day when we discovered what we thought was a cloud of smoke was merely Pete Bornholdt and his new pipe. Pete says there is more consolation in a good French brier than in all the poetry ever written.

Henry Melzer, of the bookkeeping department, Peoria office, has been carrying his right arm in a sling for the past few days. Henry tried to pass between two Fords on his bicycle and informs us that it can't be done safely. Our campaign on safety first should appeal to Henry.

Joe Simms, better known as "Heavy," in charge of the stock department at Peoria office, has been taking vocal lessons for a number of years and has promised us that at our next social event of the Soco Club he will favor us with a few Italian, French and German ballads.

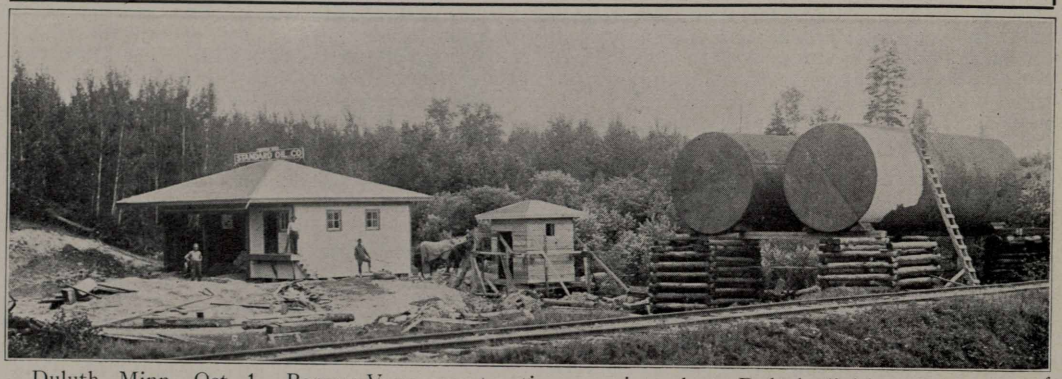
Mr. H. A. Davis, our salesman in the Paxton field, is the proud father of a bouncing 7¾-pound boy, born August 17th at Paxton, Illinois. After an argument which Mrs. Davis won, the boy was named "Wayne Alby Davis." H. A. wanted to name him "Polarine."

Mr. Dewey Jones, our agent at Fisher, Illinois, announces the birth of a 9-pound boy, born August 26. They have named him "Lucian" and both Mr. and Mrs. Jones are looking forward to the day when "Luc" will be able to make out an 044.

R. F. Gones, our salesman in charge of the Hoopeston field, finds considerable attraction around the telephone desk at the Peoria office. We don't blame him and we also bet he's single.

On Sept. 15th, what was widely advertised as "Dollar" day took place in all of the stores in Peoria. Miss Edna Kelly, steno for "Dancer" Waugh, came to work after lunch with a beautiful plush hat, black beads and everything.

IN 1921 STANDARD OIL IS STILL A PIONEER



Duluth, Minn., Oct. 1.—Barney Vann, construction superintendent, Duluth division, feels proud of this station in the wilderness, at Northome, Minnesota. It required real "pioneering" work to put it there but—"Where business exists, there liveth and worketh also Ye Standard Oil Company of Indiana."

Winter must be coming for the "Duke" has shed his bantam-weight coat and the folks around the upstairs office no longer feel that they are at church.

Why does Miss Zillah Prichard always fix her hair before taking dictation? Zillah is the proud possessor of some perfectly adorable perfume.

We often wonder why our cashier, Mr. Waugh, has not danced himself into some nice girl's heart. The writer never smoked a cigar in his life but would do so or "bust" if Ralph ever presented him with one on such an occasion.

Harry Brandvig, of the credit department, has won the title of "Minute-Man." Each morning promptly one minute to eight Harry is sliding into his office chair and usually all out of breath. Try setting the clock ahead once, Harry.

Joe Steinbach, of the bookkeeping department, wants to know if there are any fresh sheets out. Joe believes in posting them while they are wet.

Gene O'Hara and Hank Melzer, of the bookkeeping department, have won a place in the hall of fame, having discovered a system of keeping water melons all winter. Their method is to grow them in South Africa during the months of January and February.

Crock Peterson and Fluff Lindenfelser are fast becoming bowling champions, both having the high average of 72 at present.

John Linneman, of our bookkeeping department, claims to have invented a substitute for coal. We don't know whether John will go into the manufacturing business or not, but we have seen John hot enough a number of times.

Mr. J. V. Serkowich, Peoria correspondent for Stanolind Record, and up to September 21 connected with the sales department, has been promoted to the position of service station superintendent of Peoria division.

Mr. L. B. Penny, formerly superintendent of service stations, assumes the duty of city salesman at Peoria, Ill.

Mr. Clarence Buck changed from sales department to record department, Peoria.

* * *

Let's end the year with a bang!
Sell The Full Line!

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Ed has been walking to work by his lonesome lately—Mary is on her vacation.

A. J. Brooks says these are good duck mornings. Well, let's go. Standiford.

Boys, before the winter is done the hope chests will be running over. You never saw such workin' girls as our embroidery club.

Saturday, October 1, the girls gave a luncheon at the Leader Tea Room for Miss Neva Fuller, in honor of her 'teenth birthday.

Each Monday morning brings back vacationists. Sandy Bolton gets back Monday. Miss Burke says it is her turn next—two long weeks.

If you want to see a good, broad smile, ask Dick Orr how is his wee daughter is.

Madonna White is learning to "trip the light fantastic" at Prinz's.

Ray Cooksey, salesman eastern district, paid us a call the other day.

Emil Overmiller is going to start "Selling the Full Line" in the central district soon. (Yes, he is married.)

Tom McCullough, our mail clerk, missed his 3:30 smoke one day this week. Some one hid his pipe.

According to rumor, the boss's new house is going to be *some* home.

R. F. Hotchkiss, agent, Atwood, Kan., says "Business is here—I get it."

S. D. Zimmerman is breathing easily once more—the curb pump report is in.

Our auburn haired check clerk, Arthur Rogers, has rented a box seat at the Tootle theater for the season. Naughty! Naughty!

Helen Bunkowski says Eldorado, Kan., is an ideal place for a vacation. Rumor says the oil wells are not the only attraction. How about it, Helen?

Chief topic of discussion of the girls upstairs—Harry Murray's middle name. The initial is F, so they are calling him "Fanny."

The marketing department thought they had a vacation Friday, the 30th. Mr. Whelan and Mr. Warren were both in Chicago, therefore, the buzzer did not buzz.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Effective some time in the near future we hear a Wardrobe Woman is to be appointed. Chief duty will be to inspect the hats and coats of the girls every a. m., as the chief clerk has been informed that those coming late dash madly in and throw their wraps down instead of hanging them on the accustomed pegs. Warning signs will be pasted thereon, as the traffic cops do in our city if you park too long in one place. The said wardrobe woman will have no trouble finding other work to do judging from the number of times we see the girls running around with thread and needle, and hiding behind the files.

Suggestion received for the Safety Council:—That the aisles leading from the rear of the office to to a point near the cashier's cage be cleared every evening to allow a free passageway for Mrs. Warren every morning about 8:02. This, it is believed, will prevent some serious personal injury, especially when Flossie has all her jewelry and war paint on.

At the party Schocknecht enjoyed a dance with Mollie. If you know this long one and this short one you will realize why, when the music stopped, Mollie said, "Thank goodness, I've lit."

The last boat excursion of the season was hugely enjoyed by all the Standard Oil Company bunch who attended. We know that many of them don't like water so we will excuse their non-attendance, but the root beer was fine; also the dancing floor and sundry other attractions. For further particulars, see our gallant friend Schocknecht, who is thinking of requesting baskets hung on the side of his Ford. (a la motor cycle). We second the motion. We'll start earlier next season and have more than one such day.

Drury says he had a girl one evening a few months ago and has been watching every issue of the Record for remarks. Evidently he didn't pick the right street for a promenade, some of us would have surely seen him.

Julia Thornhill, our pleasant P. B. X. operator, had the misfortune to sprain her ankle while waiting for a car coming to work. The injury proved rather painful for a couple of days. In addition to the doctor's attention, it also required the attention of Mr. Brown, service station collector, who conveyed her home the first evening, but owing to circumstances over which he had no control, he was forced to discontinue this practice, and Julia had to resort to other means of transportation. Mr. Brown's explanation is that "The girl I left behind me" was getting somewhat peevish. Surely not the girl that rides home with you every evening, Al?

Note the new way in which our co-worker, Joseph Fitzgerald, is spelling his name—Joseph FitzGerald—with a capital G. He is all bedecked in big tortoise shell goggles, which won for him the nom-de-plume of Harold Lloyd, previously nicknamed "Beauty Joe, the He-Vamp."

One day last week Bob Quain commented upon a recitation he heard Sunday out at the river. He referred to it as supercilious, also euphonic. The next day, his right bower, Ray Carney, asked to be excused on account of earache. Go easy Bob, or you will break Ray's ear drum.

Mr. Paul Gellert, tank truck driver at South Broadway station, believes in efficiency—and makes his trip with the truck pay both ways. To the country with Standard Oil Company products and back again the same day to the city with farm products. Another way of doing the multiplication table, using money as an objective. Go to it, Paul, until the green goods give out.

Just a hint to our telephone girl—When you fail to get a prompt answer to a "ring" at South Broadway station, try the plumbing shop across the street. Ask Clarence Bender or John Moeshmer for her 'phone number. It will save you lots of time, Julia.

Handsome "J. C." Diedrich of Owosso, Michigan, please note—The name of the girl on the picture other than the one you correspond with is Helen Coughlin. Oh my, no—Molly will not be jealous if you wish to use additional postage.

The sign on apartments "Deliver all parcels in rear" does not apply to stenographers, Mr. Schoknecht. Hereafter you might as well stay on the main stem as "Pay as you ride" only applies to Katherine *when* U. R. tokens are used.

ANOTHER ST. LOUIS PARTY

If the St. Louis office is a "flat tire" you can blame it on the big "blow out" or "ginger" party held recently. When this bunch gets together interesting things happen fast. These are some of the reasons why the party was a success: Schoknecht arrived first. We had a "Full" orchestra—all three of them. The floor was sprinkled with parawax so that those who didn't dance could skate. All dance steps were seen, except the "Tommy Long Clutch," which was barred. These amusements continued a long time and while the linoleum was being re-laid, the crowd wore the varnish off the desks playing cards. Drury's desk was worn near his vest, because that's the way he plays 'em. Smitty went to the doctor next day and told him he could see spots before his eyes, Doc said "Quit playing poker." The Boss makes us all turn red *sometimes*, but what happened to Sadie G. made the black knobs on the rail around the chief clerk's desk look like Carmen's roses. Mr. Robinson enjoyed it, too. More dancing, orchestra in same condition. Ice cream was plentiful and the girls furnished cakes of every shape, size and color, varying in effect, if taken internally from delight to convulsions. Prizes were given for best dancing and high scores. Some one gave Mr. Skinner an elaborately designed cake shaped like a lamb and wearing a beautiful Red crown;some dumb third assistant bookkeeper said: "Why the Red Crown." Just for curiosity we would like to know what the top sargeant did with that lamb; it must have required a lot of care because he didn't appear at the office for three days. At 12 o'clock all went home.

PEP IN SOUTHWEST MISSOURI

When you hear about the Pep meetings in the Southwest Missouri district, St. Louis field, you will understand why an increase in sales is sure to come. The last time these live ones got together at Springfield they raised the roof with enthusiasm—and why not? Do you know any antidote for Pep when a tongue artist like E. N. Shallenberger and a cheer leader like John Losch turn on the gas? Answer: You don't. Add to this "ginger bombs" thrown by Salesmen Smock, Selle, Merritt, Crumpley and Agent Instructor Thompson, and you have the beginning of a successful sales drive.

ST. LOUIS SAFETY COUNCIL

The St. Louis Safety Council of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is just budding, but if it blooms as it buds it will be some blossom. The first meeting was held Tuesday night, September 27, in the company office. Over a hundred employees

were present. Mr. W. L. Patterson, safety engineer of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. Waldron, publicity agent of the St. Louis Safety Council, were also in attendance.

Chairman Bemis unwound a roll of butcher's paper on which was listed in letters two inches high all accidents in St. Louis field during the first nine months of 1921, showing the names of employees involved, dates and cost. The three men who didn't help hold up the paper said it was a very impressive display. Mr. Bemis closed his talk with a warning that the high cost of butcher's paper makes it necessary for St. Louis to reduce accidents before the next meeting.

Manager Robinson discussed "Safety as an Asset," while Mr. Skinner, chief clerk, made a good talk on "Cost of Carelessness," Superintendent of Equipment Jos. Diekman, discussed "Condition of Equipment and Co-operation of Drivers," using an elaborate chart on which he had classified the various points in his talk. The Council will continue these discussions on alternate Tuesday nights until November 22. At the end of that time every employee in this field will know that our slogan means something: "Safety is a part of your Job."

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

We are glad to report Mr. Hobein of the Chicago office with us for a few days.

Geo. F. Nichols of S. S. No. 25, Sioux City, is showing us that his middle name is really "Finol." He has sold two more half barrels of Finol and says there's more fun in selling a half barrel than a 10 cent can. We take our hat off to George on Finol.

New service stations recently opened in our field are at Logan, Iowa; Yankton, S. D.; 7th and Water streets, Sioux City; 4th and Bluff streets, Sioux City; 3rd and Plymouth streets, Sioux City. All report getting along fine. Their attractiveness in appearance, cleanliness and convenience, together with courteous service, are rapidly pushing them toward first place among the filling stations of our division.

Wednesday, September 21, at 5 p. m., while Paul Matthiades was checking our service station at Third and Plymouth streets, two hold-up men entered with handkerchiefs pulled up over their faces, drawn revolvers and the usual slogan "Stick 'Em Up"; whereupon the attendant and Paul were obliged to hold up their hands and submit to being examined for revolvers. Finding no revolvers, the gunmen grabbed the leather money bag and walked out of the station to their car. Asst. Mgr. Leonard drove to the station just as the two men got into the car and drove away. He and Paul started in pursuit, but the hold-up men disappeared among the crowd of autos, wagons, and street cars. Paul says they carried two very sassy looking guns. From his looks we think they did too.

Mr. J. L. Carter of Chicago has been conducting a series of salesmen's meetings in our field, in company with Mr. Thayer, Mr. Leonard, Mr. Hagy and the district's superintendents. One meeting each was held at Cherokee, Yankton, Sioux Falls and Sioux City. The first meeting was held at Sioux City. The following day Mr. Carter, Thayer, Leonard and Hagy motored toward Cherokee, stopping at several of our "B" stations for a general inspection.

Dist. Supt. C. S. Farrel, of the Mankato division, has been transferred to the Sioux City division, with headquarters at Cherokee. Mr. Farrel is not exactly a stranger as he is an old time employee and a few of us in the Sioux City division have the pleasure of knowing him for some time. Those who haven't will have the pleasure of getting acquainted. The girls in this division are wondering why the girls in the "Kato" division ever let "that good looking chap get away." Mankato please explain.

Dist. Supt. F. J. Hagy has been transferred from the eastern division to the central division, together with handling the sales promotion work in this office.

B. F. Webster, and L. C. Abrahaonson, of Sheldon, Iowa, were callers at our office recently on business.

WICHITA, KANSAS

Mr. Quinlan, manager, and Mr. Kelly, assistant manager, have been holding a series of meetings with the different superintendents and salesmen. The purpose of these meetings naturally is more sales. On Saturday, Sept. 24, the last meeting was held in Salina. Large chunks of pep were distributed and reports from that field are that every man is going to step out and do his bit. After the meeting Mr. Quinlan and Mr. Kelly had a very pleasant (?) trip back from Salina through a storm. They left Salina at four o'clock in the afternoon and reached Wichita at four o'clock Sunday morning.

George Minnehan, construction department, has been confined to his home for a few days with symptoms of append-i-cum-and-cut-us. He is recovering without an operation. Stay off that stuff for surgeons, George. It costs about 200 bucks per.

Orpha Parks, who has been slapping the typewriter keys in the marketing department, has been transferred to the cartage department.

Mrs. Van Keuren, wife of our former manager, has been seriously ill at the St. Francis hospital. We are glad to report that she is out of danger.

Up to date our Red Crown base ball team has won fourteen games this season and lost only four.

Hugh Pitzer has resigned as agent at Salina. M. C. McQuiston takes his place.

Eddie Brant, cashier's cage, hasn't kidded anyone for a week because said Eddie has been at home flat on his back with bilious fever. We will welcome the old smile again, Eddie, just as soon as you recover your former pep.

Miss Pryor, stenographer, has resigned on account of her health.

Miss Kathryn Robbins was called to Nevada, Missouri, because of her mother's illness. Our latest report says the mother is better.

New faces seen in the office: R. W. Swartwood, stock department; V. B. Chism, station examiner; E. L. Hunter, station examiner.

Mr. A. R. Meeker's smiling face was seen in the office recently. He says he is a happy man. Mr. Meeker, formerly a stenographer, has been given a salesman's position. The fresh air seems to agree with him.

A. G. Maule is moving from North Lawrence avenue to Litchfield street in Riverside. He wants to be near the river so he can fish.

Tom Bishop, stenographer, is having the time of his life in old Missouri. He has promised us some pictures of his old home place. Let them come, Tom. We need scenery.

C. H. Snyder, stock department, slipped out and brought in eighteen ducks. Walter Steel, station collector, has the fever so bad that he says he is

going to buy him an airplane and go after geese, as they honk too high for ordinary equipment.

W. F. Sharritt, bookkeeper, is spending his vacation visiting with his mother who is here from California.

Mrs. Chism, bill clerk, has resigned. Says she would rather wash dishes than bill. Miss Wisdom Jackson takes her place.

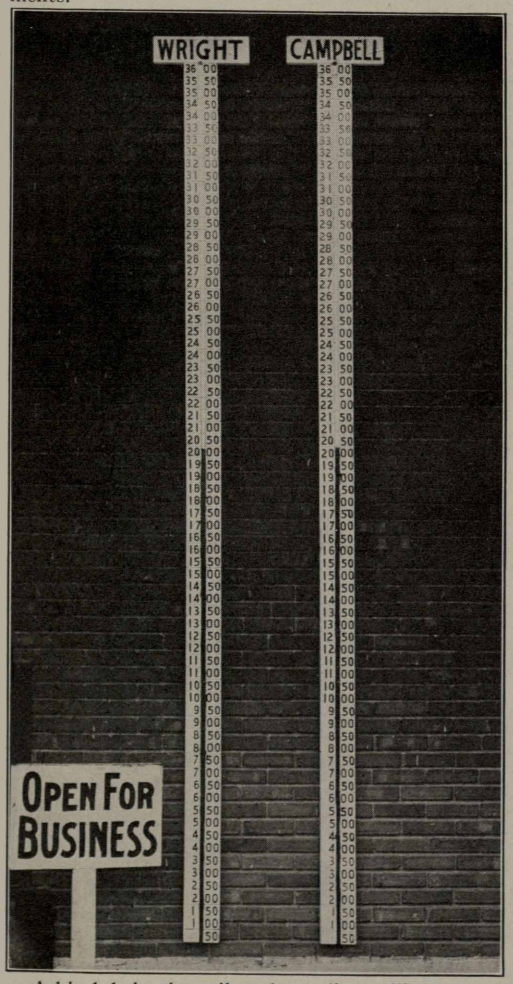
A TRAGEDY

Persons: Manager Quinlan; Assistant Manager Kelly; Salesman I. B. Smith.

Scene: Automobile on muddy road between Salina and Wichita, all three persons out in mud to knees digging the mud out from between fenders and wheels with bare hands.

Time: From six o'clock Saturday evening till three o'clock Sunday morning.

Charity demands that we make no further comments.



A big lubricating oil and gasoline selling contest is on. The tank wagon men, service station men, and shop men are divided under the leadership of B. H. Wright and Roscoe Campbell and are seeing which side can sell the most goods. The above picture, taken Sept. 23, shows the big thermometers placed on the side of the shop building where the results of each day's sale is recorded at twelve o'clock. These thermometers show about 2000 gallons for each captain at the time the picture was taken. A big time will be had at the finish. The Standard Oil Company will give a big banquet and several entertaining stunts will be pulled off.

Bob Morris, tank car order department, just can't keep the corners of his mouth from turning up. A little sleuth work uncovered the fact that his best girl has returned to Wichita. Smile on, Bob, we'll not kid you.

Harry Stout, B station stock clerk, is back at work after a long siege of typhoid fever in the Wesley hospital.

J. A. Torline, stock department, has resigned to enter educational work.

L. E. Neil, check department, who underwent an operation for appendicitis, is recovering.

"Glad to get back," is the way Roy Solomon, 06 clerk, expresses himself. He drove his Elgin-Six from Wichita around the southern route to California and back by the way of Salt Lake City, Denver, etc.

Gene George, B station stock clerk, has become a "Cow-pasture pool" devotee. He slings a wicked stick as he came nearly killing a fellow player recently.

Jean Jones, stenographer, reports a brand new blue-eyed baby boy at his home. The mother and baby are both doing finely. Jean is a little erratic in his eulogies of the baby but he will simmer down in a month or two.

Recently our painter, Mr. Sweeney, painted a big bunch of barrels with a two-inch brush averaging less than two and one-half minutes to the barrel. Wonder what he would have done if he had had a ten-inch brush and had known that a watch was being held on him?

Art Rose, warehouse, unwrapped a candle and found a note from one of the refinery girls. Art is not putting out any information so we are just waiting developments.

Jim Armour, district superintendent, thought he saw a familiar figure under a very wide hat sitting in the telephone booth at the office. Jim slipped up behind and raising the hat gazed into the face of—a perfectly strange lady. Presto—Jim's red face betrayed the fact that he didn't know his stuff. Rumor says that he asked the porter to kick him all the way from the office to the shop. You might as well forget it, Jim, we all make 'em. (But we gather he didn't "make" her.—Ed.)

Carl Nelson, Jack Brubaker, and Paul Hastings, are the new men in the shop. Eldon A. Thorpe is the new steno in the marketing department,—unmarried too, girls.

George Gray, warehouse clerk, reports his wife as better. Mrs. Gray has been suffering with a nervous breakdown.

We regret to report the death of Bob Steele, a former clerk in the marketing department. His funeral was held at St. Mary's Cathedral. Many of the employees attended. A beautiful floral remembrance was sent.

Considering the high cost of everything, Howard Lidell, marketing department, did a very brave deed Sept. 4 at 12 o'clock. He married Miss Lazella Norris of Eldorado. They were married at Ramona by the Rev. Chas. Craft. The bride was prettily dressed in white satin and the groom—Oh shucks, what's the use, Howard looks good to us all the time; and, Howard, both cigars and candy tasted like more. The employees presented the young couple with a very fine electric grill.

MERMEN AND MERMAIDS AT PEORIA PICNIC

Peoria, Ill.—Here are our bathing beauties (especially Gibbons and Hanson) snapped at the Standard Oil picnic. Left to right, front row: Jimmie Gibbons, Ruth Stewart, Mrs. W. Reyburn, Lorraine Claudin, Percival Hanson. Second row: Kenneth Flick, Frank Oswald, John Linneman, "Fluff" Lindenfelser, Bill Feuger, Alice Dispenet.

"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS," ADVISES MOSER

St. Joseph, Mo.—Charles Moser, attendant at S. S. 62, Chillicothe, Mo., has a unique method of advertising our famous Semdac—and we'll tell the world we market SOME Semdac in Chillicothe. The school children have become so educated to Semdac by seeing the Semdac flower bed that they insist on the school board using it on school floors.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

H. S. Morton, *Vice-President*

Allan Jackson, *Vice-President*

General Manager

T. J. Thompson

Assistant General Managers

John L. Carter, Northern Division

N. R. Grimshaw, Eastern Division

R. G. Stewart, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. Thompson, *General Manager*

C. O. Wilson, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. Allen, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. Lewis, *Manager*
C. F. Hatmaker, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
R. A. Thomson, *Manager*
C. W. Flanagan, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
H. F. Warren, *Manager*
W. A. Brown, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
Amos Ball, *Manager*
J. N. Elkert, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. Cochran, *Manager*
H. H. Keating, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. Shields, *Manager*
G. E. Webb, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. Lang, *Manager*
Ewald Brauns, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. Packard, *Manager*
P. A. Raupagh, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. Marshall, *Manager*
R. F. McConnell, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. Dodsley, *Manager*
C. L. Bailey, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. Galbreath, *Manager*
H. E. Bruce, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. Morton, *Manager*
Carl Monson, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. Griffin, *Manager*
J. W. Wilson, *Assistant Manager*

KEOKUK, IOWA
M. F. King, Jr., *Manager*
C. M. Vogler, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. H. Lambert, *Manager*
J. E. Monegan, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
H. A. Monson, *Manager*
M. H. Chesbrough, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. Lang, *Manager*
Ivan Prather, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. Cochran, *Manager*
W. H. Brown, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. Coleman, *Manager*
G. F. Phillips, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. Martin, *Manager*
T. P. Jones, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
L. J. Thompson, *Manager*
E. R. Soop, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Geo. M. Whelan, *Manager*
T. D. Warren, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. Robinson, *Manager*
L. W. Cameron, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. Thayer, *Manager*
B. F. Leonard, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. Guilfoyle, *Manager*
T. B. Clifford, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. Quinlan, *Manager*
Martin Kelly, Jr., *Assistant Manager*

Heating the Home

AS new uses for petroleum products are developed, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) immediately organizes its distribution system to supply the demand whenever and wherever it may arise.

For example, during the past two or three years a number of devices which substitute Kerosene for coal in heating the home have been perfected and put on the market.

A large number of these burners have been installed in the territory served by this Company. The result has been a heavy demand for Perfection Kerosene, which has proved to be an ideal fuel.

To meet this demand for Perfection Kerosene, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has so arranged its distribution system as to be able to deliver to patrons Perfection Kerosene for heating purposes in any quantity which may be desired.

The bigness and efficiency of this organization enables you to adopt Kerosene as a fuel for heating your home, with complete assurance that you always will be able to get this fuel in such quantities as you may require, whenever and wherever you may need it.

Thus does a big company, conscious of its responsibility to the public, and to its 19,478 stockholders, quickly adapt its organization to changing conditions.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)
910 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

NEWMAN-MONROE CO., CHICAGO

Stanolind Record

VOL. 3 DECEMBER 1921 NO. 2

Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

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B. Parks, *3d Vice-President, Ass't. Gen'l. Mgr., Mfg.*
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Allan Jackson, *5th Vice-President*

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G. Cash, *Superintendent*
J. E. Evans, *Assistant Superintendent*
H. F. Glair, *Assistant Superintendent*

SUGAR CREEK

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H. R. Boehmer, *Superintendent*
F. W. Bruckmiller, *Assistant Superintendent*
J. W. Kelly, *Assistant Superintendent*

WOOD RIVER

C. B. Manbeck, *Manager*
S. A. Beach, *Superintendent*
F. J. Gainer, *Assistant Superintendent*

ROCKY MOUNTAIN DIVISION

Thomas S. Cooke, *Manager*

Casper, Plants No. 1 and 2
R. M. Andrus, *Manager*
A. E. Thompson, *Superintendent*

Greybull
B. L. Warren, *Superintendent*

Casper Plant No. 3
L. A. Reed, *General Superintendent*

Laramie
J. F. Cullin, *Superintendent*

Industrial Relations Department

J. W. Curry, *Director*, Chicago, Ill.
E. H. Fisher, *Assistant Director*, Chicago, Ill.
C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division*, Chicago, Ill.
W. N. Bercaw, *Assistant Director*, Whiting, Ind.
C. F. Hall, *Assistant Director*, Wood River, Ill.
A. S. Hurt, *Assistant Director*, Sugar Creek, Mo.
D. M. Lobdell, *Assistant Director*, Casper, Wyo.

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WHITING

Employees' Representatives

Div. 1—Frank Eaton
Thos. McFadden
Div. 2—Harry Banahan
Albert Romstock
Div. 3—Thos. Hayes
Div. 4—William Fuller
Div. 5—John Bodick
Howard Deveney
Div. 6—Nick Scholl
Div. 7—A. E. Dimmock
Div. 8—Joseph F. Scher
Div. 9—James Griffith
Div. 10—D. J. Gallagher

Management's Representatives

T. S. Boyle
A. D. Buchanan
C. H. Daugherty
Wm. Haman
M. J. Hannon
J. C. Melvin
L. C. Moore
R. T. Myrick
Charles E. Patten
M. R. Schmidt
J. E. Spanier
F. W. Lau
P. O. Vandeveer

SUGAR CREEK

Employees' Representatives

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Div. 2—W. C. Wright
Div. 3—C. K. Bowles
Div. 4—Matt Delles
Div. 5—W. M. Decker
Div. 6—L. C. Howard

Management's Representatives

H. O. Eyssell
F. H. Frisby
A. O. Hodges
Frank G. Lee
H. B. McCoy
G. W. Thompson

WOOD RIVER

Employees' Representatives

Div. 1—J. F. Evans
Div. 2—G. W. Pilcher
Div. 3—J. W. Stephenson
Div. 4—Fred Emmel
Div. 5—William E. Kelly
Div. 6—Orland Hemphill

Management's Representatives

Wm. Bacheldor
John Flanagan
M. E. Hartwig
W. I. Jolley
C. M. Shook
L. L. Tuley

CASPER

Employees' Representatives

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Div. 2—Tom McCoy
Earl A. Dowler
Div. 3—John McClellan, Jr.
Div. 4—F. T. Keegan
Div. 5—J. D. Critchfield
Div. 6—R. R. Rausch
H. W. Eberstein
Div. 7—Richard Lott
Div. 8—Paul M. Walker
Div. 9—Fred B. Southwell
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Wm. L. Emmill
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Frank Francis
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R. V. Heinze
E. Hirshfield
J. R. Luxom
C. P. Taylor
W. H. Tolhurst
C. J. Warner
R. E. Wood

STANOLIND
RECORD
Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
Publication Office: 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 3 DECEMBER No. 2

"IT PAYS US TO TELL OUR 'BUSINESS SECRETS'"

The appended article, written by Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), was published under the above caption in the November number of System magazine. Though we know it has already been read by hundreds of the employees of this company, there are more hundreds who have not read it and who will, we believe, be glad of the opportunity.—Editor.

By COL. R. W. STEWART

What is the public entitled to know about a commercial enterprise which, because of its size or its outstanding success, has become a subject of general interest? What should the management of such a business want the public to know? What is a legitimate business secret and where should secrecy end?

These are but three of the many questions which confront the managers of a business when the problems of its relations with the public are being considered; and these questions must be answered if the problems are to be met in a manner satisfactory to all.

Publicity has come to be one of the vital factors in conducting a successful business, but more often than not publicity stops with the exploitation of the products which the enterprise has to sell.

Even those companies which have had the happiest experience with advertising are, for the most part, content to limit their campaigns to the mere products, and balk at the idea that they should allow their patrons, present and prospective, to say nothing of the general public to gain a more intimate insight into the affairs of their business.

It is my firm conviction that every business has, or should have, more to sell than the commodities which are its ostensible reason for being. This may be something more than mere service as that overworked word is generally understood. It is the assurance of reliability and responsibility, the certainty of fair play, honesty, and ability in management. These are all things of real, tangible value, and the public has an abiding interest in all of them. This interest the public has expressed, at least in part, by the regulatory measures which have been enacted by state legislatures and the federal Congress.

Mere legislation, however, does not, because it cannot, express public approval of good management; it expresses only the public disapproval of bad management. While such regulatory legislation may be a good thing to check the activities of a poorly managed business, it often places a heavy burden upon those commercial enterprises which are ably managed by restricting the activities of these organizations.

This is harmful to the public at large, for every effort should be made to encourage the well-informed, competent manager to expand his business to the utmost, because such expansion must result in public benefits.

Every business in the country, not reached by law, whose management is weak-kneed, incompetent, insincere, tricky, or cunning, adds directly or indirectly to the cost of living and places an unwar-

ranted tax upon the average citizen, which tax must come out of the average citizen's pocket. I more than suspect that if insincerity, incompetence, and cheap trickery could be divorced, absolutely, from business management, every dollar spent by the consumer would be worth at least several cents more than it is today.

If the public suffers through such chicanery, how much greater must be the losses in the individual businesses so managed?

Before buying from a man or a company reputed to be tricky, cunning, or sly, we are all inclined to think twice and to examine carefully every possible angle before concluding the transaction; while in buying from a concern which has a reputation for honesty, integrity, and fair dealing, we have no such hesitancy, because we feel confident that things are exactly as represented. In the latter case, we know that if some element in the transaction turns out to be unsatisfactory, it will be made right without trouble or delay. That is the common-sense policy and practise of all straightforward, ably managed business organizations.

The man who resorts to trickery inevitably chooses the lines of greatest resistance. The hesitation among buyers which the business man who is cunning and tricky encounters, is not a measure of his shrewdness, but rather of his asininity, for such practises must seriously affect his profits.

The straightforward, honest, able business man is not afraid to let his patrons know as much as they care to know of his methods of doing business. It is the cunning, crafty, Machiavellian business man who is fearful lest the public see him as he is and discover the policy of double dealing which animates his activities.

I am firm in my conviction that the personnel of a business organization, as well as its policy, its purposes, its current activities, its volume of business, and its products all are matters of public interest, and that these matters should be given as wide publicity as possible.

In short, I believe that the management of a business should devise ways and means to give the public any information about the business which the public may care to have—the only exception to this rule being the publication of future plans of the organization, the details of which have not been matured. The publication of such plans which might be of interest to competitors is not warranted even though they may be of interest to the public.

The manager in every business organization has two publics which he must consider.

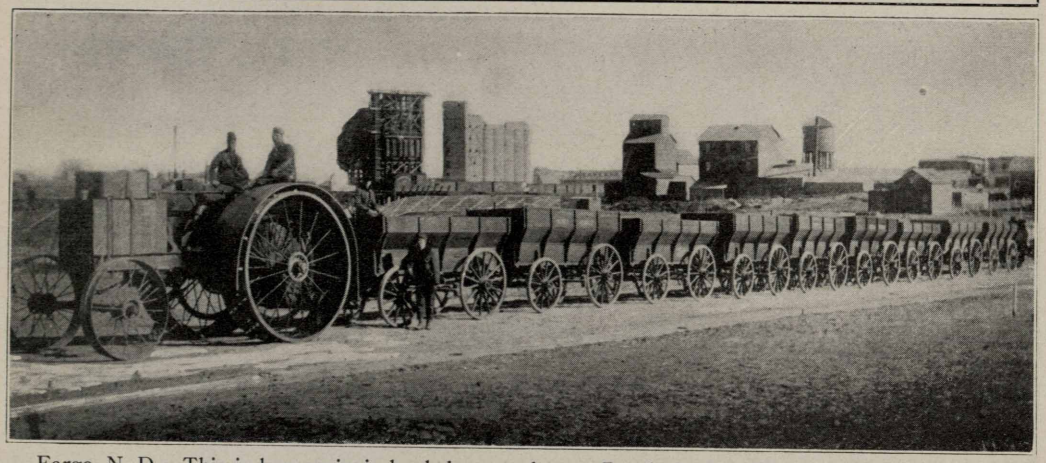
In one group are the buyers or the prospective buyers of his products. This takes in the great mass of consumers whose relation to his company is not necessarily intimate. In the other group are the employees of the company, whose relations with the enterprise are continuous and intimate.

In the case of the company with which I am associated, the first group consists of upward of 26,000,000 people, while 26,000 individuals constitute the second; two rather sizable publics. I believe that the management of a business should publish, in all appropriate ways, pertinent facts about the company and its activities and that this publicity should be addressed to both groups.

If a business is not "four-square" in its methods, its policies, and its practise, it may of necessity have numerous "business secrets;" but if it is straightforward, honest, and ably managed, it has nothing to lose and much to gain by allowing the public and its employees to know intimately what the company is doing and why. I believe it to be a sound policy for an organization to go out of its way to inform the public and to make it plain that it wants everyone to know and understand the facts.

A permanent attitude of secrecy is a confession of weakness; for it implies that the management has policies of such a character as to make secrecy necessary. A well-managed company has no such policies, and secrecy is unnecessary except relating to plans still in the stage of development. Secrecy encourages suspicion, and suspicion among either customers or employees hinders a business; it never aids it.

RED CROWN AND POLARINE MOVE N. D. GRAIN CROP



Fargo, N. D.—This is how grain is hauled to market at Beach, N. D. The tractor which pulls this "train" uses Red Crown and Polarine, of course.

Inclining to these ideas, I early decided that my door should always swing in; that whenever possible I would see anyone who wanted to see me, and that I would tell anything within reason about any business which engaged my attention.

When I was called to head the company with which I am now associated, I adopted my time-proved practice. It was, in a way, a reversal of policy for the company; for example, I found that when newspaper men came to find out something about the affairs of the company, the impression was given that these affairs were essentially private, even though the interest of the public might be obvious, and the further inference was given that the curiosity of the press was something to be resented. The result, undoubtedly, was unfavorable. In a hundred subtle ways, direct and indirect, the public mind was turned against us, just as it will be turned against any business which has grown big enough to be of public interest if this policy of aloofness toward the public is adopted.

I decided that we would take the other tack. I knew that we had nothing to conceal. I knew that the men directing the affairs of the company were honorable and able, and that their policies would bear the closest scrutiny anywhere. Therefore, when publicity came after us, I welcomed it instead of resenting it. In this way we have gained the positive advantage of getting the real facts before the public instead of the gross distortion of truth which was so likely to be our portion under the old order.

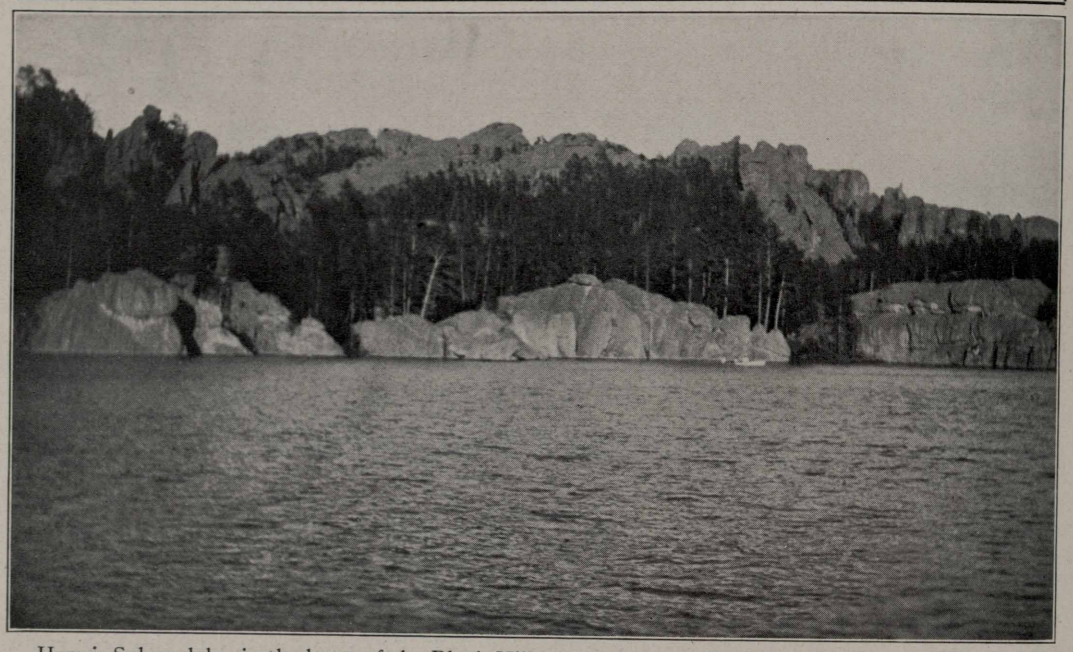
But we did not stop with giving information when it was asked for. We went aggressively to work to get the right kind of publicity. From time to time I met people who were experts in getting publicity. To them I spoke freely. I outlined our problem and told them:

"There is a story here which the public should be told; and the man who can show me how to tell it best can have the job."

The result was a campaign in which we have told the facts about our business—not about the products we manufacture and sell—but about the business; facts which we believe are of interest to the public.

There is no way to measure the tangible results of such a campaign. A business man cannot measure his personal reputation in terms of dollars and cents; but for all that it is measured and put to the test every day, in every transaction. I feel from subtle indications that the public has taken our frank statement of fact at par; that it is more friendly, more favorably inclined to us; certainly it is not aggressively antagonistic; and I feel, too,

SEVEN THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE SEA IN DAKOTA



Here is Sylvan lake, in the heart of the Black Hills, S. D. It is 7,000 feet above the sea. Photo taken by Manager Dodsley, Huron division, on a recent trip over his territory.

that we are fully warranted in continuing the campaign.

A good reputation cannot be bought over the counter and put away in a safety deposit box, like so many bonds, to be brought out at will. It is something intangible, delicate yet strong; something which is being determined, tested, by what takes place, by what is said or hinted at, every day in the year. To retain it a business must live up to it; must conduct its affairs in a such a manner as to make everyone who comes in contact with the business know that the reputation it enjoys is but a reflection of its integrity. A good reputation is only as strong as the business policy which fathered it.

The argument has been advanced that through this policy of frank publicity our competitors will discover just what we are doing. Of course they will, but as I have previously stated we except from the general rule such plans and policies as are still in the formative stage. To publish such plans prematurely would be foolish and the company might suffer severely through such disclosures. We have no intention of doing so silly a thing. In the first place we would, or might, suffer from such an act; and in the second place it would in the long run prove of negative value to the public.

I believe that the public at large has still to learn the basic fact that when an honest business, which is rendering a real service, is made to suffer loss, the public suffers, too. Inefficiency and injustice inevitably creep into the price of a product whether that product be railway transportation, oranges, or oil, and in the end the public must pay for such inefficiency and injustice.

Competitors might benefit if they could learn in advance of some of our future plans; but I should consider myself a poor, incompetent manager if they profited greatly by learning what we are doing currently. The man who starts a policy always has the decisive advantage of

AW, GEE, AND WE HAVE TO GAZE ON NINTH STREET!

When we gaze through our window into Ninth street, upon the ugliness of the vacant lot beyond and the unbeauty of the brick buildings in the background, we are inclined to doubt if there is really anything in the world like the scene depicted in the above photo. In it we have Manager and Mrs. Dodsley, Huron (S. D.) division, and Salesman Lang and his family, enjoying a Sunday afternoon lunch in Spearfish canyon, Black Hills.

time. Furthermore, the competitor who could not learn easily what we are doing currently would not be worth serious consideration.

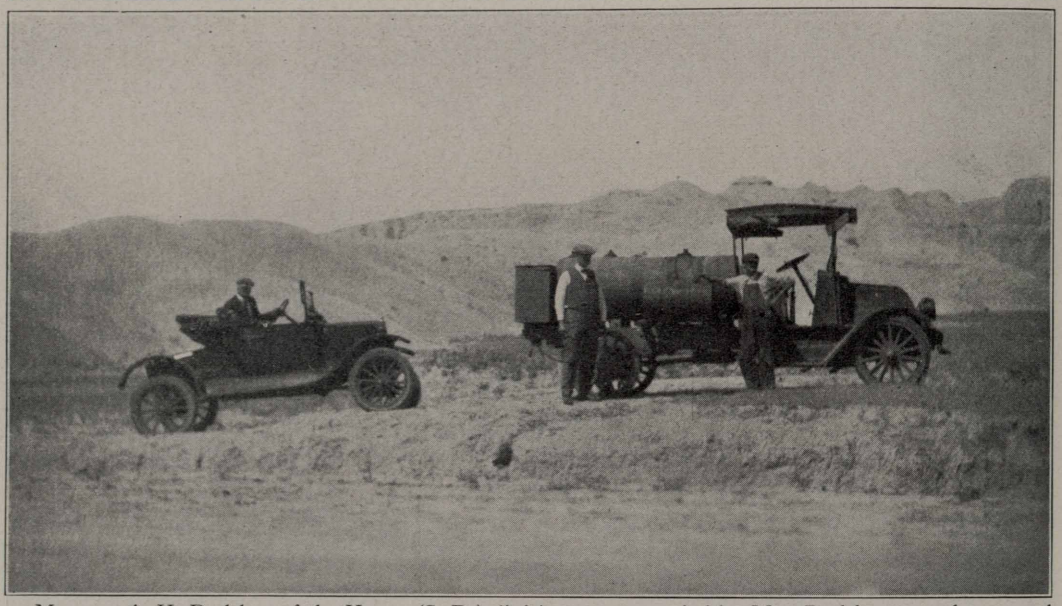
So why be secretive? Why not gain the decided advantages of frankness?

In speaking of the policies and practices of our company, I have always insisted that we had no secrets except as to our future actions. At various times I have told members of the Federal Trade Commission that I would gladly have a man, appointed by them, sit in every meeting of our board of directors if they thought by so doing they could learn of some practise which was not honest, fair, and clean.

It is not good business—it is the sheerest folly—for a business man to charge more than a fair price for his product, or to do anything which could be construed as unfair either to his competitors or to the public, for such policies inevitably react to discredit him.

If all this is true as to the relation of a business to the general public, it is true to a far greater degree when the relations of a business to its employees are being considered. To the management the employees represent a deeply interested, intelligent public, which appreciates fair dealing and resents in unmistakable terms anything that savors of trickery.

EVEN IN THE DESERT—A STANDARD OIL TRUCK



Manager A. H. Dodsley, of the Huron (S. D.) division, accompanied by Mrs. Dodsley, recently returned from a trip covering all of the stations on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad from Huron to the Wyoming line, and back over the C. M. & St. P. railroad, inspecting stations, holding meetings and advising with the district superintendents, salesmen and agents at all points. In the above photo we have the Quinn agent coming from Wall across the Bad Lands with Mr. Dodsley and Salesman Radcliffe in his Ford. "These Bad Lands," writes Mr. Dodsley to Mr. J. L. Carter, in a report on his trip, "are merely the end of the Great American desert. Nothing grows there except cactus, rattle snakes, prairie dogs and owls, and they are there in great profusion."

WHY EMPLOYEES SHOULD BE TOLD THE FACTS ABOUT THE BUSINESS

There is but little difference in the publicity problems as they affect the two major groups. The same essential facts are needed, the same frankness of statement, and the same honesty of purpose are necessary to carry these truths to one as to the other. Unless the facts do get to the employee in such a way as to enable him to understand them, he will become suspicious just as the average citizen will. It is necessary, therefore, that he be given the right facts in the right way, or suspicion will creep into his mind, dissatisfaction will result, and the relation between the management and the men in the ranks will become strained. No really effective team-work can be accomplished under these circumstances.

A business man should make every effort to win a reputation among his employees at least as good as the reputation he has among his customers, and the only way he can hope to acquire this favorable reputation is, first, to deserve it, and second, to seek it.

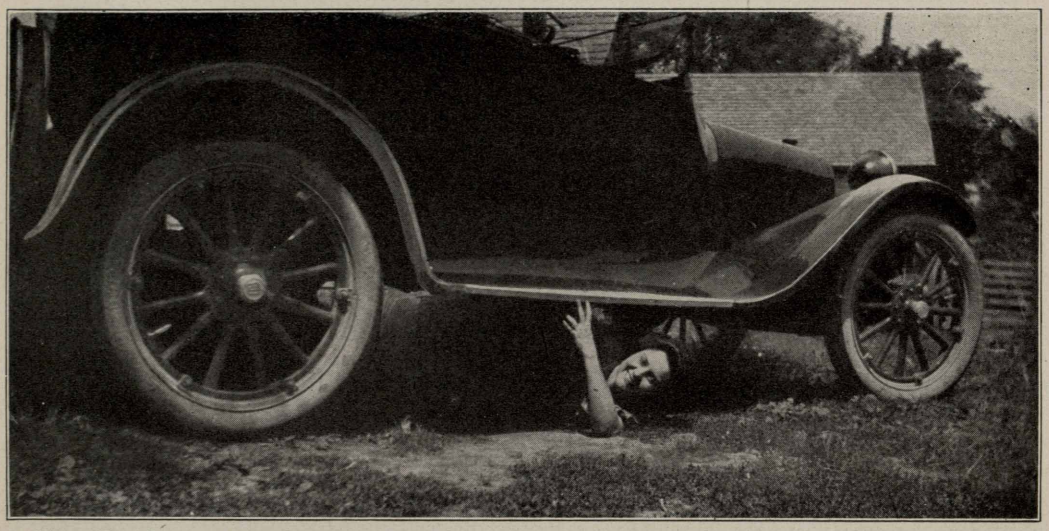
The principles of fair dealing are easily understood by anyone who will take the trouble to try to understand them. They need no recounting.

Many business men who deserve well of their employees fail to acquire a favorable reputation with them simply because they do not know how to seek such a reputation, or else they do not realize sufficiently that it must be sought.

In dealing with the 26,000 men and women who make up the organization of our company, I have tried to get as well acquainted with them as circumstances would permit, and I have insisted that all of the officers of the company do likewise.

One of my principal cares has been to make it easy and convenient for the direc-

NEED A GOOD MECHANIC? WRITE SIOUX CITY



Sioux City, Iowa—When you have a brand new Dodge and go on a vacation you just have to "get out and get under" occasionally. This is how Mabel Kelly spent part of her vacation. We know now where we can get a good mechanic to work on our trucks in an emergency.

tors to become acquainted with as large a number of the employees as possible. I feel that nothing more quickly establishes suspicion in the minds of men than to have the officers hold aloof from them. If, as is often the case, the executive officers of an industry are located at some distance from the plant, or if the executives rarely visit the plant and then, perhaps, do not come into contact with the men, it is easy for the men to credit wild yarns manufactured by irresponsible persons or by persons having a hostile and personal interest in fomenting discord.

But nothing banishes suspicion, particularly if it has no basis for existence, so quickly and so effectively as personal acquaintance. It requires real effort to be suspicious of an honest man if you have met him and feel that you know him pretty well.

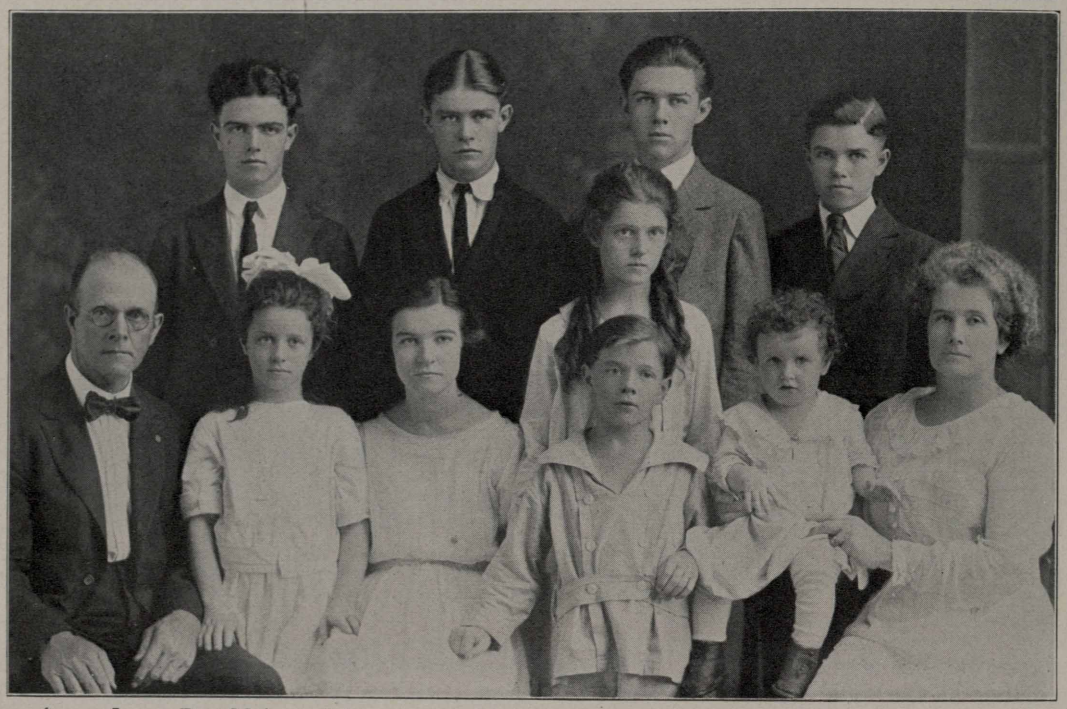
I have, at different times, taken our directors in a body and visited all of our properties. We have traveled from Wyoming in the West to Indiana in the East, and at each property visited we have tried to get together with the men. I have talked to these men, perhaps from the platform of a convenient truck, and I have told them facts about the business; facts which I feel that every employee is entitled to know, not glittering generalities, but intimate facts about our business: our profits, our expenses, our volume of sales, the wages we pay, the rates of increase, and the prospects for the future. I answer any questions fully and frankly.

WHEN EMPLOYEES SEE FOR THEMSELVES LOYALTY COMES OF ITSELF

I also make it a point to introduce the other directors and to tell the men something about each one of them. I want to dispel the idea, if it exists, that the directors are mere financial executives tucked away in offices where they lose touch with the affairs which concern and interest the main body of employees. I let the men know that the directors are all operating executives; that they acquired their wealth and their positions by hard work, and honesty of effort, and that they are still working. One began as an office boy, another as a stenographer, and a third as a machinist's helper.

It is things of this kind that I want the

COMPANY GREW, HE GREW, HIS FAMILY GREW



Ames, Iowa, Des Moines division, must be a wonderful place when it comes to growth and progress. If you don't believe it look at the above very handsome family of J. G. Morrissey, general salesman at that place, and then read the letter which accompanied it: "Mr. Amos Ball, manager, Des Moines, Dear Sir: I am sending you under separate cover the picture of my family, which you asked me to send you some time ago. When I moved to Ames, August 1, 1901, the sole representative of the Standard Oil Company in Story county was a tank wagon station at Nevada. Today there are 12 tank wagon stations, six drive-in service stations, a fleet of 13 trucks and 24 men are employed. There were over 50,000 gallons of Polarine sold in my field in 1920 and this field is only a part of Story county—J. G. Morrissey." Mr. Morrissey entered the service of the company in 1897 as tank wagon agent at Audubon, Iowa.

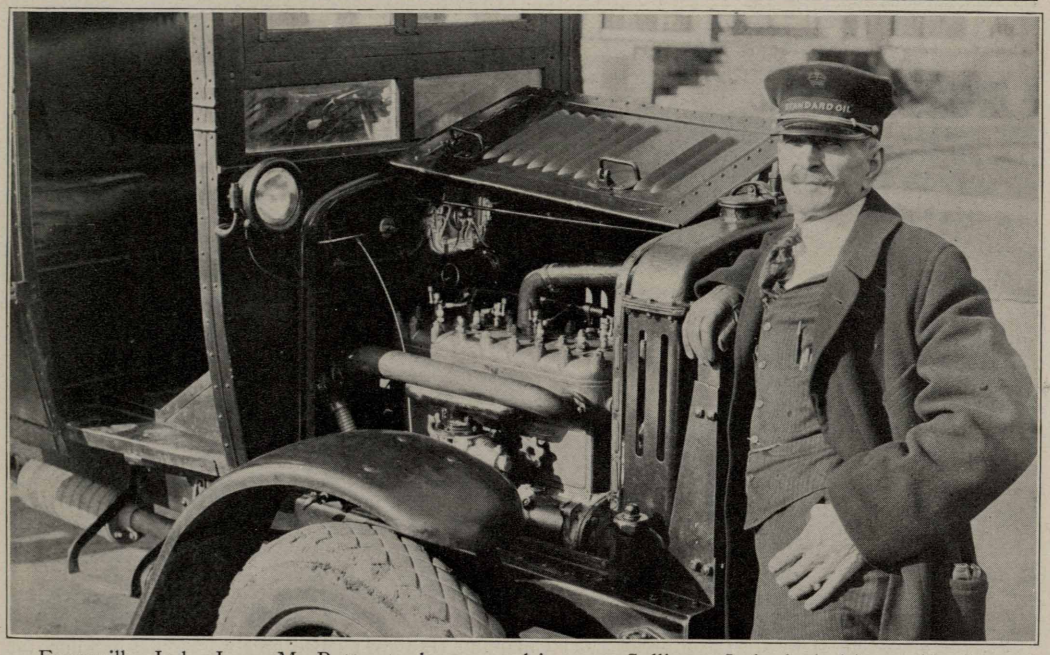
men to know, because such facts inspire confidence, and confidence is as necessary in the employee as it is in the public at large. I can say unhesitatingly that such facts, presented frankly and fully, have helped noticeably to increase the confidence which our employees have in the officers and in the company.

This method cannot, of course, handle the everyday problems. We are building a reputation, favorable or unfavorable, just as we are building it with the larger public, by every act, and every contact, every day in the year. We are trying to deserve, and we are seeking to win, the favorable opinion of the employees by an open frankness of statement, by giving them every opportunity to learn as much about the company as they care to know, and by furnishing them means through which they can express their convictions on almost any subject which affects them.

The industrial relations plan which we have adopted is, therefore, in a very definite way, a part of our employee publicity plan. As I have previously suggested, the purpose of all honest publicity is to promote a more complete understanding of basic facts. The men cannot understand the management, nor can the management understand the men, without adequate channels for the communicating of facts and a willingness to comprehend their meaning.

The skeleton of our industrial relations plan was designed by an expert whom I

REPAIR BILLS ON THIS TRUCK FOR ONE YEAR, $1.20



Evansville, Ind.—Isaac M. Botts, tank wagon driver at Sullivan, Ind., had driven this Mutual truck one year at the time this photograph was taken and during that time his total bill for repairs amounted to $1.20. How is that for taking care of equipment? Incidentally, for a period of twenty-eight months, Mr. Botts showed a gain each month in sales of both Perfection and Red Crown. IT CAN BE DONE!

consider the leader in that field. He spent several months in our plants, gaining at first hand an insight into our problems and our needs, and the plan which he devised has given excellent results. Among the principles and policies governing the relations between the management and the employees is the following:

SOME BASIC IDEAS ON WHICH WE WORK

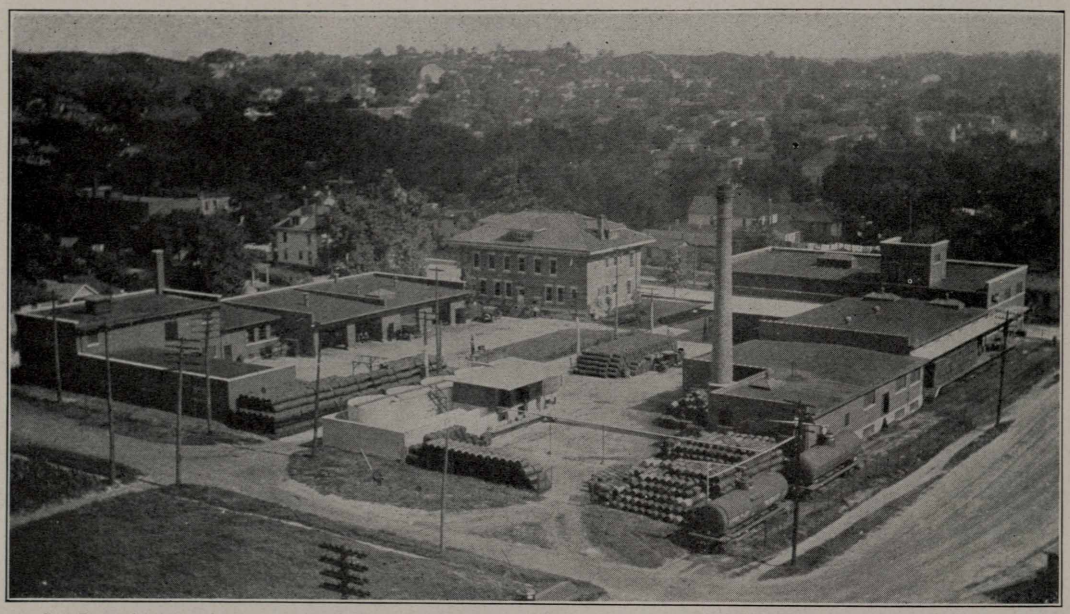
"The policy of the company is to avoid uncertainty in the minds of its employees as to the terms and conditions of their employment, and the rules and regulations of the company governing the same. Employees are to feel free to inquire of their foremen or superintendents or of the director or assistant director of industrial relations concerning any matter pertaining to their employment of which they may be ignorant or in doubt."

"Conditions of employment," as used in this clause, means more than the time of starting and stopping work; it signifies a great mass of information about the company, rather intimate information, which we feel that any part of the public as intimately related to the company as are our employees is entitled to know.

There is the additional consideration that a large and growing percentage of the employees have the recognized *right* to know about the company, because they are stockholders. Some 7,000 of them already participate in the ownership and we encourage them to the extent of adding 50 cents to every $1 that they apply to the purchase of the company's stock. Widely distributed stock ownership among the public at large and also among our employees is, other things being equal, we believe, a distinct advantage in spreading favorable facts about the company.

Provision is made in the industrial

BIRDSEYE VIEW OF OUR PLANT AT ST. JOE, MO.



St. Joseph, Mo.—Here are the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) office and warehouse buildings at St. Joseph, located in the heart of the "Blacksnake Hills." The business is here! We've got it! Watch us blaze the trail!

relations plan for a further direct channel of publicity, explained as follows:

"1. The company shall publish a periodical which shall be a means of communication among the management, the employees, and the public. This periodical shall be used as a means of coordinating, harmonizing, and furthering the work of the department of industrial relations and of acquainting all parties with what is being done in connection with its various activities.

"2. The company periodical shall contain mention of the personnel of the company's officers, the management's and the employees' representatives, the members of joint general committees, and the proceedings of meetings and conferences in which employees are likely to be interested. It should also be a medium for recording data and events, making announcements with reference to company matters, and otherwise diffusing information likely to be of general interest."

To answer the three questions with which I started, it seems to me that a business is unjust to itself unless it tells the public frankly and freely the intimate facts about its organization and its activities in which the public may be interested, and it is, I believe, unwise to assume that there are but few facts in which the public may be assumed to have an interest.

To tell about the products only is not enough.

Wherever there is lack of understanding there is likely to be misunderstanding. If a company does not acquire a good reputation by consciously seeking it, it is quite likely to get a bad reputation without wanting or deserving it. No company which has, and deserves, an unsavory reputation can permanently make money.

* * *

Once a very youthful chicken-fancier had in his possession a couple of bantam hens that laid very small eggs. He finally hit upon a plan to remedy this.

When the lad's father went the next morning to the chicken house he was surprised to find an ostrich egg tied to one of the beams and above it a card with this notice:

"Keep your eye on this and do your best."—*The Truth Seeker.*

THEY ALL FLOP SOONER OR LATER

Accidents increase overhead and affect wages.

157 ACCIDENTS

With 157 accidents occurring in our sales department during the month of September, resulting in 89 personal injuries and 68 cases of property damage, Sioux City and Decatur, Northern and Eastern divisions, respectively, led all territories with perfect scores, while Davenport led the Western division with a score of .993. Of the divisions, Northern had the best record with a score of .978; Eastern was second with .976, while Western was low with .975.

Evansville and Detroit, each with a standing of .955, had the poorest scores of all territories, while Chicago, with .961, and Milwaukee with .964, had something to think about.

Percentages, according to F. C. Singleton, safety director of the sales department, are figured as per 1000 employees. Safety record for September follows:

NORTHERN DIVISION

Territory	Accidents	Standing
Sioux City	0	1.000
Duluth	2	.991
Huron	1	.990
Mankato	1	.990
Fargo	4	.984
LaCrosse	3	.977
Minneapolis	11	.967
Milwaukee	14	.964
Division Score	36	.978

EASTERN DIVISION

Decatur	0	1.000
Saginaw	2	.991
Quincy	1	.990
Joliet	3	.985
South Bend	5	.983
Peoria	4	.976
Grand Rapids	8	.972
Indianapolis	9	.969
Evansville	10	.955
Detroit	18	.955
Division Score	60	.976

WESTERN DIVISION

Davenport	1	.993
St. Joseph	1	.991
Keokuk	1	.990
St. Louis	4	.984
Wichita	4	.982
Des Moines	11	.978
Kansas City	13	.970
Chicago	26	.961
Division Score	61	.975

JOLIET MERRYMAIDS DOING SOME REFLECTING

And the happy little stream at Bush Park certainly reflects that they are wonders at it. Left to right: Ethel Dixon, Hilda Anderson, Marie Martin, Helen Rimmke, Patricia Morrisey, Mildred Harmon, Anna Swenson, Evelyn Reece, Phyllis Ward, Helen Lady and "Joe" Horan.

ARE YOU STANOLAXED?

The following story appeared recently on the first page of the Ionia (Michigan) Sentinel-Standard, Grand Rapids division. Thinking it might contain useful information for our salesmen in other territories we reproduce it here:

Are you a Stanolax fiend? Do you rub it in your hair? Prominently displayed in Ionia barber shops are signs exhorting the customer to use "Stanolax for the scalp." What for? Ask us. We don't know.

It is now possible not only to inhale a yeast cake highball right over the counter, but one who is bent on having a high old time and decorating the village a nice new quaint shade of ultra-carmine, can drop into the old barber shop and have his head rubbed full of Stanolax. If that does not loosen up the old ideas nothing will. It is said, that one application will make the most refractory look sit down and stay there. Ionia barbers are seemingly not afraid that they are going to start any of the young men of the town on the downward path and make confirmed Stanolax hair rubbers of them, because the barbers are advocating its use. They declare that no vermin can survive long after he has been fed on Stanolax. There are other benefits also derived from the use of Stanolax on the head, they declare.

Any young man who is going out in society is urged to have his cranium thoroughly Stanolaxed before he starts. It is going to be quite a craze, it is said. One can use Stanolax on the hair and then go out in company safely, the barbers say.

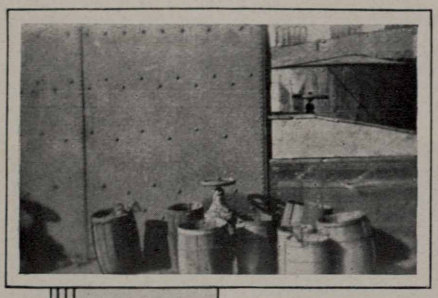
As the Englishman remarked, one can never know what the Americans are going to do next, and this new idea of soaking the head with Stanolax is proof thereof.

* * *

"What is sadder than a man who loses his last friend?"

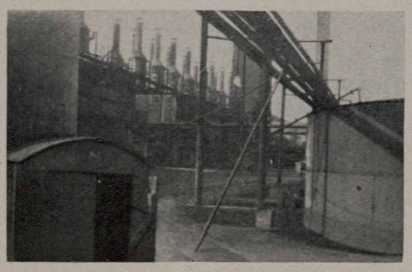
"A man who works for his board and loses his appetite."—*Stanford Chaparral.*

Brought to Light

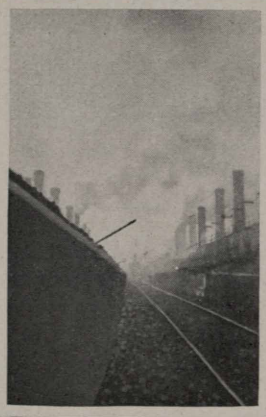


Why cover up the valve?

This is just as it was found, but we do not understand why any one would wish to start a scrap heap at this point. This place was cleaned up after the snap was taken. Do we need to add: "Keep such places free from refuse?" This valve is opened and closed by workmen at night.



The old rule, "Keep 440-volt wires off of the ground when using welding machine," is obeyed as the picture indicates. Note the IRON pipe used to prop up the 440-volt cable. Perhaps this welder thought copper was the only conductor of electricity.



Some people still think a switchman or locomotive crane man is immune from danger, so they leave their shovel handles and scraper bars sticking out over the track from the bunker wall. We will grant the switchmen and cranemen have good safety records but let us help them keep up the good work.

We really thought the door might fall on somebody's head some day so we had the door repaired. You see doors are more easily repaired than heads, and less painful. What do you think?

Safety Always!

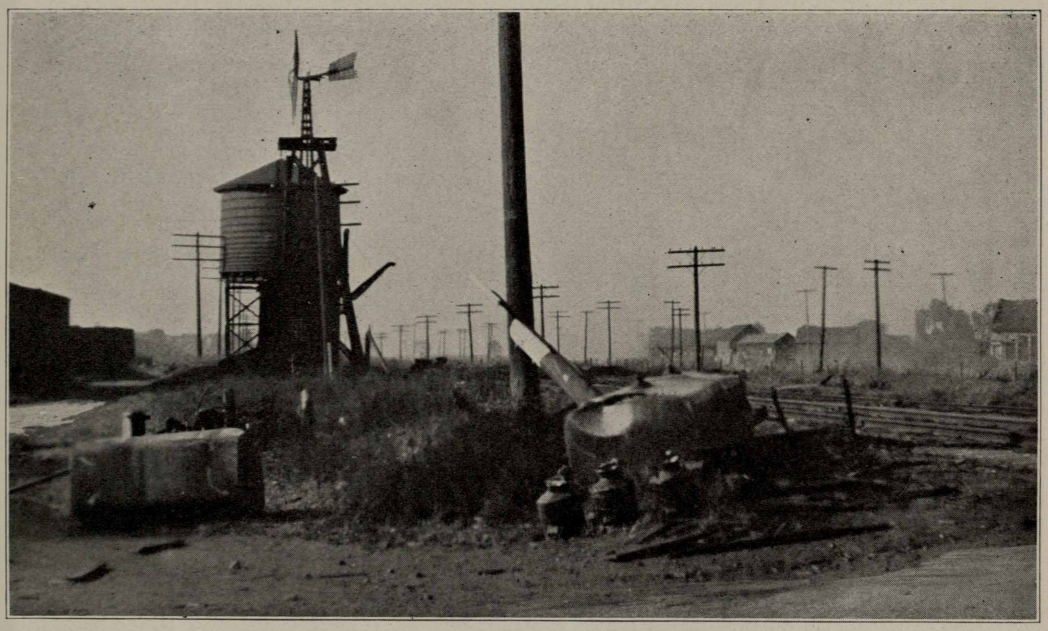
Submitted by

C. W. Smith, *Safety Director, Standard Oil Company (Indiana)*

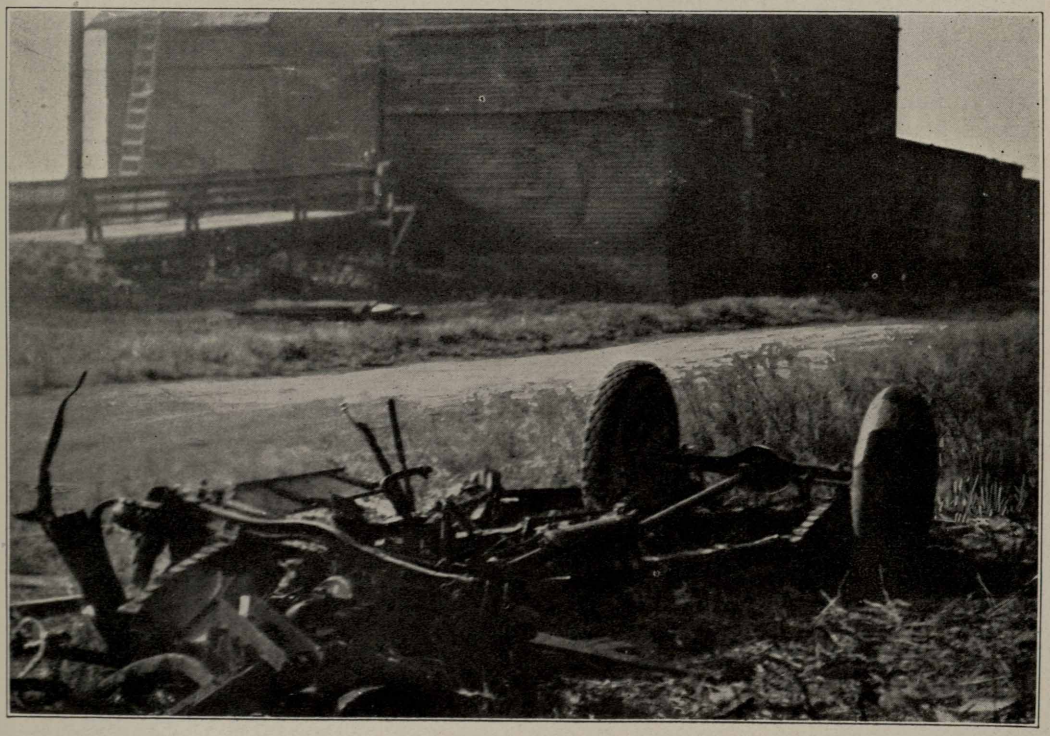
and

Fred Lau, *Assistant Safety Director, Whiting Works*

STANDARD OIL TANK WAGON DRIVER TRIES TO BEAT TRAIN TO CROSSING; LEAVES WIFE AND ONE CHILD



It was a fast passenger train running sixty miles an hour to make up time. Had the driver waited till it passed he would not have lost more than two minutes out of his day. He tried, instead, to get across the tracks before the train arrived. Above is shown the wreck of the tank; below, the wreck of the chassis. The driver never regained consciousness.



SOME THREE-YEAR-OLDS OF HURON DIVISION

Our caption is no reflection either on the wisdom or actions of the folks in the picture—it merely means they are those charter members of the Huron division office, which opened July 1, 1918, who are still on the job at that stand. Left to right: A. H. Dodsley, manager, Huron division; J. C. Mahoney, tank car order clerk; C. J. Johnson, cashier; Mrs. Anna Peterson, clerk; W. J. Branskamp, head bookkeeper; H. H Miller, chief clerk; Miss Cooley, clerk; W. M. Barnett, construction clerk; C. L. Bailey, assistant manager Huron division.

MORTON TRACTORS

In the November issue we printed an item from Joliet telling how an assistant general manager mistook a pig rooting in a field for a tractor. We sort of hinted this a. g. m. was Mr. Norman Grimshaw, and, being rather curious to know whether we had guessed right, we mentioned the matter to him, whereupon he detonated:

"Deleted by censor, deleted by censor, that much deleted by censor Eddie Morton did that. Why, he was the one who mistook the pig for the tractor, and then he blames it on an assistant general manager. Why, all through the Joliet division they call pigs 'Morton tractors,' and then he has the unholy nerve to let that come in incriminating someone else!"

As the Hon. Grimshaw weighs 200 pounds only by dint of constant and severe dieting, we departed before he got to the point of doing what everybody does—blame it on the editor. Let 'em fight it out, it's none of our business.

AIR CIRCUS PIX

All pictures of the great air circus held at Kansas City during the American Legion National convention, appearing in this issue of the Stanolind Record, were taken by Miles Standish, our star K. C. photographer and salesman in that division. We claim that picture of the JL-6 plane is a dinger and justifies Miles' faith in his new $500 camera. Note how he caught the propeller blade while it was revolving a few billion revolutions a second, more or less. Miles, by the way, nearly got himself killed just before the convention opened. He was getting some preliminary pictures at the aviation field and an airplane, swerved from its course by the wind, dashed at him full tilt. He saved himself by throwing himself flat, the landing wheels of the plane just grazing him when the aviator tilted his planes and hopped him.

* * *

Make Your Stock Pay Dividends!

WINS PIKES PEAK CLIMB WITH RED CROWN

Indianapolis, Ind., November 1.—Above is Ot Loesche at the wheel of Lexington Special No. 7, which he piloted to victory in the event for cars of 183 to 300 cubic inches displacement at the Pikes Peak Hill Climb on Labor Day, September 5, using Red Crown gasoline for fuel. Manager E. P. Galbreath is in receipt of a letter of appreciation from the Lexington Motor Company, Connersville, Ind., part of which follows: "We attribute no small share of our success to the fact that your Red Crown gasoline was used and are very pleased indeed to most heartily endorse same, as our exhaustive dynamometer tests have proven, to our satisfaction, at least, that there is no better fuel on the market."

—Lexington Motor Company, by J. C. Moore, chief engineer.

AHA! A HOT TIP!

Look where the moon shines

St. Louis, Mo., November 1—St. Louis is pleased to mention that after having duly received the books of the missing numbers of the stray barrels, gratifying results are being obtained through the combined efforts of our agents and drivers. We have already quite a few of the lost barrels located and our Piedmont agent, Mr. A. D. Smith, has the following to report:

"In regard to lost barrels I wish to state I recovered one, No. 155024, in the woods near here with both bungs missing and the barrel had been used for mash in making moonshine. My reason for writing you is so that you can be advised that some barrels may be found around where they make Moonshine. A place near here is being watched very carefully now by Federal agents and the other day I saw a competitor's barrel with a big hole cut in the top where a can was soldered on which was attached to a worm and spout; they were cooking the whiskey in the barrel and if we will all get busy and follow up the tip on the moonshiners no doubt some of our barrels will be located."

We only hope that this information will not cause a mad rush on the part of some of the divisions to old Missouri to locate some of those moonshine stills, but at any rate we are sure going after them, as far as our numbered steel barrels are concerned.

* * *

"What is a budget?"

"Well, it is a method of worrying before you spend instead of afterwards."

* * *

She: "What are you thinking about?"

He: "The same thing you are thinking about."

She: "If you do I'll scream."

EIGHT NEW ANNUITANTS

Eight employees have been added to the annuity payroll since October 12, according to an announcement by Mr. E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer and fourth vice-president of this company. They are:

Thomas S. Clawson, 863 Newport avenue, Chicago; general salesman at Chicago; with company 28 years.

James H. Cox, 279 Fifth street, Muskegon, Mich.; tank wagon driver in Grand Rapids division; with company 18 years.

John Biesen, 238 Atchison avenue, Whiting, Ind.; stillman helper at Whiting refinery; with company 27 years and 8 months.

Emil Gradinger, 202 W. Euclid street, Pittsburg, Kansas; salesman Kansas City division; with company 40 years and 4 months.

James E. Hickey, 3637 So. Hoyne avenue, Chicago; watchman at Fourteenth street station; with company 29 years and 11 months.

Henry P. Houston, 505 North Broadway, Oklahoma City, Okla.; salesman in Decatur division; with company 30 years and 8 months.

W. H. Reynolds, 724 New York avenue, P. O. Box 605, Whiting, Ind.; pumper and pumper foreman at Whiting refinery; with company 31 years and 8 months.

E. P. Riner, 105 N. Harlem avenue, Freeport, Ill.; salesman in Joliet division; with company 24 years and 9 months.

THEY'RE OFF

The Stanolind Bowling League of Chicago opened the season September 30 at Bensinger's Wabash avenue alleys, and the week ending October 23 found the Polarines, the Whiting refinery outfit, leading the big city gang with 10 won and 2 lost. The Perfections, composed of salesmen, were second with 9 won and 3 lost, with the Superlas, Capitols, Red Crowns, Semdacs, Renowns and Eurekas standing in the order named.

The league, this year, is thoroughly representative of all departments, with the following representatives:

DETROIT, 1922?

The kind of ball played by the Detroit Standard Oil Company (Indiana) baseball team last summer has prompted the suggestion that next summer some of the girls be signed for the team, and here are the first feminine candidates, May Lahuski and Margaret Murray, clerks in the Detroit office. Sign 'em, Mr. Manager, and have a crowd at every game.

Polarines, Whiting refinery; Superlas, Chicago sales and home office; Capitols, manufacturing department; Perfections, salesmen; Red Crowns, 14th street station; Semdacs, Chicago sales and service stations; Renowns, Rogers Park station; Eurekas, credit department.

G. C. Wolke has been elected president to succeed W. S. Peavey, president of the league since its inception, who has been placed on the company's annuity roll. Other officers are: W. D. Roberts, vice-president; W. Jurgensen, secretary and treasurer.

CHANGES IN SALES DEPARTMENT

An executive order of November 26, over the signature of Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors, states:

The following re-arrangement of divisions has been made, to become effective January 1, 1922, with assistant general managers in charge as noted:

NORTHERN DIVISION

J. L. CARTER, *Assistant General Manager*
Duluth, Fargo, Huron, LaCrosse, Mankato, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Sioux City

EASTERN DIVISION

NORMAN R. GRIMSHAW, *Assistant General Manager*
Detroit, Evansville, Grand Rapids, Indianapolis, Saginaw, South Bend

CENTRAL DIVISION

ROBERT G. STEWART, *Assistant General Manager*
Chicago, Decatur, Joliet, Peoria

WESTERN DIVISION

AMOS BALL, *Assistant General Manager*
Davenport, Des Moines, Kansas City, Quincy, St. Joseph, St. Louis, Wichita

A second executive order of the same date announces the following appointments:

Mr. Amos Ball, former manager at Des Moines, Iowa, to assistant general manager, Western division.

Mr. R. G. Stewart, former assistant general manager, Western division, to same position in Central division.

Mr. H. A. Monson, former manager at Mankato, Minn., to manager at Des Moines, Iowa.

Mr. M. H. Chesbrough, former assistant manager at Mankato, to manager at Mankato.

John Beaton, district superintendent in Fargo field, to assistant manager at Mankato, Minn.

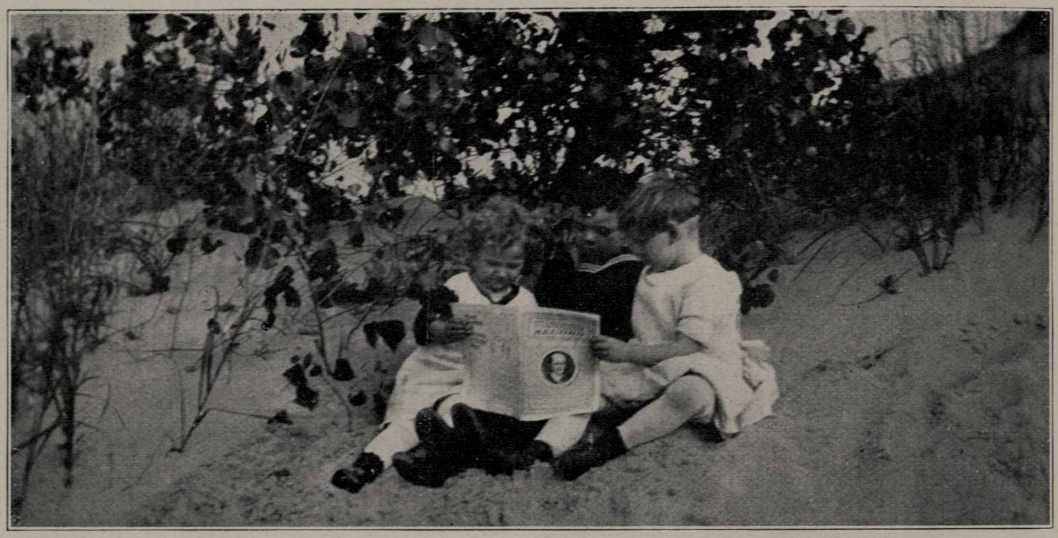
Mr. L. W. Cameron, assistant manager at St. Louis, Mo., to manager at Davenport, Iowa, to succeed Mr. R. A. Thomson, retired.

Mr. H. J. Bemis, district superintendent, St. Louis field, to assistant manager at St. Louis.

Mr. W. C. Van Horne, former district superintendent, Des Moines field, to assistant manager at Wichita, succeeding Mr. Martin Kelly, transferred to other duties.

The Keokuk office will be discontinued and Mr. M. F. King retired on an annuity.

SOME "SAND FLEAS" OF THE SAND DUNES



Whiting, Ind., November 1.—Sand fleas in the sand dunes of Lake Michigan at Millers, Indiana., and incidentally all "bugs" for the Stanolind Record. Left to right: Emogene Whitmer, Richard Baiden and Janis Meldahl. Their daddies all work for Standard Oil at Whiting.

HOUSECLEANING REMINDER TO BUSY HOUSEWIVES

The above window display, which Mr. Orson Combs, window display expert and outside advertising man working out of the home office tells us is an exceptionally good one, showing thought, work and taste, was placed in the window of the Schlafer Hardware Co. store, Appleton, Wis., by A. W. Miller, agent-salesman at Appleton, Milwaukee division.

MANY UPSETS IN REFINERY ELECTIONS

Reductions in Number of Divisions and Number of Representatives, Due to Smaller Forces, Result in Hot Battles With Only Nine of Last Year's Forty-nine Representatives Winning Reelection

Elections for employees' representatives in the four major refineries of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), held during the latter part of October, resulted in the reelection of only nine representatives and put into office twenty-one men who have had no previous service as members of the J. G. C. Of these, however, six are from Plant No. 3, Casper, formerly the Midwest refinery, which until October 1 was not part of our Casper works.

Forty of those representatives who served during the year just past were not returned to office. This was in a large measure due to the fact that reductions in working forces resulted in a decrease in the number of representatives from forty-nine last year to thirty-seven for the coming year, and of these thirty-seven, six come from Plant No. 3, Casper, not formerly represented. Changes in division lines, incident to the reduction in working forces, made it certain some old favorites would go down in defeat.

While twenty-one new men are sent to the committee, it was notable that both Whiting and Wood River returned to office strong representatives of other years who for one reason or another were not reelected to office a year ago. Chief among these was W. E. Kelly, of Wood River, in 1919 and 1920 chairman of the Wood River J. G. C. After a year's absence from the councils of the committee, Kelly cames back as representative for Division 5, and has already been chosen by by the Wood River employees' representatives as their chairman for the ensuing year.

At Wood River, also, George Pilcher and Fred Emmel, representatives in 1919, come back to the committee after two years' absence. Orland Hemphill was the only 1921 representative at that plant to win reelection. P. J. Monks, last year's employees' chairman, was not renominated.

At Casper, John McClellan is the only 1921 representative to come back, so there will be eleven new faces on that committee. Of these, however, R. R. Rausch, H. Erbstein, Richard Lott, Paul Walker, Fred Southwell and Guy Corrick are from Plant No. 3.

There was almost a clean sweep at Sugar Creek, with Charles Spahr the only 1921 representative to win reelection. Mike Cauley, last year's employees' chairman, does not come back to the committee. Two other upsets occured in the cases of John Dickey and W. F. Mulvihill, who have been members of the J. G. C. since the Industrial Relations Plan first went into effect. William Wright defeated Dickey for representative in Division No. 2, while Matt Delles won over Mulvihill in Division No. 4.

Fewer changes were noted at Whiting than in the other plants. In spite of a decrease in number of representatives from twenty-two to thirteen, six of last year's representatives won reelection, and four were returned who had seen service in previous years. Only three members of the new committee have never before served on the J. G. C.

Dan Gallagher, twice employees' chairman, and representative for three terms, comes back to serve his fourth term as representative. Gallagher, who had declared he would not again be a candidate, at the last minute became dissatisfied with the outlook for his bailiwick and two days before election announced a change of plans, entering into a whirlwind campaign which swept him back into office with a vote of 101 against 34 for T. J. Moylan and 33 for J. A. Maylo. Frank Eaton, Thomas McFadden, Harry Banahan, Nick Scholl and James Griffith also gained reelection.

Division No. 7 sends to the committee for his first term, A. E. Dimmock, the oldest employee, in point of service, of the Whiting works.

Though many highly efficient committee members went down in defeat, reports from the four refineries indicate that strong committees have been elected in each plant and a successful year is assured.

Results of the election, with stars marking names of those elected, follow:

CASPER

DIVISION	NAMES APPEARING ON BALLOTS	VOTES REC'D	PREVIOUS SERVICE ON J. G. C. BY THOSE ELECTED
1	*Harry Manbeck	84	None
	John Horrigan	62	.....
	Mike La Velle	19	.....
2	*Tom McCoy	193	None
	*Earl Dowler	136	None
	Wm. MacIllvaine	121	.....
	Herman Smith	88	.....
	Ben Frerichs	78	.....
	Joe Wimsatt	61	.....
3	*John McClellan	129	1921
	O. W. Morgan	35	.....
	Svare Olson	30	.....
4	*Frank Keegan	96	None
	Wm. O'Brien	75	.....
	Sam Olson	22	.....
5	*J. D. Critchfield	85	None
	Joe Darrin	31	.....
	John Schnur	20	.....
6	*R. R. Rausch	222	.....
	*H. Eberstein	176	.....
	Capt. Frisby	70	.....
	Rock Perdue	66	.....
	Glenn Watson	36	.....
	H. Geiger	22	.....
7	*Richard Lott	81	.....
	Chas. Combs	54	.....
	Robert Little	29	.....
8	*Paul Walker	152	.....
	Geo. Kistler	60	.....
	W. T. Davoren	42	.....
9	*Fred Southwell	146	.....
	W. F. Sikes	49	.....
	H. A. Tucker	7	.....
10	*Guy Corrick	109	.....
	W. L. Brown	64	.....
	Vick Blanton	16	.....

Divisions 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 are in Plant No. 3.

* * *

"Pa, what's a postgraduate?"

"A fellow who graduates from one of those correspondence schools, I suppose."

—*Boston Transcript.*

SUGAR CREEK

DIVISION	NAMES APPEARING ON BALLOTS	VOTES REC'D	PREVIOUS SERVICE ON J. G. C. BY THOSE ELECTED
1	*Chas. Spahr	43	1921
	Oscar Westwood	28	.....
	E. T. Peoples	20	.....
2	*William Wright	52	None
	Luther Lee	42	.....
	John S. Dickey	17	.....
3	*C. K. Bowles	41	None
	E. W. Cramer	31	.....
	Andy Hamilton	30	.....
4	*Matt Delles	36	None
	W. F. Mulvihill	26	.....
	Fred Gore	26	.....
5	*William Decker	32	None
	Clarence Spitser	18	.....
	Arch Hammontree	7	.....
6	*Clifford Howard	24	None
	John Waller, Jr	19	.....
	B. F. Miller	11	.....

WHITING

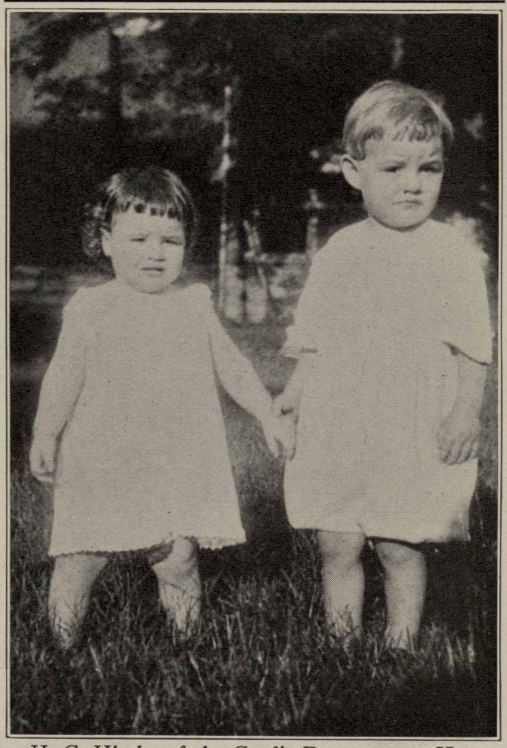
DIVISION	NAMES APPEARING ON BALLOTS	VOTES REC'D	PREVIOUS SERVICE ON J. G. C. BY THOSE ELECTED
1	*Frank Eaton	301	1919, 1921
	*Thos. McFadden	209	1920, 1921
	Joseph Stanley	126	.....
	Paul Dobbertine	86	.....
	Walter Parker	35	.....
	Ed. C. James	13	.....
2	*Harry Banahan	231	1921
	*Albert Ramstock	203	None
	Alfred Dimmock	156	.....
	Chas. Dailey	111	.....
	Walter Rhea	70	.....
	John Julier	22	.....
3	*Thomas Hayes, Sr.	73	1919, 1920
	John McTague	71	.....
	John Chorley	64	.....
4	*William Fuller	107	1919, 1920
	James McCarthy	71	.....
	Frank Barr	14	.....
5	*John Bodick	118	1919, 1920
	*Howard Deveney	109	None
	Alex Wayo	74	.....
	Martin Murzyn No. 2	60	.....
	Steve Tobies	43	.....
	Andy Zayacs	16	.....
6	*Nick Scholl	90	1920, 1921
	George Hulatt	72	.....
	Edward Wichman	15	.....

7	*A. E. Dimmock	90	None
	Geo. McMillan	82	.....
	Arthur Stross	4	.....
8	*Joe Scher	106	1919, 1920
	Dave Clements	95	.....
	John Chiluski	10	.....
9	*James Griffith	119	1921
	Henry Behrens	111	.....
	J. L. Trueblood	9	.....
10	*D. J. Gallagher	101	1919, 20, 21
	T. J. Moylan	34	.....
	J. A. Malo	33	.....

WOOD RIVER

DIVISION	NAMES APPEARING ON BALLOTS	VOTES REC'D	PREVIOUS SERVICE ON J. G. C. BY THOSE ELECTED
1	*Joseph Evans	73	None
	Robert Farrow	38	.....
	Richard Wilson	31	.....
2	*George Pilcher	60	1919
	Addison Gibson	30	.....
	James Hicks	16	.....
3	*Joseph Stephenson	96	None
	Stanley Tompach	48	.....
	Neal Mercer	22	.....
4	*Fred Emmel	74	1919
	Ernest Mayberry	40	.....
	James Jones	9	.....
5	*William Kelly	50	1919, 1920
	William Miller	43	.....
	John Durham	31	.....
6	*Orland Hemphill	72	1921
	C. Fox	26	.....
	J. Davey	19	.....

VENUS AND APOLLO

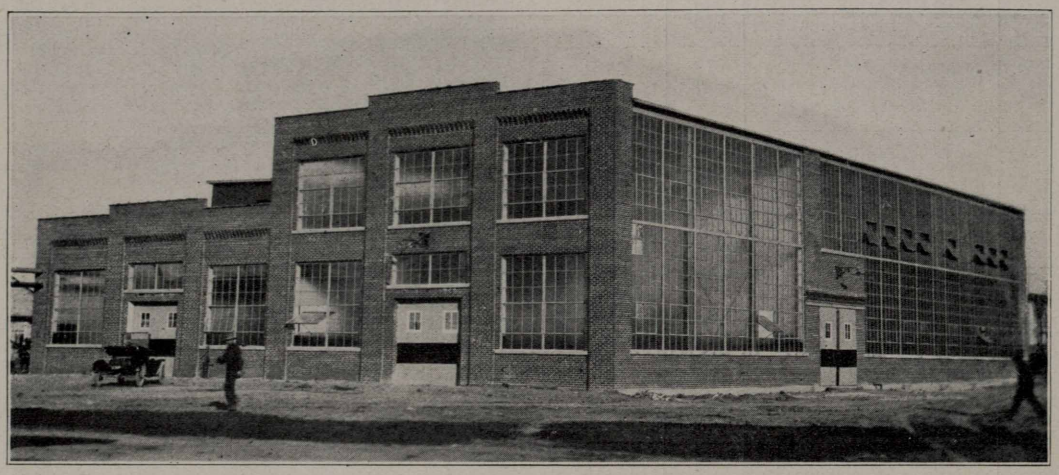


H. C. Hinde, of the Credit Department, Kansas City, is the proud father of these two prize winners, Thomas and Nellie Mae Hinde. At the Independence, Mo., fair, Tom won first prize for babies between two and three years of age, while Nellie Mae copped first prize for babies between one and two years old. There were fifty or more babies in each class and H. C. says the judges weren't bachelors or old maids either. What do you feed 'em, Mr. Hinde?

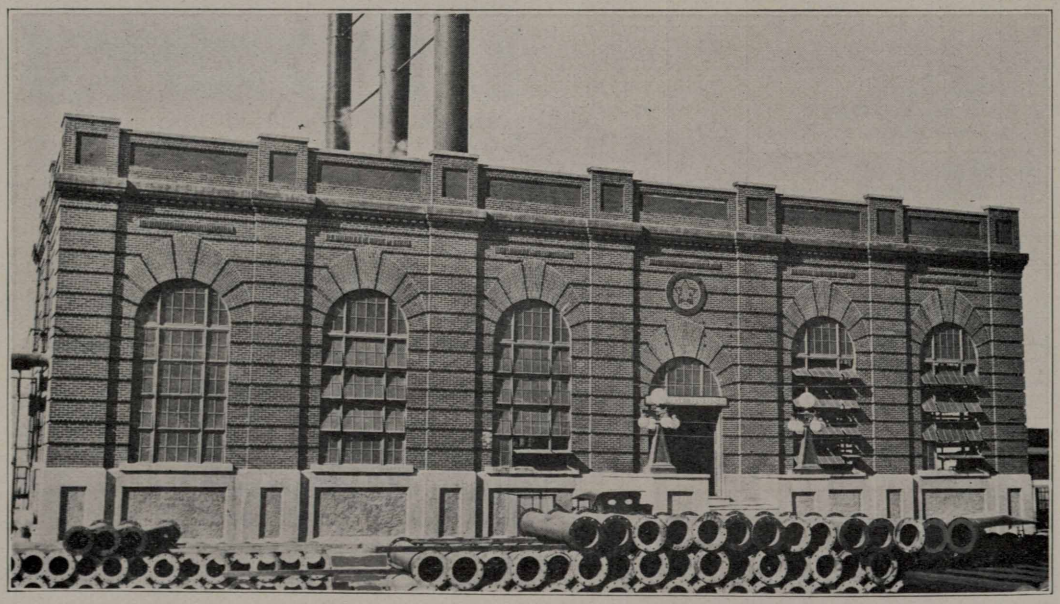
ANALYSIS OF OCTOBER ELECTION

	Casper	Sugar Creek	Whiting	Wood River	Total
Number of Representatives	12	6	13	6	37
Number of Representatives over 30 years of age	7	5	11	5	28
Average age of Representatives	33	35	43.2	41.67	38.31
Number of Representatives married	7	5	12	6	30
Average length of service by years	3.02	7.03	14.31	6.33	8.17
Number of qualified voters	2698	576	2874	835	6983
Number who voted	2131	542	2535	774	5982
Percent of qualified voters on duty election day who voted	99.12	99.81	95.73	99.49	97.76

SCENES IN PLANT NO. 3, CASPER, OLD MIDWEST



The former Midwest refinery at Casper is now Plant No. 3, Casper works, Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Above we have the mechanical shop of Plant C; below, the power house.



"Didn't you know it is against the law to beg for money?" said the lady to the tramp at the back door.

"I wasn't goin' t' beg for no money, ma'am."

"It's just as bad to beg for bread."

"I wasn't goin' to beg for no bread, ma'am."

"What were you going to beg for then, pray?"

"Only for one o' your photographs, ma'am."—*London Opinion.*

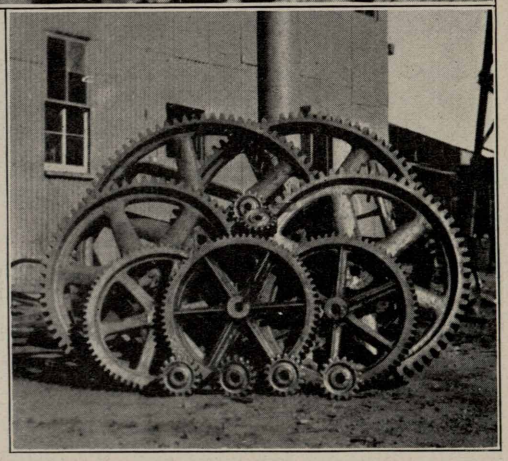
* * *

Insanity is said to be akin to love—but a man in love doesn't care if he is crazy.

David Lawrence, now "Special Correspondent," knows a lot of the trials of cub reporters. He tells this one as happening on someone else. That "someone" was anxious to make a hit with a story of a big ball and wrote a "puff" for the belle of the ball, saying "Her dainty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for fairy boots." Imagine his dismay when on reading the paper the next day found that the compositor had made it read, "Her dirty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for ferry boats."

HELLO, FELLOWS, COME RIGHT IN!

We beg to introduce to the Stanolind family the foundry force at Plant No. 3, Casper, formerly known as the Midwest refinery, and a sample of the work done by that same foundry force. They are very proud of these castings and no wonder.



FOR OUR COOKS

The following recipe was turned in by Mrs. H. A. Bright, of Whiting:

BRAN MUFFINS REGULATOR

One-half cup sugar; 1 tablespoon butter or suet; ¾ teaspoon salt; 2 cups milk; 3 heaping teaspoons baking powder; 2 cups Health bran; 2 cups flour; 2 eggs. Cream, sugar and butter, then add eggs, and then milk, baking powder, salt, flour and bran and beat well. Bake in muffin tins. This recipe will make 22 muffins.

APPLE FRITTERS

Pare, core and cut 4 medium sized apples into small pieces and stir in batter.

Batter: One egg well beaten. ⅔ cup of sweet milk, 1 cup flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons Dr. Price's baking powder. Drop by spoonful in deep fat and fry. Drain on brown paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Serve hot with syrup or butter as preferred.

COMBINATION SALAD

1 can corn, 1 can peas, 1 stalk celery, 2 hard boiled eggs, sliced.

Dressing: Two eggs, beat until light, 1 teaspoon ground mustard, a little salt and pepper, ½ cup of vinegar, 2 tablespoons of sugar, 1 cup milk. Boil these ingredients together. If dressing is too thin add a little flour. Mix with the salad and serve

* * *

"Did he propose in flowery language?"
"He began to but I nipped it in the bud."

MARRIED

Whiting, Indiana—St. John's Church, Robertsdale, was the scene of a very pretty wedding when Miss Mary Brenkus and Frank Staucet, both members of the Stanolind family, were united in marriage, September 17, 1921, by the Rev. Joseph Zalibera. Both Mr. and Mrs. Staucet will remain in the employ of the company, the former as a machinist, and the latter as a clerk in the candle factory. They have the hearty congratulations and best wishes of their many friends.

VISIT OUR SICK

By W. S. Craddock, *Common Labor Foreman*
SUGAR CREEK, MO.

We don't know how to appreciate good health until we get sick, and we never appreciate our friends so much as in time of illness.

There is the friend who telephones and says: "Let me know if there is anything I can do." We appreciate him, surely. Then there is the friend who asks some one about us every day, and always knows how we are; we appreciate him too; but the friend we appreciate most is the fellow who comes to see us when we are sick in bed.

It is not a very pleasant job to tramp out to a hospital to see a sick fellow. It takes a lot of time; it takes a lot of energy. You don't like the atmosphere of the sick room, and besides, it doesn't do the patient any real good, anyway, you argue; so you'll just telephone and ask how he is making it.

We know how easy it is to find excuses for not visiting the sick, and so we can't help but say: "The friend we appreciate most is the fellow who comes to see us when we are sick."

It means a lot to a fellow, to have the men he works with visit him while he is ill; there is no better tonic for him than the visits of these men with whom he has worked side by side for years. They give him something to think of through the long day, and the longer night, They cheer him. They make him think that life is perhaps better than he thought; that friendship is perhaps more than a mere

LEGS WOULD DO TOO

Whiting, Ind., Nov. 1.—We take pleasure in introducing Charles Westling of the machine shop, in uniform of his team at Crooked Lake—not Crooked Legs—Michigan. Charles has a vineyard there, which he visits every summer to look after his crops and to help his lake whip the others at baseball.

name; and that during his years among these men he has, apparently won their respect and friendship.

And does it not argue well for the spirit of mutual help and cooperation that exists in an institution, that its members visit each other in illness? When a large group of men are working together, as is the case of the Standard Oil Company at Sugar Creek, it seems to me nothing could better show the spirit of friendliness, and good will, that exists among the man, than the fact that they visit their sick.

And this kindly feeling is, of course, generated by the managers of the plant. If we had managers and superintendents who cared for nothing but themselves and their salaries, an attitude of indifference would be seen all over the plant. But our general manager and our superintendents are, none of them, like that.

BRIDAL PARTY

Here is Mike Hartz, Wood River, whose marriage was reported in the November number of the Record, with his bride, the bridesmaid and best man. Mike is an electric crane operator at the Wood River works. Here's to the newlyweds.

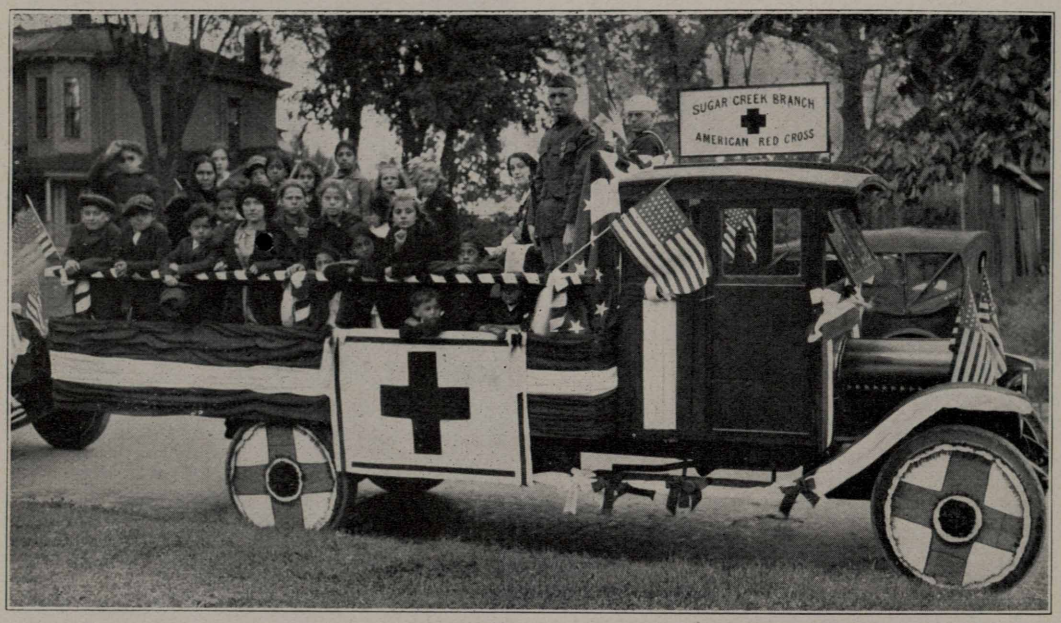
PRINCESS

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is a great democracy, yet we have a King who is extremely popular—F. L. King, autocrat of the accounting division, sales department—and above we have his daughter, the Princess Lorraine, age 2 when this was taken, age 2½ now. Her daddy avers that the Princess, given a chance, "will talk your arm and leg off."

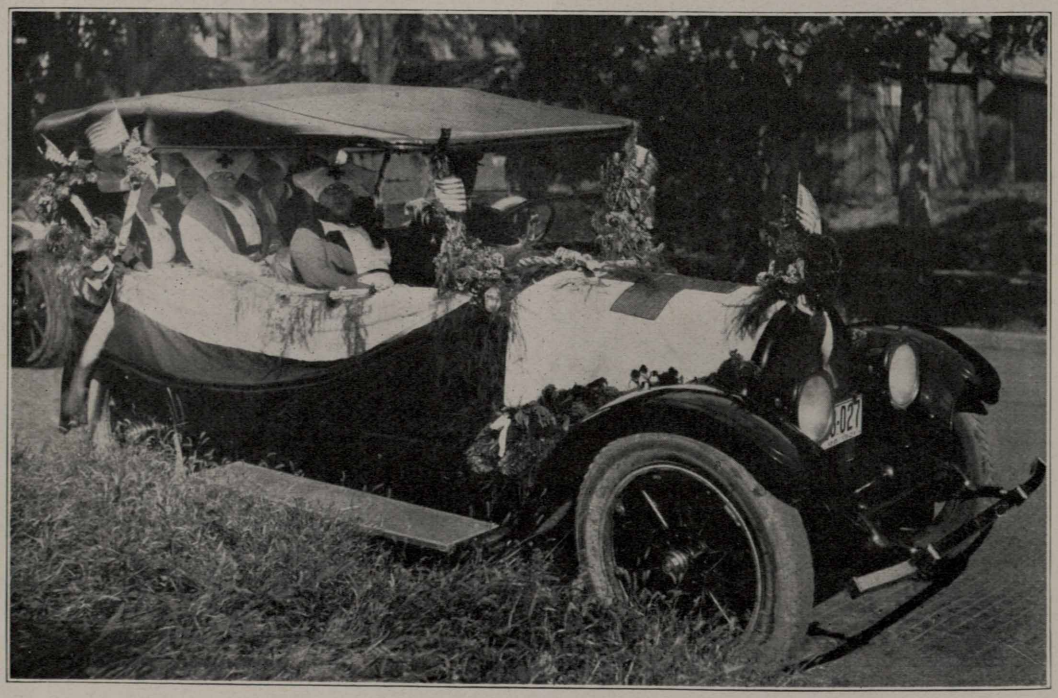
They are interested in the man, they want to make the Sugar Creek plant a good place to work; they want to see each man make good, they try to make each man contented; they are friendly and helpful towards the man and this spirit pervades the plant.

The men, most of them, appreciate what is done for them; they appreciate the good fellowship that prevails—and they visit their sick. Is not this the proof? When a man from the Sugar Creek plant is in the hospital, almost every evening some one from the plant visits him; some evenings he will have half a dozen visitors. And could anything better attest the spirit of kindliness, of friendship, or mutual help and cooperation that prevades the plant—which spirit is, perforce, engendered by the management—than the fact that "We visit our sick?"

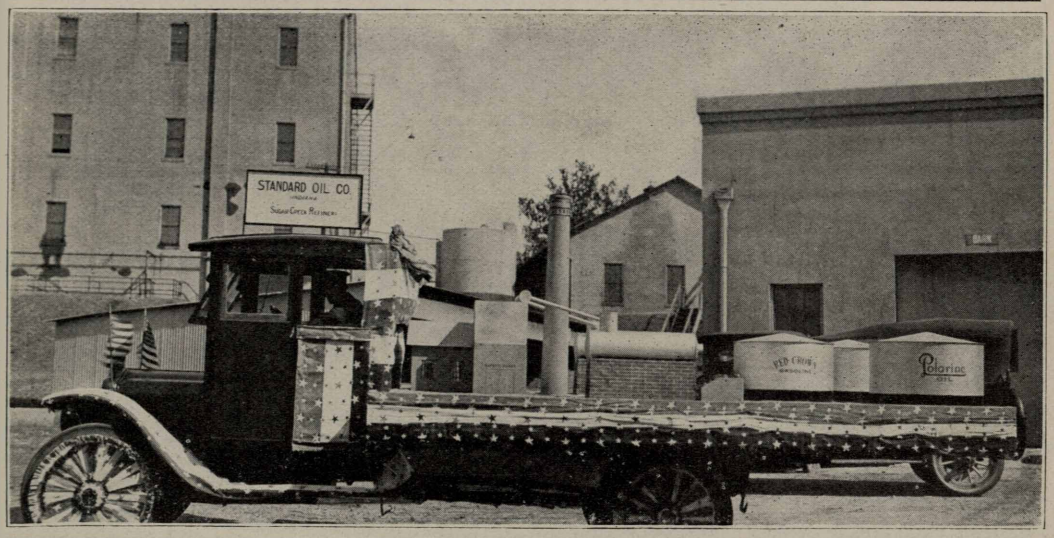
SUGAR CREEK COPS CENTENNIAL PARADE PRIZE



Kiddies in the above are all sons and daughters of employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Sugar Creek refinery. The young lady enthroned between the soldier and the sailor is Mrs. Mullin, the Red Cross public health nurse. Below is the Red Cross committee which served as an escort for Mrs. Mullin. How Sugar Creek copped the prize in the Missouri Centennial parade is related on the opposite page.



BET MR. GRIFFIN WILL BE BORROWING THIS



The above, a miniature refinery worked out to the smallest detail, was made by the men on the Sugar Creek plant and helped win the prize for Sugar Creek in the Missouri Centennial parade held at Independence, Mo. Floats were supposed to depict the most historical event in the history of the community represented. Doc Woodward, chairman of the committee for Sugar Creek, decided the most important event in the history of Sugar Creek was the coming of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana); the next most important event, the coming of the Red Cross public health nurse. Floats were made accordingly, and led by the famous Sugar Creek Standard Oil band and two cars bearing the mayor and city council, the floats shown on this and the opposite page convinced the judges that the baby city of Jackson county had a better exhibit than veterans of 100 years. A silver cup constitued the prize. (Though the Sugar Creek write-up says nothing about it, we learn from other sources that Mrs. G. H. Moffett, wife of our manager of the Sugar Creek works, had a tremendous lot to do with the success of this affair, but her modesty prevented it being mentioned in the story sent from Sugar Creek. So don't tell anyone we told you.)

COUPON SALESMAN

Peoria, Ill.,—Danny Duff, prize Bavarian peanut hound, owned and trained by our Mr. C. A. Wood, salesman in charge of the Monmouth (Ill.), field and former agent at that point, was a great aid to Mr. Wood in winning the coupon book contest in that field. Danny delivered books to purchasers after Mr. Wood had made the sale.

S. O. EXHIBIT AT "WORLD'S GREATEST FAIR"

Minneapolis, Minn.—This is the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) exhibit at the Minnesota State Fair, September 3 to 10. The most artistic exhibit at the World's Greatest Fair. The camera did not get in all the lettering, which read: "Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Service. From Oil Fields Through Refinery and Bulk Station to Your Farm at Wholesale Prices."

WHITING SPORTS

Announcement by D. J. Paskwietz, president of the Whiting Standard Oil Athletic Association, of a partial list of standing committees for 1921-1922, indicates the Association intends to enlarge the scope of its activities and that it is looking forward to a most successful year. By the time this issue is in the hands of its readers it is expected that the Association's budget for 1921-1922 will have been agreed upon. Committee appointments announced are as follows:

BASEBALL

Al Bumhour, chairman; Fred Langhor, W. O. Walker, H. R. White.

BASKETBALL

J. Griffith, chairman; Charles Miller, C. C. Craswell, H. R. White.

BOWLING

Fred Lau, chairman; Mike McGowan, M. G. Henrikson.

HORSESHOES

Dr. Reeve, chairman; C. Bartells.

SOCCER FOOTBALL

Stanley Nicholson, chairman; George Wilt.

GOLF

Herbert Morris, chairman; Fred Ovitz, George Watts.

BOXING AND WRESTLING

Eugene Grogan, chairman; Charles Groat, Ed Clabby, Harry Keefe.

C. C. Craswell has been appointed custodian of the Association's equipment and arrangements have been made for storing it in the old paraffine department office, near the paraffine gate. Persons wishing to use it for the benefit of the Association are advised to consult with Mr. Craswell.

OSSIFER! CALL A COP! THEY'RE RIOTING!

And As We Once Officiated As Umpire At a Kids' Ball Game We Aren't Going To Do Any Refereeing Here and Take the Chance of Being Mobbed Again

In the November number of the Record we ran a coupon book story and picture under the caption of: "Pooh, pooh, Joliet! Says Kansas City, Loudly." Whereupon Joliet came back with the article which follows, on the heels of which came also an item from Sioux City intimating it was time somebody dusted off some back seats for both Joliet and Kansas City:

KANSAS CITY WAS ONE "POOH" SHORT

The Kansas City folks declare that they are proud as Punch
About how coupon books are sold by all their office bunch.
Among all the departments there is lots of rivalry,
And everyone is selling books the way they ought to be.
They do the very best they can, we freely will admit,
And that will serve until they have improved a little bit;
And when they can do better, and then still better yet
They will be almost ready to compete with JOLIET!

Manager Griffin of Kansas City may be proud of his office force because they sold 785 ten dollar coupon books in 30 days. We were proud of our office force when they sold 214 books in our one-day campaign, but when Miss Mary McMillan sold 93 books in our 30 day campaign we knew we had no reason to be proud before. If Manager Griffin of Kansas City will look at this in the right light, he will agree with Mr. E. E. Morton, our Joliet manager. Here is the way Mr. Morton figures it out:

	Population	*Books sold*	*Aver.*
Joliet.....	38,000	425	84.9
Kansas City.....	118,000	785	150.3

Figuring this way, Kansas City should have sold 1,320 books instead of 785 to be even as good as Joliet. Why crow?

BUT WAIT A MINUTE!

Sioux City wishes to make a few remarks, folks. Listen:

"While boasting about your coupon book drives, we beg you to let up long enough for us to announce a *real champion*, Miss Evelyn Peterson. Kansas City boasts a record of 130 and 122 books sold, respectively, by two girls of that division in a 30-day drive, while Joliet talks about a record of 97 in a recent drive. Now our own Evelyn Peterson went out and sold 110 books in ONE AFTERNOON. Misters Board of Directors, Kansas City and Joliet—How about some boquets for Sioux City?"

Miss Evelyn Peterson

(Merely as a matter of information for our readers we report that the census returns from Sioux City show a population of 71,227.—Ed.)

* * *

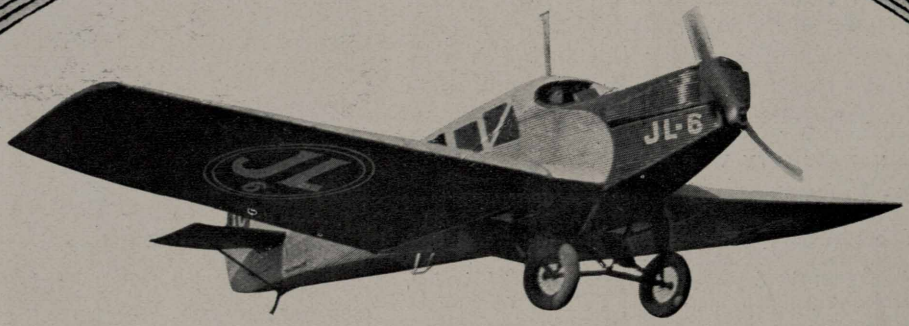
I asked her if she rolled them,
She said she'd never tried.
Just then a mouse ran swiftly by
And now I know she lied.

* * *

Hazel—"Don't you know why I refused you?"
Howard—"I can't think."
Hazel—"You guessed it."—*"Topics of the Day" Films.*

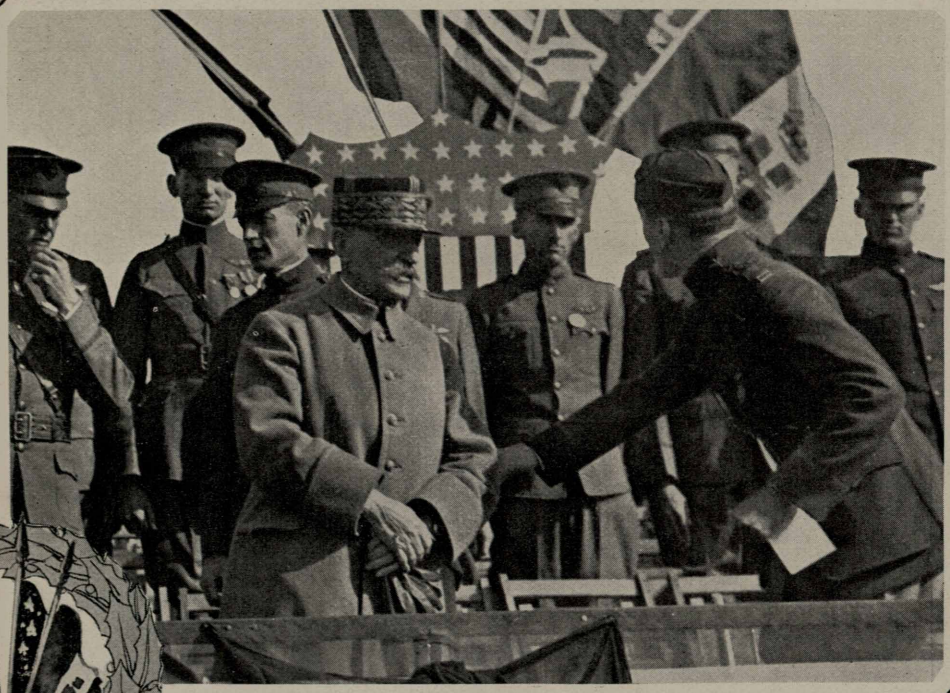
FOCH, MARSHAL of FRANCE, S

Only Standard Oil (Indiana) Products, Re
Used in Monster Air Meet held at Kansas City



E, SEES GREATEST AIR CIRCUS

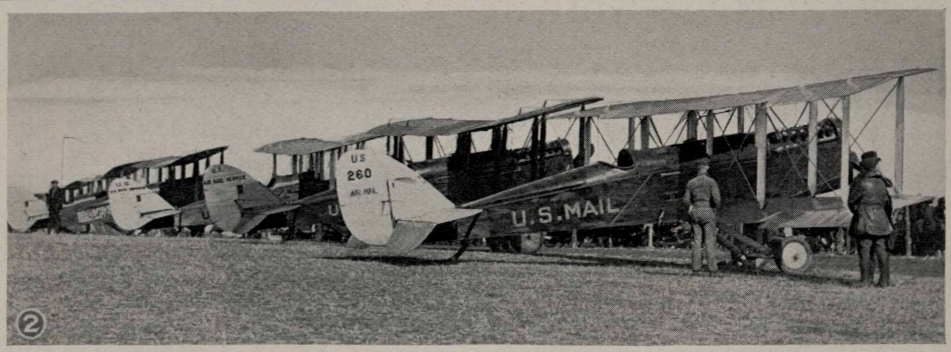
cts, Red Crown Gasoline and Polarine Lubricant, as City During American Legion National Convention,

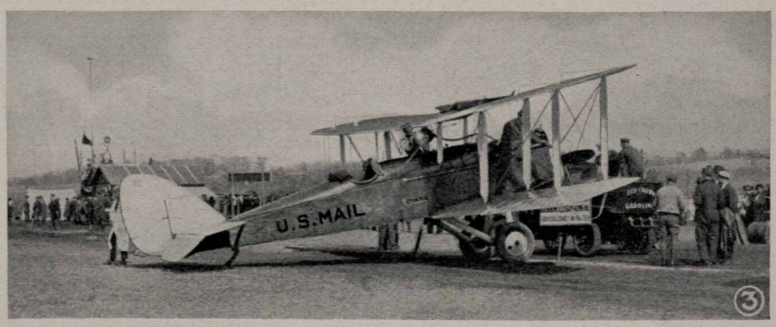


Above: Marshal Foch and Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, great American ace. Rickenbacker has just entered the stand to present Marshal Foch with a membership in the Flying Club of Kansas City, which sponsored the aerial circus, and is evidently surprised to find with the marshal a former comrade-in-arms, with whom he is shaking hands.

On page to the left, above: JL-6 all-metal monoplane, designed for seven passengers, which made altitude record of 13,000 feet carrying ten people; below: one of four large signs placed at most prominent points on aviation field. The air circus was the greatest event of its kind ever held and the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is proud of the fact that its products were used exclusively. Tens of thousands, including Marshal Foch, Gen. Pershing, Admiral Beatty, Gen. Jacques and other famous figures of the world war, saw this demonstration of the efficacy of the Power Twins: Red Crown and Polarine.

We were on the job at Kansas City





Above are scenes on the aviation field at Kansas City where the great air circus was held during the American Legion convention. No. 1: One of our tank wagons supplying plane with Red Crown gasoline and Polarine lubricant, the only gasoline and lubricant used by the fliers in that mammoth meet. No. 2: Squadron of government D. H. mail planes, which were entered in the meet. No. 3: Filling mail plane before it took off for Omaha. All photos on this and center pages by Miles Standish, our star Kansas City photographer.

WHITING MUTUAL HAS BALANCE OF $15,430

The great and constantly growing financial strength of the Whiting Mutual Benefit Association, otherwise known as the "Dirty Faces," is shown by a report made by Secretary W. O. Walker, announcing that on October 1, 1921, the Association had a balance in all funds of $15,430.79. The report follows:

Balance in all funds, Sept. 1, 1921	$15,401.29
Receipts	590.00
Total	15,991.29
Disbursements	560.50
Balance in all funds, Oct. 1, 1921	15,430.79

The above is invested as follows:

Liberty Bonds	$ 4,000.00
Whiting Savings & Loan Ass'n	5,150.00
Savings account, Bank of Whiting	5,285.02
War Savings Stamps	361.86
Checking Account	633.91
Balance in all funds, Oct. 1, 1921	15,430.79

RED CROSS

As the Red Cross just opened a drive hereabouts it strikes us this is an opportune time to print the picture of these Whiting girls employed at the can house. The nurse is Agnes Walcjak; the soldier, Mary Golcomb.

ELOPEMENT!

Phyllis Graham, record clerk, and Clara Olson, comptometer operator, of the Mankato office, were recently discovered within the corporate limits of the city of Belle Plaine, Minn., fondly embracing two young men dressed in overalls. When discovered they showed no embarrassment but willingly submitted to having their picture taken. Here it is.

* * *

Traveler (at edge of precipice)—Do people fall over here often?

Guide—Only once, sir!

THIRTY BOOKS OF GREAT FICTION

Great Fiction Can Give You a Better Knowledge of Human Nature, Restore the Past to You, Show You the Glory of the Commonplace, Keep Before You the Vision of the Ideal, and Give You the Mastery of Your Own Language

Ask for these books at the library in your town.

(A certificate, bearing the seal of the United States Bureau of Education, signed by the Commissioner of Education, will be given to each person who gives satisfactory evidence of having read all the books on the accompanying list. *You* are invited to join the great national reading circle, making your own selection from the reading courses provided.)

The best and most complete expression of the ideals and tendencies of any people at any time is to be found in their literature. For modern times this expression is to be found most often and most fully in great works of fiction. Without an acquaintance with some of these books it is impossible to know the inner life—the real life—of the peoples of whom such a knowledge is most worth while.

Any reading of history, any scientific study of economics or sociology, should be supplemented by some reading of the writings of the masters of fiction. The Home Education Division of the Bureau of Education has therefore prepared the following list of 30 books of fiction, mostly modern, for those who wish to read to good purpose in this field.

The value of such literature is well indicated by Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of Virginia, in his book, "What Can Literature Do For Me?" He says of literature of this and other kinds that it can give you an outlet for your own ideals and thoughts, it can keep before you the vision of the ideal, it can give you a better knowledge of human nature, it can restore the past to you, it can show you the glory of the commonplace, it can give you the mastery of your own language.

At the end of this list of 30 books is a list of 5 books helpful in fixing a purpose and acquiring a method in reading. Those who take this course of reading under the direction of the Bureau of Education will be expected to read these 5 books also.

For admission to this course it is necessary only to write to the Home Education Division of the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., giving your name, post-office address, your age and a brief statement of your education and occupation. Readers who wish to secure the bureau's certificate must notify the bureau at the time they begin each book, and when each book is finished they must send a summary consisting of a description of the principal characters, the chief episodes, and their own impressions. Some of the books do not lend themselves to this form of summary. In these cases send a brief statement of the essential features of the books.

To each person who gives satisfactory evidence of having read all the books on the list a certificate will be awarded bearing the seal of the United States Bureau of Education and signed by the Commissioner of Education. All men and women who want to know the best there is in the literature of the world and to gain the inspiration it gives are invited to join this national reading circle.

By application to local or State libraries readers may be able to borrow these books. The Bureau of Education does not furnish them.

Charles Alphonso Smith, Edgar Allan Poe, professor of English in the University of Virginia; Charles Forster Smith, professor of Greek in the University of Wisconsin; Richard Burton, professor of English literature in the University of Minnesota; and William Lyon Phelps, professor of English literature in Yale University have assisted the Bureau of Education in directing this course.

In writing about this course refer to it as "United States Bureau of Education,

Home Education Division, Reading Course No. 6, "or "Thirty Books of Great Fiction."

READING COURSE NO. 6

1. Adam Bede. George Eliot.
2. Arabian Nights.
3. A Modern Instance. William Dean Howells.
4. Clarissa Harlowe. Samuel Richardson.
5. David Copperfield. Charles Dickens.
6. Guy Mannering. Sir Walter Scott.
7. History of Henry Esmond. William M. Thackeray.
8. Ivanhoe. Sir Walter Scott.
9. Joseph Vance. William F. DeMorgan.
10. Kidnapped. Robert Louis Stevenson.
11. Lorna Doone. R. D. Blackmore.
12. Luck of Roaring Camp. Bret Harte.
13. Ordeal of Richard Feverel. George Meredith.
14. Pilgrim's Progress. John Bunyan.
15. Pride and Prejudice. Jane Austen.
16. Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe.
17. Romola. George Eliot.
18. Tale of Two Cities. Charles Dickens.
19. The Cloister and the Hearth. Charles Reade.
20. Vanity Fair. William M. Thackeray.
21. Vicar of Wakefield. Oliver Goldsmith.
22. Last of the Mohicans. J. Fenimore Cooper.
23. Scarlet Letter. Nathaniel Hawthorne.
24. The Pilot. J. Fenimore Cooper.
25. Les Miserables. Victor Hugo.
26. The Three Musketeers. Alexander Dumas.
27. Pere Goriot. Honore de Balzac.
28. Anna Karenina. Count Leo Tolstoi.
29. With Fire and Sword. Henryk Sienkiewicz.
30. Treasure Island. Robert Louis Stevenson.

SOME GOOD HELPS TO LITERATURE

1. What Can Literature Do for Me? C. Alphonso Smith.
2. Great Books as Life Teachers. Newton Dwight Hillis.
3. Literature and Life. W. D. Howells.
4. Aims of Literary Study. H. Corson
5. World's Literature and Its Place in General Culture. R. G. Moulton.

IMPOSING ON HENRY

Peoria, Ill. — Here we have our new and former agent at Chillicothe, on the left, Mr. W. B. Smith, the new agent, on the right, Mr. W. E. Fogge, resigned, starting out on a morning trip with the following little load: 290 gallons of Red Crown gasoline; ½ resale filled with Medium Polarine; two 25-pound pails of Mica Axel Grease; 3 cs. 807 Semdac; one 10-pound Polarine Cup Grease; 1 gallon Standard Hand Separator Oil; 2 cs. 4113, and six ½ resale barrels which were being taken to the depot. The amazing part of it is that they not only started and made their trip, but got abck with the Henry still in good form.

WICHITA

T. E. Talbot, check department, is taking his vatation repairing his Dodge.

Mr. Sweeney, painter, is back on the job after a severe wrestle with high blood pressure.

Charlie Ash, tankwagon driver, is nursing a bad case of blood poisoning caused by a bruise on the hand becoming infected.

Miss Pauline Cave, daughter of Fred Cave, warehouse superintendent, was married Wednesday, October 25. S. P. Broland is the lucky man. The couple left for Chicago and Detroit for a two-week's honeymoon. On their return they will live in Wichita.

Gladys McCormick, telephone booth, is the proud possessor of a new gold watch, pearl face and back, which her father brought her when he returned recently from Europe.

* * *

Merry Christmas, Everybody!

EVEN A CALIFORNIAN HAD PRAISE FOR THIS

Stopping for gasoline and oil at service station 106, Eighty-first and Halsted streets, Chicago, a customer in a car bearing a California license declared: "This station is the most beautiful I have seen in my trip across the whole country." To do the station anything like justice we should have the photograph in colors, for the grounds are ablaze with the vivid hues of lovely flowers. The fence in the background is banked with them, though showing only dimly in the picture. To service station Attendants J. G. Schorer and R. H. Lamb belongs the credit for the appearance of this station, for all their spare time is spent manicuring the velvety lawn and digging around in the flower beds.

WHEN MA IS SICK

When Ma is sick she pegs away;
She's quiet, though, not much to say.
She goes right on a-doin' things,
An' sometimes laughs and even sings.
She says she don't feel extra well.
But then it's just a kind o' spell.
She'll be all right tomorrow sure,
A good old sleep will be the cure.
An' Pa, he sniffs and makes no kick,
For women folks is always sick,
An' Ma, she smiles, lets on she's glad—
When Ma is sick it ain't so bad.

WHEN PA IS SICK

When Pa is sick, he's scared to death,
An' Ma an' us just holds our breath.
He crawls in bed and puffs and grunts
And does all kinds of crazy stunts.
He wants "Doc" Brown, an' mighty quick,
For when Pa's ill, he's mighty sick.
He gasps and groans and sort o' sighs,
He talks so queer an' rolls his eyes.
Ma jumps an' runs, an' all of us,
An' all the house is in a fuss.
An' peace an' joy is mighty skeerce—
When Pa is sick, it's something fierce.

—*Monroe County Appeal.*

* * *

"I want to tell you," said the newly-married lady to a girl friend, "about a most awful fright I got at church on my wedding day."

"You needn't," remarked the friend, "I was there and saw him!"—*Tatler.*

* * *

Smart Guy: Say, Mike, how long is a piece of rope?

Mike: Twicet the length av from wan end to th' middle.

* * *

The Boss—"What do you mean by such language? Are you the manager here or am I?"

Jones—"I know I'm not the manager."

The Boss—"Very well, then, if you're not the manager, why do you talk like a blamed idiot?"—*The Stenographer*

SALESMAN LUEDTKE ON JOB AT LONG PRAIRIE

At motorcycle races there last fall.

ONE OF THE FINEST SERVICE STATIONS IN CHICAGO

Service station No. 122, at Roosevelt road, Ogden and Oakley boulevards, is one of the finest service stations in the city of Chicago, though because of the background, it is difficult to get a photograph setting off its beauty. It is equipped with four pumps, three of which were busy when this was taken.

WHITING, IND.

What is the matter with you Whiting reporters? Less and less gossip is being received from the World's Greatest Refinery, while the volume from Wood River, Sugar Creek and Casper keeps growing. Mr. Foreman: Don't you know any items about the men under you? Mr. Employee: Don't you know any items about the men working beside you? They don't have to be humorous, you know. Turn in some items to your reporter, who in turn should send them in through the Industrial Relations Department.—Editor, Stanolind Record.

Mr. John McKenna is rejoicing over the arrival at his home of a dandy ten-pound boy. At this writing mother and son are doing fine. Mac passed around the smokes—good ones, too.

Mr. Abel Bergstrom, member of Swedish-American No. 1 soccer team, was kicked in the forehead while playing against the Bricklayers at 35th and Wentworth recently, but after receiving first aid went right back and scored for his team. The result was a victory for his outfit, score 3 to 0. Abel is some soccer player: S. O. A. A. take notice.

CASPER, WYO.

Mr. Hobbs, continuous treating plant treater from Plant No. 3, is leaving the employ of the company to go into business for himself. We extend our best wishes to you, Mr. Hobbs.

Mr. Springsguth, continuous treating plant treater from Plant No. 3, has left our employ. His future occupation is not known to us. We hope the change is for the better.

Mr. Strathem, continuous treating plant treater from Plant No. 3, went home the other day suffering from a severe cold. He has returned after a few days' lay-off, feeling "like a top."

Mr. M. J. Furlong left on October 6 for Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada. He went after a bride up there, but hasn't come back yet. Evidently this bride is harder to catch than expected. But then, it is a long road and there may have been other difficulties.

Mr. Gerber has a first-class ventilator over the still bench room of No. 2 and No. 3 acid houses. He is as pleased as a little boy with his first pants pockets, too.

Frank Hinds has been temporarily transferred to the labor gang from the acid works. Here is hoping we have to restore more acid pretty soon, so that we can get him back again.

Carl Smith has been boosted out of the laboratory into the Sharples plant. Some boost, we'll say. Here are best wishes to you, Cal.

Emil Hirshfield is away on a vacation. Such a thing is unusual for Emil. We hope he enjoys himself and doesn't get lost.

"Shorty" Edelmuth went fishing again.

Charles Dobbins, of the welding department, was off sick for two weeks, but has now returned to work.

Oscar White, of the machine shop, is off sick.

Maurice Edelmuth is a good scout to go fishing with if he didn't want all the good holes.

Ernest Smith, chief electrician, is the champion duck hunter, having bagged 120 so far this season.

Our Pete Evers went hunting in the mountains for big game recently. After prowling about all day he bethought him something like this: "By heck, it's getting late and I must return to camp." He, like all other new adventurers in a mountainous country, got turned around and started in the opposite direction for camp. After going a bit he saw that wouldn't do, so, leg-weary, tired out and disgusted, he sat down on a rock to rest and get his bearings, wide-eyed for some familiar object that would lead him to camp. Just then he spied a barrel. Losing no time, he was at it and found that there were five barrels in all. Deciding he had found a moonshine still, he dropped his gun and started to run to report his find to the sheriff. Poor Pete thought, of course, that he would be awarded a Carnegie medal, but instead of that Pete finds himself in the clutches of the law. The sheriff has filed suit against him to recover mileage, fee and car hire for the false alarm turned in. We all like Pete and hate to see him in trouble, hoping for the best; but the worst is yet to come: The barrel found by Pete was the property of a lady washwoman, who is now going to sue Mr. Evers for a large sum of money for linking her good name with a lawless band of moonshiners.—Contributed by D. R. McKay.

The twenty-one big tanks on the hill, holding 85,000 barrels of oil each, are now completed and have taken on a coat of gray paint. Leave it to the painters to make everything look fine.

Lyle Day, of the paint department, has been promoted to the refining department.

The winter alkali now seen on the mountains automatically closes the season for homesteaders, and the city will now enjoy its annual increase in population.

Eugene Dexter, paint foreman, has moved into a new home on South Walnut street. The "migration" took place on October 25.

Sam Weaver, pressure still cleaner, announces the arrival of a baby girl, born about Octover 1. Mother and baby are doing well.

H. W. Archibald, pressure stillman at No. 7 house, is on the sick list.

Tom McCaffrey, outside helper at No. 8 house, pressure stills, is off sick.

E. J. Stephens, stillman helper, is back on the job after spending two months in the hospital suffering from blood poisoning in one of his fingers.

C. S. Bergeson, stillman at No. 2 house, tower stills, is on his vacation in the mountains, big game hunting.

R. P. Dedlow, doctor man at the treating plant, is now a real rancher. He finished proving up on his homestead October 15.

Wanted, by H. P. Fishburn, chief chemist, a balanced ration that will make his New Jersey cow give pure cream.

Oscar Davault, pumper at No. 2 house, was on the sick list a couple of days. He is back to work now and feeling fine.

Victor (Peewee) Gher, inside helper at No. 6 house, pressure stills, was married to Miss Violet Eshelman, of Casper, on September 28. The wedding took place at the home of the bride. They spent their honeymoon at Bridgeport, Ill., with the parents of the bridegroom. Good luck to both—and many of them.

J. L. Pierce, helper at No. 1 pump house, stepped out the other day and bought himself a Studebaker car. Look out, girls, they do say Pierce is a high stepper.

E. J. Morgan is back on the job, firing, after being in the hospital for three weeks with appendicitis. All are glad to see him well again.

Ted Reynolds and Christina (Midget) Dodson were married at the home of the bride's parents at Colorado Springs, Colo., on October 12. The honeymoon was spent on an auto trip through the

mountains. They will be at home to their friends at the Hart apartments after November 1.

"Sailor Jack" Haynes and Armentrout, of the pipe department, went hunting the other day and got a Ford load of cottontails, some game shoulders and a great thirst.

Frank Keegan missed his calling—he is a born politician.

The boys across the river are having the time of their lives hunting diamonds at the end of the dredge discharge. And from the looks of things the price of engagement rings in Casper is due for a tumbel.

T. C. Dunn was married a couple of weeks ago, and he says the single men don't know what they are missing. We'll admit that, but he doesn't know all we are missing—yet.

The gay boys were framing up a poker party. "Jiggs" Mahoney was desirous of attending the affair, but was kinda dubious about gaining his wife's consent. Dan Ader, who is noted for his finesse and tact, learned of his misgivings and reassured him thusly: "Doncha worry, Jiggs. I'll phone your long-haired partner tonight and fix it up for you to get out." At the appointed hour, Dan entered the telephone booth and proceeded to perform the delicate task of "springing" Jiggs for the evening. Observe his fine technique, fellers; you may learn something from his modus operandi. As usual, Jiggs' better half answered the phone, whereupon Dan deliberately broached the subject as follows: "Say, Maggie, what's the chance of the old man steppin' out with us boys tonight?" That was some three weeks ago, but Dan's ear still tingle with the warmth of the answer that he received' while Jiggs is sure that he is "queered" for life. Verily, the proverbial bull in the proverbial china shop has nothing on Dan.

We fear that Frank Hammer, our star patternmaker, is not destined to live much longer. Each succeeding day reveals less and less between him and Heaven. Our advice to him is: Use Herpicide.

Percy Sanchez, one of our Gold Dust Twins, failed to profit by his observation of some of the horrible examples of matrimony's ravages that toil along side of him daily and took unto himself a blushing bride a few short, blissful weeks ago. Bob Anderson, the old sourdough, remarks: "Well, the Lord knows, we warned him. He has no comeback at us. He will find sympathy in the dictionary."

Snipe Gillespie, Casper correspondent for the Hot Dog, has been devoting his evenings of late to the composition of a treatise on what he regards as a national peril: "The Decline and Fall of Cusswords."

It's rumored that Jack Groner is seriously contemplating getting married. Better go slow, Jack; dangerous curves ahead.

We have had a number of inquiries for the Curly Headed Secretary, especially from the laboratory. The following tip is given: He has received a raise in the cruel world and may be found at the power house scanning charts—combustion.

Bottoms took the final leap the other day. Well, the bigger they are the harder they fall. We wish him all the luck there is.

The long and short of it (Laughlin and Black) are still kept jumping, and will be so long as the boiler shop and electrical shop keep going.

Hunter sure is keeping pace with his name—Beware little hares.

Freight at the railroads—Ask Jack and Scott—They can sort anything.

We want to know if the free pair of overalls show long life.

We have heard of lion tamers but Fred has a new one: "Dodge Tamer."

Even with his gay colors Polly got tired of single life and now there are a Pair of Pollies.

All are looking forward to the return of O. C. Brewster and his blushing bride. Is a discount on sugar in line?

Rancher E. W. Fassett is reported as moving in from the ranch near "Salt Creek" in order to be available to vote for Mr. Giblin.

Miller's cheeks are filling out now that his wife has returned from a visit with relatives at Lincoln, Nebraska. Guess he was hungry part of the time.

Horace Doak, one of the boys from the drafting room, has departed for France and parts otherwise unknown.

News comes to us of the arrival of a baby girl at the new home in Basin of our old friend, E. H. Atkinson.

John J. Finlayson, formerly employed in the welding department, is now working for the Hope Engineering Company as head welder on the Ferris to Casper gas line.

Tom Galehouse of the welders is leaving for the hospital Saturday, October 29, to have an operation on his toe as the result of an accident some six weeks ago.

It was rumored that Ted Reynolds was going to be married about the middle of October. Anyway, he took a week's leave of absence and on his return to work the way he passed out the cigars led everyone to believe there was something to it. How about it, Ted? Come through and tell us the truth.

ALAS, BOYS, NO GIRLS

In the future when referring to the "gentler sex" you will kindly speak of them as "ladies," not "girls." WHY? Ask Roy Johnson if you may inspect the employment cards. EXCEPTIONS—1. GUESS WHO!!!!!!

Our little motor repair man, Gordon Paulley (Dempsey) is back on the job after being absent on account of a broken arm. Some Fords have a kick like moonshine licker! Eh, Paulley?

Do you know the reason of the tame expression on Mr. W. J. Humphreys? No. he's not in love; he was, but he got married a while back. October 3.

We note the arrival of a new baby girl at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. McCombs, October 10. Congratulations, Mac.

Mr. A. A. Givvs has joined the ever growing list of housebuilders. Well, there's one thing about it, he can get plenty of information from his Boss.

E. H. Baxter has just returned from Kansas, bringing back his Allen car. Now he wants a flivver to pull it around.

Bill Freeman, who generally gets to work about three hours ahead of time says he can't sleep. It wouldn't do any harm if he wouldn't eat for awhile. What say, Bill?

Art (Pinkney) Warson has been transferred from the truck to the electric department. Well, Pink, it isn't every electrician who can drive a truck. More power to you.

Tuck: "Say, Charley, that motor at No. 3 Boiler House is running hot." Charley Rose: "Let 'er run. I don't want to get my new overalls dirty."

Jameson: "Say, Mal, do you know that fellow Ponzi was a great promoter?" Mel Harnon: "Sure! Why shouldn't he be; he took lessons from Pinkey."

Frank Riley doesn't want any more managing of drug sores so he came back to Standard Oil to fire on the pressure stills.

Ed. Seaton is candidate for alderman of our city. Good luck, Ed.

Elof Engdahl and F. D. McKay have been transferred from the pressure stills to the gasoline pump house.

The electricians announce that final work on the new 1500 kilowatt turbine generator is now finished, and it will be ready for service shortly. It will just about double the capacity of the present power plant, thereby throwing more light on what the men are trying to do nights.

The electricians want H. A. Tucker to explain the absence of one of his wire pullers.

That bouncing baby boy which arrived October 5 put a broad smile all over the map of J. D. (Dong) Berwick. Dong says the youngster will make Tom Edison sit up and take notice in a year or so.

Are the wedding bells going to chime and the cigar stores sell a few extra smokes or has our electrical boss, H. B. (Sherry) Sherwood, built his new bungalow for a bachelor's home? From the city, however, comes a report that a certain fair young school teacher is acting kinda mysterious. He who hesitates is lost, Sherry.

Pewee Davidson is the proud possessor of a whole flock of new teeth. How does it feel to get away from the milk and mush diet, Pewee?

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

The Farmers Institute is holding its annual convention at Wood River, October 27, 28 and 29. This is the first time that Wood River has been so honored, and goes to show that she is rapidly forging to the front among the cities of Madison county. Elaborate preparations have been made for the convention, and as we go to press the town is decorated from one end to the other, and the old "Stars and Stripes" are floating in the breeze in every section. There is no doubt that the convention will be a great success, providing the weather continues as favorable as at present. Sports and activities of various kinds have been planned for the entertainment of the visitors.

The Wood River Plant has just passed through one of the hottest elections in the history of Industrial Relations. Nominations were held for employee representatives October 13 and election October 20. Great enthusiasm was shown in all divisions of the plant. It seems to be the general concensus throughout the plant that the personnel for employee representatives is one of the best ever elected to the Joint General Committee. Four of the newly elected representatives have served before, and their record at that time is an enviable one. Messrs. Evans and Stephenson are new to the game, but it is expected they will show the goods, as we understand they are both men of ability and good judgment. There were many interesting sidelights in connection with the election, among them the hot fight in the Fourth division. It appears that Simon Halloran developed from a ward heeler into a Tammany expert, and he was accused of pernicious activity by the backers of the pipe shop candidate, in throwing his support to the opposition in the boilermakers department. When this statement was brought to the attention of Halloran it seems that he called a meeting of his coherts, and after the delivery of a masterpiece of "Grape Juice" oratory he was successful in swinging his organization into line for the stronger candidate from the boilermakers' department. The pipe shop candidate closed his case with the declaration that he would not condone crooks or crookedness, and that he would stand by his guns and go down to defeat rather than swerve one iota from his ideals. The Tammany machine triumphed and Mr. Emmel was elected representative. Since this wonderful coup, Simon has reconsidered his decision to assist De Valera and will remain in this country to battle for the principles of Democracy, as he feels that his services are needed in the great decisions confronting us at the present moment.

Standard Oil Company employees held their first annual picnic on October 2, but owing to the disagreeable day it was not the success expected. However, regardless of the dreary day quite a large crowd was on hand and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Had the day been favorable there is no doubt that the picnic committees would have had their hands full in taking care of the enormous crowd, as the affair was well advertised and all employees and their friends had planned to be on hand, if possible. The men comprising the different committees are to be commended for their earnest efforts. It is to be hoped that more of these picnics will follow, as the great work done by the men in charge shows that we have the proper material in the plant to push such activities to a successful conclusion.

Ben Burke and family visited with Mr. Burke's mother at Brighton recently.

Arthur Heur recently spent a few days on the farm visiting his brother. Arthur came back with the appearance of having added several pounds to his avoirdupois, and the indication of plenty of chicken and other farm luxuries.

Clarence Lippold of the carpenter department is the proud father of a 10-pound girl, which was born October 26. Inasmuch as this is the first addition to the family, Clarence is feeling very chesty.

A night school has been inaugurated at Wood River with an opening enrollment of some 40 pupils of foreign extraction. Two teachers have been appointed to take care of this work. In addition to regular studies particular stress is laid on the training of these pupils for citizenship papers. Three nights per week will be devoted to the night school. This is a good move and should be a great help to the citizens of Wood River and vicinity.

Charlie Graves was on the sick list the early part of October, but we are very glad to state has fully recovered and is now on the job again.

Wm. Atkins and Wm. Batcheldor were visitors in St. Louis on October 13.

Ray Buck of the laboratory was a visitor in Chicago under date of October 10.

Mrs. Chas. Graves departed for Hopkinsville, Ky., on October 1 to visit relatives and friends.

C. M. Shook of the filling racks has purchased the F. D. Owen residence on 8th street. Mr. Owen has leased the Woods residence in Dulany's addition for his future home.

Otto Hoffman, formerly of the paraffine works, has taken over the new building recently erected by James Reilly in Wood River, and we understand will operate a high class garage. Good luck to you, Otto.

Z. Bell, formerly employed in the storehouse, who was laid off sometime since in the reduction of force, has returned to his position, and his old friends are glad to see his smiling face on the job again.

Tom Baldridge explains the absence of Monk Westbrook from his duties a short time ago as due to the fact that Monk laid off to wash his potatoes.

In the absence of water around Westbrook's homestead, Tom says that Monk was forced to carry the water for this work from Wood River.

C. L. Manbeck, assistant master mechanic, is the owner of a new Hudson car.

C. R. Wilson of No. 1 house recently decided to decamp from single blessedness and take unto himself a wife. He chose for his life partner, Miss Rose Smith, daughter of John Smith, one of the old timers in the refinery. We extend our congratulations and best wishes for a long and happy wedded life.

Tom Close of the boilermakers' department, who previously lived in Alton, has awoke to the fact that he wants to live in a live town and moved to Wood River.

Williard Duggar of the labor department has been passing around the cigars for the past few days, and on investigation of this liberality we find that Bill has reason to feel satisfied with the world in general, from the fact that he has secured as a life partner one of Wood River's fairest daughters. Bill is a fine young man and well like throughout the plant and his many friends have nothing but good wishes for himself and bride. May their future be rosy.

Lee Jenkins was a visitor in Springfield, Illinois, for several days recently.

Ike Crofton was off for a few days with a case of the grip.

Jack Maloney was a visitor in Dow, Sunday, October 23, 1921.

The tube cleaners held their annual picnic October 23 down on the river front, and they sure had a grand time. The two old folks picked mushrooms while Williams made the Mulligan. The old mule was pretty tame outside of a couple of kicks. (Where was our photog?—Ed.)

The tube cleaners were disappointed in the defeat of their candidate for representative at the election. His name was Ernie Maberry. The boys figure that if Ernie had changed his name to Elderberry all the men in his department would have picked him.

Bill Woods of the safety valve department, was appointed water inspector for the town of Wood River. Good luck, Bill.

Jim Dooley's little son Charles was painfully burned when he accidentally upset a pan of water at his home. He is getting along fine.

Great excitement was aroused one day last week when Fred Brett, still foreman, saw a man walking along all covered with what he thought was blood. He called the ambulance and on its arrival on the scene it was discovered that a mistake had been made and that it was Bass Miller who had spilled a bucket of red lead on himself while climbing a ladder. There was a great laugh at Fred's expense.

As the season progresses, averages of individuals in the Standard Bowling League are showing a pronounced improvement. While some are a little slow in hitting their stride, as a whole the eight teams are going good. The standing of the league at this writing is as follows:

	Won	Lost	Percent
Adams	14	7	.666
Kocher	13	8	.619
Koenneker	13	8	.619
Forsting	12	9	.571
Kane	11	10	.524
Burris	9	12	.428
Maloney	7	14	.333
Crews	6	15	.285

Mr. C. B. Manbeck, general manager, was on the sick list recently, but we are glad to report is feeling fine again.

Wm. Adams of the Adams team holds high individual average, and his team it will be noted heads the league standings.

These games afford a source of enjoyment to the players and onlookers from many angles. In games rolled October 27 and 28, a wager as to the total pins rolled by Gus Haller and C. F. Hall was made. Hall rolled on the 28th and the number of pins to his credit was not extraordinary. When Gus rolled his game on the 29th, Hall, it is alleged, solicited and received the support of several individuals to endeavor by cajolery, hilarity, and most any other expedient to coerce Gus into poor games. Even the ball which is rolled by Haller disappeared very mysteriously, and Gus was like a duck out of water, and made a thorough search of the entire alley and immediate neighborhood before he was obliged to finally start his game. The first game up Haller punched the pins for a total of 88, but bringing up all his reserve forces in the last two games, he managed to edge out over Hall by a few pins. The "Old Sleuth" says Hall and his bunch can't get his "goat" and issues a challenge to take them on again at any time.

There has been considerable speculation around the plant as antecedents of Pete Liefferig. However, from a rumor that is now going around the question has been solved. We understand that Pete has acknowledged a relationship with Marshal Foch of France. It appears that Pete was desirous of attending the ceremonies in St. Louis in honor of the great marshal, and it is really to be regretted that Mr. Tuley could not spare him from storehouse duties for this auspicious occasion.

We have it from reliable authority that C. F. Hall is fast becoming a Beau Brummel since taking up his residence in our fair city. Hall felt that his old Ford was not in keeping with his new environment and has disposed of same. We understand he has in contemplation the purchase of a real car "built for two." This informant also states that he has noticed when Hall attends a social function in Wood River, he usually gains a ringside seat with a member of the gentler sex as his companion, and from then on he is absolutely unconscious of the goings on around him. We want to caution you, Hall, that while Wood River has no vamps, it has young ladies here with highly fascinating qualities, and if you wish to enjoy the freedom of bachelorhood, take our advice and practice "Safety First."

Mr. Shawmeker, our esteemed employment man, who has long been a devotee to our Lady Nicotine in the form of cigarettes, has given up the "coffin nail" habit and purchased a Missouri Meerschaum. By way of explanation, Shaw claims that Russ Durham and fellow timekeepers made such daily inroads upon his package of cigarettes that he was traveling fast toward the poor house. From the latest reports said timekeepers have also taken to the corncob as ducks take to water. Shaw is now figuring on some new method to appease his tobacco appetite and at the same time discourage his fellow employees from the use of the weed. Why not try a Turkish Pipe, Shaw?

William Hoffman has purchased a new Dodge roadster. Look out ladies!

William Obermiller and Gus Moline and family took in the sights at the Green County Fair recently.

B. B. Ford, the sweet potato king of Wood River, has finished digging his 1921 crop, which amounts

to about 500 bushels. This is not so bad B. B., but we wish you even better luck next year.

It is reported that Charlie Roff of the salvage department believes in buying bread in large quantities. We do not know whether the price is better, but he persists in securing a dozen loves at a time. Perhaps Charlie has an eye to helping out the "Bread line" this winter.

A concert was given by the Refinery Band at Edwardsville, October 5, which was enjoyed by a large crowd. Many comments were passed as to the high class entertainment furnished, and particularly as to our "youthful" baritone, Master Tony Erhardt.

A communication was received recently from Clyde Lewis who was formerly employed on the experimental stills, asking for a copy of the Stanolind. Clyde has been ill for some time and was in a hospital at Oteen, N. C. He states that he is feeling better and hopes to regain his former health. He has our best wishes for his speedy recovery.

We have been informed by some of the boys that Fred Owen of the main office is a great chicken fancier, both as to raising and eating. It is said that on a trip this summer, the slumbers of some of the members of the party were disturbed by fowl located in the trees just above the camp, and in order to establish order and quiet it was decided after consultation to decapitate said fowl. Considerable commotion was caused in securing and doing away with the chickens, much to Fred's apprehension, as he did not know what moment the farmer owner of the chickens might appear on the scene. In order to avoid complications Fred arose about 3:00 a. m. and chased the remaining chickens about a mile from camp. However, when the fruits of the sortie of the previous night were placed in evidence at the noonday meal, it was noticed that Fred was not adverse to partaking unsparingly; in fact some of the boys say he received considerable more than his share. As a further evidence of Fred's weakness for chicken, he recently purchased a chicken house from one of his neighbors, which was loaded onto a wagon without dissembling same. In some mysterious way one of the former chicken occupants of the house accompanied its old home on the journey, which was a trip of half a mile or more. Owen says he did not know the house bore an occupant until reaching destination. However, this is open to conjecture with some of the boys, as they know his weakness for the feathery tribe.

Mrs. M. F. Manning, wife of our masons foreman, has returned from an extended visit to Whiting, Indiana, and Chicago, Illinois. A very pleasant trip is reported.

The Women's Club of Wood River, which is composed of the wives of many of the plant employees, were hostesses at a tacky party during the month. Prizes were offered for the most tacky regalia, and the ladies prize was won by Mrs. Joe Bund, and men's prize by Ralph Volz. This was an enjoyable occasion and the various costumes furnished considerable amusement. (Where was our photog?—Ed.)

Mrs. Rex Reynolds, wife of one of our boilermakers, entertained recently in honor of Mrs. Wm. Kessinger. The ladies spent a most enjoyable evening.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Crews and son spent October 8 and 9 with friends in St. Louis and East St. Louis.

Simon Halloran of the pipe shop and also P. Donelly, foreman, are all smiles these days. The occasion is the fact that they are all swelled up over their new quarters, the new pipe shop office having just been completed.

Mrs. Geo. McGaw, wife of our acid works foreman, has been ill at St. Joseph's hospital, Alton, for some time, but we are glad to hear that she has recovered and is now at home to her friends again.

Geo. Kane, of the pipe shop, recently resigned his position with the company and we understand is entering the plumbing field in Wood River. George is an excellent young man and we predict great success for him in his chosen vocation.

One of our correspondents has informed us that on the morning of October 26 he noticed George Thompson making a quiet break for the street car line, and it appeared as though George desired to get out of Wood River with as little gusto as possible on some mysterious mission, which it was not his desire to advertise. Another informant tells us that he happened to be in St. Louis later in the day and on walking up Washington Avenue he discovered George standing in front of a window marked in large letters "Lammert Furniture Co." Thompson seemed to be much interested in the window display; in fact, so much so, that his attention could not be detracted for one instant, although our informant made frantic efforts to do so. Instead, Thompson hit a bee line for the inside. There is something mysterious going on here which the boys are unable to fathom, as they cannot figure out why a bachelor is so interested in the furniture line, when in reality all a bachelor needs is a bootjack and a sack of straw. Some of the boys are threatening to turn Sherlock Holmes and solve this mystery.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

FOR SALE: One hill of Irish potatoes; sixteen fine large, thrifty, well formed and fully developed Murphys, guaranteed that *Wire-Worms* have not tampered with them. See——well, everybody knows.

Score another one for RED CROWN: Marvin Jamison, after trying all the well known remedies for Limber Neck on his chickens and becoming resigned to having a total loss of his pets, as a last resort gave each a dose of the "gas" and now is the proud possessor of the finest and healthiest flock in the neighborhood.

Pipefitter Neilson has become so enthusiastic over horseshoe pitching that he carries a small one in his pocket for a charm.

There arrived at the home of E. Searcy Watt October 26, a 10-pound boy. Mother and son are doing fine and the boys smoked some good cigars.

You have got to hand it to Mrs. C. G. Mackey; she is a good custodian of the paraphernalia of the Athletic Association and they take this means of expressing their appreciation and thanks for the result of her efforts this year. Only one belt and a pair of hose were lost during the season and to more than offset this, all breaks and tears due to usage were immediately repaired.

Jess Reeder was seen recently climbing over a back fence in the neighborhood of Kentucky & Buford's place. Jess says they grow nice and plump there. Look out for your chickens, Mr. DeLand.

That tin shop bunch throw a "wicked shoe" and are now leading the horseshoe league by a wide margin. When Bill Beatty says his little "Now I Lay Me" at bed time, he never fails to put in a petition for more warm weather in order to allow him to trim some aspirant for the first place honors.

They say this is the real dope and that it is pulled off regularly once a month: When Ben Wallace, machinist, goes to the barber shop he is

met with this query: "What side of your neck do you part that fringe on?" Well, Ben's fighting days are about over and he takes it good naturedly. Someone suggests that Ben start a boil as it will in time come to a *head* and then he will have the laugh on the barber.

Clarence Spitser has challenged Bill Decker to a debate on any of the current topics. He says he will tell the world they made a big mistake in Division No. 5 and wants to prove it to them. Clarence says he is a close second to William Jennings Bryan when it comes to spellbinding, and is more of a logician. Clarence sometimes was quite logical, oftener, though, more zoo-logical.

Fred Bergin is quite some duck hunter; in fact Fred spent his entire vacation hunting them and never saw one till his arrival home when he was greeted with a "quack-quack" from his barnyard pet. Fred said it was meant for "Welcome Home." We think it was a merry "Ha-Ha."

Eddie Webb is afraid to go over on the west hill at night, since the spotted cat got loose from the Zoo.

Fred Miller has given up horseshoe pitching for checkers. Fred said he would have done this long ago but he was waiting until he accomplished his one desire concerning the great sport and it was certainly accomplished when C. C. Koehler and himself took Handsome Earl J. Cox and Little Jessie Reeder to an awful flogging for three games out of five. Who said Reeder & Cox were Office Champions?

Mr. Leslie Beers: "Good morning, Judge."

Judge: "Well, Mr. Beers, I see you are back *again*. You will have to discontinue this speeding or you will be absent indefinitely from your daily labors. Five dollars, this time, and costs."

"Thank you, Judge."

Another case of "Good Morning, Judge," was when "Dub" Beatty, the noted Jay-driver of the works, parked his car in front of a fire station in Kansas City. Political influence came to his aid, though, and "Dub" was let off with a reprimand.

Miss Helen Beach, daughter of S. A. Beach of Wood River, spent her vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Woodward and had such an enjoyable time while here as to cause her to want to remain always. Call again, Helen, and if there are any more in Wood River like you, bring 'em along.

John Burke has sold his property in Sugar Creek and is building a fine home in the fashionable Claremont addition in Mt. Washington. John says he won't forget he was once one of the proletariat and that mingling with the nabobs won't cause him to lose the common touch. What do you mean, "touch"?

Packey Shorts, still foreman, spent his vacation at Franklin, Pa., his home town, and stopped off a few days at Whiting visiting his many friends there.

Talking of "Jay" drivers: George Hackett is one of the *Gosh Durn* type. George was going out for a spin recently, and momentarily losing control of his car or else telling it to "back" instead of saying "giddap," he was seen by a lady neighbor to back over his baby's buggy at which she promptly fainted. George had the pleasure of carrying her into the house and assisting to revive her and now the boys are accusing him of doing it on purpose. No! The baby was not in the buggy; it was not planned that way.

Louis (Polly) Compton recently treated the boys to $10 worth of cigars. They say they were such good ones that it is hoped that some great event happens in his life every once in a while. Here's looking at you, Pol.

He wasn't there to hear it, so we'll tell it to him this way: In appreciation of the untiring services of "Wally" Hodge during the season of athletic activities, he was again placed on the Board by the committee, by unanimous vote. Words of commendation were heard for others also, but "Wally" is to be given credit because of the handicap he was placed under by conditions in his division.

Since Alex Nylund walked out of the "S. O. Diner" with that plate of olives in his pocket we have been denied the privilege of having that delicacy as part of our dinner. Miss Graham says she doesn't mind seeing a man eat "hearty" but wants it understood that when certain choice viands are served they are served for the benefit of all. Not so hasty, sister; Farmer Frisby is to blame for it all. It happens that Frisby has just returned from a visit with relatives in Arkansas and one of the natives invited him to lunch. Yams were served on a shingle and "F. F." was urged to "Pitch in, Have a yam, Take another, Have some more, Take darn near all of them." Much after the language of Eve, Farmer said: "I don't care A-dam if I do." You can readily see what evil effects such propaganda will have with other people when it is repeated.

GREYBULL, WYO.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Meyer are the parents of a brand new baby girl. Congratulations, folks.

Did you notice the smile on Slim Shepardson's face, boys? Friday Slim gets to go home after six weeks' exile because of a scarlet fever quarantine. We'd smile too, Slim.

Robert Hasar, still cleaner, spent a few days in Thermopolis recently, looking after business interests.

Chas. Spence is another nimrod who left the deer in the mountains. Better luck next time, Charles.

Mr. Christensen, while working on his home, had the misfortune to cut his hand with a saw. He was not forced to lay off work, however.

Otis and Bartie Bentley spent ten days in the mountains near Yellowstone Park hunting for big game. They did not encounter any game so they satisfied their appetites with several nice catches of trout.

Troy Majors, our genial stillman, borrowed a hunting knife and several other articles necessary to bag the fleet footed buck and hit the trail for the Big Horns. We understand Troy got a sheep, but the story goes it was not a mountain sheep. How about it, Troy?

Mr. Grover Martin and Miss Welch were married recently. Many years of happiness to the newlyweds. Thanks for the cigars, Grover.

L. B. James, assisted by some of the boys around the plant, has been laying concrete walks around his place. He also built a full basement under his house. Some stiff graft, says L. B.

Albert Crisp was forced to report off duty a few days on account of a boil on his arm. He is back at work, however, minus the pet.

Chas. Fitzmaurice is building a beautiful bungalow in the north part of town.

Thos. Garden and Mr. Kroma went fishing on Shell Creek recently and brought home a nice mess of trout.

Sam Alle is off duty with a sore eye. Hope to see you back soon, Sam.

We are glad to report that Warren Majors is recovering nicely from an attack of measles.

FLORENCE, COLO.

E. G. Anderson and Mrs. Any McCandless, deciding that two could live cheaper than one, purchased a Ford and after enjoying a delightful wedding trip through Kansas and Oklahoma are now "at home."

John McClelland and Miss Maud Angel were united in marriage on August 10 and are now "at home" in their residence at 600 East Second street. John says the only chance he had of joining the Angels was to marry one. Congratulations, John.

We beg to announce the arrival of Master George Gilbert O'Neill at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh O'Neill. Hughie says that as a bloated stockholder in the Standard he believes the interests of the company should be conserved. We have the following as applicants for stillmen: Hugh Jr., John, Samuel, James, Joseph, and George Gilbert; and for managers: Misses Margaret and Catherine.

We also welcome Miss Virginia Ione Saunders who arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Barnie Sanders on October 11. We extend hearty greetings to our youngest member of the local Standard Oil family, wishing her long life, success and happiness.

Mrs. Frank Sumner has returned from having her tonsils removed and we are pleased to say she is well on the road to recovery.

Jim Donnelly and Miller McClelland, our noted huntsmen, each brought home a fine buck last week. Jim just dropped out in the hills between shifts and bagged his deer. We all are enjoying a feast of venison, and extend our thanks and appreciation to them for their generosity.

CHICAGO, ILL.

An informal dance in the shape of a cabaret party with plenty of confetti and other novelties, was given Friday evening, October 21, at the Shore Crest hotel, by "Mel" and "Dock." The office was well represented and all those who attended said they had a grand and glorious time. Ed. Dockendorf, better known as "Dock," who is a member of Mr. Callahan's department, fifth floor, says there will be another party soon, and he wants all those who can to attend it.

High rents and the h. c. of l. have no terrors for some people and we strongly suspect that Otto Klein, of the Cortlandt street office, has gone and committed matrimony. We recently received a postcard from New York saying: "Tell them for me that Broadway, N. Y., is the place for honeymooners. (Signed) Otto." The pleasure of meeting the bride is still in store for us.

Albert Roesler's folks have returned from Germany and the boy is picking up already. There's nothing that can beat mother's cooking, eh, Al?

Anyone in need of a shave please see our tonsorial artist, Alberto Henrici Roesler—Office Hours 11:55 A. M. to 12:55 P. M. Imported safety razors loaned by the day, week or operation. Next week Al will endeavor to cut Mr. Planner's hair. Mr. Planner toils in Mr. Lindquist's department.

The Knife and Fork Brigade, led by Commander Yale, recently enjoyed a large evening in the loop. One prominent brother lost his fork but it was later discovered under the mound of edibles on his plate.

Adam Wolf, fifth floor supply clerk, took part in a football game recently. Someone slapped him on the wrist and he was carried off the field. Adam says the best part of the game is having the fair ones administer first aid.

Lew Yocum is one of the most popular men on Marquette Blvd. these days. While asleep the other night he expressed his determination to buy a new car. Eight auto salesmen from the loop heard him and were camping on his doorstep when he came out.

We're afraid Miss Lundergan is backsliding. After getting started in the game of "Cow pasture pool" she has failed to keep up the good work.

One of the "pros" of the fifth floor was seen buried in scratch paper the other day, and when asked how come, said that with the new handicapping system he'd be darned if he could figure what kind of a game to shoot next June, to win a prize.

The people of the fifth floor proved themselves most generous in contributing toward the Tag Day for Shaveless John Lagenza. The charitable thing to do would have been to give John a day off. His motto probably is: If shaves interfere with your golf, give up the shave.

What is this we hear about Harold Schutte's fondness for comptometer operators?

The damage done during a severe hurricane straight from the regions of the cashier's cage was a very badly wrecked door. We understand one man was severely cut but is recovering rapidly.

Those of us who have seen the new photographs of Miss Robertson agree with one of our good men who says: "They are good but not good enough. We who know her can see beauty of character which has not been portrayed in the new pictures."

Isn't it a grand and glorious feeling to have one's friends such good friends that they present flowers, candy and cake several days before the eventful occasion of one's bitthday. Always keep them guessing, Miss McLaughlin; it pays.

We are wondering why little Rose Mancuso had her desk moved. Could it be one of the disadvantages of being popular?

Miss Beulah Johnson has returned from a delightful vacation spent in Kansas City. This accounts for the decrease in incoming telephone calls recently. Never mind, Beul, he's a Jewel.

Elizabeth Ford Wilkie was badly affected by a severe case of sulkiness this week, causing some of the fifth floor employees to be quite late in reaching the office. Lizzie seems to be a victim of asthma and busitus too. We feel however with the excellent care she gets that she will be in good condition soon.

Mrs. Samuel S. Gano, we are glad to know, is speedily recovering from her recent illness.

We think Mr. Brandt will agree with us in claiming that he is not the only one in the credit department who shows a marked fondness for the ladies. Will some one please interview the gentleman from the South?

WANTED:—A companionable young lady, of Swedish descent preferred, to play rummy during noon hour. Apply George Shannon, stock department.

WANTED:—One new overcoat. Apply Mr. H. L. Golding.

Office Boy (writing letter at noon hour): "How do you spell 'ouch'?"

1st Stenog: "Why should you write 'ouch' in a letter?"

2nd Stenog: "He's saying to his girl, 'Ouch, how I love you.' "

Attention Keokuk: It was a sad blow to Joe Sohurek of the Chicago office to learn that he had competition for the heart of "Myke" Radasch in the way of your speedy messenger. If Joe would only have his picture printed we know that Eddie would be out of the race. Can't you get Joe to send one in, Keokuk? We don't suppose he will, so we will give you a little inside tip: Just imagine one of the boys who poses for Arrow collars, tall, blue eyes, semdaced hair parted in the middle and everythin' and you have our Joe. Watch your step, Eddie.

Can you imagine of the male species being more interested in the Dartmouth football score than in "Lightnin" or Mary Ellen O'Connell? We can't but we heard reports to that effect. Needless to say he is on page 87 in Mary Ellen's book.

Modesty is a virtue few of us possess, so it will probably surprise many to learn that our little Josephine McDermott (Mickey) is a talented actress. Anyone doubting the veracity of this statement can witness her in the "lead" of "Stop Thief" out south the latter part of November. Better hurry, boys, the tickets are few and cheap.

If the girls on the sixth floor could change the marriage vows it would read "Thou shalt love, honor and obey and refrain from chewing tobacco." We are afraid some of the newly made benedicts do not tell their wives everything. They would also have prohibition of tobacco in an attempt to make better bachelors. What a wonderful place the office would be then.

We are all very pleased to have Mr. S. K. Botsford back again with us after his siege of diphtheria. He tells us they sure do treat 'em rough in the hospital but we must admit he looks as if it agreed with him.

Jimmy Brandt, he vamp of the Chicago bookkeeping department, is raising a mustache. Wouldn't that tickle you, girls?

The old timers on the fifth floor were delighted to receive a call from Preston Beal of St. Paul and Minneapolis the other day. He used to be "one of us" in the old days at 5 Wabash and we sure were glad to see his smiling countenance.

W. Ellsworth Fargo, one of the old guard, now on the retired list, honored us with a visit the other day. "Bill" certainly looked well and time has dealt gently with him although we noticed a few silver threads among the gold.

J. C. Wayman spent a few hours with us last week. He motored from his home town, Moundsville, W. Va., and spent several weeks in Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana. His many friends throughout the field will be glad to know that "J. C." is enjoying the best of health. Come again, J. C., for we all want to see you as often as you can come.

Speaking of service we take this opportunity to express our appreciation of the courteous and efficient way incoming calls on Wabash 4434 are being handled. Outsiders who call our phone have commented on this and it is about time for us to wake up and say "thank you, Miss Dietrich."

That reminds us that some of our girls seem to think that the phone was put in for their individual use instead of for the convenience of the entire office. Think it over, girls, and figure out what would happen if we all abused the phone privilege as some of you do.

Considering how partial the traffic department boys are to blondes we wonder how it comes that their stenographers are all brunettes. Safety First is good railroading at that.

The onward march of efficiency has scattered the bevy of beauty that used to shine in Mr. Gorvett's end of the office and four departments have profited by the change, each securing a real key tickler.

LOST—A perfectly good heart somewhere between the Standard Oil Building and the Gossard Building. When last seen the owner was wearing it on his sleeve and was headed for the Gossard Building. Finder please return to R. T. Room 500. Liberal reward.

Miss Cora Fatland would like to meet the party who steals a pint of milk every noon. She has something important to say to him.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

We welcome Mr. J. E. Fritts. He succeeds H. R. Fabricius as salesman with headquarters at Iowa City, Iowa. We wish Mr. Fritts success in his new field, and also "give our best" to Harry, who is going into business for himself.

The girls of the Davenport office sprung another one on us by announcing a Hard Time Party on the evening of October 31. It was to cost one quarter (and a lot of fun) and everyone was to come dressed up in old clothes.

Messrs. House and Sage, the warehouse inseparables, held a barrel painting contest recently. Sage claims House took unfair advantage by splashing paint on his windshield. (Sage wears spectacles.)

Chas. Rogers has been promoted to traffic manager, and Mr. Ray O'Hare has been employed to succeed him in the warehouse office.

Estess Lee now whistles while at work and all lines of care are fast disappearing from his face. The warehouse boys say you can't keep a good man down.

Ray Ord gathers his inspiration and determination to succeed from a lock of curly flaxen hair which he carries in his vest pocket over his heart. He claims: "It's a lock of my baby's hair."

Mr. E. J. Carthey, city salesman in Davenport, has returned to his duties after being confined to his home as the result of a throat operation.

Mr. W. N. Bragg, chief clerk, spent two days in the Chicago office, last week, and returned with many compliments for the accounting department.

Mrs. G. H. Preston was responsible for a surprise on "Jerry" at their home Saturday night, October 15, in which the warehouse men, drivers and shop men, their wives and sweethearts participated. There were thirty-five present, and the evening ran into the wee sma' hours of the morning. Games were played and there was also dancing. Valley Smith with a wonderful baritone voice, sang a very touching solo that brought tears to all eyes—in the potato salad. Although Ted Schnoor was voted the most handsome man present, Ray Ives won easily as the ladies' favorite. Jack Grogan, the man with the serious face, seemed more melancholy than ever—he complained of a chill. (We do not know whether or not he found a "chill dispenser". On behalf of his fellow employees, Mr. Lorenzen presented Mr. Preston with a jacket. Mr. Lorenzen's timely and impressive speech will long be remembered as a classic. The lemonade ran out just as the party broke up when Jerry refused to dance another jig.

We understand MacRoberts is taking lessons in prize fighting.

DECATUR, ILL.

On Saturday evening, October 22, Marquette hall was the scene of much activity, due to the fact that the Stanolind Fellowship Club folks were putting on one of their good time "blow-outs." This time it was a Hallowe'en masked ball. Although all the employees were not in costume, those that were, enjoyed themselves to the utmost. One in particular, Herbert Somerville, seemed to be having the time of his life, costumed in a manner which made him look twice his actual size; and, by the way, we can say right here that he is some size in real life. Coupled with the good time which the dancers were having was the fact that the music was of A-1 quality, which went a good ways towards adding the necessary pep and life to a party of this kind. Last, but not least, was when our chairman of the entertainment committee, Mr. Frank Clark, stood up before the throng and announced that if all would line up in "army style" which most of you are familiar with, the "eats" would be served—and the editor can truthfully say, and be sure of expressing the opinion of all the rest, that those doughnuts and coffee, with that wonderful pumpkin pie, were enough to satisfy any hungry dancer's craving. The party broke up near the midnight hour, with one thought in mind—when that entertainment committee was going to put on another one of their "looked-for" good times.

The local office is sure receiving the keenest kind of competition in the way of matrimonial prospects, for the East St. Louis plant will no doubt sooner or later send a challenge to this office as to which can marry them off the quickest. Right on the heels of a number of announcements made in this office comes the information that the office and warehouse forces of the East St. Louis plant engaged in the most pleasant occupation of smoking cigars and eating candy, on Monday, October 10, due to the generosity of their latest victim to the matromonial fever, Mr. E. N. Sharpe, stake truck driver; and, according to his own assertions, a confirmed bachelor. The employees of the East St. Louis plant state that the announcement came as a complete surprise, for E. N. was conceded by all, even the girls, to have valiantly and successfully withstood the attacks of "Cupid" and his ally, "Woman."

It has recently been noticed that there has been a great decrease in the number of employees being crushed and knocked headlong down the stairs at the noon hour, and also at the fatal hour of five. There is a reason. He dashed into the sea of matrimony and no longer rushes at breakneck speed down the stairs and up Lovers' Lane to the selected corner on Water street.

A Hallowe'en party was held on Friday evening, October 21, at the home of Miss Annamary Ellis, and ended with a miscellaneous shower on Lloyd Francis and wife and—Now Listen!—the other one is Minnie Andrick. Annamary said that the look on Minnie's face could not be described, when, after the lights were all turned off and just as quickly turned on again, Minnie found her shower at her feet. The guests state that it was great, Minnie claiming that she would get even with the whole crowd, ending up with her usual cry "Now ain't you funny." Entertainment was furnished by Miss Marie Nalefski and Mr. Bernard Schuermann, who gave a number of vocal selections which were appreciated by all. Miss Helen Brundage, being the proud possessor of the much sought for fortune telling cards, told the fortunes of nearly everyone present. Just before the party broke up, all the young men present were given an envelope with their future wife's name enclosed. The look upon each face as they opened each envelope was a treat. McLain Heath, with a cry of anguish, exclaimed "I'll never bite again." Those present at this little party were Misses Mildred Kemper, Helen Herbert, Marie Nalefski, Helen Brundage, Nelle Neyhard, Minnie Andrick, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Francis, Bernard Schuerman, McLain Heath, Lyle Marfell, Fred Snyder and Clyde Hanna. Light refreshments were served, consisting of "real" angel food, cake and ice cream.

Sh-h-h! The secret is out. We have it straight that Henry Busch is about to take the fatal step and most likely by the time this article appears, he will have taken the final leap.

Bedecked in their red Fez, the following Masons of the local office attended the banquet and ceremonial put on by Zohak Grotto No. 68, Decatur, Illinois, on Monday evening, October 24: Roy Johnson, Frank Clark, Lewis Pensinger, Herbert Hartman, K. B. Gardner and Wm. Sursa. The whole bunch claimed that if anyone ever had a grouch and desired to get rid of it he should, by all means, get in touch with the crowd that attends one of these ceremonials. There was plenty to eat, and a rip-roarin' time from start to finish. The local crowd was pleasantly surprised when the "black sock degree" was conferred upon the luckless candidates in a most impressive manner.

Poor "Doc" Patterson—it must be tough to have to go along all the time as a mother to the rest of the bunch.

The little room on the east corner of the Marquette hall, which up till the last entertainment of the Stanolind Fellowship Club was used for the nice quiet games of Five Hundred or Checkers, was inhabited in a different manner Saturday evening, October 22. The nice upholstered davenport and big, roomy chairs, together with the soft light, was plenty attraction for from three to four couples during the entire evening.

Mr. C. A. Daley, from the Chicago office, was a visitor at the local office Thursday, October 27, remaining until Saturday. We hope, Mr. Daley, that you will not make this your last visit, as we extend a welcome at all times.

Someone on the third floor recently noticed that the air was full of the odor of "moth-balls." Herb Hartman immediately responded, setting everyone's mind at ease as to where it came from. (Herb dons his woolen hose in October.)

On Monday night, October 24, a crowd from the local office journeyed to Nelson Park for a wiener roast. They say they had a wonderful time, and we have no reason to disbelieve this fact, for they cleaned up all the eats and took three hours to come home in. Some of the fellows stated that Bessie Delaney and Lydia Ferber are sure there when it comes to preparing "eats," and that some of the others are sure there when it comes to walking. From all indications, the whole bunch enjoyed themselves to the utmost.

Yes sir! fellows, she is going to leave us. Who? Minnie.

On Wednesday, October 19, in St. Louis, Mo., occurred the marriage of Mr. Lloyd Francis and Miss Iva Miller. The local office force did not "fall" for Lloyd's continual absence from work, until someone let the cat out of the bag, and a few days later Lloyd officially announced it by distribution of candy and cigars, which we wish to say we all appreciated, and wish the couple the greatest of happiness.

Mr. Ernest Fox entered the employ of the company recently as salesman, under Mr. R. W. Madeira, district superintendent, eastern district, taking the territory formerly worked by Mr. C. C. Dusthimer.

The local office was very well represented at the Hallowe'en masked ball given by the Zohak Grotto at the Orlando Hotel, Monday evening October 31.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. Neal Redicke, our agent at Oakland, Ill., recently passed away, and we all desire to express our deepest sympathy in their present bereavement.

Word comes to this office that on October 22 our agent at Millstadt, Ill., Mr. H. H. L. Veit, slipped away unknown to anyone and got married. We were unable to learn at this writing who the lucky young lady was, but wish them nothing but the greatest of happiness in their new venture.

Mr. Roy Pensinger argues the fact that he was taken along on the recent wiener roast as "chaperon." We are inclined to believe that Roy would like to have us believe that he is past the sentimental age but we are of the "hard-headed" kind and are opposed to even thinking that way. Good evidence leads us to believe to the contrary.

DETROIT, MICH.

"SELL NOW, NOT NOW AND THEN" is the slogan adopted by the Boosters' Club, Detroit division, at a recent meeting. This club is composed of all salesmen and men in any way associated in the marketing of our products. It meets monthly and the program is arranged by six men, three of whom represent the management and office and three of whom represent the management and office and three members of the sales force in the field, one of whom acts as chairman of the meeting. The entire program is devoted to the discussion of sales topics that are of immediate interest. Every topic is assigned to one of the salesmen and he is given ample time to prepare an instructive and interesting talk. This brings to the surface conditions or situations which in the ordinary routine of business might be overlooked yet are of great importance to both the management and the men actually coming in contact with them. Thus all benefits from a closer knowledge of each others' problems. Another feature of the Club meetings is the opportunity for everyone to become better acquainted with different factors in industry that are dependent upon petroleum products for their maintenance and upkeep. This is done by special educational talks and discussions under the direction of our division engineer, Mr. Harry L. Witter. It is hoped as these meetings progress to secure prominent men identified with the various other industries to discuss subjects of special interest The aim of the Club is to promote a spirit of friendly rivalry, thus developing both salesmen and sales and boosting our company and its products to the highest point attainable in this division. Our meetings are revealing the benefit, both to the salesmen and our company, of promoting good fellowship, good salesmanship and good leadership.

About $1700 was subscribed by our employes in the city of Detroit during the Community Fund drive. Every employe in the organization in this city contributed. This fund is raised every year and is Detroit's donation to carry on the work of every charitable institution in the city.

We hear that our cashier, J. C. Goldsmith, has been gambling with the "Put and Take Top" and lost 10 cents. Say, John, you better save your money. It's rumored that it is going to be a tough winter.

We received the following from our Pontiac correspondent: "It was very pleasing to have Mr. Grimshaw stop for a few minutes on his way to Flint and gratifying to have him remark that the Pontiac plant looked so good. We hope to surprise him with further improvements on his next visit, which we hope will last longer."

Miss Hazel Van Gieson, our payroll clerk, is getting to be quite a bowler, averaging around 140. (Weight or pins?)

George Stein, at S. S. 10, is the proud father of a ten pound son, George Jr., born October 16.

A number of the office employes hiked to Ann Arbor, October 22, to witness the Michigan-Ohio State football game. All would have registered joy the following Monday morning if they could have reported a Michigan victory to their fellow employes who were less fortunate in not seeing the game.

Walter Etzler, Mr. Cochran's chauffeur, suggests that a good safety slogan would be the following: "Do not Gamble. The Chance Taker is the Accident Maker."

R. A. Lubnau, our congenial young gentleman in the order department has forgotten that the war is over and is going around under a mysterious camouflage, wearing a converted tooth brush on his upper lip. According to latest reports he has 13 hairs on his new addition to his facial map.

The family of the late Frederick J. Schroder wish to express through this medium their appreciation of the sympathy expressed during their recent bereavement.

Edna Reisig, to other girls in equipment department: "Say, a couple of those new Kalo Chrome candles would certainly make a nice Christmas gift, wouldn't they?" Bright Frances: "Yes, they would if anybody had a couple of nice saucers to set them in."

Tom Cade, chairman of our Booster's Club meeting held October 15, won the plaudits of all by his skillful handling of the meeting. One of the interesting side-lights was the pep shown by the Club in singing (?) the Boosters' Song, which was composed especially for the occasion as is and follows:

Where do we go from here, boys?
Where do we go from here?
We boost our sales and do our best
To beat out all the rest.
We sell Red Crown
And Po la rine,
The full line too, you bet.
S. O.! Let's go!
Every one keep in step!

The song was composed and directed by (Our Detroit Editor is so modest and is afraid of publicity—Stenographer)———————— who shows possibility of being a real composer, as well as an embryo Caruso.

Mr. Earl Fischer, Service Station 35, was shot through the left shoulder on the night of October 16, by a bandit who attempted holding up that service station. His wound is not serious, although quite painful. He smiled over the whole affair and says that this little accident will in no way interfere with the performance of his duties for this company.

On August 8 a 10½ lb. son, Walter Edwin, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hayner of Hanover. It was so late when we received this news that we thought first we wouldn't forward it, but Frank,

our agent at this point, has been acting so "stuck up" lately that we thought we better explain the reason.

Vance Woodcox, Syd Faulkner and Charles Schnur were elected to represent the field for the November, December and January meetings respectively of the Detroit Booster's Club.

Roscoe L. Morgan, bookkeeping dept., spent his vacation in Springfield Ill. It now comes to light that while visiting his home town he also took a trip to Peoria, Ill., where he became the husband of a charming young schoolma'm. Best wishes!

A. N. Bailey, agent at Pontiac, claims it does not do to "kid" yourself. On October 16, they were joking among themselves about the note burglars left when they broke into the Pontiac office about a year ago, reading: "We will call again." The very next day the burglars fulfilled their promise and this time made a clean job of things, being particular even so far as seeing that the office was left in good order, safe doors closed, and closing the warehouse door after them.

The Booster Club owes its sincere thanks to Mr. Gatlin, supt. at Clay Ave., for the comfortable arrangement of the club room at his plant.

Mr. Van Valin, of the Chicago office, on a recent visit to Detroit, while passing the corner of 4th & Lafayette, which originally was purchased for an office building site, remarked, upon seeing the temporary drive-in service station being constructed there: "Gee, they have cut down the size of your office building, haven't they?"

"Bill" Doney was spending his noon hour with five of the girls of the office when Mr. Cochran happened to notice him and said: "My goodness, Bill, you'll be reading the Ladies' Home Journal next."

Anybody passing the corner of Collingwood and Linwood cannot fail to see the Polarine window display and much credit should be given to the attendants at this station for trying to increase their sales in this manner. It is the stations that are the most attractive or unusual that draw more trade, and incidentally land more commissions to the attendants.

V. V. Green, our service station superintendent, went to Rochester, New York, on October 15 and spent ten days' vacation visiting with relatives and friends. As Mr. Green says this is the first real vacation he has had in a number of years, we feel that it has been well earned and we hope the memory of this good time will last him for the next ten years, providing he doesn't get another vacation in that length of time.

Joe Palmerlee, our construction superintendent, who used to run an aeroplane and now is content to drive his Ford in the same manner, yesterday was driving along at his usual rate of speed when a Reo tried to pass him. Joe said he couldn't let him do that so when he hurried *a little*, the Reo kept going a little faster, apparently trying to catch him. After trailing Joe in this manner for about thirty miles, he thought probably it was the State Police and finally stopped. When the Reo got alongside, the driver asked Mr. Palmerlee: "Say, what kind of a machine is that?" Joe replied, "Just a common Ford." Mr. Reo owner then said: "Well, that is the first Ford that I couldn't pass. What in the world do you use in it?" Joe answered, "Red Crown Gasoline and Polarine."

During the month of October, the service station department conducted an intensive selling campaign on Semdac Liquid Gloss at all service stations. Arrangements were made to give the two attendants selling the most Semdac a $5.00 hat. These hats were won by Mr. E. T. Willetts, S. S. 3, and Mr. George Barrett, S. S. 317, each of these gentlemen selling in the neighborhood of 70 gallons of Semdac. We think their showing is very creditable and wish to take this means of complimenting them.

DULUTH, MINN.

Have you seen the candle display at the Duluth office? Samples of the new decorative candles have arrived, and some of the girls gave a happy sigh when they saw them—part of the Christmas question solved.

"Hank" Anderson's daily report of October 6 was extremely interesting. "Forgot all about work today; new baby boy arrived." Congratulations, and we hope Mrs. Anderson and the baby are fine.

Our genial friend, John Myre, Duluth main station superintendent, has promised Chief of Police Pugh that he will not again attempt to barricade any street on account of "spilling a little cement" without first consulting him, and is very thankful that such an affair was not officially called to the attention of Manager I. J. Shields!

James McCarthy, who spent two weeks in Chicago, is back on the job.

Frank Wagner, attendant at S. S. 54, is touring to California with friends, via the northern route.

Miss Leah Fontaine, checking desk, was taken suddenly ill and has been operated on for appendicitis. She is getting along very nicely and we hope to see her back at her desk soon.

Did anybody have any money on Art Olson's imported team? There seems to have been weeping and gnashing of teeth, and Hutch was not sufficiently recovered so that he could appear on the job Monday morning! Too bad, Art.

Howard Stockstad, S. S. 1, has returned from Washburn, Wisconsin, where he was called by the death of his father. We extend our sincere sympathy to Mr. Stockstad.

Has everybody met Doris Kurrell? She is at home as stenographer in the credit department and is immensely interested in her work. Remember, Phil, Doris is going to be a business woman, and we don't want you interfering with her career!

Melvin Dock, sales manager, was present at the recent salesmen's meeting held by District Superintendents O'Connor, Edyvean and Carpenter. He reports "Business is good and getting better."

Henry Fosmoe, formerly agent at Ironwood, Michigan, is now salesman in the Ironwood district. Matthew O'Brien, formerly agent at Crosby, Minnesota, has taken charge of the Ironwood station, and Frank Nelson, driver at Crosby, is now agent at that point.

"Smiling" Kerr, one of our newest manipulators of a service station pump, has been transferred from S. S. 66, at 10th Avenue West, to our new combination bulk and service station at Garfield avenue. Kerr is noted for his "Wim, Wigor and Witally" and he hasn't been asleep on the job yet. We're glad to commend his work on "The Full Line"—but there are others after his laurels.

Henry Carlson, assistant cashier, is back at his desk receiving congratulations on his marriage to Miss Louise Nelson, of the purchasing department. He's trying to outdo Elmer Wimmer, we think, in the settled, benedict class—painting up the flat, ordering butter, 'n everything. Miss Currier entertained at her home at a very pretty shower, and Mrs. Carlson bore away a lovely electric waffle

iron of which she is very proud. A pretty dinner at the Tea Rooms was also given in honor of the bride, when she was presented with several pieces of Pyrex. A gift from the employees is a mahogany tea wagon, with which they are especially delighted, and Mrs. Carlson promises to demonstrate to the "mere man," who looked askance at the contrivance, what a cozy little lunch she can serve on it.

Dick Carlson had a successful hunting trip. Coad Cooper went out too, and reports "seeing" a few birds.

John M. Nelson, our mechanical engineer, recently returned from a short vacation trip through the Copper Country, Marquette, Escanaba and Marinette. Mrs. Nelson accompanied him, the trip being made in their Studebaker.

Charles Bowen, our carburetor mechanic, recently spent a few days at Bemidji. His work resulted in many new customers for Red Crown.

Clyde Gardiner, traffic department, spends his week ends out in the woods. 'Tis said he brought home quite a showing of ducks, but who knows? We didn't see 'em.

S-s-s-t! Are we among friends? Did you know that M. W. Dock has joined the Exalted Order of Strap Hangers, and will be a regular customer on the Lakeside line? The flat is furnished and ready for November 15. Fine, Melvin, and when the north wind doth blow and we have snow, we hope you'll be able to shovel a path out and get to work on time with the rest of the Lakesiders!

We are beginning to suspect that someone, Mr. Ellison for instance, might be stealthily operating a matrimonial bureau. The very latest to succumb is Frank J. Fitzgerald, of the iron barrel department, who is to be married November 15. We blinked our eyes and swallowed hard, but Fitz swears its true. The young lady is Miss Anne Dennison, of Ishpeming, Michigan, and the romance is of long standing as we understand they sweethearted in the good old days. Well, Fitz, merely wishing you happiness doesn't half express it, and now if you can drag Peter Johnson in after you, you'll win the prize for eloquence and prove that you're a good little booster for the fireside.

There was a girl who loved Fitz,
Somehow or other there was a hitch.
He came to Duluth—felt he was ditched—
The latest report is they're to be hitched.

We hope this plan don't go on the fritz,
For we're ready to dig up our two bits;
It surely is funny and it's certainly rich,
To see two people with the loving itch.

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

On Sunday, November 6, after many days of worry and sleepless nights, John Fisher, warehouse employe at Evansville, will sail on the sea of matrimony for days to come. Good luck, John.

Evansville warehouse employes are anxious to know what became of "Wild Bill", our efficient pump man.

Our city salesman, Mr. Dannattell, is getting entirely too much space in our Record. First, an account of his marriage to Miss Julia Covert, former employe at Evansville; now, on the 16th of October we have to dedicate space to Ralph, Jr. weight 10 pounds and 1 ounce.

The employes of the Evansville warehouse would like to know if there are no attractions in the big office. "Some dead place." Now, you in the main office, see what your fellow workmen think about you? Pep up, snap up, wake up and write up some of your department's happenings.

Pat Murphy, tank wagon salesman, wants it known that he is no truck driver, but he sure can sell Red Crown and Perfection.

Mr. Chas. Cecil, our up-town tank truck driver was accused of letting his horses chew the bark off the trees on a certain street. *Poor Charles.*

Fred Rieber, our efficient tank wagon man, has a young managerie using an ex-circus cage to house his big rabbits. He feeds them a bale of hay at one time and leads them to the city scales to weigh them. Some rabbits.

SAFETY FIRST. Poor Henry broke his arm leaping over the fence. Can you imagine it, just leaping over a little insignificant fence.

Mr. Henry Bienhaus thinks Evansville a wet town, he wears them half-way between his shoe tops and his knees. Put a little sugar on them, Bienny that may help.

Gilbert Heldt, our cashier, recently made a short visit to St. Louis, Missouri. He reports having had an excellent time, and says he met a lot of "awfully" nice girls. He also says that he is going back as soon as possible. After hearing Gilbert tell about the "awfully" nice girls, and knowing him as well as we do, we have no doubt but what he will go back.

Prices on overcoats have surely come down, Ray Bollenbacher, our Assistant Credit Manager sports a mean capel.

"Billie" Ralston is wearing that contented smile that won't come off. A certain "Red Crown" girl is the cause of it all. Are we discouraged; are we downhearted? No!

If you have any troubles, tell them to "Woody" Wilson, our asst' cashier. He gets results. Got a cigaret, Woody?

Two of our young and handsome men are devoting a great deal of their time to two young ladies in the office, and appear to be progressing rapidly However, we trust nothing serious will happen—how about it Bill and Joe?

Watch your step, Harry Shriver, one of our credit dept. stenos' saw you "stepping out" to the Tea Room the other night. This is a mighty public and popular place for a married man. Is the wife out of town, Harry?

Our credit manager recently made a trip to Marengo, seemingly to verify accounts in that circuit. Upon his return to the office, he says someone is always taking the joy out of life; why cant the Standard Oil Company afford good looking stenos like a certain firm in Marengo? Now when he dictates letters to this individual firm, he always makes it a point to say "Attention, Miss So & So.' How about it Mentz?

Ed. Eberhardt, of the sales department, is in Indianapolis, Ind., attending the Indiana-Notre Dame football Game. Ed. don't lose all your good cash on the football game; we do not expect to take your "what kind of checks" after the mayor's election.

Since Ray Butterworth got married, his conversation consists mostly of "My Wife". This ought to be an example for the other fellows in the office. How about it, boys?

Besides being an affable and proficient checking clerk, Ed. Habbe is right there when it comes to "I. W. W." This wicked line he puts out makes him very popular with the fair ones.

Harold Burgess, of the cashier department, has purchased a brand new Ford touring car. It is

equipped with shock-absorbers, self-starter and everything.

Geo. Ghymer has been transferred from the stock department to a traveling position. We think it would be well to have a bodyguard for him if he desires to remain single.

Louise Martin, stenographer for the assistant chief clerk, met with an accident Monday, October 24, when she was caught in a street car collision. She denies the fact that being out late that night before had anything to do with it, but as she was the only one hurt, it looks rather bad.

Eddie Walker recently made a trip to Terre Haute, Indiana. He reports having had a wonderful time: three shows in one day and only 11 cents each, but as he was a stranger in the city we are sure they only charged him half price.

FARGO, N. D.

It is with regret that we learn of the resignation of Mr. Frank Bogenrief, warehouse foreman of Fargo. Frank has spent over twenty years with the company. His service has always been of the best, and we are certain that the company, as well as his many Standard Oil associates, will greatly miss him. We understand that he will take up farming, which assures us that the Standard Oil Company will soon have another very good customer.

Miss Mary McArthur, Fargo office, is enjoying a two weeks' vacation. Mr. Sten, as well as numerous other young men of the office, appear rather down-hearted.

Rumblings of a new Standard Oil romance are in the air. The girls of the Fargo office having planned a shower for Miss Sue Hoffman. Hurry up, Mr. Bjerge and Miss Hoffman, we want some news from you for the next issue.

Mrs. Gerteis is enjoying several large boxes of candy at the expense of Mr. Hugh Westmiller, the latter being on the wrong side of the fence during the recent world's series. Hugh, never argue or bet with the women—they're bound to beat you.

Mr. Packard has been ill during the past week, and it was reported that he would be confined to his bed for some time. However, his fighting disposition and determination to be back on the firing line has brought him back long before attending physicians believed possible.

Mrs. Charles Gullens, of the credit department, has been very ill during the past few weeks. While she is still confined to her bed, her many friends are pleased to hear that her condition is greatly improved.

The Fargo office was recently favored with a short, but very enjoyable visit from our old friend Miss Louise Schriber, of Seattle, Washington. We certainly enjoyed the visit, and our only regret was that we could not induce her to stay permanently.

During the recent world's series the Fargo office force was again made to realize and appreciate the fact that we have real "management" at Fargo, the Western Union being allowed to furnish scores of each game by innings. This was not only appreciated by the employees, but it really proved to be the best working interests of the office, for any red-blooded, live American man, and a great many ladies, are bound to find out the score of such games every so often. By having a score board so placed that it could be seen at a glance, a great deal of confusion was avoided and much time saved. "Management," we take this means to thank you.

Lester "Pepper" Brukaber, the diminutive stock juggler of the order department, has been enjoying a well-earned rest during the past week. It is rumored that he is combining business with pleasure, and he may have quite a surprise to announce on his return.

Mr. P. C. Thomas, tax man, and Mr. Erdel, general clerk, have just returned from a hurried trip to Detroit looking after the business interests of the company.

Mr. Gotto, of the credit department, has just returned from a three-day trip in the eastern part of the division, and reports that spud digging has been practically completed.

Fargo is not popularly known to be situated in the big game district, but Mr. Raupagh, our assistant manager, is ready to dispute the contention. Mr. Raupagh is noted for getting what he goes after, whether the subject in hand be Polarine sales or big game, so when a bold wood rat one day challenged his entrance to the office, his sporting blood was up. Suffice to say that the pelt was brought in by dint of considerable effort in pursuit and no little fence climbing, for proficiency in which credit must be given our capable truck driver, Chas. Hagan, who assisted in the capture.

Mr. F. C. Singleton, safety first specialist, and W. O. Dixon, general superintendent of equipment, both of the Chicago office, held a meeting at the Fargo office Tuesday, the 8th, all garage, warehouse and truck employees being in attendance. Talks were given by both of the above mentioned gentlemen; also Assistant Manager Mr. Raupagh, and Mr. P. C. Thomas, safety first man, Fargo. Slides illustrating the manner in which a great many accidents occur helped to make the talks very effective as well as very interesting.

Mr. Hobine, of the Chicago office, paid us a visit during the past month. While here he, in company with Mr. Westmiller, head of the station examiners department, visited several of our "B" stations; also our Grand Forks "A" station. On Friday, the 28th, a meeting was held at which all station examiners, with the exception of Mr. Twight and Mr. Olson, were in attendance. Mr. Hobine gave a very good talk on stock shortages and other matters pertaining to the auditing department. Assistant General Manager Carter, also of the Chicago office, gave a very interesting and instructive talk, as well as our own assistant manager, Raupagh, Chief Clerk Carnine, and Mr. Westmiller.

As an inspiring Nimrod, our janitor, Mr. Fred Engels, does not believe in being outdone by anyone, and from his latest accomplishment, that of capturing a prairie chicken without the aid of firearm, or even the historical sligh-shot of Goliath, we believe that there is small chance of anyone outdoing him. Being great lovers of truth, we were at first somewhat inclined to doubt this story. While we believe that in a foot race Mr. Engel could make the original Phillipides, or even Bill Scott, look like a piker, it has been our experience with the feathered tribe that they have a peculiar tendency of leaving the ground when pursued. But it seems that this particular bird wandered in through the rear door of the office, and becoming very much interested in our fine office did not notice the approach of Mr. Engels. Mr. Engels calmly closed the back door and proceeded to

reduce his object to subjection. After considerable exertion he captured the bird alive. Upon seeing same with our own eyes we must admit that our Mr. Engels is a very good gamester, as well as a very good janitor.

Following up the recent meeting of all district superintendents held at Fargo, conducted by Mr J. L. Carter, assistant general manager, Chicago, our assistant manager, Mr. Raupagh, with the aid of Sales Manager Beaton, has just completed meetings at central points throughout the territory.

October 27 and 28 the Fargo division was favored with a visit from Mr. J. L. Carter, formerly manager at Fargo, now assistant general manager, Chicago. Friday, Mr. Carter presided over a meeting at which all district superintendents were in attendance. General business interests and sales promotion work were discussed.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

We wish to extend our heartfelt sympathy to Peter Rose and the family in their recent bereavement, the loss of his sister.

We know the office "Force" is in the marketing department, but that is nothing to "Bragg" about, is it?

Mrs. George Robinson, wife of our agent at Cedar Springs, passed away, Sunday October, 9 after a lingering illness. We wish to extend our sympathy to the sorrowing husband and family.

When smiling and dimpled John D. (Smit) comes into the office every morning you can just see that look in the sparkling eyes of the girls and the sigh under their breath, "Could love him without half trying". He's married, girls.

We were wondering why Harry Davidson walked around the office with a dirty upper lip, but upon questioning him, he says he's trying to raise a mustache. It's a good thing to start in young, Harry, because we're thinking you'll be an old man by the time that's properly trained.

On October 21, some of our elite crowd, Wilbur Force, Jane Janereth, Lenore Gillis, Frieda Frey, etc., travelled up to the Armory to hear Galli Curci, the prima donna. They all agreed it was wonderful.

Why is Elsa Frey so happy and smiling lately? Well, she became "Auntie" to Arlene Elizabeth, born October 22, to Mr. and Mrs. P. K. Degenther of Wichita, Kansas. The old office associates will better remember Mrs. Degenther as Miss Bertha Frey, who pounded the keys in this office for six years previous to her marriage.

Word has been received from Blondy DeWitt that he is enjoying his studies at Ferris Institute to the utmost. Blondy says that next to Latin he likes "doing dishes" best. Glad you like it, Blondy, though we miss you around here.

Once in a while, even the monotonous waiting for the "Ring" job, becomes one with a little laughter. We had an example of this some time ago: Operator, Grand Rapids, Office, (after ringing a number)—"Hello, Wealthy St. Floral Company?" To the surprise of the operator, a pleasing male voice:—"No, we aren't handling out bouquets today, this is the Police Station."

Putting two names together upstairs, we didn't know whether it was a marriage match or an automobile—"Stutie-Baker."

Dave Cowgill, tank wagon driver at Benton Harbor, Michigan, was so intent on reporting for duty one cold morning recently, that he came without a shirt on. Upon opening his coat at the station, he discovered his shortage. Consequently he was obliged to call at Abe Cohen's clothing establishment and spend 98 cents. Forgetfulness is usually expensive, Dave, and you got away cheap at 98 cents.

Mr. E. H. Maltby, our agent at Bellaire, Michigan, was down to see us the other day. Ed, in addition to being our agent, is fire chief of Bellaire.

Mr. E. L. Klein, our agent at Fowler, Michigan, is building a new home of colonial design. It sure is a "beaut."

Mr. F. L. Anderson, our Reed City agent, dropped in the other day. Fred says he is busy "filling 'em up" in Reed City.

We had a new guest in the dining room the other day. Mr. R. L. Markham, our Richland agent, visited the office and dined with us.

Anyone who has seen Mr. A. D. Lyons, our agent at St. Johns, lately, couldn't help but notice the chest he is developing. The slender fair sex want the recipe, A. D.

Mr. L. D. Paul, salesman, was an enthusiastic router at the Michigan-Ohio football game at Ann Arbor a short time ago. That reminds us, we are wondering how he would look in a football suit, scrimmaging on the field, well—say as fullback.

Mr. H. R. Cochran, our former manager, dropped in to see us a short time ago. Say, everybody, didn't it just seem too good to see him again? You're always as welcome as 4¾% to the average man, H. R. C.

Mr. Hoyt Potter, district superintendent, was in the office the other day. Hoyt is always so "painfully neat" that he is a good example to have around the office once in a while.

Mr. Wm. Tell, assistant auditor from Chicago, visited the office the other day. Bill came with the same old smile and handshake. Come again, glad to see you.

We sincerely regret to report the death of Mr. Joseph P. Brown, our lubricating engineer, who passed away on October 6, after an illness of nearly eight months. Mr. Brown, by his kindly disposition, has endeared himself to not only the salesmen, but to everyone in the organization and he will be greatly missed. His widow and a son, who is attending the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, survive him.

HURON, S. D.

Mr. Dodsley attended a booster meeting at Watertown last week. A wild duck banquet was served at the Grand hotel and was enjoyed by the employees at Watertown. Watertown jumped from 2nd to 1st division on farm sales. (Why not the names of these live wire folks?—Ed.)

Mr. Dodsley, together with Mr. C. L. Bailey, assistant manager, attended a district superintendents' meeting at Cherokee, Iowa. Mr. Carter was also present.

Mr. C. L. Bailey spent the greater part of last week in the Black Hills with the district superintendent and salesmen.

E. H. Schaefer, salesman, picked up two carloads of outstanding numbered equipment barrels recently. Some of them have been out over four years.

To the men in the field - Huron division: You have just read our contribution to this issue of the magazine and unless you fellows get busy next month, you won't see nearly as much as we have in this number. It is impossible for us to do all of the work and we have got to have your co-operation in order to get a fair representation.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

"We started our bowling league three weeks ago and have some hot contests. We might put on a match with the Indianapolis office about the close of the season. This is not a challenge, just a suggestion." The foregoing communication received from John J. Marcus of the South Bend office needs little further explaining except that the suggestion is well taken and the Benders (if they have any on the team) will succomb in easy fashion to a club picked at random from our choice array of 180-average men. While this is "brave talk," thought best to put out a little scare before the St. Joe Riverites "skeered" us.

It affords this column the greatest pleasure to report a very distressing condition existing in the sales department—John Goldsmith, knight of the sample bottles, has acquired a habit of looking behind about on an average of twice to a city block. Now all authorities on the subject quite agree that most orders should be out in front and none left behind for the "other fellow."

C. T. (Cupid) Christman is very much perturbed over his lone chance of winning a floor lamp. Says he wouldn't know what to do with it. Can anyone imagine anyone not knowing what to do with a floor lamp? Stand it on the floor, Chris! The puzzle is solved.

Earl Thompson got a bargain in a 40 x 18 mirror from the wrecker of an old residence for a new service station site—cost him only $1.00. Where Earl had his fainting spell, was when the art shop charged him $23.00 for a frame. Earl has about decided it's a cruel world; they "get" you early or they "get" you late, but they "get" you.

Miss Florence Lyons was the hostess at a miscellaneous shower given on Miss Hester Cole, who left November 4 for Oklahoma to become the bride of Mr. William Cox. Miss Cole was employed in the record department. Many useful and beautiful gifts were presented to the bride-elect who leaves for her new home in the southwest carrying the very best wishes from all her former associates. The following girls from the office were present at the shower: Misses Anna Bassler, Henrietta Goldberger, Helen Benner, Alma Eich, Libby Turner, Eva O'Donnell, Muriel Falender, Lorie Edwards, Helen Schell, Ella Wagner, Nelle Sage, Pearl Holiday and Elizabeth O'Brien, the latter arriving at the unusual hour of 10:30 p. m. Dancing and singing afforded the evening's entertainment, featured by two headliners, namely, Helen Benner's very Maude Allanish two-step and a "soup-rano solo" by Miss Goldberger, who did not sing owing the moss-covered alibi—"I've a cold." Refreshments were served with the favors being dainty little bride and groom slippers. All present are loud in their praises of Miss Lyons, hostess.

090's to the left of them, 090's to the right of them, etc., etc. Into the pile of 090's sorts the duo —Misses Ella Wagner and Daisy Boyles.

A very realistic head-on collision was staged in the cashier's cage when Fred Matkin, better known in the olden days as "Noisy," disputed the right of way with a machine made famous by Mr. Burroughs. Both objects of interest were quickly derailed with resultant damages about evenly distributed, except Mr. Burroughs' masterpiece went to the "hospital" and Fred didn't.

Forest Keelen, peppery secretary of the Polarine Social Club and former circuit driver, is rapidly developing into our leading "new business getter." When Forest hears of a tough route he immediately gets on the trail and, presto, it is no longer spelled "t-o-u-g-h."

Miss Elizabeth Dashiel, coadjutrix of the traffic department, was remembered on her birthday with a box of candy from her co-workers. She was overheard wishing for another birthday soon, which breaks a few precedents.

"An honest confession," etc. Ralph Jackson, Jolietville agent, admitted to Charley French, who was checking the station, that he "did not quite understand what he knew about" certain paragraphs in the agents' instruction book.

After a search for some old 1920 forms 044 in the basement "antiquarium," W. H. Jordan stirred our sense of proportions by declaring he "found that stuff clear down on the bottom on top of everything else"; later he tried to cover up his tracks by claiming he meant "clear down on the bottom with everything on top of them."

Our latest "arrival"—Paragon, Ind., J. R. Baker, agent.

Miss Clara Goede succeeds Muriel Falender in the iron barrel department, the latter having hearkened to the call of wedding bells.

Changes in the equipment department which will take Mark Phipps out on the road a great deal of the time, brings a new casing, inner tube and spark plug guardian to our midst—P. T. Roberts.

Cashier Frank Tomlinson is back on the job after his long siege in the hospital, much thinner and slowed up considerable—for a while.

Fred Peine hasn't spent twenty-nine years around these diggin's without giving his annual vacation more than casual study. Not his to waste time on the writings of Larry St. John and other fishing success writers, F. L. finally decided on a wild spot along Eel River where he claims remoteness and sequesteredness almost passes belief, down where the "big ones" splash. While we have reports of some mighty large fish twitching in the bottom and hanging over the sides of the Peine family's skillet, we "ain't seen no fish" and most of us "ain't to be convinced" until we do. Not doubting Fred's veracity but the most of us have not been reading almanacs, comic valentines and drummer tales all these years for nothing, to be caught up on any "big fish" gag, until we—see—the —carp.

JOLIET, ILL.

On Saturday evening, October 29, the Joliet Division held a party and dance at the main office in Joliet. The affair might have been termed "A harvest festival," as the large upstairs room was transformed into an autumn scene, with decorations of branches lending their variegated colors, pumpkins cut into tim-honored Hallowe'en countenances, and the usual trimmings appropriate for autumn festivities. All the employees of the entire division were invited, and almost all of them came. Agents, salesmen, service station attendants and construction men from the field, and everyone of the employees of the office, making a record breaking crowd which filled to capacity the entire building. The party was in the nature of a reward to the Joliet division employees for their excellent work on the coupon book campaign in September. On submitting his outline for that campaign, Manager E. E. Morton promised that if 5000 books were sold, he would grant permission for the social club to hold a big entertainment for all employees. As a matter of fact, that figure was not quite reached, but so nearly, and the spirit and effort of every member of the organization so

strong, that Mr. Morton could not refrain from showing his appreciation. Accordingly, he advised the Social Club to proceed with the plans for the big doings. As for the weather, "The Gods were with us," to quote Assistant Manager Carl Monson, and consequently automobiling was possible from far away points. Which contributed greatly to the success of the party. A number of agents motored in with their families from extreme parts of the field. For entertainment, other than dancing, a brief outline here will show that there was plenty doing every minute and talent of all sorts was displayed by a number who were selected by the committee on entertainment. An interesting program was arranged, comprising vocal and instrumental numbers, and a regular "vodvil" sketch, which displayed to the admiring audience dramatic talent of an unusual character for amateur performers. The program was greatly enhanced by the visiting vocalists from the Chicago office. The applause that followed the Cameron Brothers proved the sure-fire hit they made, and was only equalled in sincere spontaneity by the volume of hand clapping that marked the conclusion of the selections rendered by J. A. Looby and G. A. Dougherty. These gentlemen have let themselves in for every social affair the Joliet contingent puts on hereafter.

That Polarine Trio certainly did some fine lubricating with refined jazz notes.

Miss Hubal shakes a mean—well, you know. At any rate, the floor committee thinks so.

With a King, a Carr, a Pohl and a few Smiths the party was quite a mixed affair. And Brown added a little color to the crowd.

Stuckel isn't going to be a bachelor, not if he knows it. There's a naughty twinkle in his eye at times.

Thanks to Dave Gilmore, the party was well advertised. Some little artist, Dave.

And the success of the entertainment on the first floor was largely due to L. J. Davidson. His originality contributed the souvenir programs and other little touches that were apparent.

Harry Kaufman in charge of the Mendota service station was the means of the apprehension of thieves who stole $40,000 worth of silk from a Burlington train. When the men stopped at his station for gasoline on Thursday night and returned with their truck heavily loaded and covered with a tarpaulin the next morning, he noticed that their actions were rather suspicious and took the number of the car. Later the Burlington detectives obtained it from him and after watching all along the line were rewarded by finding the truck in Evanston.

The dictaphone department is now more familiarly known as "The Old Maid's Retreat."

The party proved that the Joliet office has a real orchestra of its own. The Polarine Trio has made a good start and we hope to see it grow as it no doubt will. This enterprising band of melody makers is comprised of J. P. Davis and Clifford Brown. We have been unable to discover the third party's name, but have a detective on the trail. He plays an instrument like a German pipe with blue smoke coming out the end.

Wm. Watson, our mathematician, who juggles figures in the sub-station examiner department, says the Santa Fe Railroad is 32 miles longer in the summer than in the winter, due to expansion.

T. B. Koons submits the following recipe for home-brew: (As this same recipe came in from ten divisions we gather everybody knows it so see no necessity for printing it.—Ed.)

J. P. Davies, recently added to the checking department, is certainly a welcome asset. Outside of a pleasing personality, Mr. Davies plays the piano in a manner that makes him popular at all gatherings.

Mr. B. G. Schermerhorn has resigned as agent at Aurora. We are very sorry to see him go and wish him Godspeed. Mr. Schermerhorn will be sales manager for the Smith Oil & Refining Company.

Mr. J. H. Connors, our Cadillac spede artist, has been promoted from clerk to salesman.

Mr. R. J. Waldecker, assistant agent at Joliet, has been promoted to agent at Kewanee, Illinois. Mr. Waldecker's former associates in the Joliet office are glad to hear of this promotion.

Mr. Dewey Martin will take Cadillac Connor's place as pilot of Mr. Morton's car. Dewey starts well and we are sure that he will be able to keep up the fine pace set by Connors.

Mr. D. Otis, equipment clerk, has been appointed assistant agent to succeed Mr. Waldecker at Joliet. The office force is back of Dan and hope that this will be but a step to a position as agent.

Joliet division is wondering what has happened to Assistant Manager Monson. He is wearing such a beautiful smile lately. We have asked Mrs. Monson but she only duplicates the smile and says nothing.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

On the night of October 15 a number of the office gang enjoyed a truck ride to Lees Summit, Mo. With a quantity of cider for inspiration, they fared forth in search of adventure and excitement. At Lees Summit they were rewarded in their search; eats and gossip were indulged in—and probably cider. All returned home happy but somewhat fatigued, at the early hour of 3 A. M. Ten couples participated.

Mr. R. G. Stewart stopped off in K. C. for a short confab recently.

We were also honored with a brief visit from Mr. Julian. It was a great pleasure to get a close-up of the individual responsible for the remarkable success of the Standard's official organ, the Stanolind Record. What gets us is how such a large volume of ability could be contained in a person of such small stature. (Just for that we gave K. C. the double page center spread.—Ed.)

Mr. Bumford, of the home office, passed through enroute from Wichita to St. Joe and stepped in to say "howdy."

On October 6 a son was born to Percy Green. Where'd Charles get the empty cigar box he carries shavings from the pencil sharpener in?

The Sea of Matrimony is getting turbulent—Lynch of the tank wagon department took the plunge. Naw, it wasn't Saturday night. He left purposely to enjoy a vacation and a vacation naturally means rest. Can ya imagine a guy "enjoying" a vacation on his honeymoon? Congratulation from the single, and sympathy from the married uns, Lynch.

Pierce Gordon of the Armourdale plant also indulged in the pastime of getting married. It looks like a sort of conspiracy to us, Lynch and Gordon getting married at the same time, but in union there is strength, which interpreted means it takes strength to get married, or unionized (especially in these dry times) and this may account for it all. Rare judgment, we calls it.

Earl Boughan, tank car department, spent his vacation in Detroit. We gather from evidence submitted that he was learning from Ford a few things about managing a railroad, keeping 'em moving and all that. Well, Earl, the solution is simple: The hoopies made the right of way and the rest was easy sailing.

When Jack Gephart returned from his vacation, he carried a sad, forlorn expression on his shiny countenance. Some kind person, out of sympathy, asked him the cause of his grief. Sez he: "If I had only known how darn bad I'd hate to come back to work, I'd never have gone." Whereja go, Jack?

Earl Kendrick has been transferred to the sales force. He's there with the stuff. Roberts succeeded him as collector. He has had considerable experience in the credit game so that old gag about money being tight is going to be knocked cold when he gets in action. We believe Roberts could collect from an orphan asylum.

Someone said Kitty Hull and Parsons were married. The question is open to discussion.

This new beer and wine bill should put friend Meunier on his feet in a jiffy. For every well one, though, there'll be ten un-well ones, and reports have it that the sick are getting sicker and the well are getting sick. A new sort of epidemic that is apt to be nation-wide.

"Daddy" Haas has assumed the responsibility of managing the sales department. The stock department is loser and the sales department is very fortunate in this deal. Haas has been the main-stay of the stock department for about six years.

Agent Harding at Junction City appears to be selling the full supply rather than the full line. We hear he has the warehouseman working overtime.

Also, down at Sedalia, Mr. Smith says he is starving the competitor out, leaving him in the soup as it were.

We would like to hear more from the Standard family out in the field. If you've got any news you'd like to share with the rest of the tribe, send it in. Pictures will also be highly appreciated.

In a current issue of the record we stated that Nell Dell was returning to home folks in Southern Missouri. It becomes necessary now to retract that statement, due to her marriage to Les Hughes of the order department. Les took a "vacation" and got married. Nell said "This is so sudden" but he argued "eventually, why not now" and so they were married. Greetings from the force.

We regret very much to hear of the death of Agent Wilber at Garnett, Kansas, who was fatally injured in an accident. Although he only recently took the agency at Garnett, he was making good and would undoubtedly have made a very brilliant record for himself.

Jerry McGowan, exalted ruler of the check desk, visited Des Moines while on his vacation and had a short but pleasant visit with J. Ross. He states that J was very inquisitive about his friends in K. C. and that he is getting very robust. Being a glutton for work, in fact thriving on it, he should be robust. Jerry also emphasized the fact that J took him home to dinner (in the vernacular of some, supper) and that Mrs. Ross is some cook. We fear J won't be singing that song, "There's a vacant chair at home sweet home" when this hungry crowd hears this news.

The large coterie of friends of Charlotte Gaffney will learn with deep sorrow of her death on October 29. She suffered patiently with her affliction and there will be solace in knowing that her sufferings are at an end.

The night of October 27, the Business Woman's Club gave a party, which was in the nature of a Hallowe'en affair. Each member was to represent the concern by whom they were employed. Fire Standard Oil Company employees represented Red Crown, two Stanolax and one Semdac. The Standard Oil Company was the only oil concern represented, or to put it different, the only oil cans present were from the Standard family. We hear the affair was a grand success. (Pix of our fair ones in costumes?—Ed.)

The psychological moment will be when we mit Gen. Pershing and Marshal Foch at the American Legion Convention. Some of the girls are wondering if Marshal Foch, being French, will use the French manner of greeting. (Well, you poor prunes, why didn't you tell us while we were there that they were partial to the French style of greeting?—Ed.)

KEOKUK, IOWA

J. L. Lannon, of Chicago office, visited Keokuk October 6.

Mr. W. T. Gamble, head stock clerk, is proud papa again. This time a fine girl.

Miss Vollers, one of our most demure and quiet stenographers, persists in knocking "L" out of her typewriter.

Mr. Sammy White, of the checking department, was married on Saturday, October 8. Congratulations, Sammy! The smokes and candy were fine.

It is rumored that J. M. Hiller, our efficient warehouse superintendent at Ottumwa, is going to get married. Johnnie denies this, but we understand he took his girl with him on his vacation. The evidence is all against you, John!

Miss Alma Couloy, record clerk, has resigned and will leave shortly for her home in St. Louis. Carl Elgin thinks he likes St. Louis too.

Mr. Homer Cresap, agent at Ottumwa, has rounded out a quarter of a century service with the company. He doesn't look a day over twenty-five, so he must have started in very young to work for the Standard Oil Company. When seen recently he was sporting a new black and white checkered hat, which from a distance looked like a GO. Gas service station. If you must advertise, Homer, why not cut the bottom out of a Polarine can?

On October 12 a very enthusiastic and peppy salesmen's meeting was held at the Ottumwa hotel, Ottumwa, Iowa. The morning session was opened by our manager, Mr. M. F. King. Mr. C. M. Vogler, assistant manager, followed with a talk on how to increase the sales on our Specialty Line. He brought out the fact that a thorough knowledge of our line, obtained by persistently studying our literature, was the first thing essential in presenting specialty goods. Mr. A. C. Bode, chief clerk, closed the morning session with remarks on B station accounting, credit sales, and accounting pertaining to salesmen and agents in general. At noon a luncheon was served, at which round table talks were given and a review of the morning's program gone over. The afternoon session was opened by J. J. Leu, Jr., district superintendent of our Eastern division, and Mr. H. A. Brunat, district superintendent in our Western division, closed the afternoon session.

From Creston, Iowa, in Keokuk division: Our office clerk, Miss Hazel Danielson, has resumed her duties after a two weeks' vacation. We now feel assured that nothing will be left undone.

E. G. Singleton, mechanic of Keokuk, was in Creston recently installing pump and tank at S. S. 2. This station is now in operation and Guy left everything in good shape. Our attendant, E. G. Smeltzer, is now meeting customers with a smile that won't come off.

Specialty salesman J. F. Ireland was in Creston recently calling on the merchants. Judging from the orders that are coming in, we will say that Mr. Ireland's visit was a success.

Dray truck driver "Pete" Keefer, recently purchased a Victrola. It has been noticed that every time he cranks his truck now he either starts to whistle or sing.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Many a successful party has been put on at "Steve's" on French Island, but it's going to be many, many moons before that popular place will ever see the likes of the family party of the Standard Oil Social Club of La Crosse, Wisconsin, the evening of October 7. Some folks contend, at least they did previous to our party, that one must indulge in bacchanalian festivities to "wake up" and have a good time. That theory was scattered to the four winds. Oyster stew beyond compare, sandwiches, filled doughnuts, pickles and coffee. Ye gods! what a feast we had. But after the eats: The music compelled action. Was there a person with blood so thin that the music could not bring such a one on to the floor, none of us knew about it. Everybody danced. The older ones were the youngest and had no trouble in proving it. Sam Levy conducted the Virginia Reel in a finished manner; Carl Stokke piloted Mrs. Stokke through the congestion with steps as pretty as they could be. We toddled and we trotted, we waltzed and we two-stepped and occasionally someone appeared to get a chill for they would shiver—or mayhap that was the "Shimmy." At twelve bells the family started for home. We resembled a caravan of desert days metamorphosed —autos taking the place of camels. We're going again on Friday night, October 28. There's room for 25 couples but we can dance with 75 couples on the floor.

Manager J. H. Lambert and Assistant Manager J. E. Monegan spent October 11 and 12 in the Chicago offices on business.

Manager J. H. Lambert and Assistant Manager J. E. Monegan held a series of meetings for salesmen. On October 15 they talked to District Superintendent S. L. Levy and his men at La Crosse. On October 17 they addressed Supt. Goddard and his son at Rochester and on October 22 they were at Eau Claire to give their messages to Superintendent Bullis and his men. District superintendents and salesmen are very optimistic as to business and general conditions.

Our most heartfelt sympathy goes out to Miss Clara Syverson in the death of her sister, Miss Emma Syverson, which occurred on October 12.

Ray H. Colby, salesman at Wisconsin Rapids, had to acquire a new wardrobe on account of an enlarged chest. His boy was born on September 26 —gravity 7½ pounds. Watch out, Dempsey.

Another fellow who is wearing a broad grin that won't come off is Mr. Will Radke, machinist at La Crosse. His son started music at home on October 15.

Reports coming from Chippewa Falls show that one Clarence White is "on a vacation." Judging from some of the things we have heard it will be his last "vacation," for Dame Rumor has it that he is one of the two people who participated in recent hymenal proceedings. Good luck to you and your wife, Clarence.

Another addition to our steadily growing family is Mrs. Harold Scholberg. Mr. Scholberg is one of the numerous "live ones" taking care of service stations in this division. He is filling cars at No. 36, La Crosse. Our informant reports that Mr. Scholberg and Miss Reynolds were married at Minneapolis on Tuesday, October 18. Good luck, a long and happy married life are the best things we can wish them.

Abner Lauman has been transferred from the La Crosse service station force to our new service station at St. Charles, Minn.

Joe Hale has had as his guest during the past week, his father from New Hampshire, Ind.

Frances Beranek left Saturday October 23, to vacation in Chicago.

Marion MacMillan enjoyed a week's vacation beginning October 24.

The circle in the traffic department is again complete—Mary Rohr has returned after an illness of several weeks.

Ellen Wood and Margaret Carr being the losers in a bet on the world's series, it was decided they should furnish a feed—no special eats being designated. The preliminary course was "All day suckers." The winners, in doubt as to whether that was the extent of the feed and to be real good fellows, ate with relish—between laughs. The best part came later—some yummy sandwiches and fruit.

Plant Superintendent Arthur Barton has been telling some awful stuff about the fish he caught while on his vacation. Best part of it is that he has been promising to substantiate his claims with photographic evidence, but that unfortunately the plates failed to do justice, the prints were naturally poor, and all that FULL LINE. We've heard that before, Mr. Barton. It's old stuff. You've got to produce those pictures before we can swallow the tales with which you have regaled us.

From fragments of conversations heard around the office, warehouse, machine shop and elsewhere, we have the impression that there is in our midst an organization existing for the purpose of trying to topple over ten pins. Some wise ones have divulged sufficient information to indicate that "Scoop" Volz is manager of the bunch. If he is, there must be something to conceal—not enough strikes, spares, or something of that kind. At any rate, third degree methods will not produce from his mouth the words that we should like to tell to the other readers of the Stanolind Record. Better get something ready for next month, Scoop, or we are liable to give the readers incorrect information when we compile it without your verification.

MANKATO, MINN.

Miss Mary Ryan, Queen of the history-making Red Crown Carnival Club and secretary of the Red Crown Social Club, left the employ of the company on the first of October and on the 18th was married to Mr. Leo Gaffey of Mankato. Thus, while Mr. Gaffey secures the prize, the Red Crown Club loses its secretary; Frank Brown, traffic clerk, loses his stenographer (than whom, he says, there was none better); and the Standard Oil Company loses an efficient, loyal, and cheerful worker from its Mankato office force. The Red Crown Club joins with a host of friends in wishing Mary health, prosperity,

and happiness on her journey through life, and to Leo most sincere congratulations and best wishes.

H. A. Monson, manager, conducted R. E. Nuebel, refined oil and gasoline correspondent, through the mazes of District Superintendent G. A. White's district the week of October 10th. Roman hasn't recovered his poise yet but as he regains his breath the observer can tell that he has gained experience and knowledge from his three days' trip through the field.

Miss Phyllis Graham, sales department, furnished excitement for the Red Crown Club when a news item appeared in the Minneapolis Journal of October 11, stating that Miss Graham had become the bride of Mr. Merle Kimble of that city. Hearty congtatulations were extended to Mrs. Kimble upon her return and of course the girls had showers, parties and everything.

C. C. Slater, claim department, Chicago office, was a visitor October 6, 7, and 8. He arrived while Manager H. A. Monson and Ass't Manager M. H. Chesbrough were "out in the field" but he made himself perfectly at home and kept himself intensely busy during his short stay.

The sympathy of the Mankato division was extended to Assistant Manager C. M. Monson, of the Joliet division. Mr. Monson was called to Mankato on account of the serious illness of his father, who passed away on September 29.

A. A. Johnston, sales promotion department, Northern division, made a brief visit to the Mankato office on October 13. Mr. Johnston left some good ideas regarding sales promotion and records and we hope his next visit will be timed so as to allow him more time at the office. Assistant Manager M. H. Chesbrough accompanied Mr. Johnston to Janesville, Waseca and Owatonna giving the opportunity to inspect those points of the Mankato division at close range.

"Chasing the Quota" was the big game in the Mankato division during the month of October. Manager, assistant manager, district superintendents, clerks, everybody, were helping the agents kill their quotas of refined oil and gasoline. At this writing it looks as if the quotas would be skinned and hanging high by the end of the month. Ever since the big game started Mr. Monson, manager, has been missing from the office, but reports from the field say that he is a quota hunter from the word "Go."

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

On Saturday, October the 15th, the Milwaukee office force, also the warehouse, garage and tank department employees, gathered together for a Hallowe'en party. The hall was decorated with corn husks, pumpkins, and orange and black crepe paper covered the walls. Considerable time and effort were spent by our Mr. Ed Taylor in getting the hall decorated but his time was not spent in vain as it sure was a beautiful sight to behold. Our famous Mr. Louis Joost took care of the eats as usual and he surely took his part well. Plenty of eats and drinks for everybody and enough varieties so that everyone had some kind of food to his or her liking. After everyone had participated in the lunch, the musicians gathered around the piano to put over the big dance. The music was furnished by the Standard Oil Company's Orchestra. Mr. J. C. Taylor at the piano, Mr. E. J. Ferriter on the banjo, Mr. A. Davis, saxophone, and Mr. Mallard, drummer. Our live wire salesman, Mr. J. C. Taylor who tickled the ivories, traveled all the way from Beloit to Milwaukee to assist our Orchestra and he sure is a bear on the piano. You ought to see him make the ivories shimmy. Some of the members present were: Our manager, Mr. T. H. Lang and his wife, our assistant manager, Mr. Prather and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Sheehan; Messrs, V. C. Kenney, B. Radtke, H. H. Bogardus and H. C. Ouelette. The music was so inviting that everybody danced, both young and old. Our Mr. T. H. Kane, as usual, was on the job dancing for fair with the young ladies. He has been with the company for 29 years but despite his age, he has more pep today than he had 25 years ago. We also appreciated the jig given by Mr. Schultz. Everybody enjoyed themselves and we are looking forward for the next big event.

The marriage of Miss Gladys Wenzel to Harold G. Howe, another of our popular salesmen, took place Saturday afternoon, October 15, at the residence of the bride's parents, 910 5th street. Mr. and Mrs. Howe spent their honeymoon in Columbus, Ohio, and are now at home at Plymouth, Wis. The Milwaukee division extends best wishes to them.

Miss Irene Hayes entertained recently at a delightful party in honor of Miss Eugenia St. Pierre, a bride of this month. We understand that the early part of the evening was devoted to "Put and Take," Gene, Sammy, Rose Elkert and Mrs. Hope doing most of the taking. Later the party turned into a "towel shower" and if Louie May doesn't shine like one of the Gold Dust Twins after the 16th it isn't the fault of the girls at the party. Those present were Misses St. Pierre, Marie May, Lillian Baker, Sammy Sandbo, Pearl Lett, Rose Elkert, Rose Krause and Ann Hope.

Mr. Art Speaker of the construction department has just returned to work after spending his one week's vacation at Detroit, Mich. He had a wonderful time but prefers Milwaukee. No wonder he likes Milwaukee, for when he returned, was informed that he had won first prize for a slogan he had sent in to the North Avenue Business Men's Association. We are glad to hear this, Art, and hope that you may be successful in the near future and make some more easy money.

On October 13, a stork visited the E. L. Norris home and left a baby boy. When he grows up he will answer to the name of John Douglas Norris. Congratulations, Norris, and here is hoping that both the baby and the wife are in the best of health.

Clarence Otto, one of our stock department clerks, spent his vacation taking pictures in Washington Park.

Wonder who told our chief clerk that he knew how to play "Put and Take." As a Taker, he makes a good Puter! Better luck next time, Mr. Kenney.

We hear the Girls' Bowling Club is now in full swing and every Friday morning we hear such expressions as "Wasn't it awful," "I had the toughest luck—just couldn't find the center pin," "As a bowler, I'm a good stenographer," "Guess I wasn't meant for a bowler," "I can't get started this year," "Do I have to pay a fine?" "Who made their average?" Anyway, the "fund" is increasing every week.

Mr. Lang: I thought you said this road was all concrete.

Mr. Prather: I did, but the concrete isn't mixed up.

Cards are out announcing the approaching marriage of Miss Dorothea Maibohm of Racine and Mr. Edward Thomas McGovern, our popular agent at that point, which will take place Saturday afternoon, November 5. The transfer to Racine

wasn't such a bad move. What do you say, Mac? Mr. and Mrs. McGovern have the best wishes of the Milwaukee division.

Mr. H. I. Pierce, one of our live wire salesmen of the Northern division, after various flying trips to the City of Fond du Lac, succeeded in taking back with him one of Fond du Lac's most popular young ladies. Mr. Pierce and Miss Marie Sullivan were married on October 12 at Fond du Lac, and will make their home in Wausau, Wisconsin. The happy young couple have the best wishes of the Standard Oil family.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Minneapolis division agents spend half their lives on the farm. The other half making deliveries in town and sleeping at home. That's the dope—keep close to the farmer.

A show and dance was held November 5. We didn't know there were so many talented people among us. It was a ripper.

Our Red Crown bulletin boards are attracting a great deal of attention. They are the finest displays around the Twin Cities.

Does Opium P. Morken drink coffee? Listen, Joe, if you were hit on the nose with a sledge hammer would it mar your features?

Klebba and Arneson held a meeting at St. Cloud with D. S. Damkroger and his men recently. Future orders and collections were the principal subjects.

Mr. Harry Gillette, lubricating sales promoter, is now on the firing line, and Mr. Chas. Fortner has taken Harry's place in the office.

Mr. Reed, our advertising manager, admits Minneapolis is some town. He likes it so well he spent a week here recently. Well, we like Chicago.

Six bowling teams constitute the Standard Oil League. They are named and rank as follows: Red Crowns, Perfections, Renowns, Semdacs, Polarines and Stanolax. Steffes is high with 176 average and Jerry Clark low with 68. We bowl every Wednesday at Court Chamber Alleys.

Mr. Conners is going to displace Bryan as an orator.

H. E. Fredeen, the salesman, lost two overcoats recently. One was taken by prohibition officers and the other by officers of prohibition.

The Red Crown Social Club is growing rapidly. We took in thirty new members last month.

All employees are studying the merits of each product of this company. Mr. Cochran recently gave us a good talk on this subject.

The girls have formed a bowling club. We'll have more to say about them after we have seen them bowl.

Miss Thomas is taking swimming lessons. Why?

The following are the new Stanolind Record reporters: P. C. Dickey for equipment; Ward Devereaux for warehouse; Miss Gleason for downstairs; Miss Galvin, upstairs; Quackenbush for service stations. The retiring reporters performed faithfully. (?)

Thanks, Eckman, for the Stanolind Record news. Very thoughtful.

Correction: The Red Crowns defeated the Polarines at our annual picnic. It was reported erroneously.

We have a new telephone girl, Miss Claris McCarthy. Welcome, Claris.

Say, Sandman, we don't believe you know a tame goose when you see it. How about it, Heinrichs?

Who is going to buy the dinner at the end of the year? Come on, D. S's, let's go.

Mr. Bentley was married recently. We did not learn her name but understand she is very pretty. Bent is some boy and ought to make an ideal husband.

Mr. Brown hasn't much farm territory under his jurisdiction but what he has HE HAS. In other words, his men are making it hot for somebody.

QUINCY, ILL.

Arthur Floyd, motor tank driver at Kirksville, Mo., has been appointed to the position of agents' instructor in the district supervised by Mr. W. C. McAdams. His many Kirksville friends extend to him their good wishes for his success.

Lon Wright, former salaried agent at Milan, Mo., succeeds Mr. Floyd as motor tank driver at Kirksville.

John H. Fogelsong succeeds Lon Wright, former salaried agent at Milan, Mo., taking charge of the station on a commission basis.

Geo. W. Neff, formerly salaried agent at Galt, Mo., takes charge of the same station on a commission basis.

Chauncey Tolbert, formerly salaried agent at Versailles, Ill., takes charge of his station on a commission basis.

Geo. R. Bumgarner, former service station attendant at Brookfield, Mo., takes charge of the bulk station at that point on a commission basis, succeeding Ralph W. Wheeler, resigned, who had charge of the station on a salary basis.

C. W. Sharp, construction foreman, was recently engaged in building a fence in Kirksville when a lady owning the adjoining property threatned to work on him with a gun. Sharp says he would just hear two bullets—one when the bullet passed him and the other when he passed the bullet. In spite of this fact, though, the fence is built.

Salesman R. R. Hedrick was recently asked by one of his farmer customers if he was a member of the Klu Klux Klan. Surprised at the question. Hedrick wanted to know why. Thereupon the customer stated that he had never seen Hedrick without a flaming torch. (Hedrick, by the way, is a very polite gentleman and always takes his hat off when he talks to his customers, and if he were Irish we would say that he was rightly entitled to the mop of red hair which he displays.)

T. P. Jones, assistant manager, attempted to take a short cut to Lewistown, Mo., in order to save time, with the result that he camped in a nice juicy mud hole for a couple of hours. Mr. Jones states that he now feels competent to wield a shovel with any "Mick" in the U. S. A. How about it, Pat?

SAGINAW, MICH.

On October 9, Reuben Kern, ledgerman, having tired of single life, annexed a wife, in the person of Miss Regina Bernthal. At present "Rube" and wife are making their home in Frankenmuth, one of Saginaw's suburbs. Congratulations.

A toothless and bare-footed young man arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McKinney on October 3. He now answers to the name of Chas. McKinney, Jr.

S. P. Johnson, traffic man, has other reasons to stay awake nights than worrying about diversions and car demurrage. Sharon Perry, Jr., was born on October 7, and promises to keep Sharon Perry, Sr. busy between the hours of 5:30 P. M. and 7:30 A. M.

Orson Cooper, of the paint shop at Saginaw garage, slipped away on October 26 and "took unto himself" a bride, the young lady being Miss Bernice Vickery. On his return to the shop he was presented

with a set of silverware by the men at the garage. Good luck, "Shorty."

Born, October 11, to Olney Hawkins, garageman, and wife, a girl.

A girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wolpert on October 18.

The girls of the Saginaw office wish to make a motion that "Dollar Day" be declared a holiday. How these girls do like bargains.

Edw. Barrenscher has been transferred from the iron barrel department to assistant cashier.

Aubrey Jackson, of the check department has been transferred to the marketing department.

Abbie Squires returned from her vacation with a new bright red sweater. Very becoming, Abbie, very becoming.

Clarence Young, while vacationing was in an automobile accident and suffered injuries about the face. Take care of your face, Clarence, it's the only one you'll have.

As about half of our office force is suffering from "Coryza", as Dr. Brady calls it, Our motto should be "Beware of the Sneezers."

Who said Race Suicide? The employees of the Saginaw office and machine shop have certainly done their share to keep Saginaw, Mich., on the map, populationally speaking, as it were. The cigars and candy have certainly been fine.

When Miss Dooling was made iron barrel clerk, we knew she was very much interested in keeping the barrels moving, but didn't really think she would go so far as to try to move them herself. But such seemed to be the case, judging by the bruised finger she displayed a few weeks ago. She claims, though, the finger was injured while bowling with the Business Girls' Co-operative Club. Remember, Miss Dooling, the balls are used to hit the pins, not your fingers.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Mr. Tell of the Chicago office was a caller in Sioux City recently, and needless to say made many friends during his stay.

Our sympathy is extended to Assistant Chief Clerk Peterson who was recently called to Minneapolis on account of the illness and death of his father.

Leah Wilson departs November 7 for her new home in California. We are going to miss her sunny smile but know she will soon have as many new friends as she is leaving old ones behind.

Bonnie McDermott thought she was slipping one over when she came to work the other day with a brand new diamond. We knew it was coming, Bonnie—"Every Mornin' Ev'ry Evenin', Ain't we got fun."

George Swanson wears the important air, for he's a real daddy now. It's a girl and George says she "Has 'em all beat."

Mr. Thayer and Mr. Leonard recently took a motor trip over the "Winner Line", stopping at all points for a general inspection of the plants.

Agent Nicholson, of Garretson, S. D., took time recently to give us the once over here in the Sioux City office. George says if we'll come up to Garretson he will not "kill the fatted calf" but will kill a chicken.

Wm. Bevelyhmer is wearing what he terms a "mouse-tasche." We'll have to take your word for it, Bill.

Irv Landeck is building a fine new bungalow out to Morningside and he says he will have us all out to the housewarming.

L. C. Abrahamson, formerly agent at Sheldon, has recently entered the duties of sub-station examiner, making Sioux City his headquarters.

H. J. Mann, our worthy tank car clerk, has just returned from his vacation, having spent one week in extensive traveling thru Crescent Park and the other week at touching up the rough spots at home; says his house is now all "Hand Painted." It is, too, *we* know.

Mr. D. Hook, our agent at Sloan, was accidently struck by a C. & N. W. train on October 8, while crossing the tracks with his truck loaded with gas and oil and was instantly killed. The truck was completely demolished. We deeply regret the loss of Mr. Hook in this exceptionally sudden and sad way. The company has lost a very good agent. To his family we extend our sincerest sympathy.

Mr. W. E. Blodgett of Chicago spent a few days with us recently, in the interest of sales promotion.

Among the recent callers from the Chicago office are the following: J. D. Carter, W. H. Tell, Mr. Hobein, W. O. Dixon, N. H. Reed.

A salesmen's meeting was held at Cherokee recently, presided over by Mr. J. L. Carter, Mr. Thayer and Mr. Leonard. Disrtict Superintendents Hagy and Farrell and all salesmen were present as well as the agents of District Superinindendent Farrel's field.

Mr. Thayer and Mr. Leonard left this evening for Chicago, to attend a meeting under the direction of Mr. J. L. Carter.

We regret to report the critical illness of Miss Alice Kendall of the checking department. Hope by the next issue of the Record that we may report her back to duty again.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

When the office opening hour was changed from the summer schedule of 7:30 a. m. to the winter schedule of 8:30 a. m., Messrs. E. O. Hicks, Al Muster and Ted Ridge evidently forgot to adjust their Big Bens as they were pounding at the office door or admittance while the rest of us were still at home getting in that extra hour's snooze.

Mr. Walter Evans, of our Concordia, Kansas, office, reports a new boarder at his home. The young lady has been named Naomi Day Evans.

Overheard Schall Zimmerman ask Henie Reichard how to cook 'possum a couple of weeks ago. Made one's mouth water the way "Chef" Reichard pictured the juice dropping down on the sweet potatoes, 'n everything. We were sorry to learn sometime later that although Zimmerman scoured the country hereabouts in search of the elusive 'possum, he didn't see hide nor hair of one.

Lillian Cavey (who has just been given dimes for a two dollar bill, by Mr. Power, and is filling Neva Fuller's dime saving's bank):

"Nevs, I wish you would 'tend to your own dime bank."

Neva: "What did you say, Lillian?"

Mr. Power: (standing close by). "She said she wished you would 'tend to your own D. B."

Harry Rolls, a former employee at this office, was here recently, renewing old acquaintances.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Harper Lindsay to our office force. Mr. Lindsay has taken the position formerly occupied by Mr. Arthur Rodgers who resigned recently.

Messrs. T. D. Warren, assistant manager, and A. J. Brooks, construction superintendent, have returned from their annual hunting and fishing trip to the Ozarks.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

HATS OFF TO ST. LOUIS!

(ON ITS RECORD OF INCREASE IN SALES)

We are nearing the close of the Calendar Year,
And while we of course have not any fear,
But what we will land, at the close, on the top
Yet still it behooves us to keep on the hop.

You know when you jump to a prominent place
There are many who'd give you a slap in the face
And now that St. Louis stands up NUMBER ONE,
All others will scent that there's work to be done.

And they'll throw on the harness, jump in with a will
To try to outdo us in any way still,
But with the bits in our teeth and our tails and heads up
We'll give them a race for the champion's cup.

Now maybe I've boasted a little too soon,
Unless we shall work day and night and at noon,
But shucks, there's no doubt that the men will do that,
Of this I'm so sure that I'll bet a new hat.
(That we *win* hands down.)

A. J. Worthen, Service Station Attendant,
Clayton, Mo.

Salesman Peggy Beals was on duty temporarily at our Springfield main station a short time ago. While driving his Ford towards an intersection where they usually have a traffic cop he came to a halt because the sign said "STOP". In a box from which the sign is operated were two men and as it was about dusk Mr. Beals did not notice that they were not policemen, or traffic officers. He, however, had stopped his car and after having accumulated traffic for about two blocks in back of him he signalled one of the men in the traffic signal box and asked him if he could pass, whereupon the man replied: "Sure, we are not traffic cops; no one is on duty just now."

We hear that "Herbie" Bemis and Bob Mays are taking a course in public speaking at Washington University. Perhaps hearing Mr. Robinson refer to Mr. Cameron as the "Silvery Tongued Orator" had something to do with their determination to study up. Mr. Cameron better look to his laurels. The Safety Council Meetings will no doubt be treated to great "bursts" of oratory when these two gentlemen get going good, for they were good in handing out an awful line to start with.

A farewell surprise luncheon was staged by the girls of the office with whom Florence Warren usually lunched. The Busy Bee was the scene of festivities. Florence was much surprised and delighted and everything went nicely. Among the decorations was Margaret McCarthy's black office apron, which, in her haste not to be late for the party, she neglected to remove. Florence has said farewell to her co-workers at the office and soon, instead of cutting the corners getting to her desk on time (or nearly on time), she will be snipping off yards of ribbons and calicoes. The best wishes of all go with her for a successful business career.

A card club has been formed by the girls of the office, meeting once a month, calling themselves the E. O. C's. What the rest of the office is calling them is different again, but to show that we can keep a secret you call us Eight Old Crows, Eighty Odd Cents, or anything else; we won't tell what it really means. The first meeting was at the home of Helen Coughlin and all report a fine time. Prizes were won by Sadie Gallegher and Margaret McCarthy. The members of the Club are Katherine Armstrong, Emma Beckman, Helen Coughlin, Jane Denehy, Dallas Felts, Sadie Gallegher, Katherine Harper and Margaret McCarthy.

Clarence Ratz has found a new restaurant; he dines there regularly, the reason being the waitress. Clarence says she isn't so good looking, but she sure does bring him generous helpings (he must go when the boss is out) and as Clarence is cultivating a figure this appeals to him.

We notice that Cotton Cowherd of the stock department has a weakness for cider. The next time there is any *free* cider it would be advisable to set it on Cotton's desk instead of on the chief clerk's—it would save a lot of time for Cotton.

Our chief clerk, Mr. S. D. Skinner, has just returned from a business trip to Springfield. We noticed he wears a new hat but we think that he could have bought one equally as nice in St. Louis. Maybe the old hat was lost while the owner was in transit to Springfield; necessity brooks no delay.

Our old friend "Bobby" Jones was downstairs the other night—did you all notice Larry?

Did you know that DeWitt is the neighborhood pest? He is taking saxophone lessons.

Larry Coan won't sing the blues about a long winter. His father is a coal baron.

Chester Jost received his "Home Town" paper t'other day, with the announcement that McSweeney was on a hunger strike, and that Dad Jost had just finished building a gate in front of the house and would build a fence around the place in the spring. Chester sent Dad a lock for the gate.

Joe Fitzgerald has been spending part of his luncheon hour window shopping. Only, umpty, umph days until Xmas, and Joe is determined to make a good selection for Margie.

John Foley keeps his reports on the radiator. John is trying to make Wittmond believe he is a "Red Hot" checker.

Maybe some of you folks do not know what a wonderful mechanic Emmet Shaffer is. He started to put brake lining in his Ford on one Sunday and the following Sunday he finished the job, working both Sundays and every night during the week.

A little pamphlet was seen on Mr. Doll's desk which we believe in worth passing along for publication in the Record. "Ever notice how misery loves company? Discontent is a worse disease than the 'Flu' because it is due entirely to the way we think. The next time someone tries to plant the germ of discontent in your mind try to find out if *he* has been a *success*, or if he is only a *failure* seeking company—and govern yourself accordingly."

Some boys of the Standard Oil Company in St. Louis have organized a 4-team bowling league and play on Friday night of each week. The teams have been marked up as: Perfections, Polarines, Red Crowns, Superlas. Secretary Townsend is authority for the statement that the maples will have to be removed quite often before the Standard Oil Company season closes.

The taste of our district superintendent from Southeast Missouri seems to have changed from the tall willowy type to that of his own. Why the change, Clem?

Thomas Binks, service station attendant at 7th and Chouteau wishes to announce his marriage. Benedict Binks is now a full fledged husband and staying home at nights. Here's luck, Thomas.

It is an interesting fact to know that Mr. A. L.

LeCompte, service station attendant at Grand and Connecticut, married while in the U. S. Army in France—his wife being French. Also L. W. Modglin, attendant at Delmar and Goodfellow, married while in the service, his wife being Belgian. We take this opportunity to welcome both these ladies to the Stanolind family.

The salesmen's monthly luncheon was given on October 29, at the American Hotel Annex, after which a business meeting was held. A little "Pep" was added to the lunch by the rendering of a few selections by "The Poison Ivy Quartet", consisting of Clarice Townsend, Patricia Gash, Wilhelmena Lalley and Louise DesJardins, with Fredericka Batten at the piano and Roberta May as leader. Of course, last but not least, "Little Herbie" was on the job. Mr. Bomford of Chicago was present and enlivened the occasion with a number of "snappy" stories.

Have you noticed the beautiful red roses Miss Henshaw is bringing down these days. Grows them in her own garden. However she should be more careful and not pick out the two best looking young men in the office to present them to on the same day; such things cause duels.

When Bill Zipp reaches the office in the morning just under the wire the old excuse that he had when tardy is obsolete. Bill rides in a Ford and when he opens the door after eight with a red face, the cry is BLOWOUT-BLOWOUT!

The wearer of a red nose is not always a disciple of John Barleycorn. Some golfers acquire them. Ask Joe—He knows.

The St. Louis Safety Council of the Standard Oil Company is one of the livest organizations in the Indiana company. The movement was begun early in September at the suggestion of Mr. F. C. Singleton of the Chicago office. At that time a committee was appointed including H. J. Bemis, chairman Robert May, vice-chairman, A. M. Allen, secretary, Wm. Doll, A. W. Mitchell, Wm. Lally and Joe Diekman. With these men in charge a successful fight to reduce accidents was certain to follow. On October 2, the second meeting was opened by a very interesting and entertaining talk by Mr. W. L. Patterson, Safety Engineer of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce. His subject was "The Traffic Problem, (a) Why drivers should be careful and (b) rules of the Road." His talk was enjoyed by all present and no doubt has resulted in much benefit. Mr. Wm. Lally, tank wagon superintendent, discussed—"Safe Tank Wagon Deliveries" and Mr. H. W. Keittman, assistant superintendent of equipment, made a very forceful and interesting talk on "Mechanical Preparedness for Motor Operation." On October 25, the third meeting of the series was held in the St. Louis office. Secretary A. M. Allen opened the meeting with a talk on "Lessons derived from my experience while serving the St. Louis division." Other speakers were Mr. A. W. Mitchell, Mr. William Doll, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Cameron. Bob May, with an illustrated lecture on Criminology, resulting in the exposure of Messers Robinson, Cameron, Allen, Doll and Skinner, was chief entertainer.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

On Monday night, October 24, burglars attempted to blow the money vault at our Logansport station. An effort was made to open the safe by cutting off the combination but it was futile and the intruders left empty handed.

One would have thought that our office was a Notre Dame classroom before and after the homecoming game with Nebraska. Assistant Chief DuPark had all he could do to keep order with so much speculation and authorative predictions as to the outcome of the game, while Chief Marcus was the second person in a line of 15,000 to make reservations for the contest. The "sports" made a hard but fruitless effort to interest Mr. DuPark in football. (Maybe he bet on Notre Dame to beat Iowa—Ed.)

"Rip" Van Arsdol, who had a hunch that Nebraska would win, lost several bets and was so amazed at the power of the Notre Dame eleven, that he left his overcoat in the stands and now spends his spare time uptown watching for his lost garment.

Roy Curry, who left the office last May to have a troublesome leg broken and reset by the Mayo Brothers of Rochester, Minn., is back at his desk with the assistance of crutches, much to the pleasure of his many friends.

Frank Huemmer values his time in Elkhart so much of late that he has been known to travel many extra railroad miles and keep the hours of a night-watchman, for the sake of a few more minutes in that city.

Don Baker never saw a football game before the Nebraska scrap and a policeman was needed to keep him from rushing on the field to the assistance of a tackled player when the other brutes piled on him.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Henderson spent the former's vacation in LaFayette visiting their parents. Virgil, who is a newlywed, declares that it is much more expensive for two to travel than it is for one.

Dillon Patterson, formerly of Notre Dame, had as his guests during the University home-coming, Mr. Dan Carr of Hazelton, Pa., and Mr. Frank Hayes of North Chicago, Ill.

Most of the boys are glad that Wilbur Pulley's folks have moved to South Bend, for "Bill" is not at all stingy with the family car.

Messrs. Murray, Steiner and Poulen put on the annual fall house-cleaning frolic in the attic last week. Murray, for some unknown reason, is said to have purchased a two-pair-of-pants suit since.

Many of the younger folks attended the Homecoming dances given after the football game, one in the Oliver Hotel and the other in the Tribune Bldg.

John Melsheimer is leading the bowlers with an average of 193. We hesitate in naming the lowest average, but "Spot" Smith declares that honor does not belong to him. Persons interested in Mr. Smith's average are advised not to learn same.

Clara Truczynski says she tried that gingerbread receipt in the October Record and "Oh, it was the best stuff girls!" Of course we all know why you are interested in the culinary arts, but why practice on the family, Clara? (Huh, seems to us we ought to have had a sample.—Ed.)

Anyone in need of a new waste basket, get in touch with Miss DeGroote—she has taken up Basketry in all its environs at Night School. And that lace hat Mable Miller wore the other day is likewise a night school product.

Dorothy Jones informed us that she was going to the football game last Saturday with her "uncle". We didn't know she was related to Bill Baumgartner.

Mr. Walter Johnston is now attending night school and we are in doubt as to who will derive the most benefit, Walter or the teacher.

Says Frank Tschida with a sigh, "These are the short days: hair, hose, skirts and incomes."

Bessie Jordan is another football fan. Saw her at the gane Saturday rooting as if her life depended upon it. Who's the man, Bess?

Miss Ingram and Miss Genevieve Murphy are on the sick list.

Miss Van Aiken says she isn't engaged, but from the looks of the diamond she is wearing, everyone is wondering when she will announce the big event.

Charles Burns of the order department is the proud father of a new daughter, Eileen, congratulations Charley.

Ssh————Scandal—The mysterious man, who is he? What is his name? No one knows but there surely is one in the case, for Margaret Burns our highly esteemed telephone operator seems to be putting in a lot of time at the beauty parlor on Taylor street having her hair marcelled within the last two weeks. Don't worry, Margaret, we might be slow but we will find out by and by.

We are glad to report the return of Mr. William F. Anwander of the order department after several days absence caused by an infection on his face.

Mr. Moulder, our tractor mechanic, is the proud father of a new baby boy, George McCoy Moulder.

The boss says—"We don't want reports on business conditions, we want orders?"

Miss Gertrude Nyberg, of the lubricating department, celebrated her birthday last week. Although Gertrude doesn't look a day over 16 we have a hunch that she has at last attained the ripe old age of 20 years.

If anyone knows, we wish they would inform us why it is that Bessie Drone just radiates happiness when she returns from that week-end visit to DeLong, Ind.

An evangelist made the practice of painting religious lines on fences and rocks along the public highways. One ran "What will you do when you die?" Along came Harry Kees the Standard Oil man and painted under it, "Use Petrolatum. Good for Burns."

W. D. Cross, our tremendously fat salesman, walked into a restaurant. A pert waitress came up. "Do you feed folks here?" asked Walter in a kidding manner. "Yes," replied the waitress, "but we don't fill silos."

Junk Man: "Any rags, papers, old iron to sell?"

Spot Smith: "No, go away, my wife is away for the summer."

Junk Man: "Any empty bottles?"

A crowd of girls, including Helen Kerr, Catherine Strantz, Mable Miller, Ellen Forslund, Gertrude Nyberg, Dorothy Jones and Anna McCartney took themselves out to dinner and then to the Orpheum theater last Tuesday evening and they say—"The Wild Times those girls do have is astonishing."

Mr. Cliff Snell says he just gets so exicted and fussed when all the ladies come down to the bowling alley that he can't roll the ball at all.

Stacy Williams, assistant warehouseman, Logansport station, who recently underwent a serious operation is improving nicely. Our best wishes for a speedy recovery, Stacy.

Considerable coment can be heard these days about the threatened loss of Babe Ruth to organized baseball. Let his fate rest with Judge Landis and even though he should be barred, there would be no cause for great dismay, when we have one not quite so prominently known, but nevertheless just as proficient with the "Big Stick" in the person of "Dave" Campbell. Around Logansport, Babe is unheard of and will remain insignificant in the eyes of the local fans so long as "Dave" continues in his stride as leader in the Commercial League with .474. Evade the "Scout" D. H., because we heed hitters all the year round in our business.

Bob Kinneman, is now back on the job after being confined to his bed for a period of six weeks. We are glad to see you back, "Bob."

Anna Kaminski, after four weeks illness, in the St. Joseph hospital, has returned and tells us that she never realized she had so many friends until she received that post card shower. Anna says she's a firm believer now. Anyway, we're glad you are back, Anna.

Harry Gebhart, tank wagon driver at Ft. Wayne, is the proud father of a baby boy. If he comes up to his father's stature and capacity, he will be "some baby."

The close associates of Joe Lipetcki, in the order department are not sure whether the head of hair that Joe has developed is natural or artificial; from the way it shines it is apparent that he has found a new and profitable use for road oil.

Bob Harris, salesman in South Bend, jumped into the sea of matrimony recently, greatly surprising us all. Our best wishes are with you both, Bob.

It looked suspicious to us when Ellen Forslund and Gertrude Nyberg, together with Lucy Marshall, signed up for a winter's course in cooking at the night school in the Junior High. Something doing, boys.

Mel Swank, our hustling agent at South Bend, was mad all over the other day when the photographer fizzled on a good photograph for the record. From this day on Mel is going to take his own photographs and he says he is going to put South Bend station on the map. Hop to it, Mel.

Ed Braniff, Estel Hart, along with the rest of the tankwagon drivers at South Bend, held a meeting the other day by themselves and came to the conclusion that if they kept putting out gasoline the way they have been, the company would have to furnish 'em trailers. We'll do that, too, boys.

WICHITA, KAN.

The evening of October 25 was a gay time for the Wichita employees. About one hundred of the office force, masked and in costumes, gathered in the large room downstairs for a merry time. The room was beautifully decorated in orange and black, witches, black cats, pumpkins and everything appropriate to the season. As the guests came in they were ordered to follow the rope down through the hall in the basement. The hall was very dark and the stairs and floor were thickly covered with dry leaves. At the darkest corner at the foot of the stairs some sort of infernal machine seized each guest and tossed him about, not hurting him but just scaring him out of his wits. After running the gauntlet in the hall, the company reassembled upstairs and a fine program of music, singing and dancing was furmished. Mr. Van Keuren gave a snappy talk, giving some good advice and relating some good stories. Three prizes were given. Amy Jewett won the prize for the prettiest costume. She was arrayed in a Martha Washington suit. Gene George in a red devil costume won the prize for the person whose identity was hardest to guess—even his wife didn't know him; and Glen Branaman, dressed as a woman, a veritable hag, won the prize for the ugliest costume. Refreshments—cider,

AT THE WICHITA MASQUERADE

Left to right: Dave Hayden, Mae Smith, M. F. Van Keuren, Avis Bowder, John Haas, Gene George, Gladys McCormick.

apples and doughnuts—were plentiful and enormous quantities were soon put out of sight.

For two or three months M. G. Spalding, pay-roll clerk, has been acting queerly, but Amy Jewett by a little sleuth work has solved the mystery. She noticed a wedding ring on the finger of Miss Imal Campbell, with whom Mr. Spalding was having a gay time. A little further investigation made the honorable pay-roll clerk divulge the fact that a quiet wedding took place on September 1, and that he and Miss Imal were the main parties to the contract. Of course cigars and candy for the whole office followed and Spalding is squared with the bunch.

Our sympathy is extended to Miss Mary Short, stenographer and family. Miss Short's father, who had been sick for several weeks, passed away at their home on East Central Avenue. The employees sent a beautiful floral remembrance.

J. W. Rose, new lubricating engineer, takes F. C. Morehouse's place. Mr. Morehouse is leaving for California where he will take a course in engineering in one of the technical schools of that state.

Abe Martin, cashier, spent a Saturday around Dan Callahan's lake near Kingman. He brought back thirty-two ducks. Said he would have had the official photog take a picture of the ducks but he got in too late at night. Now, Abe, the o. p., keeps a bottle of flash light powder on tap all the time and will gladly go at any time and any place to make a picture for the Stanolind Record. Don't hesitate next time.

Mrs. Elsie Dumbauld, cartage department, was absent a few days recently because of the death of her grandmother, Mrs. Funk.

While on his vacation, Earl Brown, traffic department, attended Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. at Eldorado, Kansas.

John Haas, tank car clerk, is on his vacation. Jackson and Morris, assistants say they are working like——(beavers is the word, Mr. Editor.)

L. G. Bast, order department, put a few finishing touches on his new dwelling during his recent vacation. He came back looking as strong as a Missouri mule—only more tanned.

Raymond Roach, construction department, is wearing a broad grin. His wife has returned from a five-week trip to the old home nest.

George Oldson, stock department, reports his baby as recovering from a serious attack of diphtheria.

Recently H. J. Bomford, from the Chicago office, spent two weeks with us looking over the work and instructing the boys in the office. Come again, Mr. Bomford.

Mr. Muller, chief clerk, has just returned from one of his regular trips over the territory. This time he visited Salina and the B stations in that territory. Mr. Muller is on the job all the time.

The body of Earl Brown's brother, Guy Brown who was killed overseas, recently arrived and a military funeral was held at Goddard.

Amy Jewett is having the time of her life during her two week's vacation. Bring us some pictures, Amy.

Mae Smith, stenographer, is visiting in Chicago.

Gladys Williams is the new file girl. Here's hoping you like our family, Gladys.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

H. S. MORTON, *Vice-President*

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

General Manager

T. J. THOMPSON

Assistant General Managers

JOHN L. CARTER, Northern Division
R. G. STEWART, Central Division
N. R. GRIMSHAW, Eastern Division
AMOS BALL, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
H. A. LEWIS, *Manager*
C. F. HATMAKER, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
C. W. FLANAGAN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
H. F. WARREN, *Manager*
W. A. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
H. R. COCHRAN, *Manager*
H. H. KEATING, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
H. E. BRUCE, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
E. E. MORTON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
J. H. LAMBERT, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
JOHN BEATON, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Assistant Manager*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
W. H. BROWN, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. Jones, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. D. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
H. J. BEMIS, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
B. F. LEONARD, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Assistant Manager*

Lights and Shadows

Mr. A. P. Johnson, Publisher of the News, Grand Rapids, Michigan, in his issue of October 13, prints the following:

PRODUCTIVE ADVERTISING

There are three "Bewares" in the primer of every editor, reporter and aspiring newspaper worker. Where they came from we don't know and we know less of what they mean to convey. They are, "Beware of religion; beware of saying anything good about big corporations; beware of mentioning advertisers except when they pay for it." Readers of this newspaper know where it stands on religion and corporations. We are for them when they do more good than harm. We oppose them when they oppose human progress and retard human happiness.

This is about both a corporation and an advertiser—a big advertiser, the Standard Oil Company. A great change has come over the Standard Oil Company in recent years. It is no longer afraid of its own shadow. It is no longer afraid to tell who owns it, what its business methods are, what its products are and what it hopes to do. The story is being told in friendly and unfriendly papers without fear or favor, embarrassment or compunction in paid advertising space.

Of course a newspaper would naturally agree to this method of publicity. But we are not thinking of the dollars just now. We are thinking of how much further we would have progressed in the solution of many of our economic and industrial difficulties if more light had been thrown upon the inner workings of the offensives and defensives in such disputes as involve the public at large.

The series of advertisements which have been and are being published by the Standard Oil Company have become economic arguments which carry a message. We are not so pleased with them but what we realize that they put the company's best foot forward. To what extent they have sold gasoline is a matter for their advertising department to decide, but it is certain that they have sold to the public a large measure of good will which the Standard Oil Company did not possess not so very long ago.

Having committed this breach of saying something good about an advertiser, we will now shut our eyes and wait for the catastrophe that is bound to occur according to the law of primeval journalism.

THE above editorial is refreshing to those who are responsible for the policies of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

When in October, 1918, the present management of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) took charge of the business, one of the first things it decided was that the public should be given intimate information regarding the Company and its affairs. Those responsible for the management knew that the policies that had animated this organization for many years were policies which benefited stockholders, employees, and the public, and that these policies could not but meet the approval of the people generally, for they were based on fair dealing, justice and equity.

The result of this decision was the authorization of a wide-spread publicity campaign, which has been carried on for about three years, and the proof of its effectiveness is to be seen not only in the not infrequent mention being made by the newspapers of the country in editorials such as the one written by Mr. Johnson, quoted above, but in the better understanding on the part of the public of what the Company is trying to do.

The basic principle upon which the business of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is built is to provide the individual, wherever he may live in the 11 states served by this Company, with such products of petroleum as he may need, and to get them to him when he wants them and at a price which is fair alike to the stockholders, the public, and the competitor.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO